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'A REPLY TO OUR APPELLANT.'

I AM not quite sure how far I have any right to consider myself as one of those Liberal Unionists to whom Mr. Frederic Harrison addresses his Appeal in the December number of this REVIEW. He speaks of former co-operation in a great variety of good causes which are somewhat vaguely indicated and rather sensationally described. But I think I may gather from the context that at least in respect of two of these I may come within the privileged communion. As a member of the Government responsible for the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, and in having keenly befriended the cause of the Christian population of European Turkey, I hope I may presume to have been acting in that harmony with him on which Mr. Harrison lays so much stress. I cannot say that as regards the Eastern Question I retain a vivid recollection of any very great or very early aid which either he, or the other great leaders of the Liberal party, gave to the cause which ultimately they took up with passion. I have some satisfaction, and yet some sad reflections, in remembering that no tendency to such passion cheered me when, in 1867, long before they did, I ventured in the House of Lords, on the Cretan insurrection, to assert the principle of the real responsibility of the Christian Powers in the tolerated abuses of Turkish Government. No great meeting had then been held in Hyde Park, showing the rising tide of any strong popular emotion. It had not yet become clear that this emotion could be made a lever for the overthrow of the Government. Opportunism had not then seen its moment. The idea may have existed, but it was not "ripe"—which is the politician's phrase for causes which may be just, but which will not pay. The consequence was that one of the leading Liberal Peers who now follow the Parnellite leaders, was the principal speaker who opposed me—supported Lord Derby—and

upheld the hollow tradition of Turkish independence. I do not recollect having at that time roused the sympathies of Mr. Harrison as a leading Liberal. Yet on one other occasion I feel sure that I have at least deserved those sympathies. When the Slave States of America set up a rebellion and claimed a right of breaking up the Union, I was one of those—not too many—who maintained that no such right existed, and that the Supreme Government had both the right and the duty of asserting its supremacy even through the dread arbitrament of civil war. I well recollect Mr. Cobden telling me that, Northern as he was in his sympathies, he could not approve of enforcing the rights of the Union. I do not know what part our Appellant took in that great question—in which the highest interests of humanity were at stake. In his hatred of slavery, if not in his love of Central Authorities, and of Imperial Institutions, I think he must have been on the right side, and that therefore I may humbly claim some share in those affecting recollections of former union, on the strength of which he now appeals.

What shocks and surprises him is that we should think and speak of our cause as one representing truth and righteousness against all that is opposite to these. This is certainly our own view. It has been lately very definitely and expressly asserted by Lord Harrington, who is a solid man, not easily carried away by passion or by sentiment. It will be my endeavour in this paper to explain a few of the facts and arguments on which this opinion is founded. It is not a view which compels us to think every man dishonest who is a Parnellite. We know that in politics especially, as well as in some other things, the essential immorality of causes cannot be fairly asserted of their individual supporters. Pure ignorance of many facts, and sincere passion inspired by attractive fallacies, account for a good deal. Simple sheepishness towards some party leader has an extensive influence. Of those leaders themselves it may be said with certainty that among all the “classes” there is not one more exposed to temptations fatal to a careful and conscientious regard for truth. Some great stroke of tactics is often irresistible. The mere winning in a game is in itself an absorbing passion. Irritation under defeat has a tremendous power. The rebellion of independent minds may make some men perfectly reckless in the new alliances they form. These new alliances again are often incompatible with the continued recognition of incongruous and inconvenient truths. On these at least silence must be kept. Then silence passes into neglect, and very soon neglect passes into denial.

We therefore say nothing and assume nothing as regards the moral character of individuals, when we assert with the strongest conviction that the cause which we oppose, is—as it now stands, and as it is now supported—a cause deeply stained with immoral doctrines, which

are as fatal to the foundations of all public virtue as the policy recommended is subversive of the existing institutions of the country. I will take Mr. Harrison's Appeal as a convenient text for explaining what we mean by this. I do so the more willingly as he does not belong to the class of what may be called professional politicians. He looks at politics somewhat, no doubt, from a party point of view, but more from the direction of a speculative philosophy, which, however vague and emotional in its character, ought at least to bring his treatment of the subject within the reach of definite treatment and reply.

In the first place; then, it is a bad sign of any cause when it seems to need an unfaithful treatment of history. Questions of practical politics may not often turn much on historical facts. But if instinctively we all feel that such facts are relevant in any particular discussion, they ought to be treated with scrupulous fidelity. In this view of the Irish question our opponents are perpetually referring to them, and as perpetually misrepresenting them. Mr. Harrison's Appeal to us is an excellent example. He does not indeed expressly adopt that stupendous myth with which Mr. Gladstone entertained English Nonconformists at a celebrated luncheon—that Ireland was a happy country until "we" invaded it. But less directly he says the same thing, and evidently adopts the same reversed image of historic truth. He refers to "what is called a conquest" of Ireland, and says that it was no conquest at all, but only "a series of raids by one strong nation on another nation much weaker" (p. 770). Now this would represent some portion at least of a great historic truth—if it meant only that the Anglo-Norman entrance into Ireland was not a military invasion, and that neither then nor later was it ever so completed and confirmed as, either by migration or by conquest, to lay with sufficient depth and breadth the foundation of one supreme law and Government. But this is not what our Appellant means. This points to the possible conclusion, abhorrent to his view, that the great misfortune of Ireland has been the incompleteness and imperfection with which the higher race and the higher civilization were planted in Ireland, as compared with the real conquest and complete subjugation by which such splendid results have been achieved in England. At all events the historic facts are unquestionable—that the Anglo-Normans did not attack or invade Ireland as a nation, but only moved or migrated into Ireland as a country; that they crossed the Channel at the earnest solicitation of Irish tribes—that they fought with and for these tribes against other Irish tribes, who were waging against each other interminable and exterminating wars; that they never met in battle any army which represented Ireland, as our own Conqueror did meet an army representing England on the shores of Sussex; that the Irish as a people did not then exist, or if it did, that as a people they did not resist,

or resent, or oppose, the coming in of the Anglo-Norman; that whatever settlement was then effected in the country was effected in close alliance with Irishmen who rested on the superior strength of the English as soldiers, and who at once began to recognize their equal strength as statesmen and as rulers. These are the facts of history, and any public man who, in our great pending struggle, uses any language which conceals—still more any language which reverses these facts—is guilty of a grave contempt against the High Court of Truth. They are not open to question as facts. Our Appellant says he has been reading “a new book” on this Union problem, and he says it is “a book not of controversy, but of plain narrative.” I prefer the older sources of authority to a “new book” written in the year 1888 by a member of Parliament who, though a Professor, is also, I fear, a member of the new Parnellite alliance. It is very easy in what is called a “plain narrative” to pervert history in the act of writing it. The facts to which I have now adverted on the “so-called conquest” of Ireland, do not rest on “the plain narrative” of any one writer who may compose that narrative on the principle on which a solicitor instructs counsel on the facts of his client’s case. Catholic and Protestant historians in abundance—English and Irish authors of every rank and class in literary authority—testify to the facts on which we rely. “Plain narrative,” professing and even sincerely intending to be such, may convey impressions not only erroneous but directly the reverse of truth. Our Appellant gives us an excellent example in the second page of his Appeal. As the result of his study of this “new book,” he speaks of England as one nation and Ireland as another nation in the same sense, differing only in relative strength. I go to another book which is not new, but comparatively old—a book not written under the impulse of a burning question of party politics—yet a book written by an earnest and even passionate Irishman—Prendergast’s “History of the Plantation of Ulster.” He has occasion to censure the phrase which at one time was current among the mixed Anglo-Irish people of the Pale, as applied to the native Irish population outside that charmed circle of comparative peace and civilization—the phrase, namely, of “the Irish Enemy.” It was a bitter phrase, no doubt, and one showing much antipathy, but it cannot be taken more seriously, or be judged more severely, than many hard phrases which were much more deliberately applied to the Scottish Highlanders by their neighbours outside the Grampians, and which found expression even in Acts of Parliament. It is in rebuke of this phrase that the Irish historian is led to give the following striking testimony to a great historical truth:

“Now the ‘Irish enemy’ was no nation in the modern sense of the word, but a race divided into many nations or tribes, separately defending their lands from the English Barons in their immediate neighbourhood. There

had been no ancient national Government displaced, no national dynasty overthrown. The Irish had no national flag, nor any capital city as the metropolis of their common country—nor any common administration of the law; nor did they ever give a combined opposition to the English. The English, coming in the name of the Pope, aided by the Irish Bishops, and with a superior national organization, which the Irish easily recognized, were accepted by the Irish. Neither King Henry II. nor King John ever fought a battle in Ireland.*

These are the simple facts; and they are facts which ought to silence a good number of men who are now endeavouring, by a total suppression of all the truths which they involve, to destroy a Union that was only too long delayed.

But our Appellant's "plain narrative" of Irish history is not yet exhausted. He continues it—in a breath—as having had substantially the same character through "five centuries." He speaks here, apparently, of the period between 1190, the date of the Anglo-Norman advent, and 1688, the date of the Revolution under William of Orange. There is indeed a sad continuity in the history of those centuries. But it is not of the kind alleged. This is a misrepresentation of history, which is as erroneous in its magnitude as it is compendious in its form. Has he ever read the history of those centuries as written by Irishmen themselves? Has he ever waded through the horrible journal of the Irish Annals? If he has, he must know that the destructive "raids," as he calls them, of the English Crown were few indeed compared with the infinitely more destructive raids of each one of the many Irish "nations" against its neighbour. No European country has ever exhibited such a long course of unredeemed savagery as that of the Irish inter-tribal feuds and wars. Mutual massacre and devastation was the one business of the lives of all the Irish clans. The only area of comparative peace and civilization was the Pale, over which English law more or less fitfully prevailed. The poor native population—such of them at least as were capable of any higher aspirations—longed to come under the protection of those institutions which, as Prendergast admits, had gained their recognition and homage as superior to their own. The one great source of misery in Ireland was the incompleteness of the English rule, and the way in which English and Anglo-Irish chiefs sank down to the barbarous level of the old and genuine customs of the Irish Celts. Has our Appellant ever read the history of Ulster? Does he know that these native Irish chiefs invited against their own Irish brethren the cruel aid of the Scottish Hieland Celts—then nearly as savage as themselves—and that the country was constantly wasted with fire and sword? Does he know that English Viceroys tried often to save the native Irish families from their piratical attacks? Does he know that the later "Plantation of Ulster" by James I., cruel as it may sound in our

* Prendergast, p. 28.

modern cars, was not one whit more cruel, and was infinitely more beneficent in its ultimate results, than the native "plantations" which for centuries had been perpetual—when one tribe was massacred by another, and its territory was seized and occupied by the victors? Where is the love of truth which is the professed guide even of the newest and most erratic philosophies, when history is treated with such ignorance, or such forgetfulness, or such designed omissions?

I pass to another great historical subject on which the truth, with all its lessons, is now constantly misrepresented by the Parnellite party. I refer to what is called the Penal Laws. The idea of religious persecution is so abhorrent to all our recently acquired ideas that we have almost forgotten its history and its course. We think of religion as a matter of purely spiritual belief, having no direct or at least no immediate bearing on civil rights, civil obligations, and civil duties. It does not seem to be even present to our minds that what men—almost all men—meant by religion a very few generations ago, included everything that could rule and dispose of the liberties and the lives of men. The claim of the Latin Church was a claim to be supreme in all things. Heresy was rebellion. The State and the Church, if not actually one, were at least in such close alliance that their action was coincident, and the one enforced by physical tyranny the spiritual intolerance of the other. Even the most private and reasonable liberty of opinion was regarded as insufferable. This was the universal habit of mind during the whole of the Middle Ages, and largely governed opinion down almost to our own time. For more than two centuries—from the middle of the sixteenth to past the middle of the eighteenth century—all the Crowns and Governments in Europe which called themselves Catholic, were in league to crush the Protestants, and especially the realm of England, as the head and front of that offending. Men and nations of the Reformed faith had the best of all reasons for directing penal laws against those who were in a standing conspiracy to exterminate themselves. It is a gross injustice to forget this, and a shameful compromise of the truth to conceal it. Least of all should educated men who pretend to be philosophers, and who in their own persons are asserting a liberty in belief and in disbelief, which they never could have enjoyed under the old "Catholic" system—least of all should they write or speak in a spirit so blind and so unjust. Yet our Appellant in pursuit of his "plain narrative" seems to forget and certainly suppresses, on this great historical question, notorious facts, of which he cannot possibly be ignorant. He says that from the date of our own Revolution we begin with the penal laws. There is no allusion to the fact that the men who conducted that Revolution had the tocsin of St. Bartholomew still sounding in their ears. Mr. Harrison surely knows the tremendous effect which

the horrors of that night in Paris and in France, long exercised, and justly exercised, over the minds of men. He surely knows how that dreadful knell had its lasting reverberations deepened and renewed by the then recent Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—reminding all men that what was then understood to be the “Catholic” cause was being, and would continue to be, prosecuted through violence, treachery, and blood. They showed that no consideration for the value of even the noblest human life, still less for the value of human freedom, would stand in the way of the most ruthless and atrocious deeds. And if our Appellant is too insular in his sympathies to hear the sounds which in those days were tolling from across the English Channel, how comes it that he is deaf to those which came from across the Irish Sea? Again, although not in express words, yet by a silence and oblivion which are as justly open to rebuke, he adopts that other amazing myth of Mr. Gladstone at the Nonconformist luncheon, that the Irish Catholics have never shown any disposition to religious persecution against Protestants comparable with that which has been shown by Protestants against Irish Catholics. Has Mr. Harrison ever read Macaulay’s description of the doings of the Irish Parliament in 1689, when the Catholics and the native Irish were supreme? Does he dispute the facts? Or, if he cannot do this, why does he not advert to them? Can he possibly doubt that the mixture of cruelty and violence with trickery and deceit, which is denounced by this historian—himself a Celt—must have had a powerful influence on the counter penal laws? These followed, and did not precede, this instructive exhibition of the Catholic temper, and of the Catholic policy in those days. The penal laws were indeed detestable—judged in the light of our own times, and considered as the instruments of mere religious persecution. But they were not this—historically. They were not enacted in defence of tenets, but in defence of institutions. And those institutions were not mere ordinary laws such as might be matters of common legislative discussion. They were the fundamental institutions on which all freedom rested, and on which all that was dear to men depended. The penal laws were not launched against Catholics because they believed in Transubstantiation, or because they were accused of worshipping the Virgin Mary, or because they invoked the Saints—or even because they ascribed infallibility to one Bishop as supreme over the Universal Church. They were subjected to penal laws because they were then in a standing conspiracy to suppress what they called heresy, and as a means of doing so to subvert the Monarchy and the laws of England. When our religion becomes political and revolutionary as regards the society in which we live, we must expect to see it dealt with in the character which really belongs to it. Every political society has an inherent

right to draw the line beyond which it will not allow questions of political change to be open questions among its own members. There was then—and there always will be—such a thing as treason against the rule to which we owe obedience. The laws passed by the Irish Parliament of 1689 were more purely and nakedly laws of religious persecution than the Protestant penal code which was the natural and inevitable reaction. Self-defence and the determination to guard against the alliance between Irish rebels at home and the Catholic League abroad, were the real aims and spirit of the Protestant penal code. This is clearly proved not only by the circumstances of its enactment, but by the circumstances of its gradual relaxation. Some items of it, be it remembered, still remain. From certain functions of the highest order in the State, Catholics are still by law excluded. We are apt to forget this survival, because practically it does not come under observation. But it is the only surviving witness to the indisputable historical fact that political and social danger, and not merely religious dissent, were the evils aimed at in the prohibitions and punishments directed against the Roman Catholic Church. In exact proportion as these dangers became less really formidable—that is to say, in exact proportion as the Imperial Government became more firmly established, and in proportion also as the old Catholic designs against England became less and less the governing motive of Continental politics—it became more and more easy and natural, first, to abstain from enforcing the penal laws, and then, gradually to relax or to repeal them. And when at last the tide of events had so far carried us past the rocks, that Catholics could even claim, with good hopes of success, to exercise the franchise, and to be eligible for seats in Parliament, the foundation of those hopes rested entirely on the growing belief among Protestants that the old political danger had passed away. No more striking proof of this proposition can be given than the memorable letter of Mr. Pitt to George III. in 1801, when after the Irish Union he urged upon his Sovereign the policy of what had then come to be known under the name of Catholic Emancipation. It is an admirable letter—calm, dignified, and cogent. But it is remarkable that there is not one word in it which rests his plea on any abstract doctrine about religious toleration, or the right of all men to freedom in matters of belief. It is evident not only that he knew the King's mind to be inaccessible to any such argument, but that he himself attached no value to it. His argument is entirely directed to remind the King of the political circumstances, and the political dangers, out of which the original exclusion of Catholics had arisen, and to the fact that the whole of these political conditions had absolutely passed away.* Not less remarkable is the fact that Edmund Burke, the greatest Irishman

* Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," vol. iii., Appendix, p. xxiii.

except Arthur Wellesley who has ever lived—severely as he denounced the penal code, did not seem to have regarded the exclusion of Catholics "from all offices in Church and State" as otherwise than "a just and necessary provision." So late as 1765, when expressly writing on the "Popery Laws," he thus indicated an unchanged opinion that a political exclusion even so sweeping as this, continued to be needful in defence of political institutions which would be imperilled by concession.* In reminding our passionate Appellant of all this, I do not speak as a Protestant in the spirit of religious controversy. I am speaking solely in the interests of political philosophy and of historic truth. We have all ceased more or less completely to live under the impressions which were inseparable from the epoch of the Religious wars. For myself, I always desire to bear in mind that the Latin Church was, and still is, the only standard-bearer of Christian faith and hope among millions in the Catholic world. At this very moment its utterances are a lofty and just rebuke against those who subordinate the plainest dictates of honesty to the exigencies of a party contest.

Our Appellant's unfaithful dealing with the facts of history in the matter of the penal laws stands, of course, in close connection with an irrational use even of the facts, which he selects as fitting for his purpose. He must know that, however odious the "ascendency" of one "religion" over another may seem to us now, the question then was not between the ascendency of one and the equality of all. He must know that the only alternative then was between one or other of two ascendancies—the ascendency of the Catholic priesthood, and of the foreign Catholic League, or the ascendency of Protestantism—of England and of English law as its stronghold in the world. He must know that as between these there can be no doubt at all that the cause of Protestantism, and of its ascendency, had within it even for the moment, and still more absolutely for the future, the cause of human freedom. He must know that for generations both before and after our Revolution and the Irish penal code, the Protestant party in the world was the Liberal party—a name now so terribly misappropriated and misapplied. But even if he chooses to forget all this, and to treat the past in a spirit the most narrow and unphilosophical, he has not the slightest justification in pretending that his view of the penal code has any bearing whatever on the questions at issue now. The penal code is dead and buried, and we who support the Union have just as little sympathy with religious disabilities as our Appellant has. When he and his coadjutors rant and rave about a sepulchred past, and talk about the duty of "blushing" about this, that, and the other, in the course of history, we know what he and his friends mean. It is very easy to be humble when the humility can be made useful as involving an unjust accusation against

our political opponents. This is the whole secret of the Anglo-Parnellite "blushes" about Irish history. The rich colours of ingenuous shame are put on like rouge—to cover the ugly wrinkles of perverted facts, and the still uglier glare of spiteful glances.

The same character belongs to our Appellant's dealing with another great historical subject—the fiscal legislation directed against Irish commerce and Irish manufacturing industries. This is another buried past—dead and buried so far as we Unionists are concerned. In my opinion the restrictive laws which were animated by the spirit of commercial jealousy and exclusiveness, were in some points of view, more odious, and less defensible, than the laws of religious disability, which were animated chiefly by the fear of real and most tremendous political dangers. But here, again, the narrow and partisan view of historical fact comes in to present its conspicuous contrast with philosophical pretensions. The laws repressive of Irish industry were founded on the doctrines of Protection. But those doctrines were universal at that time, and are largely prevalent over the whole world in our own day. The spirit of commercial exclusiveness and of mutual jealousy dominated every country,—every individual municipality,—every individual trade. The working-classes were as full of it as the class of capitalists in every branch of industry. In Scotland the "liberties" of every Royal Burgh meant its liberty to suppress the freedom of trade in every other rising town within some wide circle of adjacent country. Within each Burgh the "liberties" of every Guild meant its power to deprive every outsider of his freedom to exercise his skill in his own craft. The English legislation against Irish commerce and manufactures was exactly the same thing in principle—only applied on a larger scale. It was most unjust and most injurious, but it was unjust only because of universal rights which no man then acknowledged; and it was injurious only because of a long chain of evil consequences which no man then had the clear-sightedness or the wit to see. It is ridiculous to talk of it as having been then an offence against admitted duties and consecrated obligations. Here therefore, again, we have to remind our Appellant that he had better wipe off his painted blushes. We in Scotland had once bitter cause to be angry with the spirit of commercial jealousy exhibited by the English Parliament. Nothing could be worse than the conduct of that body towards us in the famous Darien scheme—when a deliberate attempt was made to destroy and starve a whole colony of Scotchmen for no other reason than that they had tried to found a commercial settlement on one of the natural highways between the Old and the New Worlds. But we are not such fools as to talk of that now as a living grievance. And even at the time when a just and a passionate resentment had taken hold of our people, the "wisdom of our ancestors" diverted their action into a better line. They saw that political Union was the only

effectual remedy for commercial enmity ; and whilst in the very act of preparing for the dread contingency of complete separation and of actual war, they prosecuted that other more sacred cause, and won it. Under any circumstances it would be irrational to appeal to us who desire to preserve the legislative Union with Ireland, upon the ground of remorse for a commercial policy which has been long abandoned. But it becomes something very like hypocrisy when we know—because it has been openly avowed—that some—at least partial—return to that policy in the adoption of Protective duties, is one of the aims and objects of the Irish Separatists. In the face of this well-known fact, it really seems as if audacity could no further go than to plead the cause of commercial freedom as one of the pleas open to the Anglo-Parnellites.

Mr. Harrison next plunges into an abyss in which it is very plain that he has no wings to sustain his flight. The darkness of profound ignorance on the most elementary facts of rural economy, envelops his incoherent utterances on what is called the Irish Agrarian Question. There is no fiction more widely prevalent, and none more demonstratively at variance with historic fact, than that the poverty of Irish tenants in certain large districts of that country, is due or can be traced to the action of the English Government, or to the introduction of what is called the English system of land tenure. Everything that is peculiar in Ireland, and everything that is the cause of poverty, idleness, and ignorance in its agricultural condition, is, on the contrary, the direct consequence of the persistent survival of old Celtic usages, and of unreformed native systems of occupation. This is vaguely indicated by the well-known fact that comparative comfort prevails, and has long prevailed, in all those parts of Ireland which were earliest settled under English law, and under the mixed races which were "planted" there, and at a later period in the North. Under the native system the cultivating classes were absolutely at the disposal of the chiefs. To these they were liable to pay, not any fixed rent whatever, but a multitude of services and exactions of which one essential character was that they were incapable of any definition, and were consequently without any limit. The whole time and the whole substance of those classes were liable to be exhausted under a multitude of barbarous exactions, each resting on some old barbarous custom, with names and designations as barbarous as themselves. The one excuse for these was to be found in the fact that for centuries the cultivators of the soil depended for their very lives on the protection and authority of the chiefs under whom they held. Constant ravages and frequent massacres accompanied the vicissitudes of inter-tribal wars. The defeat of a chief meant the devastation of his country, the burning of the hovels in which his people lived, and the seizure of the cattle which were their chief subsistence. A weak chief meant a defenceless

people. The very utmost which a strong chief could possibly exact was therefore nothing more than a cheap insurance against the loss of all. Hence came the well-known Irish proverb as expressive of the condition of the Irish tenant—a condition under which, as Prendergast tells us, they were “eaten out of house and home”* and could only cry—“Spend me, but defend me.” No part of that system was the fault of the English Government—except, indeed, in so far as that Government was to blame for not completing the conquest of Ireland, and for not insisting on the universal authority of the civilized English law. There was nothing whatever in that law which was incongruous or incompatible with the early history and the one essential principle, which underlay the Irish customs. Nowhere in Europe during all the Middle Ages could any man, or any little group of men, assert its right to the exclusive use of any given area of land, unless they held that right from somebody who could ensure and defend them in the peaceful enjoyment of it. This is the reason and the cause of the rise of the system which came to be known as feudal. All the Celtic customs were founded on it, as much as the customs of the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans. The only difference was that among the Irish Celts this system continued to exist in its rudest and most archaic form—unregulated, unrestrained—never getting compacted and cemented by the spirit of definition, of limitation, of order, and of law. Yet before the coming of the Anglo-Normans the Irish kinglets, under the influence of the clergy, had just begun to imitate the defined and written charters under which the possession—that is, the right to exclusive use—of land, had for some time been conveyed in England, by those who had the power and the right to do so. The anarchical state of Ireland outside the Pale prevented the due development of this process. The chiefs disliked definitions which always of necessity bring limitations with them. Unrestrained power was what they enjoyed, as it was indeed a necessity of the savage lives they led. Anglo-Normans themselves becoming Irish chiefs, and leading the same life, sank to their level, and revelled in the survival and perpetuation of the old Irish customs.

Precisely analogous results arose for a short time in Scotland. That country had indeed, at a comparative early time, made itself a nation in the strictest sense of the word. It had a central Government—a national throne—and a people conscious, as one whole, of its national existence. It was never subdued by arms, but it was subdued under the dominion of one growing and improving system of law and of universal jurisdiction. Yet even there a portion of the country lingered long under Celtic customs very like the Irish, and under the attractions they presented to Scoto-Norman chiefs, some of these sons of a stronger blood and of a higher civilization, sank to such a level, that

* “Cromwellian Settlement,” p. 14.

one of them of the highest lineage and related to the House of Bruce, received and well deserved the title of the "Wolf of Badenoch." Fortunately for Scotland, the steady current of events drove back the rude usages of the Celtic clans into the remotest and most inaccessible Highlands and Islands, in which, however, they long held their ground, and have left surviving, even to the present day, the insuperable and abounding sources of chronic poverty, and of occasional distress. The same conditions prevailing over a much larger area in Ireland are due not to anything that came from England, but, on the contrary, are entirely due to the passive resistance offered by the native Irish system to the salutary penetration of "gentler manners—purer laws," which have long come to prevail in England. One great reform, in particular, had long been urged and pressed upon them—a reform resting upon a principle of enormous importance to the security of the cultivating classes and to the progress of industry—the reform, namely, of substituting a definite and fixed rent for services, and dues which were indefinite and unmeasured. The sentimental admiration of Custom as distinguished from Law, may be intelligent or it may be foolish. Historically, archaic usages are of the highest interest, and a certain poetic feeling for them is as natural and as harmless as the poetic feeling which attaches to all the vistas which open into the early conditions of human society. But customs are only safe from intolerable corruption when they are sifted and tested in the growing light of reason, and when they are counted worthy of consecration in the civilized forms of acknowledged obligation. They are, as it were, the matrix or the mother-liquor in which, and out of which, come those perfect and shining crystals—the settled forms of jurisprudence and of law. Unless these are developed, there is evolution of another kind—the evolution of disintegration—of corruption and decay. Henry VIII., in a memorable letter to the Earl of Surrey, his Deputy in Ireland, touched this point with that instinctive statesmanship which was born with all our greater Sovereigns. Looking at the condition of Ireland in his time as the result of slovenly usages, and of traditional habits which had never been reduced to any kind of order—and which therefore had degenerated from bad to worse—he declared that his great object was not so much to force upon the Irish any special laws of England, as to insist that they must recognize the necessity of living according to "some law"—whatever it might be. This does not seem to have been said in bitter irony, but to have expressed in words of truth and soberness the irresistible impression conveyed by the chronic chaos produced in Ireland by the ruinous usages of her people.

Our Appellant does not seem to have an inkling of this historic fact and the key which it supplies to all the puzzles of the Irish problem is a key which lies idle in his groping hands. He scolds about the

penal laws, and yet he never alludes to the fact, and probably does not know it—that the evil operation of one of them was this—that it gave free scope to one of the worst of Irish customs, and led to its indefinite extension over a large part of Ireland. One of the most destructive blows aimed at Catholic landowners was the abolition in their case of the English law of primogeniture, and the application to them of the oldest and rudest Celtic customs of their Irish fathers—the division among all the male children. This had been pointed out by Sir John Davis, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as one of the most ruinous of Irish usages, leading to interminable subdivisions, and to the breaking down of families. But this was the very object aimed at as regarded the Catholic families of influence and of power. It is instructive, therefore, to observe that it was aimed at by means of throwing them back on the old native customs of their country, and by depriving them of the benefits of the laws and customs of England. Exactly the same explanation applies to the effect of another of the penal laws aimed at Catholics—one of which has justly been condemned as in itself among the most cruel and unjust. This was the law which prohibited Catholics from holding long or beneficial leases. Here again the obvious tendency and effect of this was simply to perpetuate or prolong the native system of tenures, indefinite both as to time and as to the amount of rent or dues. The leases which could not be legally held by Catholics were given, sometimes only nominally, to Protestants, and the lands were again indefinitely subdivided to Catholic tenants-at-will. It may perhaps be questioned, however, after all whether the penal code in these matters was ever so practically enforced, or so long maintained, as to have had any effect compared with the effect of the natural improvidence of the uneducated Irish, and of the operation of economic causes, with which neither the English Government nor the Irish Parliament had anything to do. One of these economic causes lay in the natural fecundity of the people, which led to an enormous increase in their numbers when inter-tribal wars had ceased, when inoculation had arrested the periodic devastations of the small-pox, and when, above all, the potato had been established as the main food of the great body of the rural population.

Among the items of charge against the Union brought by Mr. Harrison none is more absolutely irrelevant than that of “over-population,” and of the “enormous rise of rents under competition” (p. 778). Neither the Irish Parliament nor the United Parliament had the smallest power to stop the breeding of Irishmen. The rise of rents under competition is an automatic process which no law can prevent. Directly or indirectly, demand regulates the price of everything, and amongst other things the price of the hire of land is the most immediately and the most necessarily affected by an increase in the numbers of those who seek to hire it. All attempts to prevent this effect are

A REPLY TO OUR APPELLANT."

futile, and all attempts to conceal it can be due to nothing but ignorance or imposture. Our Appellant quotes with horror certain cases where the hire of land was put up to auction. It is quite certain that landowners very seldom do this, and that as regards farms of a class in which selection is important, it is a very unwise thing for any landowner to do. But he forgets that, as regards land cut up into small patches and cultivated by a people standing on nearly a dead-level of poverty and of ignorance, open competition is at least fair in this respect—that it gives an equal chance to all—to the most skilful and industrious in production, if these virtues are to be encouraged—or even to the most necessitous, if this qualification is to be chosen as the basis of agricultural occupation. If five or ten men are competing for a bit of land when only one can have it, either four men or nine men must be disappointed, and they may think, and often will think, that selection is only favouritism. Is Mr. Harrison aware that, even in the case of land held by tenants of a superior class in Scotland, when that land is held in ownership by towns or Royal Burghs, they are compelled by law to test the value of the property by open competition? Does he know that as an historical fact the alternative of selection was found to end in favouritism and in jobbery? Probably he knows nothing of this, because the law and history of rural economy are as unknown as Sanskrit to the vast majority of men who now assume to talk and to write about them. But there is one fact of which Mr. Harrison can hardly be ignorant, and that is the custom of Irish tenants as distinguished from the custom of Irish landowners. He must know that when Irish tenants have themselves any land to let on hire to other Irishmen who have no land, they always do let it at the very highest rate they can command. Land let to the mere labourer in what is called "conacre" is always let to the highest bidder; and he has only to look into any Irish newspaper at certain seasons of the year, to see the advertisements of land to be let for the raising of a single crop, and to see, too, notices of the enormous rates at which these lettings are effected. Perhaps he knows so little on these subjects as not to have noticed even this prominent fact in the economy of Ireland. But surely there is at least one other fact bearing on this subject of open competition, which can hardly have escaped his observation. It was one of the established customs on most estates in Ireland—where the sale of tenant-right was allowed at all—to limit or restrict the prices charged by outgoing tenants to those who succeeded them in the farm. The object of this restriction was to mitigate and soften the extreme results of competition in often saddling the new tenant with an exorbitant sum to be paid upon his entry, which sum, very often also, was of necessity very dearly borrowed. Does Mr. Harrison know, or has he forgotten, that the

most salient feature of his leader's Land Act of 1881 was to sweep away this custom of limitation, and expressly to stimulate and encourage all tenants to get as much as they could possibly screw out of their successors under the fiercest competition of whatever land-hunger may exist in Ireland?

.. Then, again, what is the relevancy of reproaching the Union with Irish famines? Does he not know that in Scotland too, before her Union, and before an improved agriculture had begun, scarcities and famines were constantly recurring, and that even in our own time they still occasionally afflict the only part of Scotland where a system of holding, and where practices of agriculture akin to the Irish, are lingering as the wasteful survivors of the wasteful ages? Not until our Union had opened out the channels of a united commerce—not until the power of ownership had been brought to bear upon the improvement of land, and upon the breaking up of primitive systems of occupation—were famines banished, and a comfortable tenantry established on the soil. Our Appellant, too, is probably ignorant that if there is any special exhaustion of the soil in Ireland, this is wholly due to an incredibly barbarous custom of Irish tenants, in which they persisted, against all the power of Irish landowners and of Irish Parliaments—the custom of “burning the land” in order to stimulate production by the most wasteful of all expedients. All the nutritive elements in the soil were thus habitually “used up” in a few seasons, after which it was reduced to comparative sterility. So late and long was this custom retained, that a living witness has recorded how, when a boy, he used to see the whole horizon in a ruddy glow from the extensive land-burnings of the Irish peasantry—in haste to secure exorbitant prices for wheat or for potatoes. So far as the great famine of 1846–7 is concerned, it was purely the result of Irish habits—the sole dependence on the potato—and when it did occur, the exertions of the British people were as active and as generous as they could well be.

Not less thoughtless is Mr. Harrison's allusion to the neglected duties of ownership among the Irish proprietors of land. I agree heartily in the doctrine that “property has its duties as well as its rights.” But one of the most fundamental of those duties is to see to the improvement of agriculture by the selection of tenants possessing, in various degrees, industry, capital, and skill. This duty had, again, long been impeded by the persistence of the ignorant and primitive usages of the Irish population, and by the extreme difficulty of introducing even the smallest amelioration in these. But this process was proceeding gradually—and subsequent to the famine was proceeding fast, when it was suddenly and violently stopped by the Act of 1881. Duties must cease when the power to perform them is destroyed. Not one of the powers upon which agricultural improve-

ment depends, has been left to the owner. Every man of a pauperized tenantry is rooted, by an indiscriminate law, in the soil he wastes. Mr. Harrison evidently thinks that the only duty of an owner is to give alms in the form of abated rents—abatements which, if required at all, in the vast majority of cases are required only because of a wretched husbandry, which is to be perpetuated by eleemosynary exemptions from the ordinary inducements and necessities of all industrial life.

And this brings me to a new and a very wonderful discovery of Mr. Harrison's in the fields of economic principle. He assumes, as a self-evident proposition, that no man ought to pay anything at all for the exclusive possession of any bit or area of land, unless it affords him, from its own produce, the full means of living, without any other resource, and a surplus besides. Up to what scale of living and expenditure this universal exemption from any rent is asserted, is not explained, and probably this little point of detail has not been completely thought out by our Appellant. Neither is it explained how far bad cultivation is to be admitted as a cause of that insufficiency in produce which ought to be counted as entitling to exemption. Rents abated in proportion to the "Three I's," Ignorance, Idleness, and Impecuniosity—this is indeed a marvellous prescription for the improvement of a country. But these are, perhaps, not material points when we are dealing with a principle of such tremendous sweep. In the first place it is a principle which would exclude all gardens and all allotments from the payment of rent. These never do afford, and are never expected to afford, subsistence, except as an adjunct, an assistance, to the total living which is earned by some other kind of labour or exertion. But this is not all that would follow from Mr. Harrison's wonderful idea that no rent is ever to be paid for the exclusive possession of what is commonly called "accommodation land." Ground which is thus occupied, simply and solely as affording a point of residence and of shelter, comes under the fire of Mr. Harrison's new law of a right to gratuitous holding. But this is the essential character of all house tenancies, and especially of almost all land devoted to the lodging of the poor. Such land never does afford them any produce whatever on which they can live, and therefore, I suppose, it ought to be held free of rent. Probably Mr. Harrison does not mean this. But if he does not, very curious anomalies will arise. Working-men in England and in Scotland who have nothing but a shelter—and very often a very bad shelter—say one or two poor rooms in a house—will pay from 3s. to 4s. a week for that shelter, and must depend for their living entirely on extraneous resources, whilst the more fortunate Irish tenant will hold, for nothing, a small farm which may afford him, in addition to a shelter and a home, subsistence in the form of potatoes and milk, and other produce, for, at the very least, one-half

the year, and perhaps for the whole year—besides the opportunity it affords him of leaving his family in a home which they think comfortable, while he earns good wages elsewhere. Nothing can be more certain than that such tenants, holding gratuitously, would be in the strictest sense of the word a privileged class. In saying this I am not using the word privilege in any loose and irrational sense, such as that in which it is sometimes now applied to the possession of any property. I am using it in the definite sense of a special exemption from the common obligations which lie on all men. Such would be the position of a class exempted by law from paying anything at all for a kind of possession for which other men would eagerly offer to pay certainly as much as and generally a great deal more than, the Irish tenant does actually pay now. Two shillings a week, which is less than most artisans pay for a mere shelter in England, is 104s. or £5 4s. a year: whilst an enormous number of the tenantry in Ireland possess for £4, and even for £2, areas of land which, even under the most slovenly cultivation, yield them not only shelter, but also food, for at least some great portion of the year.

Yet it is against this most favourable and exceptionally low scale of rent that our Appellant lets loose all his rich vocabulary of denunciatory epithets. They seem to flow from his pen as the bullets come from the muzzle of a Maxim gun—not certainly as an “arm of precision” in any sense—but as a thrower of missiles to enormous distances by the mechanical turning of a handle, like the handle of a hurdy-gurdy. If this declamatory shower has any definite end or aim at all, it aims at some new law which I suppose is most appropriately to be passed by an Irish Parliament, enacting that as regards the whole of the poorer tenants of land in Ireland—who are the most ignorant and the worst cultivators of all—the “fair rent” to be fixed for them is to be no rent at all. They are to “hold” for nothing an exclusive right of occupation, for which all their still poorer neighbours would eagerly offer some definite portion—say one-third or one-fifth—of the produce. Moreover, the benefit of this vast dole of indiscriminate charity, taken out of the lawful ownership of men to whom the laws have given it for many centuries, is to be given as a strict entail, limited to and settled on existing holders only—so that all others equally poor who may henceforward desire to get these holdings, are to be expressly told that they can only acquire them at the very highest rates of price which the fiercest competition can command. Possibly some former acts of Irish confiscation, both those perpetrated by tribes upon each other, and the smaller number perpetrated by outsiders upon them, may have been as violent and as unjust. But assuredly not one of them has been so foolish and improvident. Such a plan seems as it were a special and patent contrivance for covering the larger part of Ireland with a pauperized population, sunk in the

hopeless abyss of overflowing numbers, all of them over head and ears in debt to the "Gombeen man." There is, however, one security against the adoption of such a plan even by an Irish Parliament free to deal with all property as it likes. Our Appellant does not seem to know, or to recollect, that the rents which most offend against his new canon, are the rents which are received by Irish tenants even more than those received by Irish landowners. Conacre rents are the only really exorbitant rents in Ireland, and these are the rents secured by Irish tenants from their poorer neighbours in subletting patches of their farm for potatoes or for corn. The produce of these patches is never the whole subsistence of the cottier, but only an item in it which he must supplement by labour. Our Appellant's ignorance of these facts does indeed seem to be profound: but I fear it is by no means phenomenal. It is an ignorance widely prevalent, and it is the grand foundation of the unfathomable gullibility of the British public on the whole subject of Irish rents. He had better turn to the evidence taken by the Devon Commission—that grand repository of pre-famine facts in Ireland. It has been much searched of late by men who seize on the most superficial symptoms of Irish disease, and then flaunt them in our faces as if they had found the deeper causes. Let our Appellant look, as an example, at one typical case in which it appeared that a landlord, Lord Lorton, used to let his land at from 25*s.* to 27*s.* per acre; whilst his Irish tenant used to re-let it at from £8 to £13 per acre to the landless cottiers around. An Irish Parliament, mainly representing such tenants would be chary of our Appellant's new creed that all such sub-rents should be abolished. Nor should I be disposed to blame such a Parliament for refusing so to do. Self-interest might be their motive for leaving conacre rents alone. But in this case, as in many others, the self-interest of some men represents the ultimate interests of all. The rents which poor men offer for conacre are measured by the number of other poor men who are all eager to get it. And the number of such men is the measure of the pressure of population on the means of subsistence. That is to say, these rents are the index of certain facts—just as the gauge of a steam-boiler is the index and measure of the pressure exerted by the steam. What should we think of the wisdom of an engineer who should alter and falsify that gauge, and should think this tampering with the index a remedy for the dangerous pressure indicated thereby? And yet such an engineer, foolish as he would be, would be much less foolish than the man who artificially lowers the price of anything. The falsification of a steam-gauge could, in itself at least, have no tendency to aggravate the pressure. But the falsification of the price-gauge has a direct and inevitable effect in increasing the pressure which it tries to hide and pretends to diminish. It gives an artificial encouragement to breeding, and to a lower and

lower standard of life. Yet this is the agrarian policy to which our Appellant points.

The real secret of all our Appellant's farrago of violent language against rents and "English land laws" in Ireland, is to be traced mainly to two sources: first, to complete ignorance of rural affairs in their actual as well as in their historical facts, causes, and effects; and secondly, to the deceptive influence of bookish definitions in what is called the science of political economy. That overflowing fountain of all false reasoning—imperfect or erroneous analysis—is the source of all these bitter words. He has got hold of the phrase "economic rent," meaning thereby some theoretic definition of rent—Ricardo's, or some other—as it is regulated, in amount, under certain conditions. Finding many rents in Ireland—as he will find innumerable rents all over the world—which do not come under this definition, he rages against them as illegitimate. He forgets that the definitions of science must be made to correspond with the facts of Nature, and not *vice versa*,—that the facts of Nature are to be squared with theoretical definitions. He forgets that the results of conduct to which men are led by the desire of possessing anything which they can't get without some sacrifice or some exertion, are results which belong to the great category of natural facts. Rent is the price of hire. And the thing hired, in the case of land, is the right of exclusive use. For this they will give, and ought to give, whatever price any average number of their neighbours will be equally willing and glad to offer. To give this right to the poorest and the most incompetent, for nothing, and to confer upon them the further right to sell it to others at prices determined by competition, is a mixture of intellectual confusions, and of practical follies, which it is astonishing indeed to find in the writings of any educated man.

I am not quite sure that I have any right to attribute this mass of fallacies to the Anglo-Parnellite leaders. They use, or they listen complacently to, the same sort of language. But most of them seem to have very hazy notions as to what it really means. They have not committed themselves as yet to doctrines so flimsy in their logical texture, so sweeping in their confiscatory operation, and so inevitably ruinous in their economic issues. Parliament has already, indeed, been induced to set up a tribunal with powers so absolute that probably it might adopt these amazing fallacies, or any other, as the basis of its decisions. But this was certainly not expected, or intended, by those who framed the Land Act of 1881. On the contrary, the Land Court has been fixing thousands of "fair rents" in cases where our Appellant declares with passion that no rent whatever should be considered due; and I can only presume that he places Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1881 among the "blind, ignorant, and impatient struggles" towards a better state of things in Ireland, which have marked, as he

says; the last forty years of our united efforts. In this estimate of the Act of 1881, I am individually inclined to agree with him—although upon other grounds and for very different reasons.

But there is another amazing fallacy adopted by our Appellant, which, I am sorry to say, has certainly been adopted also by the Anglo-Parnellite leaders—a fallacy which involves moral, and not merely economic, truth. This is the confusion between combinations among working-men to raise the price of their own labour, and combinations between occupiers of land to seize and appropriate the property of others. The right of all men to withhold what belongs absolutely and exclusively to themselves—namely, their own labour—until they can get for it such higher value as may be thus obtained, is, in my opinion, an indefeasible right, the exercise of which may often be unwise or inexpedient, but which can never be immoral or dishonest. But the claim to withhold from others any property, or share of property, which belongs to them, and of which we have got temporary possession, is a claim wholly different in its nature, and is a claim as obviously tainted with the vices both of violence and of fraud. It is an insult to the Trades' Unions of our working-classes to compare them with the supporters of the Plan of Campaign. The Trades' Unions deal with an article, or a power, which belongs absolutely to those who combine to raise its value. The planners of the campaign in Ireland deal with property which does not belong exclusively to themselves, and they combine to rob others of the share to which they have a right. Immoral as this would be under any conditions, it is still more obviously immoral when they have the benefit of a Court set up on purpose to protect the share which may justly be claimed by them.

This is an example of the kind of advocacy which justifies Lord Hartington when he says that our resistance to Parnellite Liberalism is the cause of truth and honour. The confounding of clear and obvious moral distinctions between truth and untruth—between innocent and vicious actions—by the grouping them together under ambiguous words—is, in our opinion, one of the highest crimes against society. Its foundations rest altogether on the clear perception, and on the honest maintenance of all such distinctions: and the most far-reaching immorality of which, as public men, we can be guilty, is that by which, through such ambiguities and confusions, we debauch opinion, and quibble away the Decalogue.

There are other grounds—many, only too many—on which we must keep up a protest against the Parnellite Liberals, as politicians whose conduct has been, and is, obliquitous. It may well be said of leadership as well as of property that it "has its duties as well as its rights." One of these rights, I fully admit, is to change a course when conviction of error comes. But such change must be candid, open, and, above all things, just and modest towards those whose

principles and opinions remain unchanged. Many clergy of the Anglican Church have, within my own recollection, gone over to the communion and service of the Church of Rome. That change must have come on slowly and by degrees; and some of those over whom it came have gone on ministering in the Church of their early vows to the last moment, when they had to announce "conversion." Such men have often been accused of conscious dishonesty. This judgment is, in my opinion, always harsh, and has certainly very often been unjust. In the most painful and trying of all positions—with opinions gradually shaken and affections gradually estranged—with eyes looking vacantly on our English landscapes—but with an inward gaze wandering always to the Seven Hills which are far away—they came suddenly, at last, to feel that the strain could be endured no longer. But I think it can be said with truth of all these men—certainly of most of them—that they have never reviled those with whom they had long served, nor grossly misrepresented the doctrines which they had held and had preached in common. A sense of justice, and a sense of truth, have alike saved them from such a course—equally repugnant as it would have been to both of these, and equally uncongenial with that sensitiveness—even if it be an infirmity—of conscience, which is the only high and worthy element in such conversions. Just the reverse of all this has been the conduct of the Parnellite Liberals. When they were among our leaders they rested their opposition to Parnellism largely on moral grounds—on axioms of justice and of duty—asserted over and over again in every form of writing, of conduct, and of speech. They denounced silence about epidemic lawlessness and crimes as involving virtual complicity. They denounced trying to lead men by their "covetous desires." They denounced newspaper articles which immediately preceded atrocious crimes; they told us they counted it an honour to be exposed—in defence of virtuous and brave men—to the attacks of Irish members in the House of Commons. They described the conduct of these members, in a sketch drawn from the life, and to the life, in terms which I will not here repeat, lest it should be thought too relevant to a matter under judicial investigation. As administrators they asserted the duty of upholding the law, and denied that the epithet of coercion could be applied to the means needed to enforce justice, and to defend individual freedom. Suddenly, when forty-five additional members were added to the Parnellite party, these leaders turned down the helm—hailed down their colours, and announced conversion. And now they are denying everything they did, saying the exact opposite of everything they said before, and spreading demonstrable calumnies against their former associates and friends.

But this is not all. They have attempted to remodel the British Constitution; and in the attempt they have shown great disin-

genuousness as well as great incompetence. This last is not surprising. No British statesman has ever had such a work to do. All our advances have been single steps in the development of one great, continuous and organic growth. They produced a plan which broke down the moment it was propounded—not in mere "details," as our Appellant pretends—but in the deepest and most fundamental principles which a new political constitution can involve. One great leading provision in that scheme was announced as demanded by moral obligation. Another was similarly announced as the result of intellectual necessity. When the storm came on to blow, both of these were at once thrown overboard. The part which was founded on moral obligation was first pitched out—with gibes and sneers against those whom it was supposed to benefit. Then followed that other part which had been founded on the necessities of logic. The incongruities which we were told defied the wit of man to reconcile, we are now told can be reconciled in any one of twenty different ways. All this constitutes a series of transactions unexampled in our political history. They are an insult to our understandings, as well as to our moral sense. If it ever could be the duty of any of us to trust unreservedly the dearest interests of our country to any group of men, we are certainly absolved from that duty as regards leaders whose course has been intellectually so confused, and morally so oblique. And now they ask us to place unlimited confidence in their wisdom, and sagacity in devising some new British constitution, of which all we know is that it must be wholly unlike anything we have known before. They ask us to make a "cock-shy"—not of some scheme of our own—but of the whole system of Government which has been the rich inheritance of a thousand years. We must tell them plainly that neither in righteousness, nor in wisdom, can we trust them, after the exhibition they have made, and are now making of themselves—in both these great spheres of capacity and of character.

ARGYLL.

ART IN ENGLAND.*

I CANNOT but feel that to some of my hearers, and to not a few of those who do not hear me, but whom the words spoken in this place may chance to reach through the Press, some brief explanation is, at the outset, due as to my occupancy of this chair. To them it is known that weighty reasons have for many years compelled me to decline all requests—and those requests have been frequent, urgent, and most gratifying to me in form and spirit—that I should publicly address audiences, beyond the walls of Burlington House, on the subject which is to occupy this Congress, the subject of art. It is not without some compunction that I have followed this course, but the exigencies, on the one hand, of the duties of my office, and, on the other, a firm purpose, which you will not, I hope, rebuke, to remain always and before all things a working artist, have left to my too limited strength and powers no alternative but that which I have adopted. Nevertheless, I have felt justified in obeying the summons of the founders of this Congress—and for this reason, that while the far-reaching character of the effort here initiated and my earnest desire to contribute, in however small a measure, to whatever of good may flow from it, have seemed to make it incumbent on me to accept the duty of saying a few words on this occasion, its comprehensive and national character lift it into a category wholly apart from and outside the sphere of purely local interests, such as those which I had hitherto been invited to support.

I trust I shall be pardoned this short obtrusion of private considerations, and that you will see in it not a movement of egotism, but the discharge of a simple debt of courtesy; which said, let me address

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myself to the task imposed upon me—the task of showing cause and need for the existence of the association which inaugurates to-day its public work, and of arousing, if it is in my power, your efficient sympathy in that work, that it may not remain barren and without fruit. But here I am at once conscious of a perplexity lurking in your minds. “Why,” I hear you ask, “should an organization have been called into life for the sole purpose of considering in public matters relating to the development and spread of art in this country? What hitherto unfulfilled ends do you seek to achieve? Do you aim at the wider extension of artistic education in this country? But vast sums from the public purse are annually devoted to its promotion; schools of art multiply, one might almost say swarm, over the face of the land. Or do you tax the great municipal bodies of England with remissness on this score? But day by day efforts in this direction among the great provincial centres of trade and industry become more marked and effectual. No announcement more frequently meets our eyes than that of the opening, with due ceremony and circumstance, and seemingly with full recognition that the event is an important one, of spacious public galleries for the annual exhibition, or for the permanent housing, of works of contemporary art. Or does art find private individuals lacking in that noble spirit which so often prompts Englishmen to devote to the enjoyment and profit of their fellow-citizens a large share of the wealth gained by them in the pursuit of their avocations? But a great gallery of art which rises, hard by, across the road would shame and silence any such assertion. Or, again, can it be denied that what encouragement to artists is afforded by the purchase of innumerable pictures, at all events, was never more liberally meted out to them than within our generation, and does not the crowding of exhibitions, of which the name is *Legion*, evince abundantly the responsive attitude of the country, as far at least as one of the arts is concerned? Are not statues multiplying in our streets? Is not architecture, as an art, finding at this time increasing, if tardy, acceptance at the hands of private individuals? Is not a wholesome sense dawning among us that even a private dwelling should not offend, nay, should conciliate, the eye of the passer-by in our public thoroughfares; and, lastly, has not a more than marked improvement taken place within our day in the character of all those intimate domestic surroundings which are the daily diet of our eyes, and should be daily their delight? Are these not facts patent to all, and do they not seem to cut from under your feet the ground on which you seek to stand?” Yes, all this and more may be said, and I should be blind as an observer, I should be ungrateful as one speaking in the name of artists, did I not recognize the force of these words which I have put into the mouth of an imaginary querist. I acknowledge with joy that there is in all these facts, and still more in their significance, much on which we may justly congratulate ourselves,

much that points to a quickening consciousness, a stirring of slumbering æsthetic impulse, a receptive readiness, a growing malleability in the general temper, which promise well ; and it is precisely such a condition of things which justifies our hope of good results from this Congress, and in it we find our best encouragement.

Well, what, then, is our charge in respect to the present relation of the country to art ? What are the shortcomings for which we are here to seek a remedy ? Our charge is that with the great majority of Englishmen the appreciation of art, as art, is blunt, is superficial, is desultory, is spasmodic ; that our countrymen have no adequate perception of the place of art as an element of national greatness ; that they do not count its achievements among the sources of their national pride ; that they do not appreciate its vital importance in the present day to certain branches of national prosperity ; that, while what is excellent receives from them honour and recognition, what is ignoble and hideous is not detested by them, is, indeed, accepted and borne, with a dull, indifferent acquiescence ; that the æsthetic consciousness is not with them a living force, impelling them towards the beautiful, and rebelling against the unsightly. We charge that while a desire to possess works of art, but especially pictures, is very widespread, it is in a large number, perhaps in a majority of cases, not the essential quality of art that has attracted the purchaser to his acquisition ; not the emanation of beauty in any one of its innumerable forms, but something outside and wholly independent of art. In a word, there is, we charge, among the many in our country, little consciousness that every product of men's hands claiming to rank as a work of art, be it lofty in its uses and monumental, or lowly and dedicated to humble ends, be it a temple or a palace, the sacred home of prayer or a Sovereign's boasted seat, be it a statue or a picture, or any implement or utensil bearing the traces of an artist's thought and the imprint of an artist's finger—there is, I say, little adequate consciousness that each of these works is a work of art only on condition that, is a work of art exactly in proportion as, it contains within itself the precious spark from the Promethean rod, the divine fire-germ of living beauty ; and that the presence of this divine germ ennobles and lifts into one and the same family every creation which reveals it ; for even as the life-sustaining fire which streams out in splendour from the sun's molten heart is one with the fire which lurks for our uses in the grey and homely flint, so the vital flame of beauty is one and the same, though kindled now to higher and now to humbler purpose, whether it be manifest in the creations of a Phidias, or of a Michael Angelo, of an Ictinus, or of some nameless builder of a sublime cathedral ; in a jewel designed by Holbein or a lamp from Pompeii, a sword-hilt from Toledo, a caprice in ivory from Japan, or the enamelled frontlet of an Egyptian Queen. We say, further, that the absence of this perception is fraught with infinite mischief, direct and indirect, to the

development of art among us, tending, as it does, to divorce from it whole classes of industrial production, and incalculably narrowing the field of the influence of beauty in our lives. And with the absence of this true æsthetic instinct, we find not unnaturally the absence of any national consciousness that the sense of what is beautiful, and the manifestation of that sense through the language of art, adorn and exalt a people in the face of the world and before the tribunal of history; a national consciousness which should become a national conscience—a sense, that is, of public duty and of a collective responsibility in regard to this loveliest flower of civilization.

Well, it is in the belief that the consciousness of which I have spoken is rather dormant with us than absent, waiting to be aroused rather than wholly wanting, that the founders of this Association have initiated the movement which has brought you together, and laid upon me the ungracious task to which I am now addressing myself—a task I have accepted in the hope that at least some good to others may come out of the wreck and ruin of any character for courtesy which may hitherto have been conceded to me.

But let us now look closer into my indictment; and let us, first, for a moment, and by way of getting at a standard, turn our thoughts to one or two of those races among which art has reached its highest level, and round whose memory art has shed an inextinguishable splendour. Let us first consider the Greek race in the day of its greatest achievements and the most perfect balance of its transcendent gifts. What is it that impresses us most in the contemplation of the artistic activity of this race? It is, first, that the stirring æsthetic instinct, the impulse towards and absolute need of beauty, was universal with it, and lay, a living force, at the root of its emotional being; and, secondly, that the Greeks were conscious of this impulse as of a just source of pride and a sign of their supremacy among the nations. So saturated were they with it that whatever left their hands bore its stamp. Whatever of Greek work has been preserved to us, temple or statue, vessel or implement, is marked with the same attributes of stately and rhythmic beauty; in all their creations, from the highest to the lowest, one spirit lives, and whatever be the rank of each of these creations in the hierarchy of works of art, in one thing they are even-born and kin—in the spirit of loveliness. And of the dignity of this artistic instinct, which they regarded as their birthright, they were, as I have said, proudly conscious. Would you have an instance of this high consciousness? Here is one. At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian war the Athenians having, according to ancestral custom, decreed a public funeral to those who had fallen in battle, Pericles, the son of Xanthippus, was chosen by them to speak the praises of the dead. It is a famous speech, that in which he obeyed their injunction, and it opens with a lofty eulogy of the Republic for which the heroes

whom they mourned had fallen. In this magnificent song of praise he enumerates the virtues of the Athenians; he shows them heroic, wise, just, tolerant, *lovers of beauty*, philosophers—in all things foremost amongst men. Mark this! At a celebration of the most moving solemnity—in a breathing space between two acts of a gigantic international struggle for hegemony—you have here a great statesman enumerating the titles of his fellow-citizens to headship among the nations, and placing not at the end of his panegyric and as an oratorical embellishment, but in its very heart and centre, these words: “We love the beautiful.”

But we may gain, perhaps, a yet more vivid sense of the extent to which the artistic impulse possessed and filled this people in the fascinating epitome of Grecian handicraft which is presented to us at Pompeii, or rather in the Museo Nazionale at Naples. Here you have the work not of Athenian Greeks of the Periclean or of the Alexandrian age, but the work of provincial Greeks inhabiting a watering-place of no very great importance, in the first century of our era; a period as far removed from the days of the Parthenon sculptures as we are from those days of the Canterbury Tales. And what a display it is! How full of interest! Here we are admitted into the most intimate privacy of a multitude of Pompeian houses—the kitchens, the pantries, the cellars of the contemporaries of the Plinies have here no secret for us; indeed, for aught we know, more than one of those dinners of which that delicate *bon vivant*, the nephew of the naturalist, was so appreciative a judge may have been cooked in one of these very ranges, one of those ladles may have skimmed his soup, his quails may have been roasted on yonder spit. Nothing is wanting that goes to make the complete armament of a kitchen—stoves, caldrons, vessels of every kind, lamps of every shape, forks, spoons, ladles of every dimension. And in all this mass of manifold material perhaps the most marked characteristic is not the high level of executive merit it reveals, high as that level is, but the amazing wealth of *idea*, the marvellous intellectual activity brought to bear on what we now call objects of industrial art—whatever that may mean—in this outpost of Greek civilization. These accumulated appliances of the kitchen and the pantry form a museum of art—a museum of art of inexhaustible fascination; and not only does this vast collection of necessary things contain nothing ugly, but it displays, as I have just said, an amazing wealth of ideas; each bowl, each lamp, each spoon almost, is an individual work of art, a separate and distinct conception, a special birth of the joy of creation in a genuine artist. But, above all, let us bear this main fact in mind—the *absence there of any ugly thing*; for the instinct of what is beautiful not only delights and seeks to express itself in lovely work, but forbids and banishes whatever is graceless and unsightly.

As next to the Greeks, and as almost their equals in this craving for

the beautiful, the Italians will occur to you. And here it may be well to note, in a parenthesis, that a vivid sense of abstract beauty in line and form does not necessarily carry with it a keen perception of shapeliness in the human frame. This curious fact we see strikingly illustrated in a race which possesses the artistic instinct in certain of its developments in a greater degree than any other in our time—I mean the Japanese. With them the sense of decorative distribution and of subtle loveliness of form and colour is absolutely universal, and expresses itself in every most ordinary appliance of daily life, overflowing, indeed, into every toy or trifle that may amuse an idle moment; and yet majesty and beauty in the human form are as absent from their works as from their persons. Be this said without prejudice to the fact that in the movement imparted by them to the fingers in their designs there is often much of daintiness and dignity, the outcome of that keen perception of beauty of line in the abstract which we have seen to be dominant in them. I need not follow further this, I think, interesting train of thought, but the digression seemed to me useful, not as illustrating the fact that beauty is not to be regarded only in connection with the human form, which is a mere truism, but as showing that the abstract sense of it, in certain aspects, may possess and penetrate a race in which the perception of comeliness in the human body is almost entirely absent; and I meet by it also, in anticipation, certain objections that may suggest themselves to you in connection with the Italians, as far, at least, as the Tuscans are concerned; for in them, too, we find occasionally side by side with an unsurpassed sense of the expressiveness of line and form, a defective perception of beauty in the human frame—witness the ungainly angularities, for instance, of a Verocchio, a Gozzoli, a Signorelli.

The thirst for the artistically delightful was the mark in Italy of no particular class, it was common to all, high and low, to the Pontiff on his throne, to the trader behind his counter, to the people in the market-place. And here, again, observe that this desire was not alone for the adornment of walls and public places with painting and statuary—though every wall in every church or public building was, in fact, enriched by the hand of painters and of sculptors—but it embraced every humbler form of artistic expression, and was, indeed, especially directed to one which has in our time touched, here and there, a melancholy depth—the craft of the goldsmith. I said “humbler form” of art for lack of a better word; for a craft cannot fitly be called humble which has occupied and delighted men of the very highest gifts. Did not the mind that conceived the “Perseus” of the Loggia dei Lanzi pour out some of its richest fancies in a jewelled saltcellar for the table of a Pope? Did not the sublimest genius that ever shone upon the world of art receive its first guidance in the workshop of a jeweller—a jeweller who was himself a painter also of high renown? For

was it not that painter-goldsmith whose hands adorned with noble frescoes the famous choir of Sta. Maria Novella?

Now, to a cultured audience such as that which I am here addressing these facts are familiar and trite, so trite and so familiar that it may, perhaps, be doubted whether their true significance has ever stood quite clearly before your minds, and whether you have fully grasped the solidarity of the arts—if I may use an outlandish expression—which at one time prevailed. Let us in imagination transfer the last quoted fact into contemporary life. Let us suppose that the municipality of a great English city, proud of its annals and of its culture, determined to decorate with paintings in some comprehensive manner the walls of a great public building; and suppose, further, that an artist, admittedly of the first rank, were to answer to its call from the workshop—and I say advisedly from the workshop, for it is there, and not on an armchair in the office, that the head of the house would have been found in the old day—suppose, I say, that such an artist came forth from some great firm of jewellers, in Bond Street, for instance, we should have, on the artistic side, the exact parallel of the case of the Dominicans of Sta. Maria Nuova and Domenico, the son of Thomas the garland-maker of Florence. Meanwhile, striking as is this instance of the unity of art in long past days, it is but just to add, and I rejoice to be able here to do so, that signs are not wanting on the side of our own artists of a strong tendency towards a return to closer bonds between its various branches, in which direction, indeed, a movement has been for some years increasingly marked and practical; and it is with a glad outlook into the future, and with a sense of breathing a wider air, that I place by the side of the cases which I have just mentioned—cases which were in their time of natural and frequent occurrence—one which is of yesterday. The chief magistrate of an important provincial centre of English industry, the Mayor of Preston, wears at this time a chain of office which is a beautiful work of art, and this chain was not only designed but wrought throughout by the sculptor who modelled the stately commemorative statue of the Queen that adorns the County Square of Winchester, the artist who presides over the section of sculpture in this Congress, my young friend and colleague, Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

I have pointed to the Italians and the Greeks as culminating instances of peoples filled with a love of beauty and achieving the highest excellence in its embodiment, and I have named the Japanese as manifesting the æsthetic temper in a high degree of sensitiveness, but within certain limitations. It is not necessary to remind you that I might extend this list, if with some qualification, and that the same lesson—the lesson that the nations which love beauty seek it in the humblest as well as the highest things—is taught us by others than

those I have mentioned. Whosoever, for instance, has wondered at the work of Persian looms, or felt the fascination of the manuscripts illuminated by the artists of Iran, or noted the unfailing grace of subtle line revealed in their metal work, will feel that for this race also the merit of a work of art did not reside in its category, but in the degree to which it manifested the spirit which alone could ennoble it, the spirit of beauty. And if, further, this dominant instinct of the beautiful is not in our own time found in any Western race in its fullest force, and among one Eastern people with, as we saw, important limitations, there is yet one modern nation in our own hemisphere in which the thirst for artistic excellence is widespread to a degree unknown elsewhere in Europe; a people with whom the sense of the dignity of artistic achievement, as an element of national greatness, an element which it is the duty of its Government to foster and to further, and to proclaim before the world, is keen and constant—I mean, of course, your brilliant neighbours, the people of France. Here, then, are standards to which we may appeal to see how far, all allowance being made for many signs of improvement in things concerning art, we yet fall short, as a nation, of the ideal which we should have before us.

Let me now revert to my indictment. I said that the sense of abstract beauty with the mass of our countrymen—and once again I must be understood not to ignore, but only to leave out of view for the moment, the considerable and growing number of those in whom this sense is astir and active—with the mass, I repeat, of our countrymen, the perception of beauty is blunt, and the desire for it sluggish and superficial; with them the beautiful is, indeed, sometimes a source of vague, half-conscious satisfaction, especially when it appeals to them conjointly with other incitements to emotion, but their perception of it is passive, and does not pass into active desire; it accepts, it does not demand; it is uncertain of itself, for it lacks definiteness of intuition, and, having no definite intuition, it is necessarily uncritical. This weakness, among the many, of the critical faculty in æsthetic matters, and the curious bluntness of their perceptions, is seen not in connection with the plastic arts only, but over the whole artistic field, in the domains of music and the drama, as in that of painting and sculpture. Who, for instance, where a body of English men and women has been gathered together in a concert-room, has not, at one moment, heard a storm of applause go up to greet some matchless executant of noble music, and then, five minutes later, watched in wonder and dismay the same crepitation of eager hands proclaiming an equal satisfaction with the efforts of some feeblest servant of Apollo! Or have you not often, in your theatres, blushed to see the lowest buffoonery received with exuberant delight by an audience—and a cultivated audience—which had just before not seemed insensible to

some fine piece of histrionic art? And what could proclaim the lack of true, spontaneous instinct in more startling fashion than the notorious fact that the most thrilling touch of pathos in the performance of an actor reputed to be comic will be infallibly received with a titter by a British audience, which has paid to laugh and come to the play focussed for the funny?

Now this little glimpse into the attitude of the public in regard to other arts than ours has its bearing upon our present subject. This same feebleness of the critical sense which arises out of the indefiniteness—to say the best of it—of the inner standard of artistic excellence, is not unnaturally accompanied by and fosters an apathy in regard to that excellence, and an attitude of callous acquiescence in the unsightly, which are inexpressibly mischievous; for you cannot too strongly print this on your minds, that what you demand that you will get, and according to what you accept will be that which is provided for you. Let an atmosphere be generated among you in which the appetite for what is beautiful and noble is whetted and becomes imperative, in which whatever is ugly and vulgar shall be repugnant and hateful to the beholder, and assuredly what is beautiful and noble will, in due time, be furnished to you, and in steadily increasing excellence, satisfying your taste, and at the same time further purifying it and heightening its sensitiveness.

The enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things, it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you. Now, this callous tolerance of the unsightly, although it is, I am grateful to think, yielding by degrees to a healthier feeling, is still strangely prevalent and widespread among us, and its deadening influence is seen in the too frequent absence of any articulate protest of public opinion against the disfigurement of our towns.

Let me give you an instance of this indifference. Our country is happy in possessing a collection of paintings by the old masters of exceptional interest and splendour, a collection which, thanks to the taste and highly trained discernment of its present accomplished head, Sir Frederick Burton, is, with what speed the short-sighted policy of successive Governments permits, rising steadily to a foremost place among the famous galleries of the world. Some years ago, the building destined to receive it being found no longer adequate, it became necessary to provide by some means ampler space for the display of the national treasure. It was resolved that another edifice should take the place of that designed by Wilkins, an edifice which, be it said in passing, had been made the butt of curiously unmerited ridicule in the world of connoisseurship, and which, apart from certain very obvious blemishes, it has always seemed to me to be much easier to deride than to better. A competition was opened, and designs were demanded for

a spacious building, equal to present and future needs, and worthy of the magnificence of the collection it was to house. It is hardly necessary to say that we have here no concern whatever with the controversy which arose over these designs. My concern is with its final outcome, which is this: the original building has remained unaltered as to its exterior; but, on the rear of one of its flanks, loom now into view, first an appendage in an entirely different style of architecture, and, further on, an excrescence of no style of architecture at all; the one an Italian tower, the other a flat cone of glass, surmounted by a ventilator—a structure of the warehouse type—the whole resulting in a jarring jumble and an aspect of chaotic incongruity which would be ludicrous if it were not distressing; and we enjoy, further, this instructive phenomenon that a public opinion which sensitively shrank from the blemishes of the original edifice has accepted its retention, with all those blemishes unmodified, *plus* an appendage which adds to the whole the worst, almost, of all sins architectural—a lack of unity of conception. Now, I have never to my knowledge heard one single word of articulate public reprobation levelled at this now irremediable blot on what we so complacently call the finest site in the world; and yet I cannot find it in me to believe that many have not, like myself, groaned in spirit before a spectacle so deplorable—a spectacle which, indeed, is only conceivable within these islands. I think that a good deal is summed up in this episode, and I need not, for my present purpose, seek another in the domain of architecture.

In regard to sculpture the public apathy and blindness are yet more depressing and complete, and illustrate the deadness of the many to the perception of the essential qualities of art. To the overwhelming majority of Englishmen sculpture means, simply, the perpetuation of the form of Mr. So-and-So in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta—this, and no more. That marble, bronze, or terra-cotta may, under cunning hands, become vehicles, for those who have eyes to see, of emotions, æsthetic and poetic, not less lofty than those which are stirred in us by the verse of a Dante or a Milton, or by strains of noblest music, of this the consciousness is for practical purposes non-existent. For sculpture, for an art through which, alone, the name of Greece would have been famous for all time, there is, outside portraiture, even now, under conditions admittedly improved, little or no field in our country. Portrait-statues, galore, bristle, indeed, within our streets; but the notion of setting up in public places pieces of monumental sculpture solely for adornment and dignity, or of monuments that shall remind us of deeds in which our country or our town has earned fame and deserved gratitude, and incite the young to emulation of those deeds, or that shall be the allegorized expression of any great idea—and yet our race has had great ideas, and clothed them in deeds as great—hardly ever, it would seem,

enters the heads of a people whose aspirations are surely not less noble or less high than those of other nations. Nay, even a monument commemorative of the great public services of some individual man which shall be a monument *to* him rather than exclusively an image *of* him, a monument, of which his effigy shall form a part, but of which the main feature shall be the embodiment or illustration, in forms of art, of the virtues that have earned for him the homage of his countrymen—even this is suggested in vain.

And if we are tolerant of treason against fitness in architecture, what shall we say of our tolerance in regard to its sculptural adornments? What shall we say of the complaisant acceptance, above and about windows and doorways in clubs, offices, barracks, and the like buildings, of carven wonders such as no civilized community would accept in silence? Though I fear I must here, with all deference, add that my brethren, the architects, who suffer their work to be so defaced, are themselves not wholly blameless; and, indeed, it is a truth, in the assertion of which the most enlightened workmen in every branch of art will stand by me, that among ourselves also the sense of the kinship of the arts is too often a mere theory, received, no doubt, with respect as an abstract proposition, but not perceptibly colouring our practical activity.

In sculpture the inertness of demand and tolerance of inferior supply is due mainly to the want, to which I have alluded, of a sense of and a joy in the purely æsthetic quality in artistic production, an insensibility to the power inherent in form, by its own virtue, of producing emotion and exciting the imagination, a power on which the dignity of this pure and severe art does or should mainly rest.

In the appreciation of painting, which, on various grounds, appears as an art to a far wider public than either architecture or sculpture the same shortcomings are evident, though in a less degree, and with less mischievous results; for the witchery of colour, at least, is felt and appreciated, more or less consciously, by a very large number of people. The inadequacy of the general standard of artistic insight is here seen in the fact that, to a great multitude of persons, the attractiveness of a painted canvas is in proportion to the amount of literary element which it carries, not in proportion to the degree of æsthetic emotion stirred by it, or of appeal to the imagination contained in it—persons, those, who regard a picture as a compound of anecdote and mechanism, and with whom looking at it would seem to mean only another form of reading. Time after time, in listening to the description, the enthusiastic description, of a picture, we become aware that the points emphasized by the speaker are such as did not specially call for treatment in art at all, were often not fitted for expression, through form or colour, their natural vehicle being not paint but ink, which is the proper and appointed conveyer of abstract

thoughts and concrete narrative. I have heard pictures extolled as works of genius simply because they expressed, not because they nobly clothed in forms of art, ideas not beyond the reach of the average penny-a-liner.

Now I know that in what I am here saying I skirt the burning ground of controversy long and hotly waged—skirt it only, for that controversy touches but the borders of my subject, and I shall of course not pursue it here. I will, nevertheless, to avoid misrepresentation in either sense, state, as briefly as I can, one or two definite principles on which it appears to me safe to stand. It is given to form and to colour to elicit in men powerful and exquisite emotions, emotions covering a very wide range of sensibility, and to which they alone have the key. The chords within us which vibrate to these emotions are the instrument on which art plays; and a work of art deserves that name, as I have said, in proportion as, and in the extent to which, it sets those chords in motion. The power and solemnity of a simple appeal of form as such is seen in a noble building of imposing mass and stately outlines. When, however, form in art is connected with the human frame, and when combinations of human forms are among the materials with which a beautiful design is built up, then another element is added to the sum of our sensations—an element due to the absorbing interest of man in all that belongs to his kind; and the emotion primarily produced by the force of a purely æsthetic appeal is enhanced and heightened by elements of a more intimate and universal order, one more nearly touching our affections, but not, therefore, necessarily of a higher order. Thus the episode, for instance, of Paolo and Francesca, clothed in the rare, grave melody of Dante's verse, entrances us with its pathos; but our emotion, intensely human as it is, is not therefore of a higher kind than that which holds us as we listen to sounds sublimely woven by some great musician; nor are the impressions received in watching from the floor of a great Christian church the gathering of the gloom within a great dome's receding curves of less noble order than those aroused by a supreme work of sculpture or a painting—by, say, the "*Notte*" of Michael Angelo or the "*Mona Lisa*" of Lionardo; and yet in both of these last the chord of human sympathy is strongly swept, though in different ways—in the "*Notte*" by the poetic and pathetic suggestiveness of certain forms and movements of the human body; in the "*Mona Lisa*" by a more definitely personal charm and feminine sorcery which haunts about her shadowy eyes, and the subtle curling of her mysterious lips.

I say, then, that in a work of art the elements of emotion based on human sympathies are not of a loftier order than those arising out of abstract sublimity or loveliness of form, but that the presence of these elements in such a work, while not raising it as an artistic

creation, does impart to it an added power of appeal, and that, therefore, a work in which these elements are combined will be with the great majority of mankind a more potent engine of delight than one which should rest exclusively on abstract qualities. And it follows, therefore, that while a work of art earns its title to that name on condition, only, once again I say, of the purely æsthetic element being present in it, and will rank as such in exact proportion to the degree in which this element prevails in it; and while, further, this element, carrying with it, as it does, imaginative suggestiveness of the highest order and of the widest scope, is all-sufficient in those branches of art in which the human form plays no part, the element which is inseparable in a work of art from the introduction of human beings is one which it is not possible for us to ignore in our appreciation of that work as a source and vehicle of emotion.

Every attempt at succinct exposition of a complex question risks being unsatisfactory and obscure, and I am painfully alive to the inadequacy of what I have just said. I trust, however, that I have conveyed my meaning, if roughly, yet sufficiently to shield me from misconception in regard to the special emphasis I am laying on the importance of a proper estimation of the essentially æsthetic quality in a work of art, an importance which I urge upon you, not so much here on account of the effect its absence may have exercised on the development of painting, as on account of the significant fact that its want—the lack of a perception that certain qualities are the very essence of art, and link into one great family every work of the hands of men in which they are found—has led with us to a disastrous divorce between what is considered as art proper and the arts which are called industrial. I say advisedly “disastrous,” for the lowering among us in the present day of the status of forms of art, in the service of which such men as Albert Dürer, for example, and Holbein (men, by-the-by, of kindred blood with ourselves), Cellini and Lionardo, were glad to labour and create—and that not as a concession, but in the joyful exercise of their fullest powers—is one of its results, and, carrying with it, as is natural, a lowering of standard in these arts, has generated the marvellous notion, not expressed in words, but too largely acted on, that art in any serious sense is not to be looked for at all in certain places—where, in truth, alas! neither is it often found—and led to the holding aloof to a great extent, until comparatively recent years, of much of the best talent from very delightful forms of artistic creation; and this notion has led further to the virtual banishment from certain provinces of designing of the human figure, or, where it is not banished, to its defacement, too often, in the hands of the untrained or the inept.

We are to a wonderful degree creatures of habit, our thoughts are prone to run—or shall I not rather say to stagnate?—within grooves;

and, if we are a people of many and of great endowments, a swift and free play of thought is, as we have been forcibly told by a voice that we shall hear no more, and can ill miss, not a distinguishing feature among us. Is it not an amazing thing, for example, that human shapes, which in clay or plaster would be ignominiously excluded from a second-rate exhibition, are not only accepted, but displayed with a chuckle of elated pride, when cast in the precious metals, flanked, say, by a palm-tree, all borne aloft on a rock, and presented in the guise of a piece of ornamental plate? But is this even rare? Is it not of constant occurrence? Do you demur? Well, let me ask you a plain question: Of all the nymphs and goddesses, the satyrs, and the tritons, that disport themselves on the ceremonial goldsmithery of the United Kingdom, how many if cast in vulgar plaster, and not in glittering gold, would pass muster before the jury of an average exhibition? And if few, I ask why is this so? In the name of Cellini—nay, in the name of common sense, why? And is it on account of the low ebb of figure modelling for decorative purposes that on our carved furniture—what we mysteriously describe as “art-furniture”—the human form is hardly ever seen? Then why is the best talent not enlisted in this work? Certain it is that the absence of living forms imparts to much of the furniture now made in England, unsurpassed as it is in regard to delicacy and finish of handiwork, and frequently elegant in design, a certain look of slightness and flimsy, faddy dilettantism which prevents it from taking that rank in the province of applied art to which it might and should aspire.

But I have, I fear, already unduly drawn upon your patience, and I must bring to a close these too disjointed prefatory words, leaving it to the accomplished gentlemen who head the various sections of this Congress to amplify and enrich as they will, out of the wide fund of their knowledge and experience, the bald outline I have sketched before you. They, in their turn, taking up, no doubt, our common parable, will emphasize and press on you the fact that by cultivating its æsthetic sense in a more comprehensive and harmoniously consistent spirit than hitherto, and with a clearer vision of the nature of all art and a more catholic receptiveness as to its charms, and by stimulating in a right direction the abundant productive energy which lies to its hand, this nation will not only be adding infinitely to the adornment and dignity of its public and private life, not only providing for itself an increasing and manifold source of delight and renovating repose, mental and spiritual, in a day in which such resting and regenerating elements are more and more called for by our jaded nervous systems, and more and more needed for our intellectual equilibrium, but will be dealing with a subject which is every day becoming more important in relation to certain sides of the waning material prosperity

of the country. For, as they will no doubt remind you, the industrial competition between this and other countries—a competition, keen and eager, which means to certain industries almost a race for life—runs, in many cases, no longer exclusively or mainly on the lines of excellence of material and solidity of workmanship, but greatly nowadays, on the lines of artistic charm and beauty of design. This, to you, vital fact is one which they will, I am convinced, not suffer to fall into the background.

One last word in anticipation of certain objections not unlikely to be raised against an assumption which may seem to be implied in the existence of our Association—the assumption that the evils and shortcomings of which I have spoken with such unsparing frankness can be removed or remedied by the gathering together of a number of persons to listen to a series of addresses. The causes of these evils, we may be told, and their antidote, are not on the surface of things, but rest on conditions of a complex character, and are fundamental. “Who,” I hear some one say, “is this dreamer of dreams, who hopes to cure by talking such deep-seated evils? Who is this shallow and unphilosophical thinker who does not see that the same primary conditions are operative in making the purchaser indifferent to what he gets and the supplier indifferent to what he produces, and who attributes the circumstance that good work is not generally produced in certain forms of industry to the lack of demand, rather than to the deeper-lying fact that suppliers and demanders are of the same stock, having the same congenital failings, and satisfied with the same standards?” My answer to this imaginary, or I ought, perhaps, to say this foreseen, objector would be, first, this—that I am not the visionary for whom he takes me, and that I do not believe in the efficacy of words either directly to remedy the state of things I have been deploring, or to create a love of art and a delicate sensitiveness to its charms in those to whom the responsive chords have been refused; neither is the eloquence, trumpet-toned and triumphant, conceivable by me before which the walls of the Jericho of the Philistine shall crumble in abrupt ruin to the ground; least of all do I believe in sudden developments of the human intellect. But it has nevertheless seemed to me, as it has seemed to the framers of this Association, that words, if they be judicious and sincere, may rally and strengthen and prompt to action instincts and impulses which only await a signal to assert themselves—instincts sometimes, perhaps, not fully conscious of themselves—and that a favouring temperature may be thus created within which, by the operation of natural laws, in due time, but by no stroke of the wand, a new and better order may arise. Neither, indeed, do I ignore the force of my critic’s contention that the causes of mischief lie deep, and are not to be touched by surface-tinkering, if they are to be removed at all; though I demur to his pessimistic

estimate of them as a final bar to our hopes. It is true that certain specific artistic attributes are, or seem to be, feeble in our race; it is true, too true, that the general standard of taste is low; it is true, too true—I have it on the repeated assurance of apologetic vendors—that with us the ugliest objects—often oh! how ugly—have the largest market; nevertheless, the amount of good artistic production in connection with industry—I purposely speak of this first—has grown within the last score or so of years, and through the initiative, mind, of a mere handful of enthusiastic and highly gifted men, in an extraordinary degree; and in a proportionate degree has the number increased, also, of those who accept and desire it; and this growth has been steady and organic, and is of the best augury. Now, the increase in the number of those who desire good work, and the concurrent development of their critical sensitiveness in matters of taste, stimulate, in their turn, the energies, and sustain the upward efforts, of the producers, and thus, through action and reaction, a condition of things should be slowly but surely evolved which shall more nearly approach that general level of artistic culture and artistic production so anxiously looked for by us all. It is in the hastening of this desired result that we invoke, not your sympathy alone, but your patient, strenuous aid. And if I am further asked how, in my view, this association can best contribute to the furtherance of our common end, I would say, not merely by seeking to fan and kindle a more general interest in the things of art, but mainly by seeking to awaken a clearer perception of the true *essence* of a work of art, by insisting on the fundamental identity of all manifestations of the artistic creative impulse, through whatever channels it may express itself, and by setting forth and establishing this pregnant truth—that whatever degrees of dignity and rank may exist in the scale of artistic productions, according to the order of emotion to which they minister in us, they are one in kind; for the various and many channels through which beauty is made manifest to us in art are but the numerous several stops of one and the same divine instrument.

And if in what I have said I have laid especial stress on that branch of art which is called industrial, it is not solely to develop this cardinal doctrine, neither only because of the pressing, practical, paramount national importance of this part of our subject, but also because I, in truth, believe that it is in a great measure through these very forms of art that the improvement, to which I look with a steadfast faith, will be mainly operated. The almost unlimited area which they cover in itself constitutes them an engine of immense power, and I believe that through them, if at all, the sense of beauty and the love for it will be stimulated in, and communicated to, constantly increasing numbers. I believe that the day may come when public opinion, thus slowly but definitely moulded, will make itself loudly heard; when men will

insist that what they do for the gracing and adornment of their homes shall be done also for the public buildings and thoroughfares of their cities ; when they will remind their municipal representatives and the controllers of their guilds of what similar bodies of men did for the cities of Italy in the days of their proud prosperity in trade, and will ask why the walls of our public edifices are blank and silent, instead of being adorned and made delightful with things beautiful to see, or eloquent of whatever great deeds or good work enrich and honour the annals of the places of our birth. And, lastly, I believe that an art desired by the whole people and fostered by the whole people's desire would reflect—for such art must be sincere—some of the best qualities of our race ; its love of Nature, its imaginative force, its healthfulness, its strong simplicity.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, my task is ended. My duties to-night were purely prefatory ; my words are but the prologue to the proceedings which begin to-morrow—a prologue which I undertook to speak less from any faith in its possible efficacy than in the belief that the first word spoken at such a time should be heard from the lips of one to whom, from the nature of the office he is privileged to fill, as well as from the whole bent of his mind, everything that concerns art, from end to end of its enchanting field, must be, and is, a source of deep, of constant, and engrossing interest. The curtain is now raised, the stage is spread before you, and I step aside to make way for others, leaving with you the expression of my fervent wish that the hopes which have brought us together in this place may not have been entertained in vain.

FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

EAST AFRICA AS IT WAS AND IS.

THE holy mission which Germany, with her accustomed energy, has undertaken in East Africa is progressing with rapid strides. The introduction of civilization to the semi-barbarous people who inhabit those parts is being joyously celebrated by the thunder of artillery, the demolition of towns, and human bloodshed.

England, not yet accustomed to Germany's drastic methods, is content to bring up the rear, and look on approvingly, willingly, in the good cause, giving up her subjects to ruin and spoliation, and content to see her good name—quite mistakenly, of course—dragged in the mire.

While this noble nineteenth-century work is thus going on it may not be out of place to ask what was the state of things which formerly existed and what the result of Germany's primary attempts to introduce the blessings of civilization to the benighted inhabitants of Zanzibar—in other words, what East Central Africa was and is.

Events march quickly in these days, and for our purpose we need not go back many years. It will be sufficient, I think, if I describe what came under my own observation in my three visits to East Africa between 1878 and 1883.

The state of things which I found existing when I first landed at Zanzibar was an agreeable surprise to me. Burton's account of the town and the condition of the country when he visited it some twenty years previous was fresh in my mind. I expected that my daily fare of incident would include murders, nightly fire-raising, slaves left to die of starvation or subjected to every conceivable atrocity, and their corpses left to rot on the beach. Zanzibar was to be "like a city held by a savage enemy," as described by Sir John Kirk's predecessor, when the north monsoon enabled the piratical Arabs of the northern

ports to come south and kidnap with impunity slaves and freemen alike in the very streets of the city, while the Sultan was powerless to search their dhows in his own harbour.

On the coast I looked forward to the discovery of an even more thorough condition of anarchy—tribes in constant bloody warfare, their sole commercial pursuit slave capturing and dealing; and, finally, the Sultan's authority non-existent.

Such, according to Burton, was the condition of Zanzibar and the mainland when he travelled in those parts. In the twenty years which had elapsed before I set foot in the same region all that had disappeared like a horrid dream.

A new Sultan had meanwhile come into power; and a new influence been brought to bear on East African affairs and politics.

Sayyed Bargash had become the ruler, and Sir John Kirk the representative of England in his dominions, and under their rule—for it is impossible to dissociate the two forces—a complete transformation had taken place in the whole social, material, and political aspect of affairs in East Africa.

For an Arab, brought up in the traditions of his race, and deeply educated in the faith of Islam, a more liberal-minded and enlightened prince never lived than Sayyed Bargash. Without a trace of fanaticism, he was yet the strictest and most devout of Mohammedans. With all the high-born feelings and dignified bearing and conduct of a prince and Sovereign ruler, he was yet keenly interested in commerce, and made almost Quixotic attempts to develop it in his dominions. Surrounded with all the effeminating and degenerating influences of Oriental life, he was yet without exception the hardest-worked man in East Africa, giving himself not a moment's rest from dawn to sunset. Such was the ruler of Zanzibar as I knew him, not only as an explorer sent out by the Royal Geographical Society, but as one in his own service, as I was for a time.

But behind Sayyed Bargash there was another power even more potent than the naturally good proclivities of his Highness. I refer to Sir John Kirk. If ever a typical pro-consul and pioneer of British influence in its highest and best meaning existed, that man was, or is, Sir John Kirk. With almost incredible far-sightedness and persistence of purpose, he set himself a certain object to aim at—an object that was to take long years to accomplish; but he knew his mind: he had patience and strength of will, and he was content to let the slow years evolve their work and bring with them their stepping-stones to higher things.

Sir John Kirk's policy was Education and Guidance, not Ruling. He wisely kept himself in the background. To have acted directly was to have opened a gulf between himself and the natives, to get out of touch with them. He required a middleman, who would ostensibly be the ruler. Such a middleman was Sayyed Bargash.

Yet though Sir John was content to act only as the pilot, no man probably ever acquired such an influence with negro races. His was a name to charm with. From Mozambique to Lamu, in every tribe from the sea to the shores of Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the Nyanza, the "Baluzi" was more feared and yet liked than even the Sultan. To Arab and negro alike he was the embodiment of some tremendous unseen yet benign power, which was working for their good, and yet could be very terrible in its wrath. In this matter I speak not from hearsay but from actual experience. This charm was one which affected not only those in the heart of Africa, who never saw Sir John, but those who came into daily contact with him. I remember well, when little more than a boy, in my first expedition to Central Africa, I found myself at loggerheads with my men over some matter or other. The quarrel threatened to become serious, till, as an unfailing card, I appealed to them to remember that I was a mere greenhorn in African travelling, and that I had been handed over to them by the "Baluzi" to be taken safely through the country and brought back to him. "How could they face the 'Baluzi,'" I asked, "if they returned without me?" That appeal settled the matter at once, and they declared their readiness to carry me shoulder high wherever I wanted.

With two such men as Sayyed Bargash and Sir John Kirk at the head of affairs in Zanzibar, all things were possible. An unbroken line of improvements set in under their judicious management. The slave-market gave place to a Christian church. The rank abuses of the slave trade disappeared, and every slave who could show that he was ill-used received his freedom at once. He made no unwise attempt to stop the slave trade—that would only have done harm when he wanted to do good; but undoubtedly he discouraged the slave trade as much as possible, and helped to familiarize the Arabs with the idea of free labour.

One, perhaps, of the most remarkable of Sir John Kirk's feats was that he retained the goodwill and respect of the Arab slave dealers while he was known to be doing his utmost to restrict and stop their trade. Our anti-slavery policy in those days did not ruin our prestige and our name. Our action was looked upon as a son might regard the severe measures of a father in restricting some wrong action on his part. Our motives were never misunderstood. Needless to say, under such rule trade began rapidly to increase, and such natural advantages as the country possessed to be made the most of. British Indian subjects began to flock into the town of Zanzibar, as well as the towns on the coast. They brought with them their industrious habits and keen commercial talents, and, to the number of over 7000, they settled themselves down, stimulating the Arab to new and more profitable enterprises and giving new life to the

barbarous tribes. As an instance of the rapid development of an article of trade first stimulated by Kirk and pushed on by British subjects, take india-rubber. From nothing it was raised to an annual value of £200,000. As for the entire trade, from quite an insignificant figure twenty years ago it was developed into the respectable amount of little short of two millions sterling, and all through the energetic policy of Sir John Kirk, the ready assistance of the Sultan, and the keen trading instincts of Banyans and Hindus—British subjects from India.

With the development of legitimate trade there was a concomitant development of civilization. Tribes formerly at constant war with each other found it pay better to lay aside the bow and arrow and take to the hoe and the knife. Extracting gum copal from the ground, and india-rubber from the forest, were much more certain and less dangerous methods of gaining such scanty raiment and ornamental beads as they required than slave hunting.

Consequently, for anarchy and continual bloodshed and robbery were substituted peace and commerce, with all that those imply—increase of wealth, widening of tastes and ideas—all stepping-stones towards civilization.

Along with trade, moreover, other forces were stepping in. The omnipresent missionary soon discovered what a hopeful field of action lay here to hand. The Universities' Mission appeared first in the field, then the Church Missionary Society, followed by the London Missionary Society and the Scotch Presbyterians. Every encouragement and assistance were given by the Sultan, and in a very few years the entire region from Nyassa to Victoria Nyanza was studded with missionary stations.

But not without terrible sacrifices of noble lives, and immense sums of money. On more than one occasion I have appeared as a sharp critic of missionary *methods*, but I yield to no one in my admiration of the aims the missionary has in view, or, take him all round, of the missionary himself. If the success of his enterprise has not been in any sense of the word commensurate with the cost in men and money, it has been because the lines on which he has worked have been radically wrong.

So it has been in East Africa. The results are not what they might have been if more rational methods had been adopted. Still there have been great results, though more of an indirect than a direct character. The missionaries have not made many converts, but they have undoubtedly raised the moral level of thousands they have come in contact with. They have made the name of Englishman revered and admired throughout the length and breadth of East Central Africa. They have roused unbounded confidence in his word and his good intentions; while his settlements have often become veritable

sanctuaries and places of refuge in the midst of Africa's savage wastes, at the boundaries of which murderous and slave-hunting hosts pause and dare not venture to cross lest some terrible punishment falls upon them from the unseen power which protects the place.

In all this civilizing work be it remembered we were the sole agents, with the exception of a Catholic Mission, which was doing capital work. To English explorers belongs almost the entire honour of penetrating the country and laying bare its secrets. To English political agents and British subjects fell the work of stimulating and developing the trade, and to British missionary enterprise belonged the peculiar glory of establishing over the length and breadth of the land centres of civilizing influence of the highest order.

Let me now briefly and tersely summarize the state of affairs four years ago.

1. In all but name Zanzibar and its dependencies was a protectorate of Great Britain, costing this country nothing, though practically ruled through an English official.
2. The Sultan had the most unbounded confidence in our good faith, and our name was respected over the length and breadth of the land.
3. The country was opened up and explored by British travellers.
4. The entire trade of the country passed through British hands, and was the result of English enterprise.
5. Believing in the permanency of our veiled or open rule, 7000 of our Indian subjects had left their own country and settled themselves at Zanzibar and the coast towns.
6. Enormous sums of British money were spent and great numbers of noble lives lost attempting to establish Christianity and civilizing centres, both on the island and the mainland.
7. Year after year great unselfish sacrifices of money were made attempting to suppress, or rather repress, the slave trade.
8. Everywhere there were evidences of great strides being made in raising the natives from savagery or barbarism towards civilization.
9. Under the rule of Sayyed Bargash, guided by Kirk, tribal wars had almost ceased on the coast and nearly so in the far interior. Along the frequented routes of the interior, and everywhere in the littoral, European travellers might pass to and fro unarmed and unescorted with the utmost impunity.
10. The extent of German influence and interest was represented by a single large trading house, which acted as an intermediary between Europe and British Indian merchants in Zanzibar.

In 1884, however, all this began to change. In that year the preposterous views expressed by various travellers about the commercial possibilities of Africa began to find general credence.

Tickled by such nonsense as that in Africa the world had a new

El Dorado and a second India, and that its proposed railways were to be the finest paying commercial speculations offered in this century to a world athirst for wealth, the nations of Europe pricked up their ears, and then commenced the scramble for Africa. Innocent chiefs were defrauded out of their lands by bogus treaties. As innocent and ignorant people at home were found ready at the beck of glib company promoters to put their money into all sorts of schemes, and the daily newspapers were full of the exciting incidents of the race for "new colonies," as the mangrove swamps and sterile wastes were pleasingly called.

In this general gilding up, East Africa came in for a share like other parts of Africa, and soon there was nothing heard of but treaty-making and planting of flags. To back these enterprises up, companies were promoted in Germany. The sovereign rights of the Sultan of Zanzibar were violated in the most shameless fashion. He was treated as a barbarous chief, and as an obstacle to civilizing influences.

I say civilizing influences; for about this time people ceased going to Africa to make money and to trade. Merchants had suddenly become converted to the principles of Altruism, and they went for the good of the benighted negro. They posed no longer as selfish merchants, but philanthropists, solely anxious to introduce the blessings of Christianity and civilization. It was the same with nations; they had no selfish motives to promote. Each new flag planted in the soil of Africa was a dagger thrust in the heart of barbarism; each new trading station was an outpost of the advancing army of civilization.

Naturally the Sultan of Zanzibar could not stand by and see his rights violated and he himself bullied without some attempt to assert his position. Friction as naturally followed, and speedily German iron-clads were ranged before the town of Zanzibar, and shameless and dastardly efforts made to coerce the Sultan. In the name of civilization every principle of international law and equity was violated. All this was bad enough, but worse had to follow. We can understand to some extent the arrogant and unprincipled conduct of the Germans, but words fail me to express my sense of the outrageous policy our Government now commenced to take.

Up till that time we had acted as the mainstay and support of the Sultan: to us he looked for guidance and advice; in us he trusted as a friend who would not fail him in his hour of need. And yet how sorely he must have been tried in those first days of land stealing, when he looked in vain for assistance and some formal protest from our Government against the shameless action of German adventurers, backed by the German Government.

And what a position Kirk must have been in. The friend and confidential adviser of His Highness, bound hand and foot, unable to move a little finger in support of his own and his country's honour. I can

imagine how he must have cabled and written frantically imploring our Government not to let Britain's great name be dragged in the mire of dishonour; and yet, hoping against hope, putting the best face possible on the matter to the Sultan, and trying to make him believe that everything would yet come right.

But whatever he did—and what he actually did I know not—was of no avail. Matters went from bad to worse, till a Commission had to be appointed to mark out the stolen territories from those left intact.

We undertook to act for the Sultan, and so complete was his trust in us that even yet he depended on us, and placed himself in our hands.

Then came our crowning disgrace. For we betrayed the trust placed in us. We had but spread a net to trap the Sultan that he might the more formally be plundered. Astounding as it may seem, we willingly gave up all the advantages we had gained in these regions. We counted as nothing our great and ever-increasing commercial interests—as well as those of our 7000 British Indian subjects. The sacrifices of our missionary societies, who, like the Indians, had established themselves in East Africa in the faith that Britain would look after her own interests as she had known how to do in the past, were not taken into consideration.

That nothing should be wanting to complete the deed of infamy, the very man who had worked for twenty of the best years of his life, and with incredible skill, persistency of purpose, and patience to produce the condition of things I have described—that man, who had upheld the very brightest traditions of English enterprise and English honour, until, as the “*Baluza*,” his name became a word to charm with throughout the length and breadth of East Central Africa—he it was who had to betray his own and Britain's friend and *protégé*, and despoil him of all the wide territories over which his flag had fluttered for half a century unquestioned.

I do not wonder that Sir John Kirk could never look upon the face of Sayyed Bārgash again—or that the Sultan, himself thus betrayed by his friend, despoiled of his territories, and handed over to the tender mercies of the Germans, should have died shortly after. As some sort of compensation for the ruin of his life's work Sir John received the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George. I wonder with what feelings he looks on it.

What has happened since 1885 we all know. The inflated German enterprises have gone from bad to worse.

The Sultan very naturally lost all his influence with the loss of territory. Trade began to desert the coast towns. The German East African Company speedily began to show its utter want of fitness to rule native races, and yet so blown up in its own absurd conceit as to be unable to take lessons from past masters in the art.

The people who have so suddenly developed a keen desire to stamp out slavery treated the natives as little better than brutes and slaves. By many of their number a modified form of slavery was advocated, and no doubt practised. We know how the honest religious feelings of the Mohammedans have been outraged, and domestic sanctuaries violated.

Before their eyes the Germans saw the wonderful results that could be achieved by ruling through the Sultan, but they were unable to take a lesson, and so they must violate all conventions and treaties, and haul down his flag and insult his authority.

There could only be one result to such outrageous conduct. The strong sentiment of independence and pride was not quite dead in the Arab breast. The negro tribes were not yet slaves, to be treated as unscrupulous masters might please.

Gradually the feeling of discontent spread. More than one German planter brought his fate upon himself, till, from an isolated outbreak here and there, the whole country broke into insurrection, and kicked their new masters bag and baggage out of the country.

Of course this was represented as a terrible blow to the cause of civilization. It was pictured as a result of the renewed and enlarged activity of the slave trade and the spread of Islam, when it was nothing more nor less than a well-deserved punishment for the misdeeds of German planters and traders.

Still the result, whatever might be the provoking cause, was looked upon as a terrible insult to the German flag, and a slap in the face of Imperial conceit, and it must be revenged. Their honour must be reinstated. And yet how?

There was the difficulty. A European military expedition was out of the question on a deadly coast line like that at Bagamoyo and Pangani. Every European would be down with fever in a week, and more than half of them dead in less than a month.

Again, they had no recruiting ground for native troops. Here was a dilemma. There was nothing for it but to apply for English co-operation and assistance to reinstate themselves in East Africa. Of course it was no use stating plainly why England's assistance was wanted. To make her swallow the pill it was necessary to appeal to the anti-slavery feelings of the nation, and to talk of the introduction of civilization to barbaric Africa.

To the dismay of the entire British nation our Government was found ready to swallow the bait and connect our name with Germany in her infamous proceedings. We, of course, are not to join the Germans in their work of bombardment, but we are to let our name be connected with it, and we are to give our approval and moral support.

And why should we support Germany in this matter? For long

weary years we have carried on this work of repressing slavery unaided by other Powers. Would it not have been a sufficient answer to Germany's proposal to co-operate with *them* in suppressing the slave trade to have pointed to our policy in the past, and expressed our pleasure if they were willing to join *us* in the good cause? Further than that there was no need to go. But our Government, as if determined to complete the work of destruction commenced by its predecessors, has gone further and committed itself to joint action, and jointly our name will be connected through Central Africa with all the bloodshed and destruction that is now going on.

Much might have been forgiven if this blockade had really done anything in extinguishing the slave trade; but all who know anything about East Africa can affirm that the blockading of the coast will only affect the slave trade in the remotest degree. The East African slave trade is now practically restricted to the coast and the interior. The slaves are wanted for the transport of ivory to the coast and for the coast plantations, while in addition there is a large demand for slaves among the tribes themselves.

The chief result, indeed, of this blockade will be an increase of slave raiding and slavery, for the whole country is now plunged in anarchy; tribal jealousies and hatreds long kept in check are once more let loose. To fight means to capture slaves.

Do not let us flatter ourselves for a moment that our name and good fame will remain unscathed in this sad imbroglio. The Germans will take care that we are tarred with the same brush as themselves. The fact also that this is a joint affair is a matter of public notoriety in Zanzibar, and with the passage of the news to the mainland nothing will be lost. It will soon not be blacks against the Germans, but blacks against the Wazungu (whites).

Another remarkable feature in this wretched mess, is the utter indifference displayed by our Government for the lives and property of our fellow-subjects established on the coast. We practically say, "They are only Indians; what does it matter to us? Let them stew in their own juice!" This is a terrible downfall to British pride and British sense of honour. Does it not practically mean that to keep straight with the Germans we are ready to knuckle down before every publicly or privately expressed menace; that we as a nation tremble at the frown of a Bismarck, or are quite ready to sell our nation's birth-right of honour, pride, and glory for some mess of pottage? It is only on some such theory that we can comprehend the meaning of the astounding policy we have pursued these last three years in East Africa. And yet, who among us can conceive that we have actually sunk so low? And if it is not so, what does it all mean? Why have we sacrificed every British interest, violated every principle of national honour, delivered over thousands of British subjects to utter

ruin, and ended by trying to throw dust in the public eyes by talking "high falutin" nonsense about the suppression of the slave trade and the introduction of civilizing influences, when, in reality, it's devil's work that is going on? Ask what missionaries, who have spent the best part of their lives in these parts, have to say on the subject, or travellers, who have explored and observed, or merchants who have traded there, and where will the Government find one to back them in their policy of helping Germany—though she has to wade through blood—to establish a so-called colony in East Africa, to the detriment of our own fame, rights, and commerce?

It may be useless to cry over spilt milk, but we may well demand where is all this to end, and how much further are we to co-operate with the allies we have "wedded," as Count Bismarck puts it. It is easier to marry than to get divorced. And clearly in this case we have not counted the cost. As little, for that part, have the Germans. The task of reasserting their position, and bringing East Africa back to its former condition, will be no light one. It may be comparatively easy to demolish the coast towns and place garrisons among their ruins—though where the troops are to be got I don't know—but it will be no simple matter to regain their position away from such garrisoned places. Still more difficult will it be to bring back the trade or to allay the angry passions and feelings which have been roused. All the profit the Germans will gain in East Africa for the next hundred years will not cover the cost of once more establishing their supremacy there.

Meanwhile the slave trade will thrive right merrily in the midst of all this anarchy. All the horrors of slave capturing will be no longer an affair of the far interior. It will go on among the tribes nearer the sea. Everything is rapidly sinking back into the old condition of savagery. The work of the missionaries has been ruined, probably beyond repair, and all their sacrifices of lives and treasure so much that was literally thrown away.

I have summarized the condition of East Africa as it was in 1883. Let me now do the same for East Africa as it is at the end of 1888.

1. In all but name Zanzibar and the mainland belongs to, or is a dependency of, Germany.

2. The late Sultan was shamefully betrayed by our Government, and hurried to an untimely grave; it cannot therefore be expected that his successor can have any faith in our word or respect for our name.

3. Some thousands of British subjects have been ruined and driven from their homes without hope of redress, either at our own or German hands.

4. All our interests have been handed over to the Germans.

5. After spending some hundreds of thousands of pounds, and losing

a great many noble lives, the work of our missionary societies has been ruined.

6. We have agreed to make our anti-slavery policy subservient to the colonizing schemes of Germany, to the detriment of the good cause and of our country's best interests.

7. The country has been thrown back into a worse condition of anarchy and savagery than it was twenty years ago. European travellers, however well armed and protected, cannot now go where formerly a solitary individual armed only with an umbrella could pass with safety.

8. Backed by the moral support of England, and, to some extent, the presence of our fleet, Germany is about to commence a series of wars which for years to come will fill the country with bloodshed and ruin the trade for the remainder of this century.

And now in conclusion we may well ask, What is the meaning of the policy which has led to such disastrous results through such shameful means? What is at the bottom of it all? Has it been the sheer imbecility of our rulers? Or have we been bribed to such dishonourable practices?

What, we may ask, is to be the next surprise? Are we to prepare ourselves for a final *coup* and the handing over of the island of Zanzibar to Germany? It will not be difficult to see that the Sultan is a hindrance to the good cause of civilization—that is, German civilization. Having rendered him utterly powerless, it will now be a good excuse for removing him altogether, because he is powerless and cannot help the Germans to regain the lands they stole from his predecessor. A shake of Prince Bismarck's little finger, or a fine, oily argument from his son, will no doubt secure our hearty consent. This will be a fitting termination to our down-grade slide in East Africa, and I, for one, will not be surprised to hear of some such result.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

TWO POLITICAL CENTENARIES.

THE French are preparing to celebrate this year the centenary of their great Revolution. Whatever cavillers may choose to say, it is an impressive occasion, one which even the mechanical prodigy of an Eiffel Tower will fail to vulgarize. Foreign Governments with one accord have boycotted the Exhibition. That Continental emperors and kings should have taken this course is not surprising, but that our Government should have followed their example is at best a bit of political prudery of which we have reason to be ashamed. The principles of the French Revolution have become the common property of the civilized world. We have no excuse for looking shyly at them. Clothed in historical forms, they were English long before they became French. Since the Capetian dynasty began to reign, a space of eight hundred years, the French had never deposed a monarch nor set aside the legitimate line of succession, while we had done both. Twice in recent times we led the way in successful revolution. Our neighbours had only to look across the Channel to find plenty of precedents for taking liberties with the throne. The period of the Commonwealth has been blotted from legislation, and nobody nowadays would be eager to defend the execution of Charles I. But the principles of 1688 are the inheritance of the great Whig party, and Lord Hartington tells us he is proud of being a Whig. Surely some sympathy is due to a great nation who a hundred years ago lighted the torch of freedom at our fires. They have suffered many misfortunes since then. When they undertook the task of reforming the State they were without experience and had no settled principles to guide them. In default of established traditions they had recourse to the light of reason, but the light was too dazzling, they mistook their way, and fell into the hands of quacks and knaves. It would be unjust to blame them

severely. The follies of their rulers compelled them to break suddenly with the past, and the knowledge and habits which fit men for the temperate use of liberty are not to be acquired in a day. After all, a hundred years are but a page in a nation's history. It has taken us about the same time to get through any one of those great political changes which in their aggregate effect have transformed the English monarchy of the eleventh century into that of the nineteenth. Some trials France may yet have to undergo before a condition of stability is reached, but there is no reason to despair of her future. There is, however, just enough of uncertainty in her present position to make a neighbour's friendship worth having, and it is much to be regretted that our Government should have met with a rebuff the proffered opportunity for giving to France a practical assurance of sympathy and good-will.

In the meantime, within the same period, and almost synchronizing with it at both extremes, we have had a revolution of our own, and, were it worth while, we might with good reason celebrate a centenary. Externally it has but a slight resemblance to that which has taken place in France, but in principle the two movements are identical, marching along the same lines. Carried out by comparatively slow and peaceful methods, our revolution has thrown up no portentous landmarks. It has been accompanied by no volcanic outbursts. We have gone to work quietly. We have simply reformed the House of Commons. It may seem a small thing to have accomplished. We have done in a hundred years what the National Assembly did in a day. But in politics we have to reckon with the forces of reaction. If the people are hurried along too fast, the timorous majority will take fright and hurry back. It is the net advance that has been made through a considerable period that passes to the final account, and it often reproduces the fable of the tortoise and the hare. We need not plume ourselves on any superior wisdom. When we undertook to reform the State the path was clearly marked out for us. It was our good fortune to be the inheritors of institutions in which the spirit of freedom was enshrined, and to have had forefathers who knew how to defend them. Hence, to begin with, we had a limited monarchy. The king of England was a *rex politicus*, a political creation, the highest functionary and servant of the State, not a merely personal ruler, and that was his recognized capacity. In the next place, from early times, earlier than the beginning of regular Parliaments, the people of England laid a firm hold on the idea of Ministerial responsibility. They acted upon it fitfully and sometimes capriciously, but they never let it go. If the king ruled ill, it was assumed to be because he had bad advisers. If the king chose to dismiss them, the trouble was over. If he refused, they were disposed of by rough methods. Only in the last resort, when driven

to extremities, did the people lay hands on the king himself. The rude usages of our forefathers have blossomed into the responsible Ministries of to-day. We have had Parliaments for six hundred years. There have been times when they seemed to be almost defunct, paralysed by strong and self-willed kings, or swayed by corruption to the purposes of the Court. But the theory and the forms of the Constitution have been preserved intact in the darkest days, and the business of reformers has always been not so much to create as to revivify and restore.

All these charts and landmarks for political action were wanting to the Estates of France when summoned to Versailles a hundred years ago to help the king to save the State. A task of prodigious difficulty was set before them, and they knew not where nor how to begin. They had not met for 175 years. They were divided as of old into three orders—the nobles, the clergy, and the commons, but they had no settled constitutional relations and no common sympathies. The first and second orders were chiefly solicitous for the maintenance of their privileges, while the members of the third were glowing with resentment against the king, the aristocracy, and the Church. In their wrath they knew of no distinction, for by all alike they had been fleeced and swindled. It was impossible for classes so bitterly alienated to work together. How were they to deliberate, separately or as one Assembly? Both alternatives were impracticable, and the only way out of the dead-lock was to proclaim the commons the National Assembly. Thus the very first step was revolutionary, and it could not have been otherwise. The next difficulty lay with the king. He was an absolute monarch, and the question was how to turn him into a constitutional chief of the State. The experiment was honestly made, but it could not possibly succeed. Such instantaneous transformations are not within the capacities of human nature. *L'état, c'est moi*, said Louis XIV.; and Louis XVI. thought the same, if he did not say it. Royalist plots and conspiracies succeeded this abortive attempt to reconcile the conflicting pretensions of a State comprised in one person and a State consisting of the great body of the nation, and in the end the king was sent to his doom. Having got rid of the nobility, the clergy, and the king, what were they to do next? The historical institutions of France had disappeared, but they were prepared for the catastrophe. Voltaire had been dead but a quarter of a century, and Rousseau only seven years. These are the men who overthrew the French monarchy. Voltaire had in him the making of a French Whig, had Whiggism been possible in France. Rousseau was a romancist all round. He discoursed upon a state of nature which he invented, but which assumed all the aspects of reality under his warm and plastic touch. He took men back to a time when there were no kings, but when they agreed at last that it would be as well to have one. They

were then all equal, intelligent, innocent, and free. They chose their man, they made a bargain with him to pay him all decent loyalty on condition that he ruled them well, and on that understanding they put on his head the regal crown. If such a contract had ever been made in France it had undeniably been broken. It was therefore at an end, and the people resumed their primitive position. A "Bill of Rights" was exacted by the English Convention Parliament of 1689. The French National Assembly went to the bottom of things at once, and proclaimed the Rights of Man.

The English Reform party of a hundred years ago had the advantage of starting from an historical basis, and of dealing with facts which their opponents could not controvert. The work to which they addressed themselves was apparently of narrow range, but it was none the less equivalent to a revolution, as we are now able to testify from experience. What they were really aiming at, though they were perhaps not fully conscious of the scope of their intention, was to raise the House of Commons from a position of subordination and of helplessness bordering on extinction to one of supreme influence in the State. A nation present by delegation in a House which necessarily holds the purse must have all power in its hands, and this could not fail to be the result of a successful movement for making the House of Commons, in any fairly approximate measure, an authentic representation of the whole people. Opinions differed as to how far the Constitution recognized the right of the people to be represented in the House of Commons, but no one could deny that the facts as they existed were inconsistent with any real representation whatever. This was conclusively shown by the petition of the Society of the Friends of the People, presented to the House of Commons by Charles, afterwards Lord Grey. It was alleged on evidence which opponents were challenged to disprove, that a majority of the House was elected by fifteen thousand persons, being about a two-hundredth part of the male adults in the kingdom. It was further alleged that seventy members were returned for thirty-five places where it was impossible to give the number of voters, there being in effect none, and the elections notoriously a mere matter of form. It was shown that ninety more members were returned for forty-six places, in none of which did the number of voters exceed fifty; thirty-seven more for places in which the number of voters did not exceed one hundred; and fifty-two more for places in which the number of voters did not exceed two hundred. These figures make out a bad case, but the actual case was far worse. The voters in these miserably small constituencies were not free to vote as they thought fit. The petitioners declared, and offered to prove, that eighty-four persons sent one hundred and fifty members to Parliament by their own immediate authority, while one hundred and fifty more were returned on the

recommendation of seventy powerful patrons. The number of patrons was one hundred and fifty-four altogether, and they returned three hundred and seven members—more than a majority of the House of Commons. These patrons were not all peers and not all Tories, but most of them were both, and they had the House of Commons in their grasp. It was as if a committee of the French order of Notables had nominated a majority of the order of the Commonalty. On such terms there would have been no quarrels at Versailles. It is hardly too much to say that the House of Commons, as a representative and independent part of the Legislature, had ceased to exist. It existed as a matter of form, and the form was invaluable, but it was a mere duplicate of the House of Lords, an agent of the landed interests, and the obsequious bondman of the Crown. One-third of the Constitution, even as then understood and interpreted, was blotted out. England was no longer governed by Parliament, but by the Crown and the fraction of an oligarchy.

In such circumstances it would have been strange if the necessity for restoring the independence and efficiency of the House of Commons had not forced itself upon men professing attachment to the principles of the Constitution, and during the ten years of quiet which preceded the outburst of the French Revolution it almost seemed that we were on the verge of Parliamentary reform. In 1780 the Westminster Committee of Correspondence was formed. At the outset it included Burke as well as Fox and Sheridan, and subsequently such representative Whigs as the Dukes of Richmond and Devonshire and the Earl of Shelbourne. A list of members, published three years after the formation of the committee, was found to contain the names of sixteen peers and fifty-one members of the House of Commons.* The original object of the committee was to obtain a reduction of fiscal burdens and check the abuses of public patronage, but it was soon drawn in the direction of Parliamentary reform as the only means by which these evils could be remedied. "A laudable reform and such other measures as may conduce to restore the freedom of Parliament"—this was the modest extent of its aims. But its views soon grew wider, and a definite scheme of reform, which had the sanction of Fox, anticipated, and on some points outran, our latest legislation. It embraced equal electoral districts for the counties, each to return one member; manhood suffrage, vote by ballot, payment of members, and annual Parliaments. This was too bold a leap, and for some years we do not hear of it again. The movement was to a large extent artificial, got up for immediate effect, and it fluctuated with the political exigencies of public men, whose sense of patriotism was finely graduated. Pitt professed to be a sincere reformer, but it was on a small scale. He brought in three

* Harris's "History of the Radical Party in Parliament," pp. 28, 31.

Reform Bills, but was defeated on them all, even on the last, when he was himself at the head of the Government. His largest idea was to buy up a batch of pocket boroughs, compensate the owners out of the public funds, and give the seats thus obtained to the counties. Nothing came of these experiments. The ship was well freighted and all sails were set, but as yet there was no popular gale to send her along. A select class of politicians throughout the country had their thoughts fixed on Parliamentary reform, but the people were not roused to action, the heart of the nation was untouched. The moment of inspiration came when the States-General met at Versailles and began to overhaul the venerable monarchy of France. Then, indeed, a thrill of admiration ran through the land. The news sounded like a trumpet-blast in every town and village. The workshop, the ale-house, the bar-parloir, were the scenes of eager controversy. The marvel was that Frenchmen, hitherto held in some contempt, should dare to do such things. By one bold stroke they had made themselves more free than free-born Englishmen. While they were framing a Constitution and asserting the rights of man, seats in the House of Commons were being sold to the highest bidder, and only one man in two hundred had the semblance of a vote. A spirit of generous rivalry, combined with a sense of shame and with the consciousness of being the victims of a fraud, kindled a flame of almost revolutionary ardour among the more intelligent of the population of our great towns, and Reform suddenly became the burning question of the day.

But it was no longer merely a question of reform. The events which were happening in Paris gave a stimulus to thought, and sanguine minds were already contemplating the possibility of applying more drastic remedies. The "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," from the pen of the greatest political genius of the age, lifted the controversy to a higher level, and almost transported it into another intellectual region. With the wealthier and more cultivated classes his fervid denunciations did their work too well. The Whig party was split asunder, and after a time almost ceased to exist. Over the mass of the people the book exerted but little influence. Burke's extravagant rhapsodies in praise of the Constitution had a repellent effect upon those who found themselves carefully excluded from its pale, and his arguments drew their force from considerations which could not count upon popular sympathy. But an antagonist was called into the field who went to work with very different weapons. The writings of Thomas Paine have, perhaps, been unduly disparaged. His reputation has come down to us bespattered and disfigured by the religious temper of his age. People have been led from childhood to regard him as a character utterly infamous, as an embodiment of the rankest "infidelity"—one to whom it is hardly permitted to grant the courtesy

of writing his name in full. Yet Thomas Paine was at least a Theist, and, so far as was compatible with his temperament, a devout Theist. He believed in God, he enlarged with fervour upon the proofs of His existence, he made a solemn profession of his faith in his last will. There are passages in his writings which might figure without suspicion in any religious work of the present day. The thoughts of men are happily wider than they were a hundred years ago, and now that Christians of unblemished orthodoxy do not hesitate to accept "atheists" and "agnostics" as political comrades and leaders, it is the merest justice to remove the ban under which the memory of Paine has so long suffered.

The "Vindication of the Rights of Man" suddenly sprang into an enormous circulation. It had the relative merit of being on a level with the understanding of those to whom it was addressed. Paine proved to demonstration the conclusions of which they wished to be convinced. Hence his task was easy. Paine had probably read Hume's History of England, but he only cared to remember the barest facts, and he used them chiefly for the purposes of caricature. Of history as a record of the growth of institutions, as a survey of the progressive development of nations and of mankind, he had not the faintest conception. The crown was a metaphor shown at the Tower for sixpence or a shilling apiece. Since William the Conqueror the country had never regenerated itself, and therefore had no Constitution. The blot on the House of Commons was that it did not spring out of the inherent rights of the people as the National Assembly did in France, but from charters and privileges which were to be regarded as the badges of oppression, the "traces" of a conquered nation. William III. was a man sent for from Holland, and clothed with power in order that we might put ourselves in fear of him. We gave him a million a year to purchase the privilege of being his bondmen and bondwomen for ever. It mattered not to Paine whether the people chose for their king a Cherokee chief or a Hessian hussar; but the English doctrine of kingship was as abominable as anything ever uttered in the most enslaved country under heaven. As the French called poor Louis Monsieur Capet, so Paine called George III. Mr. Guelph. The humour of the description was on a level with its accuracy, but it chimed in with the popular taste.

When he was not engaged in fighting with kings and exposing the stupidities of mankind, Paine showed to more advantage as a writer. His style rose to some considerable pitch of refinement. He could be graceful, winning, persuasive, and infinitely courteous. He had an overflowing stock of sentiment at his disposal, a quick eye for analogies, and an almost poetic sympathy with Nature. These were the chief elements of his power. To see him at his best we must follow him into the region of abstract rights, where, with a

loose hand on logic, especially in the framing of his premisses, a man may easily manage to have his own way. Paine started with the maxim that all men are born equal, and his whole system of government and of society rests upon this foundation. It had figured illustriously in the American Declaration of Independence, and played a large part in the philosophy of the French Revolution; but, like some other so-called first principles, it will not endure the touch of analysis. It is both true and false, according to the definition we may choose to give to it. If we found two naked babies under a hedge, it would be easy to pronounce them equal and not easy to gainsay the conclusion. They would certainly be much alike in weight and external configuration, and in our ignorance of their respective physical constitutions and of their latent intellectual capacities, it would be impossible to assign to one of them any precedence or superiority over the other. But let a few years pass by, and the assumed equality vanishes. It is found that, packed up within similar superficial areas of skin and tissue, there are two bodies and two minds as different as it is possible to imagine. The plain fact is that they were unequal from the beginning—unequal by those laws of Nature to which the appeal is made on behalf of their equality. Take a step back to the two sets of parents, and the difference is generally explained; but not always, since it is determined by those complicated laws of human descent which Mr. Galton has not yet succeeded in unravelling. It is unnecessary to extend our view to the outward conditions into which men are born; to dwell upon the advantages enjoyed by the child of a millionaire as compared with the son of a peasant. Wealth is not necessarily an advantage. It is often a clog and not a stimulus, and it is not fruitful in the means and the opportunities for self-discipline. It is enough to insist upon those congenital differences from which, in the last resort, and on the largest scale of generalization, all the inequalities of society may be said to flow. As regards the human species, Nature, with proper help, has a habit of improving upon herself. Her performances are much better now than they were in prehistoric ages, and a time may come when not only will a higher average of intellectual capacity be reached for the whole community, but individual differences also will be greatly lessened. At present it is a sheer fact that men are not born equal, and any political theory of which the opposite assumption is made the basis, rests upon a foundation of sand.

Associated with the dogma that all men are born equal is the doctrine of natural rights. These rights are assumed to be indefeasible and inalienable, antecedent to all law, and superior to all law. In conferring them Nature stepped in before the lawgiver, whose first duty is to acknowledge their validity. It would not be easy to make out a list. Any person is free to put into the schedule as many as

he pleases on the plea that they are self-evident. Nature is an easy-going personage in such matters, speaking a vague language, and giving back any set of accents that are put upon her lips. There are two of these rights which are said to be plain and unmistakable, as certainly they are the simplest—the right to live and the right to labour. But Nature, considered as an authority antecedent to human law, has nothing to say about either. Nature would leave men to starve as the leaves of autumn are left to rot by the roadside. The only provision made by Nature for the prolongation of infant life is the parental instinct; but this may be stifled by custom, as is shown by the prevalence of infanticide among barbarous tribes and in some Eastern countries. The duty founded on the parental instinct is enforced only in civilized communities. In such communities, if the parent is unable to discharge the duty, it is taken up as an act of humanity by others; and in the last resort by the State, acting as the organ of public sentiment. But this is something very different from a natural right, which, if it really be absolute and inalienable, would enable any person to relieve himself of his duties at pleasure. It is not self-evident that one man is bound to keep the family of another, who, perhaps, in the exercise of another natural right—the pursuit of happiness—has added much more than his proper share to the population. Nor is it more self-evident that the duty can be devolved as a matter of right upon the State, which is but an aggregate of individuals. If the State should be regarded as a Socialistic organization, it would be entitled to limit its responsibilities by supervising the private life of its members. But this is a function which could only be exercised efficiently by a council of elders, invested with absolute power, in a society of Communists. As regards the right to labour, men are forced to labour by the instincts which make them wish to live. But necessity is not a right. It is a law which fulfils itself. The opportunity for labour can only be furnished by the actual wants of society. To furnish work which is not wanted, and which does not pay, is only almsgiving in disguise. Every such experiment involves a loss, and it has only to be conducted on a sufficiently large scale to end in universal bankruptcy.

It is laid down as a maxim by philosophical jurists that there is no right which is not founded upon a correlative duty, and that every duty presupposes a right. But we must beware of metaphysics. Using words in their usual meaning, it is certain that there are duties which presuppose no rights. The social instincts and the sentiments inspired by humanity and religion come in to soften the harshness of economic laws. There is a fine significance in the saying that it would be a shame if a man were left to starve in a Christian land. There are emergencies when it is the duty of the community to come to the relief of its poorer members, and compassion is due to every

footsore traveller on the rugged pathway of life. Here we are on the solid ground of every-day experience, and in the midst of principles which bear fruit, while so-called natural rights are barren and worthless. They are useless unless they can be enforced: they cannot be enforced till some social authority is set up, and they are then superseded by the legal rights of the community. Our business is not to go to Nature for laws, but to make better laws than any she imposes. But the truth is that Nature, personified and enthroned in a dim past, is a figment. We are as much in a state of nature now as our ancestors were thousands of years ago, only it is a better state. The human intellect has developed immeasurably, and that makes all the difference. Society itself is a natural product, the offspring of the physical necessities and the moral instincts of mankind, nor do its institutions become a whit less natural by becoming more complex and refined. There is not a right accruing under the laws of the most advanced States which is not just as much entitled to be called a natural right as any of those upon which the visionary distinction has been conferred. The civilization of to-day is the latest edition of Nature, and the nineteenth century speaks with its most matured voice. The highest object of endeavour is to improve our generation. By keeping this aim steadily in view we may hope to make some gradual approach to an ideal equality of conditions, and in the meantime give to the humblest among us some glimpse of the fairer humanities of civilized life.

These remarks have been suggested by the place which Paine holds in the history of Parliamentary reform. Till he made his appearance it was a question for the orthodox politicians, who took the principles of the Constitution as their point of departure. They were rich in precedents, they went back to the Plantagenet kings, to the Great Charter, and to the freedom enjoyed by our Saxon forefathers. Their reasoning was dry and artificial, with an air of pedantry about it. To appreciate it fully required more knowledge and a finer historical perception than were generally possessed. Hence the Reform movement hung fire with the people till Paine unveiled his apocalypse of the rights of man. They revelled in his magnificent generalizations. The uneducated easily grasp an abstract idea, and when they have once got hold of it they will not readily let it go. Paine gave them their fill of abstract rights, and the repast was eagerly devoured. We owe him some gratitude. It is to the influence of his doctrines, and to the zeal of his political admirers, we mainly owe it that the lamp of Liberalism did not quite die out during the evil days of Sidmouth and Castlereagh. The theory of natural rights has been handicapped by the sobriety of the working classes, but it reappeared three years ago in connection with a certain unauthorized programme. It was announced with all the ceremonial proper to a new discovery.

The doctrine of ransom had a strange sound in our ears, and we learned with surprise that the bulk of our countrymen were disinherited. The ghosts of obsolete theories were paraded before us for a moment, but were soon withdrawn, and nothing has been heard of them since. The impression they made upon advanced politicians hardly invited their further use. Mr. Morley declared that he would not have been more surprised if he had met a *Megatherium* marching down Pall Mall.

The crisis of the first Reform movement came when the nation was on the verge of the great war. Pitt had then to choose between promoting the cause of freedom at home and joining the league of despots who were trembling for their thrones. How he would have decided if it had been in his power to master circumstances there is not much room to doubt; but that part of the nation which could make its influence felt in Parliament had already taken sides, and Pitt went with the stream. The king, the aristocracy, the squires, the great bulk of the middle classes, and the Tory mobs of the large towns, were for war; but there was an active minority throughout the country, with head-quarters in London, who were bent upon trying conclusions with the Government. The Corresponding Society, with Horne Tooke at its head, rallied to its councils the most forward spirits of the time, and did not hesitate to exchange sympathies with Paris. The Society of the Friends of the People, more circumspect, and keeping its operations within constitutional limits, sought to concentrate public opinion upon the necessity for a thorough reform of the House of Commons. But the popular temper was rising, the antagonism of parties was growing keener, the great controversy which Burke had provoked, and Paine had brought down to the level of the cottage and the workshop, had taken possession of the spirit of the nation. There was no room for sober thought, and all possibility of rational progress for the moment disappeared. The Government opened the game of repression by ordering the prosecution of Paine for his book on the Rights of Man; but the nimble author took flight for France, where he was received with enthusiasm, the people of Calais electing him on cosmopolitan principles as their representative in the National Convention. He was there in time to take part in the vote which declared war against England, and threatened to land "fifty thousand caps of liberty" on our shores. The Convention had the start of us, but only in point of form. Pitt was merely waiting to complete his preparations. The close connection of French politics with ours, and the practical alternatives then offered for the last time to the people of England, were vividly illustrated when, in February 1793, Fox moved his amendment to the Address, condemning the war with France; and in May Charles Grey brought forward his resolution in favour of Parliamentary reform. These were the two roads between which a

choice seemed still to lie, but one of them was closed already. Pitt formally recanted the Liberal professions of his earlier years. A Bill was before the House for amending the law of treason, and suppressing the proceedings of the Corresponding Societies. In Scotland, Palmer, Muir, and Young were charged with sedition for merely advocating Parliamentary reform, and received vindictive sentences. The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Horne Tooke, Hardy, and Thelwall were apprehended for high treason. London was not then the abode of political obscurantism. They were tried by a London jury, and triumphantly acquitted. Here and there a riotous outbreak served to give some semblance of justification to the repressive measures of the Government, and the Reform movement was arrested for many a dreary year to come. But the thread of historical continuity was not lost, and the man who had the courage to stand by reform when the reactionary storm was about to burst upon the land in all its fury was spared to carry the Reform Bill of 1832.

The middle years of the revolutionary war were a reign of terror for Liberal politicians at home. To be a reformer was to be a hater of the king and the Constitution, and almost an enemy of the human race. The Liberal party in the House of Commons was extinct. The nation, at first scared out of its wits by the dread of invasion, was afterwards held spell-bound by the exploits of Napoleon as he marched from victory to victory till the Continent lay at his feet. The people groaned beneath the financial burdens of the war, but prices were high; a good thing for one part of the community, however bad for the rest. We had a monopoly of the world's trade, our manufactures were as yet in the first long spurt of their astonishing career. Capitalists were making money, and the nation was, on the whole, resigned. The crash came when the war was over, when an inflated paper currency had to be redeemed, when immense orders no longer poured in from the War Department, and workshops had to be closed. The nation awoke from its long frenzy to find itself exhausted, bleeding from every pore, with its trade declining, and on its hands a needy population stimulated far beyond any previous rate of increase. It was then that in its wisdom the Legislature gave the key-note to the agitation of the next fifteen years. As soon as the Plenipotentiaries met at Vienna to resettle Europe after the convulsions of the great conflict, the English landowners, foreseeing the inevitable fall in prices and its effect upon their rent-rolls, hastened to pass a Bill imposing a duty on the importation of corn. In order to be in good time they overran the presumed necessities of their position, for the Bill became law three months before Waterloo. A tumultuous crowd beset the members with shouts and groans as they went down to the House to pass the Bill, and the echoes of that grim chorus never died away till the fabric of landlord ascendancy was finally overthrown. From that moment the cry began, "Down

with the Corn Laws," and Parliamentary reform was once more taken in hand as the instrument of social justice.

From the close of the war to the very eve of the passing of the Reform Bill the people were engaged in a struggle with the Tory aristocracy, more bitter and more vehement than was ever known before. This time the state of things which produced the French Revolution seemed to have been transferred to our shores. It was not, as it had been thirty years earlier, when the Reform movement first began. The population was then smaller, work was plentiful, and the people were on the whole content. It was then a speculative playing with abstract principles—a thing of reason and sentiment, backed by none of the great elemental forces which had done their work in France. But after the close of the war, and down to the time when Huskisson began to relax the bonds of commerce, politics found a redoubtable ally in starvation. Bread was at famine prices. The workpeople, not as yet having had experience of the magic of cheapness, quarrelled with machinery and broke their looms. The miners of Lancashire set out to carry a load of coals to the Prince Regent, taking blankets with them to wrap themselves in as they slept under the hedges at night. Others began brooding over less conciliatory expedients. On moonlight nights bands of cotton operatives met on the moors near the Yorkshire border to learn the goose-step. The people of Birmingham held a mass meeting on Newhall Hill, to choose a "legislatorial attorney" and "representative for the borough. The people of Manchester and the neighbouring districts had their meeting at Peterloo, of infamous memory. The Corporation of London, then foremost in the battle for freedom, petitioned for Reform. Petitions to the same effect poured in from all the great towns. The Government replied by suspending Habeas Corpus, by commissioning spies to track out the disaffected, and by plentiful prosecutions. Lord Castlereagh's Bill to suppress seditious meetings passed the House of Commons by 190 to 14. It was an edict against all meetings not summoned as the Bill prescribed, against all debating societies, lecture-rooms and reading-rooms where a charge was made for admission, and against all societies employing delegates or lecturers. Things grew calmer when the shameful duumvirate of Castlereagh and Sidmouth came to an end. Canning breathed a more liberal spirit into foreign affairs. Steps were taken in the direction of a less restricted system of commerce. The Whigs had begun to recover from a long period of dismay, and employed themselves in formulating little schemes for giving harmless effect to the political ideas which were fermenting out of doors. But again the car of progress was to receive a push from France. By this time the French had outlived the dreams of romance, and had become sober, practical, and almost a little pedantic. A great change had come over the literary spirit of France. M. Cousin was at the

Sorbonne endeavouring to found an eclectic school of metaphysics. M. Guizot had written his "History of Civilization in Europe," and M. de Tocqueville was soon to produce his great work on "Democracy in America." The new turn of thought was in the direction of positive research, and it had its influence on politics. The French seemed to be demanding of the reactionary Ministers of Charles X. pretty much what we were demanding of ours. The people of this country were in full sympathy with the champions of freedom across the Channel, and the Revolution of July, by the example it set and the emulation it inspired, helped us to bring our own rotten edifice to the ground.

From this point both countries took a fresh start, and if we carry our thoughts on to 1848, when Louis Philippe lost his throne rather than allow a Reform Banquet to be held in Paris, and when the Chartist movement came to a climax on Kennington Common, a rough parallelism may be traced between their respective fortunes. The difference lay in the manner in which the new institutions were worked, and in the varying facilities afforded for a further extension of Reform. The Reform Act of 1832 gave us a vigorously reforming Government. The besom was handled freely. Colonial slavery was abolished; our municipal corporations were reformed; the Poor Laws were put upon a sounder basis; and some of the more rank abuses of public patronage were swept away. But the Act itself was soon found to be only a poor instalment of the boon which had been so clamorously asked for and so anxiously expected. The bulk of the people began to inquire what it had done for them, and they could find no satisfactory reply. They had agitated for the suffrage, and it had been given to the ten-pounders. They had trodden the wine-press, and others quaffed the wine. The new suffrage, moreover, set up an invidious distinction where none existed previously. The right of electing members of Parliament belonged under the old system to the freeholders in the counties and to certain privileged towns. It was an affair of ancient customs, of venerable statutes, of charters and vested interests, which, as the rime of antiquity was upon them, had a certain title to respect. There was no intentional exclusion of any class of persons in the State, and such disabilities as existed affected everybody within their range, whether rich or poor. The populations of large towns, like Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, were unenfranchised in the mass; workmen, shopkeepers, merchants, and professional men. There was no sense of social humiliation in being without the suffrage. None could say that they had been selected for exclusion, and had been left outside the pale of the Constitution as unsafe or unfit. But the Reform Bill of 1832 drew an arbitrary line at a certain social level, giving votes to all who reached it or were above it, and leaving unenfranchised or disfranchising all below. The poor scot-and-lot burgess who had his franchise already, was permitted to retain it so long as

he lived, provided he paid his rates; but once lost, it could not be regained; and when he died, the occupier who succeeded him in the same dwelling did not succeed to his vote. The special note of the Act was that it selected a qualification possessed by comparatively few of those who obtained a living by manual labour. They were banned in the lump. Every community was divided into the privileged and the non-privileged, and the latter were three or four times more numerous than the former. On nomination days they assembled in front of the hustings and shared in the vote by show of hands, but they were shut out from the poll-booth two days later, when perhaps their favourite candidate went to the wall. The new system was vulnerable all round. The constituencies were glaringly unequal. A multitude of growing towns in the north of England were left without representation. There was a property qualification for members, the absence of the ballot exposed the poorer voters to intimidation, and Parliament sat for seven years—grievances once deemed so flagrant that the Reform schemes drawn up fifty years before had provided for their removal.

Under these circumstances a fresh agitation was inevitable. It found able leaders in Feargus O'Connor, Henry Vincent, and, the finest spirit among them, Ernest Jones. The Chartists demanded universal suffrage, equal electoral districts, vote by ballot, the abolition of the property qualification for a seat in the House, payment of members, and annual Parliaments. Their arguments were sane, but they gradually slid into violence. They were confronted by an impenthrable phalanx of ten-pound householders, and as they saw no royal road to the citadel they played with the idea of taking it by storm. There were riots at Birmingham, there was an armed outbreak at Newport, resulting in trials for high treason and capital sentences, which were commuted, and several worthy men, more zealous than prudent, were sent to gaol. The movement was checked for a time, but it soon revived, and finally reached its climax in the famous demonstration of the 10th of April, 1848. Chartism as an organization did not survive that day. Its monster petition was discredited; Ernest Jones was convicted of sedition, and the extravagances of Feargus O'Connor found an explanation a few years later in a Commission of Lunacy. In the Chartist explosion of 1848, French and English politics touched once more. In both countries it was a question of Parliamentary reform. Louis Philippe resisted, hesitated, then fled. This time the French broke with the monarchy, and a National Convention was soon dexterously paving the way for the new Empire. On our side, we quietly made up our mind for a further extension of the suffrage. That which extinguished the Chartist movement was not the array of special constables on Kennington Common—Louis Napoleon carrying his bâton among them as a friend of order: it was Free Trade, the

gold discoveries in Australia, and the sudden flash of prosperity which broke over the land. But the Chartist lesson was not lost. It was seen that the time had come for a further advance. The ice was broken in Parliament in 1853 by Lord John Russell, the "little John Finality" of former years, but the Crimean war interposed delay. The question was again taken up and virtually settled by Mr. John Bright's brilliant orations of 1858, though the second great Reform Bill did not pass till ten years later, when the paralyzing influence of Lord Palmerston was withdrawn, when the fortunes of the Liberal party were in the hands of Russell, Gladstone and Bright, and those of the Tories under the educational discipline of a detached and brooding genius of splendid talents who understood his generation.

We do our political work slowly. It is our pride to hold abstract reasoning at a cheap rate, and to borrow our logic from facts. It is the safer method, if only we keenly watch to see when the premisses have been duly framed, and it is time to draw the inference. The danger is that this part of the process will be delayed too long. Perhaps no Legislature in the world besides ours, after giving the suffrage to the householders in the towns, would have stopped short of giving the same boon to the householders in the counties. We saw that our task was left unfinished, but for the moment it did not trouble us. There was no effective demand for the larger extension, and we preferred to wait till the outsiders should begin knocking at the door. The landed interest, supreme in one House of Parliament and powerful in the other, entered a silent but formidable protest against further change. What we did was to draw in the counties the invidious line which the Act of 1832 drew in the boroughs. We reduced the qualification for the suffrage to a point which included all the comparatively well-to-do, and excluded the whole body of the agricultural peasantry, every man belonging to the soil who earned his living by manual labour. The same result followed as formerly in the towns. The exclusion was too specific not to be felt and resented even by a class whom the habits of centuries had schooled into servile subjection to their betters. It happened also that in the manufacturing districts the country was bespread with communities having all the characteristics of town life, the same quick intelligence, the same discipline, and the same desire to take an active part in public affairs. Meanwhile a land question soon began to take shape in the counties. The agricultural labourers were agitating for an advance of wages. The movement spread like wildfire in the South, and the labourers were on the whole victorious. A new portent was seen in the formation of Agricultural Labourers' Unions. Men straight from the plough took to haranguing their comrades on the village green and aspired to seats in Parliament. Foreign competition in meat and grain, by threatening rent, and with it the basis of an

hereditary aristocracy, exhibited the land question in a more alarming aspect and gave a new element of life to rural politics; while the manufacturing artisans were loudly complaining of a system of tenure which every year sent a host of farm labourers to the towns to battle with them for a livelihood. In these circumstances the extension of household suffrage to the counties became a practical question. The state of parties helped it on. Perhaps a desire to give the finishing touch of symmetry to the political edifice had something to do with it. The resistance of the House of Lords lent *éclat* to the occasion, and the condition on which Lord Salisbury proposed to surrender, the formation of approximately equal electoral districts, conceded a notable point of the old charter.

The work of reform, so far as the suffrage goes, is now substantially complete. Other questions will be raised before long, such as the duration of Parliaments, the payment of members, and the position, or composition, of the House of Lords. But the people can have little more direct power than they have now, and in the use of it they are protected by the ballot. The House of Commons derives its authority from all the households in the land. At every fireside there sits a voter. Perhaps we do not yet fully realize the momentous character of the change. We hear of a nation in arms; we present the spectacle of a nation in council, the poorest and the most unlettered equally with the rich and the learned having a voice in deciding its destinies. Other countries have as wide, or a wider suffrage, but no foreign voter has so much power as ours. In the United States there stand as a breakwater against the will of the people the adamantine walls of a written Constitution. It is written on paper, but it is perhaps the most solid political fabric in the world. Congress, which assembles under it, and draws from it all the authority it possesses, has no power to meddle with it, jot or tittle. The Supreme Court is entitled to pass under review all acts of legislation, and any measure which does not harmonize with the Constitution is *ipso facto* void. The Constitution may be amended, but only by a process so elaborate and so difficult that, except at rare crises, it is impracticable. We have no fixed Constitution—that is, we have, in some real sense, none at all. What we appeal to under that venerable name is a set of charters and Acts of Parliament which we have agreed to regard as fundamental, beneath and around which are clustered usages, modes of procedure and understandings more or less valid and sacred. But they contain nothing which a vote of the Legislature cannot repeal and undo. The Constitution was one thing a hundred years ago, it is something else now, and fifty years hence it will be what the people have chosen to make it. The only check upon the popular will is the House of Lords, and what that amounts to can be easily estimated. That House must undergo a change. So much is admitted, but if

we are wise we shall take care to establish some precautions against ourselves, so as not to deny to the nation that which individuals prize so highly in the management of their private affairs, the benefit of second thoughts.

Plural voting, one of the abuses of the forty-shilling franchise, is a remnant of the old system which Mr. Gladstone did not propose to abolish. Wealthy men may have qualifications in half a dozen constituencies. The multiplication of forty-shilling freeholds was one of the means by which some northern counties were won during the struggle for Free Trade. This was legitimate, but it is easy to manufacture votes on the forty-shilling basis where the qualifying tenure is absolutely fictitious. The "one man, one vote" principle is the only effectual remedy for the nuisance, though it would be much abated if all elections were held on the same day. The wide extension of the suffrage will make some change in old political ideas and modes of action. It is a tradition dating from sixty or eighty years ago to regard the Government as a power apart from the people and adverse to their interests. This might well be the case when a handful of landlords returned a majority of the members of the House of Commons, and in a less degree at a later time when the House represented only a tithe of the adult male population. All this is changed. After allowing for modifying influences, the broad fact must be accepted that on the morrow of a general election the House of Commons represents the opinions of a majority of the nation, and that the Government, which cannot stand a day without the support of a majority of the House of Commons, is equally representative. So with every branch of the Executive, from Secretaries of State down to the rural police. It is the national will in operation. It used to be so in theory; now it must be our own fault if it is not so in fact. At present it may be an act of self-denial to make the admission, and it is possible that we are learning the hard lesson for the first time, though experience shows it to be universally true, that power, wherever placed, whether in the hands of an autocrat or in those of a majority of the people, is intrinsically liable to abuse. Nevertheless, the will of the majority is an ultimate fact in democratic communities, and we must compound as best we can for its accompanying infirmities. Even if the democracy should prove Conservative, and should take as its war-cries the mob-shibboleths of the old "Church and King" days, what are we entitled to say except that the people are misled and that Liberals must turn missionaries?

Some modification has taken place in the position and functions of public meetings and popular "demonstrations," considered as means of influencing the action of the House of Commons and the policy of the Government. Public meetings began to be an institution little more than a hundred years ago, in connection with the movement for

abolishing the slave trade and the earlier efforts for financial and Parliamentary reform. They rose to great importance during the Peterloo period. They dominated the Government at the time of the first Reform Bill, and for the last fifty years they have almost formed a fourth or fifth estate of the realm. They had their justification in the assumption, then only too well founded, that the voice of the people was not heard in the House of Commons. The reasoning ran, If you will not let us speak inside the House, we will take care to make ourselves heard outside. The public meeting was an appeal from the represented minority to the unrepresented majority of the nation, the bulk of the people, decreed to be voiceless by the Constitution, falling back upon common law right, and making themselves audible, sometimes in peals of thunder. But the barrier which kept the people outside the pale of the Constitution fell with the Hyde Park railings, and now they are all inside. There is no longer an unrepresented majority to whom an appeal can be carried. They are all represented in the House of Commons by their "procuratorial attorneys." At present the political function of the public meeting is chiefly of use in remedying the evils of the Septennial Act. While Parliaments last for seven years it is possible for a great change to pass over popular opinion between the day of election and the day of dissolution, and the public meeting is a useful means of apprising Parliament of the fact. But the effect of the Septennial Act is largely counterbalanced by the equalization of the constituencies and the closer relations established between the constituents and their representatives. The principle of delegation is disavowed, but it is practically in operation. It is not necessary to summon the whole of the electors in order to make the member acquainted with their views. A resolution passed by the executive committee of the local organization will suffice.

On a first impression it might seem that the giving of power to the whole people would have a unifying and consolidating effect. It is so where interests and ideas are substantially the same, but we are finding out that in some respects this large extension of political privileges has a tendency to disintegrate and dissolve. We are learning this especially in Ireland. Whether the Act of Union would have received the assent of the people of Ireland if all had been armed with votes and been able to use them honestly, is more than open to doubt. At any rate they had not the power of refusal; they never gave their assent. Now they have the power, and the first use they make of it is to raise a protest on behalf of three-fourths of the people against the compact executed in their name. On the same question as regards Scotland, there can be no doubt whatever. If there had been household suffrage in Scotland in 1707, the Act of Union would have been rejected by two-thirds of the nation. It tries the nerves a

little to speak of Wales; but how stand the facts? Wales was conquered by English arms. The ruined castles to which Mr. Gladstone has pointed are the memorials of subjugation, and antiquarian charms are not strong enough to overpower the sense of patriotism. Wales has been annexed, but not absorbed. We have been content to leave it to itself as an outlying Principality. It has a national language, a national literature, and a body of national traditions which have lived on undisturbed from century to century, fostering a sense of ancient rights that have been violated but not lost, though the power to assert them has been wanting. Now the power is given, and we have to see how it will be exercised. The phenomena all round are the same. Historical facts are thrown into the crucible of household suffrage, and it is not certain how they will stand the test. National sentiment lives longest in the homes of a peasantry secluded from the rush and turmoil of the world. Nobles easily become courtiers, the gentry and the middle classes, either by interest or by imitation, sooner or later fall in with the established order of affairs. But in the hut on the mountain-side the past still lives in legends and wondrous tales, which each successive generation has amplified according to its fancy, and handed down from father to son. Hence the sudden resurgence of nationality. The sentiment takes a different form in great towns, where the crush of life is not favourable to romance. But it is just there that jealousy is most easily aroused. Tell three thousand people that they have lost a right or a distinction which their forefathers possessed, and their cry will at once be "To arms," especially when fighting only means putting the right vote into the ballot-box.

Looking at the practical results of the two revolutions which have been working themselves out side by side, the balance to be struck is not unfavourable to ourselves. The French sprang forward with a mighty bound, laying hold of all the forces and prerogatives of the Government, proclaiming the sovereignty of the people, and conferring the suffrage upon every citizen. They distanced us enormously, but we are not behind them now. Our methods have been different, and that not by choice, but as the result of pre-existing institutions. They had everything against them and everything to learn; we had on our side the old and settled principles of English freedom, and we travelled along a well-trodden road. Dazzled by a too sudden excess of light, they missed the path, fell into the hands of false guides, and soon lay weltering in a morass of conquest and glory. They lost everything they had won; they partly recovered it only to lose it all, or nearly all, again. Once more they are on dry land, perhaps on solid ground, with their political baggage safe. What is the net gain? They have achieved social equality, not merely as a fact, but as a sentiment which pervades the whole nation. We cannot boast of this achievement, something very different, be it

understood, from an equalization of social conditions, but we have some compensation for it in our racial pride. Peasant proprietorship, the most striking fact in the economic organization of France, was not the gift of the Revolution. What the Revolution did was to sweep away the innumerable exactions, ecclesiastical and manorial, which weighed down the owner of the soil. On the other hand, as the price of wars brought on by Imperial adventurers, themselves the offspring of the Revolution, the country is saddled with a national debt not very far from twice the amount of ours. The great and priceless gain which France has won is political freedom, the exchange of despotism for self-government, represented by universal suffrage. We have reached substantially the same goal, and have paid nothing for the victory beyond that incessant striving which repays itself by the discipline it affords. The French for the third time have abolished the throne, but they have three pretenders. Practically they have an established Church, and two or three other Churches are subsidized by the State. They have not a House of Lords, but they have a Senate which gives them sufficient trouble, and which they are on the eve of "ending or mending." We could wish that their future were less uncertain, that a great and generous nation were proof against the intrigues of paltry adventurers; but we may learn from their example how hard it is to rebuild when the old foundations have been utterly destroyed. Institutions cannot become stable in a day. For the present we are content, as we probably long shall be, with the essentials of a Republic, persisting in our indifference to forms so long as they do not cramp the spirit of freedom. We no longer have any quarrel with the Crown. The sternest of theoretical Republicans might well hesitate to meddle with an institution which sums up the history of the nation for a thousand years, which is an object of interest to millions who never read a Parliamentary debate, which saves us from what would be the fiercest struggles of party strife, aggravated by the risks of personal ambition, while all those powers and prerogatives which were once used for the aggrandisement of the royal authority, are now vested in a committee nominated by the House of Commons, and renewable in all its members whenever the people see fit. The future doubtless has its secrets and surprises. We have difficult tasks to accomplish and some new problems to solve. But we may draw courage from the ingrained sanity and sobriety of the race. Only let us continue to subordinate the rude idea of will to a sense of duty and our path will not fail to be strewn with light.

HENRY DUNCKLEY.

A WINTER IN SYRIA.

III.

BY noon on the 9th March we had passed Athlît, following precisely the same route as that which was traversed by Richard I. on his famous march from the Kishon to Jaffa. In those days, however, the ground appears to have been a good deal encumbered with thickets. Now it is under cultivation, save here and there, where patches of rugged waste have proved too intractable.

As soon as Athlît was left behind (no Athlît, by the way, existed when Richard was in these regions), we entered upon a long and beautiful *allée*, formed by low sand-hills on the right, and the same equally low limestone range upon the left, through which El Dustrey, mentioned in my last paper, was cut. On the edge of this *allée* the scarlet anemones grew in vast abundance, and the horses' feet trod on the large *Adonis palestina*, the still more brilliant Asiatic ranunculus, and the *Tulipa præcox*.

It has been often remarked, that scarlet and red are most important colours in the flora of Palestine, and I never saw the truth of the remark better borne out than on this particular ride. Soon we saw on the left two small villages, which the Templars, on the amiable principle, *populus vult decipi et decipitur*, had named Sarepta and Capernaum; but these had nothing to detain us, and we pushed on, until, having got beyond some very weird-looking palm-trees which had long been cutting for us the southern horizon, we reached the much shattered ruins of Dor, once the southern limit of Phœnicia, and mentioned in the epitaph of Ashmanezer, now in the Louvre.

Thence we struck inland, and, climbing a tolerably high chain of hills, more or less connected with the Carmel range, but not part of it, pitched our tents at the village of Zimmarin. That place is a Jewish colony, founded by one of the Rothschilds, and inhabited by

persons who give, or are supposed to give, themselves to agricultural pursuits in the land once possessed by their forefathers.

Whether the experiment is ever likely to succeed I know not; but it looks just as unpromising as that of the Germans at Haïfa looks the reverse, and, if all the assistance from Paris were to be stopped, I, for one, would not be inclined to bet heavily upon its success.

The village commands a noble view, and its site is so healthy that we chose it as a camping ground, rather than pass the night upon the plain, even at this relatively safe season of the year. All night it blew half a gale from the east, and, as our tents were in an exposed spot, we had a lively time of it. We were in the saddle, however, at a tolerably early hour, and picked our way down the rugged track which leads from Zimmariu to the banks of the Crocodile River, a slow, deep, Campagna-like stream, which we crossed by a bridge of a single arch. I had occasion, a little before, to investigate the question whether this river was really still inhabited by crocodiles, and came to the conclusion that there was no doubt about it. These pleasant creatures make themselves very comfortable in the large marshes which adjoin its lower course.

After crossing the Crocodile River, we came on the plain of Sharon, properly so called, and oddly enough the very first flower I gathered upon it was a rose—*Rosa phœnicea*—the only one I chanced to see on this whole journey. Whatever the rose of Sharon was, nevertheless, the learned tell us that it was assuredly not a rose, for the Hebrew name implies, it would appear, some bulbous plant.

Ere long we came to a belt of sand-hills, but interspersed with them were many lovely stretches of turf, dotted, amongst other things, with a French-grey lupin and a very lovely violet species of *Echium*, a genus which plays a most important part in the spring colouring of Palestine. Soon the sand-hills became covered with a thick growth of *Pistacia lentiscus*, so well known to travellers in Provence, and this extended nearly to Casarea, for which we were making.

The objects of chief interest at Casarea are soon seen. There are the remains, very scant remains, of a circus, in the midst of which lie one or two columns and piers of granite, brought, I suppose, at immense cost, from the quarries of the Upper Nile, and now doing no good to anything in heaven or earth save to some bushes of the rather pretty leguminous shrub, *Anagyris fetida*, which they defend from the violence of the wind.

Then there is just a fragment of the breakwater which Herod raised to defend his harbour on the south, and a miserable sort of jetty has been constructed, some little way from this, in a sufficiently grotesque manner, by laying a large number of the Herodian columns alongside each other. The harbour must always have been nothing better than a tiny artificial creek. Josephus had not the power of

speaking the truth even when he wished so to do, and his account of its glories is simply absurd; but it was extremely creditable to Herod to have attempted to make a harbour on this harbourless coast at all, for by doing so he opened a window towards Europe. That prince was a thorough barbarian, but he was a barbarian of the Peter the Great species, and, if he had had a race as malleable as the Russians to deal with, he might have saved the Jews many calamities. By his time, however, the fanaticism which triumphed with Ezra and Nehemiah had become a devouring fire. The civilization of Rome was foredoomed to fail, just as the civilization of Greece did, in its attempt to influence the ferocious little tribe which looked down from Mount Zion on the human race.

All our most interesting associations with Cæsarea belong to the very first days of Christianity. Hither came Philip, a personage of whom we should like to hear more than the very meagre notices which have been preserved of him, for he had evidently a peculiar position, and his daughters, although history makes no mention of their names, deserve to be remembered with that group of Galilean women whose influence on the future of the new faith was so decisive.

Cæsarea was likewise the scene of St. Paul's imprisonment for the space of two years. Most of the work which that great man did in his eventful career had no doubt been done before the memorable journey on which he came hither from Acre, following previously the route which we did yesterday as far as Tantûra. The incomparable 13th of 1st Corinthians had been written, but so had the Epistle to the Romans, with all that apparatus of theology which has made sensible men, before and after Bentham, so often say, "Not Paul, but Jesus."

Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that in the long leisure of what was probably a not very severe imprisonment the mind of the great Apostle must have been maturing for the work which he still had to do. No man who had not been possessed with his overwhelming and tremendous energy could have sown so rapidly the good seed, which, mingled no doubt with many tares, was destined to do so much in transforming Europe.

The next association with the place which we need recall is curiously in harmony with the fact that our first is with a work which might fairly be called the very incarnation of compromise—The Acts of the Apostles. Cæsarea was the diocese of Eusebius, who, strong in the favour of Constantine, appeared at the Council of Nice with a firm determination to do all that in him lay to make the symbol adopted by that assembly as comprehensive and as truly Catholic as possible. The creed which he proposed, and which, as he said, had been taught to himself as a child in Palestine, dealt much less in subtle distinctions and dogmatic statements than that which was ultimately agreed to,

and may well earn for the father of ecclesiastical history, and the most learned member of the great Nicene gathering, the gratitude of all of those who think that there are few worse expenditures of human ingenuity than attempts to define the undefinable.

It is a great descent from him to the probably very unscrupulous historian, Procopius, who was born here, but our ignorance of Justinian would be greater than it is, if we wanted his often, no doubt, extremely unsafe guidance.

Cæsarea would appear to have stood a long siege before it was taken by the Arabs, but to have remained a place of importance during the five centuries in which they were its undisputed masters.

In 1104 it was recaptured by Baldwin I., apparently with great ease. Far the most important incident connected with his conquest of it was the finding of a vase of green crystal, which is said to be still preserved in the treasury of San Lorenzo at Genoa, and which became, as the Holy Grail, the source of whole rivers of mediæval legend.

On a fraction of the site of the old city, little more perhaps than a tenth part of it, the Crusaders built a town, which was of some strength, but was finally taken from the Christians in 1265. Sultan Bibars, who did not do things by halves, most effectually destroyed it, and for some six centuries it remained so forlorn that Dean Stanley could with propriety describe it as the most desolate site in Palestine. Now it is having a curious revival. Some of my readers may recollect that, when Bosnia and the Herzegovina were conquered by the Turks, a large number of the Slavonic landholders preferred their estates to their religion, and that their descendants became the most rigid of Mahomedans. The peasantry of those countries, having no motive to change their faith, remained Christians, and the relations between them and their landlords, in spite of their belonging to the same race, gradually became as unhappy as those to which we are accustomed in Ireland. When Austria took those provinces under her protection, the position of the Mahomedan gentry grew highly disagreeable, and they sought to emigrate. Of all odd places to send them to, the Turkish Government selected Cæsarea, and here they are now building a new settlement, about as lovely as a Scotch fishing village generally is. They are using the Crusaders' walls as a foundation for many of their ugly little houses, which, at least, is better than using them as a quarry. How far the experiment will succeed remains to be seen. Cæsarea is much afflicted by malaria, and, although I dare say that the marshes from which this malaria appears to proceed could be very easily drained, it is highly improbable that they will be drained. The net result of this attempt at colonization may quite possibly be only the addition of a Slavonian stratum of ruin to the Crusading, Saracenic, Byzantine, Roman, Herodian, and very possibly the pre-Herodian strata of ruin, upon this interesting site.

After we had seen what little Cæsarea had to show, we rode off in the direction of Tantûra, and then struck across the sand-dunes, here even better covered with lentisk thickets than where we had passed in the morning. After many pleasant paths through green spaces, where *Senecio vernalis* and a low-growing form of our ox-eye daisy were in great profusion, we disengaged ourselves from the Arab encampments, and forded a deep branch of the Crocodile River, crossing another branch of it by a great masonry dyke of the Roman age, through which ran the water-pipes by which Cæsarea used to be supplied. Then, falling into our morning's route, we passed through good store of white and blue anemones, now reinforced by great numbers of the delicate rose-pink *Linum pubescens*, which had not opened its flowers when we passed early in the day. By three o'clock we were back in Zimmarin.

After a visit to the Director, on the 11th, we went to the Synagogue, where the leisure portion of the community, or a part of it, was engaged in praying on behalf of the rest. One old gentleman had on his forehead a frontlet of strange shape. It was no other than the famous phylactery, and this excellent person had broadened his with a vengeance! I follow "Smith's Dictionary" in supposing that it was not the phylactery proper, or the strip of parchment, which was broadened, but the case in which the phylactery proper was kept.

The phylactery proper is a sort of amulet, consisting of certain texts, which are written out with many precautions, and enclosed in the case I have mentioned. The whole article is well worth reading, full of curious learning. Some rabbis, it appears, thought that the Almighty himself wore these remarkable appendages!

By nine o'clock we were well on our way, and having descended, by a break-neck path, to the plains, hugged the base of the hills for some distance, striking thereafter diagonally across the great green level, till we got to El Dustrey, to which I climbed to examine the remains of the old Crusading fort.

We came round the promontory below the lighthouse, and the Carmelite Monastery at half-past two, and were startled to see the Consular flags in the colony flying half-mast high. We pushed rapidly on, fearing to receive bad news of the Crown Prince, but learnt presently that it was the old Emperor who had gone to his rest.

On the 13th we were again on the road, and this time moving eastward. We made our midday halt just beyond the narrow valley which separates Carmel from the less distinguished range of hills which begin to border the great plain after it has been left behind. These, unlike the more famous mountain, are, at least on their northern side, almost entirely destitute of shrubs, but covered from

base to summit by soft grass, except where the naked rock shows through it.

They seem to receive a good deal of rain, and as we advanced we crossed numerous small streams descending from them, none, however, as powerful as that at the edge of which we passed the night, and which is used for turning several mills. This brook is, according to the usually received opinion, "the waters of Megiddo." The interest of this place is chiefly associated with the catastrophe of Josiah. That Prince is a very remarkable figure. He was a disciple of the school which was determined to assert the claims of the tribal God of Israel over those of all foreign divinities, and that school had by this time formed, it would appear, a much loftier idea of Deity than had been at all usual in an earlier day. Unfortunately, however, their ideas were connected with many superstitions. Amongst other things, they imagined that their monarch, because he thoroughly entered into their ideas, and was an uncompromising worshipper of the higher type of Deity to which they were devoted, was invincible; they encouraged him accordingly in his fatal resolve to attempt to bar the passage of Pharaoh Necho, who was advancing against Babylon. He encountered the Egyptians at Megiddo, losing at once the battle and his life.

This battle impressed the mind of the Jewish people more deeply than any of its predecessors, and that is not to be wondered at, for it was indeed the beginning of the end. They never thoroughly rallied after it; hence it is probable that the writer of the Apocalypse was chiefly thinking of it when he placed the scene of the final conflict between Good and Evil at the place known in our common parlance as Armageddon, or, as the Revised Version has it more correctly, Har-Magedon, the Mountain of Megiddo.

Like all the Christians of the first generation, he believed that the conflict would be short and decisive, and that the second coming of Christ was imminent. We, alas! have learnt that the conflict between good and evil is likely to go on as long as there is life on the planet. If, however, good did not tend to prevail, Christianity would have been a piteous failure, whereas it improves, not only extensively, but intensively, as it takes up into itself all the best influences with which it comes in contact.

I rose early on the 14th, and on leaving my tent found myself under the most lovely mackerel sky flushed with rose pink, and a few minutes after six the sun came finely over the trans-Jordanic hills. So many interesting places were in sight that it would take a long time to enumerate them. I have already alluded to several of these, as, for example, Nazareth, Tabor, the scene of the victories of Barak and Gideon.

I do not think, however, I have mentioned Jezreel, which was full

in view, and which is itself of so much historical importance. Jezreel gave its name to the whole of the great plain of Esdraelon, on which it looked down. That plain belonged to Issachar; but, being a plain, it could not be effectually defended against powerful neighbours, and that tribe was just in the position in which dwellers in Esdraelon always have been, when not protected by a relatively strong government. They had to pay tribute to their powerful neighbours from beyond the Jordan and elsewhere. Hence the passage about Issachar in the poem (Genesis xlix. 14, 15) which is known as the prophecy of Jacob:—

“Issachar is a strong ass,
Couching down between the sheepfolds,
And he saw a resting place that it was good,
And the land that it was pleasant;
And he bowed his shoulder to bear,
And became a servant under task-work.”

Esdraelon, however, had been liable to foreign invasion, as I have already mentioned, before Issachar came there, for Thothmes III. fought a battle in it against the Hittites, a curious fact, which was brought into prominence by the publication in 1874 of the Geographical Lists of the Temple at Karnak, by the late Mariette Bey. The precise date is not known, but it has been guessed at about 1600 B.C. Thus early did this great level become a scene of warlike struggles.

Another deeply interesting spot, full in view from where I stood, was Gilboa, the scene of the death of Saul, and the grand defeat of Israel by the Philistines.

The relations between the Philistines and the Israelitish clans were very different from those which subsisted between the latter and their other neighbours, the Amalekites. The Philistines were the inhabitants of the broad and fertile level, which occupies the whole of the west of Palestine. Between them and the Israelitish clans there was kept up a succession of contests, exactly like those which raged in Scotland, generation after generation, along the Highland line. If we had a history of Saul written by a Philistine, his account of the early successes of that chief would probably be like the account which we possess in our ordinary histories of the Battle of Harlaw. Saul would be represented as a sort of a Donald of the Isles, and the great expedition in which he fell would be described as a war rendered absolutely necessary for the security of Philistia by the aggressive insolence of this wild mountaineer.

The Philistines marched up the plain of Sharon, turned the promontory of Carmel, passed Haifa, and advanced, as it would seem, unopposed, across Esdraelon, or, perhaps, they came through the hills to the east of Carmel, as Thothmes III. did, rejecting the advice of his generals, who preferred another route, by the decisive words, “I will go on this road, if there is any going on it; be ye on the roads of

which ye speak." Anyhow, they encamped on the plain, while Saul was above it, on the slopes of Mount Gilboa. The Philistines, who had probably the bigger battalions, drove the Israelites, in spite of their advantageous position, up the slopes of the mountain, and utterly defeated them.

When we remember that there is hardly a child in England who does not know something about the Philistines, it is curious to reflect how little the wisest know. The better opinion seems to be that they came from Crete, and were connected in race with the Pelasgians. Renan has pointed out that the legends of the wars between them and the Israelites present some sort of resemblance to the story of the war round Troy, but, after all, our information about them is of the scantiest.

Two things, however, are certain. First, that it was the Philistines, and not any of the race of Israel, who struck the European observer as he looked at the country, which he called Philistina or Palestina; and, secondly, that the Philistine mercenaries of David afforded just the cement that was wanted to give consistency to the kingdom of Judah, and enable it to keep up its separate existence as a kingdom after the death of Solomon.

The traveller in Palestine must, however, not lose too much of the morning hours in recalling the associations of even the most interesting spots. We were on the road by seven, and wound along the edge of Esdraelon, crossing from time to time low spurs of the limestone range, which leads up to an old centre of volcanic disturbance in the high eminence, now known as Shêkh Iskander.

After about an hour we passed the site of Taanach, a strong village, where the Canaanites were long able to resist the Israelite invaders. Close to this we passed a low, rocky mound, of which *Eremostachys laciniata*, a tall, handsome labiate, had taken complete possession; and a little further on, amidst pleasant half-English scenery, saw another characteristic Palestinian plant of this season—the beautiful dark blue and white *Lupinus pilosus*. Ere long we wheeled suddenly to the right, avoiding Jennin, and advanced through olive woods, passing under the village of Yamon.

A succession of easy and agreeable bridle-paths took us, with good views of Shêkh Iskander on the right, into the plain of Arabeh, close to which lay Dothan, famous in the legends of Joseph and Elisha.

Beyond the hills to the left, but at no great distance, though out of sight, were the villages of Sânu'r and Mithiliâ, both of which have been plausibly enough put forward as the Bethulia which figures in the historical romance of "Judith."

At length, near the prosperous village of Sileh, which is surrounded by orchards of fig, almond, and apricot, we came upon a

fine view of the Mediterranean, looking down over much the same country, the so-called Breezy Lands, over which we had looked up from Zimmarin. From the neighbourhood of Sileh onwards the road became very bad, but we reached our camping ground at Samaria in time to walk about it, and to inspect what remains of Herod's Colonnade, before evening fell.

Samaria, founded by the sagacity of Omri, remained the most important Hebrew capital until its fall. We are constantly led into error by thinking of the events of the reign of Rehoboam, as if the revolt which then took place had been a revolt against a long-established order of things. It was nothing of the kind. For a moment, thanks to the appearance in it of a very remarkable individuality, that of David, the South became prematurely great; but very soon the national development resumed its natural course, and it could not well have had a better selected centre than Samaria, which commanded no less the great line of communication between Damascus and Egypt than that between the trans-Jordanic regions and the Mediterranean.

The thunder growled all through the night, and soon after three in the morning of the 15th a furious tempest burst over the camp, where we were imprisoned for the next twelve hours. After that the weather improved, and we were able to visit the spot which has, since the days of Jerome—but probably without any good reason—been venerated as the tomb of John the Baptist. Thence a ride of less than one hour carried us into the fine valley of Nablous, near the edge of which *Lupinus pilosus* was growing in huge masses, decidedly the finest piece of flower effect I had up to that time observed in Syria. The valley of Nablous is really fertile—that is, it would be considered so in regions far more favoured than Palestine, thanks to the abundance of water at the command of the peasantry. Here also they are engaged on a work, which, if it is ever finished, will be what is understood by a road in a civilized country. The valley is full of olives, on which was growing in great abundance a mistletoe, very like our English species, but, unlike it, with red berries.

We passed the night of the 15th at Nablous. That place used to have the reputation of being a centre of Mahommedan fanaticism, but we heard and saw nothing of this. It seemed to differ from other places we had seen only in being rather exceptionally dirty and exceptionally picturesque. Its chief interest to a stranger consists in its being still inhabited by about 130 Samaritans, who claim, and probably claim with justice, to be descended from the old Hebrew population which inhabited the Northern kingdom before the Assyrian conquest. The deportation which ensued after the victory of the Assyrian Sargon was not nearly so great as that which followed the long subsequent final triumph of the Babylonian Nebuchadnezzar in the South.

A large portion of the ten tribes no doubt remained just where the Assyrians found them, though much mixed with foreign elements, and suffering frightfully from time to time through subsequent ages, until long after the Christian era, as late indeed as the days of Justinian, when they brought upon themselves a terrible and bloody retribution.

The cordial hatred between them and the Jews had been long proverbial, even in the time of Christ, and the Jews no doubt did them injustice in denying that they came of the Israelitish stock. On the other hand, their pretensions to have derived their Pentateuch directly from Moses is pure absurdity. Their Pentateuch is derived from the Jewish Pentateuch—is not, accordingly, older than the days of Ezra. They have not, for modern scholars, anything like the interest which they had a couple of centuries ago. Still, many of their usages are very curious, notably their Passover, for an elaborate account of which those who are interested in the subject may refer to Dean Stanley's "*Sermons in the East*." It is, after all, however, a miserably degraded community. Persons about to visit these countries should read beforehand the pages which refer to it in Onder's excellent book, "*Tent Work in Palestine*." There they will see all the particulars of the ignoble comedy through which the guardians of the precious Samaritan Pentateuch go when a visitor desires to see that venerable document, and any one who has time, patience, and an adequate amount of curiosity will doubtless see it, after he has listened to a sufficient number of wholly false protestations with reference to another document which will be shown him as the real original.

As we rode off, when this performance was over, one could not help thinking that the natural and proper capital of Palestine was here. Probably the close neighbourhood of Gerizim, which rises to the south, and of the even loftier Ebal, which rises to the north, both of them commanding the town, made Shechem unsuitable for a political centre in an age of constant war.

We had hardly left the valley properly so called, and entered upon the great adjoining plain of the Mukhna, when we diverged from the road to visit the reputed tomb of Joseph. Far more interesting than it is the village of Askar, on the hill-side, identified with the ancient Sychar, and Jacob's Well, which is hardly, if at all, surpassed in the sacredness of the associations attached to it by any site in Palestine.

It is of it that Renan says :—

" 'Femme, crois-moi,' lui répondit Jésus, 'l'heure est venue où l'on n'adorera plus ni sur cette montagne, ni à Jérusalem, mais où les vrais adorateurs adoreront le Père en esprit et en vérité.'

" Le jour où il prononça cette parole il fut vraiment fils de Dieu. Il dit pour la première fois le mot sur lequel reposera l'édifice de la religion éternelle. Il fonda le culte pur, sans date, sans patrie, celui que pratiqueront toutes les âmes élevées jusqu'à la fin du temps. Non seulement sa religion, ce jour là fut la bonne religion de l'humanité, ce fut la religion absolue ; et si d'autres

planètes ont des habitants doués de raison et de moralité, leur religion ne peut être différente de celle que Jésus a proclamée près du puits de Jacob. L'homme n'a pu s'y tenir, car on n'atteint l'idéal qu'un moment. Le mot de Jésus a été un éclair dans une nuit obscure, il a fallu dix-huit cents ans pour que les yeux de l'humanité (que dis-je ! d'une portion infiniment petite de l'humanité) s'y soient habitués. Mais l'éclair deviendra le plein jour, et, après avoir parcouru tous les cercles d'erreurs, l'humanité reviendra à ce mot-là comme à l'expression immortelle de sa foi et de ses espérances."

Hill and valley alternated, without disclosing anything which I need record here, till we stopped for rest at the ruined Khan of Lubban, which stands near the Lebonah of the Book of Judges, still an inhabited village. Nothing could exceed the ugliness of the valley on which we looked down, unredeemed as it was by even a growing crop, for it had not yet been sown this year. After leaving it we made a considerable detour, through really hideous scenery, to visit the site of Shiloh. It is difficult to understand how such a place, even in a country which has so little to show in the way either of beauty or grandeur as has this portion of Palestine, should have been selected as the religious centre, and probably its importance was merely local. We regained our route across a relatively well-cultivated plain on which Shiloh looked down, and whose proximity must have been its only recommendation.

Twilight had nearly come when we reached our camp, which had been pitched at a spot named, and, as we had occasion to discover, for our tents were entered and robbed, well named, Ain-el-Haramiyeh, the fountain of the thieves.

I have mentioned that the spring was rather late in the neighbourhood of Haifa. There was nothing to complain of it near Cæsarea, but here, at a much higher elevation, it was of course less far advanced than at either place. The characteristic flower of our ride on the 16th was a branched buttercup, I believe *Ranunculus mynophyllus*, and we found much of it on our way south on the 17th, only, as we mounted higher, it and everything else became more starved and uncomfortable.

Jerusalem is well approached by the northern route. Travellers generally arrive from the west, of all points of the compass that towards which the Holy City presents itself to least advantage. We caught our first view of it on this occasion—a very distant one—from Bethel, a truly frightful spot, the chief characteristics of which are the extraordinary masses of limestone rock lying upon the ground, like nothing but the pillows of giants, and reminding one strangely of the legend which connects it with Jacob's dream. I had not grasped the fact that Jeroboam's Southern religious capital, where the God of Israel was worshipped under the form of a calf, was within sight of Jerusalem, where already a more worthy method of thinking of their Divinity had received official sanction.

We halted in the middle of the day near Ramah, sheltering ourselves, as best we could, against a fierce, though happily not cold, gale which was blowing from the west; and came down, past the village which still recalls the name of Jehoshaphat, to the Damascus Gate. We had some difficulty in choosing our camping ground, but at length found a suitable spot on the edge of the Mount of Olives, within five minutes' walk of the Garden of Gethsemane.

It would be perfectly idle to attempt to give an account of Jerusalem in a few paragraphs. Every one knows much more about it than could be set forth in so brief a space, and I shall confine myself merely to putting down a few notes. One of the first thoughts which occurs to those who visit it is the extreme smallness of the place. All our thoughts about it are vitiated by the absurd numbers which we connect with its history. Josephus says that 1,100,000 perished in the final siege. It has been asked, with much plausibility, whether 40,000 really perished?

Nothing is simpler than to walk round the walls before breakfast; to walk round Hyde Park is about an equally serious undertaking.

To what, then, does Jerusalem owe the extraordinary place it has occupied in human affairs? To reply to that question would take us far, but the question to *whom* does it owe its transcendent position is more easily answered. It owes that position unquestionably to David.

David has received credit for many things with which he had nothing, or next to nothing, to do; as for instance, for the Psalms, nearly all of which were really the "Hymns Ancient and Modern" of the Second Temple; although microscopic examination may here and there discover something which actually proceeded from his pen. He deserves very great credit, however, for one master-stroke of policy—the selection of Jerusalem to be his capital.* His object, of course, was first to hold a very strong place; secondly, to keep a grasp on Judah, without being too far away from the real strength of the nation, the Northern tribes.

As it was, he had a very difficult time of it, what between the jealousies of the tribe of Benjamin, the disgust of Southern domination felt by the powerful tribe of Ephraim, and the counter jealousy of his own ancient friends. It was on this last that Absalom traded; Hebron, the great city of the South, was the focus of his rebellion, which so nearly succeeded. David's bringing back the Ark was another excellent piece of state-craft. The Ark had been the peculiar possession of the tribe of Ephraim, and had had, as we have seen, its home at Shiloh. Now the Southern chief transferred to his new capital all the prestige which the old sanctuary had lost. The presence of the tribal God of Israel was insured to the hill on which David had established his house and the centre of his government.

* See Renan's papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last year.

This was as it should be, for David, although he had none of the intolerance which was characteristic of some of the later kings, as, for instance, Josiah, was evidently a devoted worshipper of that God, and considered himself in a peculiar manner under his care. Not that we are to imagine for a moment that he had that kind of trust in the Almighty which became a familiar idea through the teaching of the prophets in long after days. It is quite clear, for example, that one of his regrets at being driven over the Jordan by his son was that in other lands, not belonging to his own tribal God, he would have to worship other gods. Still, in his mind these other gods were of no account when compared with his own, and it is probable that much of the ferocity which he showed in dealing with the Moabites, Ammonites, and others, was caused by his dislike to their divine patrons.

If he had done nothing but to make Jerusalem the capital *par excellence* of the Hebrew race, and one may say of religion too, for so long a period, he must be considered to have been one of the most notable people of whom ancient history makes mention.

Is Jerusalem a place which it takes long to see?

Of course you might live there and study it for a lifetime without getting to the end of it; but you may see the city sufficiently well for a first visit in a week.

Is there anything in the Mahomedan occupation of Jerusalem which is inconvenient to the passing traveller?

Nothing; however much residents and persons who may desire to prosecute researches may have to regret. There may be moments in the year when some fanaticism is excited, but, on ordinary occasions, Christians may wander, if attended by a Consular cavass, all round the consecrated sites of the Temple area to their hearts' content, and very delightful it is so to do.

No one had ever made me realize before I first went to Jerusalem the extraordinary loveliness of the building usually described as the Mosque of Omar, but which ought to be called the Dome of the Rock. I knew that it was graceful outside, but I did not know that it was also lovely within; yet the mosaic, and the gilding, and the darkness, and the stained glass, and the perfect calm which reigns put it high among the sanctuaries of the world. I know most of the chief sacred places of Islam, and, as far as beauty goes, this will rank in the first class. It is as perfect in its way as the Pearl Mosque of Agra, and that is using a very strong form of expression. Our common parlance should not, however, blind us to the truth that it is not a mosque at all. It is a station of extraordinary sanctity, attached to the great Mosque of El Aksa, which itself began life as a Christian Church.

Has much been done to shake the credibility of the usually received sites?

Not much that need trouble any one who is not an excavator by

profession. Very little that need be regarded by those who think chiefly of the broad, religious, historical, and poetical interests of the Holy City. Fergusson's wild theory about the Dome of the Rock has died, we may hope, with its admirable but most eccentric author.

A tiresome controversy has recently arisen as to the precise position of Calvary, and it is becoming a fashion to identify it with a spot outside the present wall of Jerusalem. If excavations prove that the site which has been for ages sanctified by the belief of the Christian world is impossible, good and well; but these excavations have not yet been made, and until they are made it is much more agreeable to hold that the opinion which was till recently everywhere received was the correct one. When St. Helena and Godfrey of Bouillon are demonstrated to be wrong it will be high time to follow other and better lights. The whole squabble turns upon a question of a few hundred yards, and, while the geographical problems of the Holy Land are of the highest interest, its topographical problems seem to me usually to concern the infinitely little, and to have the constant disadvantage of being practically insoluble.

Is there much to make a visit to Jerusalem disagreeable to those who dislike having incongruous ideas associated with the objects of their reverence?

Some of the scenes which take place in the Holy Sepulchre at the Easter festivals must be extremely disgusting; but neither during the Christmas week, when I was first there, nor on this occasion, did I witness anything that was in the slightest degree offensive to good taste. Pilgrims and sight-seers, laymen and ecclesiastics—all went about their work just as one would have wished them to do, with no noise, no crowding, let alone anything like brawling or contention. A pleasant sign of the increase of toleration in high quarters is the fact that His Beatitude the Greek Patriarch has repeatedly allowed clergymen of the Church of England to celebrate, according to the rites of their own communion, in the Chapel of Abraham's Sacrifice, in the Greek portion of the buildings of the Holy Sepulchre.

Have the researches of modern scholars enabled us to form a very clear idea of the appearance of the Temple at any period of its history?

I should doubt it. A German architect, now at Jerusalem, has produced a model which is a true miracle of ingenuity and intelligence, but I much suspect that the data which would be wanted to arrive at anything like certainty are not in existence.

The only building which David would appear to have erected on what is now known as the Haram, or Temple area, was his own fortress palace of Millo. To this, in the reign of Solomon, was added the house of the daughter of Pharaoh, built for the Egyptian princess whom that monarch took to wife; the house of the forest of Lebanon,

which would seem to have been half museum, half arsenal; and lastly, the Temple, which was, in its original form, only the private chapel of the king, and had nothing, as Renan has pointed out, either popular or national about it. It was built, as all know, by Tyrian workmen, and Tyre owed its architecture chiefly to Egypt; so that the Egyptian princess must have found herself in the midst of tolerably familiar objects.

A real history of the Temple, from the days when it was a mere appendage to the palace till it became the focus of all Hebrew thought, would be extraordinarily interesting. The German architect I have alluded to above represents it in its final stage as the centre of an enormous group of Government buildings, bearing somewhat the same relation to them which Westminster Abbey would bear to our own public offices, if the mean streets near it were all pulled down, and their site occupied by public buildings. All the details of this are, however, I apprehend, to the last degree problematical, and likely to remain so.

Renan has pointed out, with that acumen in which he is surpassed by no historical writer, that, while both David and Solomon utterly failed in what they tried to do, they succeeded in doing something infinitely greater and better. David wished to make Jerusalem the capital of the Hebrew race: it became the temporal capital of only a tolerably large county. Solomon (who, although his literary activities may not have gone beyond superintending or ordering the collection of a certain number of proverbs, and perhaps the compilation of some infantile work on natural history, was a man far superior to most of his contemporaries, full of tolerance, and anxious to promote general prosperity as he understood it) desired to make Jerusalem a sort of commercial emporium: he succeeded in making it the centre of fanaticism, and yet out of that fanaticism, out of that reaction against all Solomonic ideas, grew, in this capital of a county, the very flower of the world's religious poetry and the long succession of Hebrew teachers and prophets which only closed with the author of the wonderful and too little read Second Book of Esdras, the author of whom must have been of the race of Israel, though he wrote in Latin.

Imperative considerations of convenience will generally dictate to English people that they should take up their quarters either in camp just outside of, or at an hotel just inside of, the Jaffa gate. If, however, circumstances permit them to exercise any choice, I should recommend (having tried both) encamping on the Mount of Olives. The view of Jerusalem from the east is by far the most beautiful, and to see the sun first catch the cross on the top of the Holy Sepulchre, and then slowly light up the whole place, is a sight never to be forgotten.

I have seen Bethany twice; once on a fine morning, once on an

equally fine evening, and most strongly recommend the traveller to see it for the first time by evening light.

Among the things which no one should omit to do in Jerusalem, is to return from Bethany by the road which leads ~~to the~~ the southern shoulder of Olivet. Here is the point which Dean Stanley has identified with that where Christ wept over Jerusalem, and this variation of the ancient tradition commends itself so instantaneously to any one who stands upon the spot, that the identification of it is most assuredly poetically; if not also historically, accurate.

Objections, which are by no means to be lightly brushed aside, have been raised by competent critics to the identification of the Grotto of the Nativity with the place which was in the minds of those who first told the world that Jesus was born in Bethlehem, and recent historians have doubted whether the Jesus of history was born there at all.

However that may be, two things are certain :

First, that the Christ of the Church, the Jesus of Christian devotion, was born there ; and

Secondly, that this grotto was believed to have been the actual spot of Christ's birth as early as the second century.

These two facts, which are absolutely undoubted, are quite enough of themselves to make it one of the most sacred spots on the earth's surface. Close by it they show the cave in which St. Jerome translated the Bible.

Why he should have translated it in a cave rather than in a house it is difficult to understand, and if he did really translate it in this particular cave, his eyes must have been strangely constructed. But that he long lived somewhere near this is certain.

The landscape with which he was most familiar was that which will meet the eye of a traveller when he leaves this building, although I confess that I for one like to think of the old man as he is represented in the delicious picture attributed to Bellini, in the National Gallery, surrounded by natural objects as different from those of Bethlehem as they well could be.

In the same pile, still in good substantial repair, but stripped almost entirely of its mosaics and other ornaments, is the Church of Constantine, the oldest, I suppose, now standing in the world, much older than any church in Ravenna or Rome.

Of course they show the fields of Boaz ; the place where the shepherds were keeping watch by night when the angels appeared, just as at Elsinore they show the various localities of "Hamlet." But the places which they have fixed upon are, as seen from the high ground on which the town is built, rather pleasing than otherwise, and in no way disturb the incomparable charm of the narrative with which they are connected.

Having been provided with the usual Arab escort, we moved away shortly after ten o'clock on the 22nd, and, passing slowly between the village and the fountain of Siloam, soon turned our backs upon the

Holy City, and wound along the dry Kedron valley. Very dry it was, but the slopes were not quite as bare of vegetation as I expected. The most conspicuous plant was *Ononis Natrix*, or a sub-species of it. After about a couple of hours we halted in the shade of a great rock, under which the maiden-hair was growing plentifully, starved and withered, it is true, for the season in Southern Palestine has been far drier than in the North. Round the same spot I found the scarlet anemones nearly over, and the tall asphodel almost quite so, but a handsome anchusa was in full flower, as were the blue pimpernel, *Podonosma Syriacum*, a white allium, and, more sparingly, the Star of Bethlehem. All the same, the neighbourhood would be much the better for the river of Ezekiel's vision!

During the second half of our ride there was nothing to observe, save the Bedouin encampments, and an exceptionally picturesque well, where many of their inhabitants were watering their flocks. At length, after we had been about four hours out, we turned to the right, and passed, with the deep gorge of the Valley of Fire on our left, to the Monastery of Mar Saba.

This would be an interesting spot if there clung round it any of the associations which give such a charm to places like Subiaco or the Grande Chartreuse. There is nothing, however, of this kind, and it has little to recommend it but its strangeness and its position at the world's end.

I do not think I should have gone thither unless I had expected to see the jackals fed by the monks, and the black and yellow grackle (*Amydrus tristramii*), flying about. In both these expectations, however, I was disappointed. The jackals were fed at an inconvenient hour, and the birds have, as the monks truly or falsely asserted, been driven away by the increased number of persons who have lately passed through these wilds.

On the 23rd we had to make an early move, and, traversing regions where the vegetation had a very desert character, and where I would fain have lingered to make collections, reached, after more than four hours, the great depression in which lies the Dead Sea.

I had not been prepared to find that the streams which descend the wadys had cut such tremendously deep channels as they have in the silt of the Jordan valley. In one of these which we crossed *Retama retam* had grown into a tree, and very lovely it must have been before it went out of flower.

The Dead Sea has a gloomy beauty of its own, but it hardly tempts the traveller to linger by its waters. There is nothing attractive between them and the thickets of the Jordan. It is a waste of murl, haunted, amongst other evil things, by an odious little creature like the South Indian eye-fly, whose special weakness, however, is getting into your ear.

We descended to the edge of the Jordan at a point somewhat

above the usual bathing-place, which was in possession of a very large company of travellers belonging to many nations. Where we reached the river, it well deserved the name of the "Descender," for it was running like a mill-race through a jungle, in which the *Populus Euphratica* was the most prominent tree, the *Atriplex rosea* the prevailing shrub, and the noble Orobanch *Phelipæa lutea* the most conspicuous herbaceous plant. I use the word jungle advisedly, for the character of the vegetation was semi-tropical.

The river was muddy, and there was nothing at all agreeable in the scene, excepting in so far as shade and water are always agreeable in a hot climate.

After leaving the Jordan, we pushed for our tents, which had been pitched on the extreme western side of the plain. In order to reach them we had to pass through the modern or mediæval village of Er-Riha, which preserves the name of Jericho, a peculiarly squalid and horrible spot, near which, however, I had the satisfaction of gathering the fruit of the *Balanites Ægyptiaca*, the false balm of Gilead. The true one, *Balsamodendron Gileadense*, has long since ceased to exist in the neighbourhood. Not far from this unlovely place would appear to have stood the ancient Gilgal.

We found our camp close to Ain-es-Sultan, a fine fountain, which bursts from the hill-side, through which lies the shortest road to Jerusalem. Near it, as is believed, stood the Jericho which the writer of the Book of Joshua had in his mind, and with which is associated the picturesque legend, the catastrophe of which has become a portion of our modern speech when we wish to tell of sudden and unlooked-for success. The Jericho of the days of Christ was probably a place distinct from either of the two I have been speaking of, and a little further to the south.

A fine object, in approaching Ain-es-Sultan, was the mountain of Quarantania. It is with it that tradition at a very remote period associated the narrative of the Temptation, regardless of the fact that the top of this mountain is itself lower than the bed of the Mediterranean.

A very trying march, hotter than any I ever made in India, for in that country one does not travel on horseback right through the day, took us to the mouth of the Wady Fârah. There was little to see on our route, which lay over the bare open surface of the Jordan Valley. Four weeks ago the grass must have been green, but already it was quite burnt up, and the Bedouins had gone higher to find pasture for their flocks.

Here and there was a little oasis, where water came down from the hills, and one saw what fertility would be called into life by a canal brought from the Lake of Gennesaret, parallel to the Jordan; but, as it was, by far the most conspicuous plant was a small shrivelled and very curious *Statice*.

' We stopped for rest on the site of Phasaelis, and wondered why Herod had ever built at such a spot, or imagined that the town which he constructed could be an acceptable present to his sister or any one else.

To the north of Phasaelis rises, to the height of some 2400 feet above the valley, the remarkable cone of the Surtabeh, a point so conspicuous that we might have expected to find it making a great figure in history, which, however, though not unknown to the Talmud, it does not do.

Just as we were getting to our camping-ground, I saw, planted in an orchard of *Zizyphus* trees, which had been formed along a stream, a tall *Calotropis*, like a much exaggerated specimen of my Madras friend, the Mudar. This could be nothing else than the "Osher" which some persons identify with the Apple of Sodom, but unfortunately it was not in fruit. The stream which watered this orchard came down from Enon, memorable in the history of John the Baptist.

On the morning of the 25th we broke up our camp at the mouth of the Wady Fârah, and soon plunged into a very picturesque defile. This continued for a long way, but at the end of it we passed into a more open country, and began to rise very rapidly, though from time to time there were deep descents. The Jordan Valley when we left it was very still and full of the haze of heat, but among the mountain passes we met strange and violent gusts of wind, which seemed to come from the mouth of a furnace. At last, the highest point was surmounted, by very rough paths, in some of which the limestone afforded hardly any hold to the horses' feet. We then dipped down amongst olive woods, passing not far from Sâlim. Ere we reached Nablous, the climate had completely altered; it had grown decidedly cold, and a furious west wind was hurrying the clouds over the summits of Elbal and Gerezim. It was on this ride that I saw for the first time the wild hollyhock, one of the most beautiful plants in the Holy Land. It grows generally in bare and rocky places, and never, I think, attains the height or the comfortable well-to-do appearance which it has amongst the easier conditions of life in our gardens.

Another plant in vast abundance along this line of route was *Scabiosa prolifera*, the same, I think, to which some travellers have given the name, from its colour, of the primrose of Palestine, though it has, of course, not the remotest connection with the primrose of northern lands.

In the late afternoon I set out from Nablous to climb Gerizim, and to visit the scene of the Samaritan Passover, which I succeeded in doing in spite of the furious weather; but I had miscalculated the length of the time it would require, got overtaken by darkness, and, having but an untrustworthy guide, had a great scramble before I reached home. The rapidly failing light, the swirling mists, and the general weirdness of the whole scene would better have become an expedition up the Mount of Cursing.

From Nablous we moved westward, keeping along the line of the new road, which, as I mentioned above, is in the course of construction, and which will eventually connect Jaffa with the interior of the country by a very easy route.

The olives continued abundant for the first two or three hours, but yielded at last to the wide barley fields which give its Arabic name to the fine valley in which they lie. The edges of these were made bright by numbers numberless of the lovely little *Specularia*, once more abundant than it is now in English gardens, under the very appropriate name of Venus's Looking-Glass.

Ere we had quite reached the point where the Barley Valley enters the Plain of Sharon, we turned sharply to the north over a low rocky spur, and continued our journey at a moderate height above the great level which stretched from the hills of Samaria to the sea.

We passed several villages of some size, but none of any historical importance, with the exception of Jett, which is one of the places that has been put forward as the birthplace of Simon Magus, that highly interesting, but highly mysterious, personage, of whom even the most conscientious researches of modern scholars have failed, so far as I can discover, to present any portraiture which conveys a definite impression.

We encamped near Burka, a place of some size, but also I think unknown to fame, in spite of the pretty girls, of whom it boasts a larger proportion than is at all common in Syria.

We left Burka before six o'clock, and took our way to the northward, over excellent riding paths, and across a country which might have been any unenclosed portion of central France or Germany. In about a couple of hours we came to a charming region, where the Valonia oak, now clothed with its young leaves, was dotted about as in a park, and I beheld at last, in full blossom, a tree, whose buds I had been watching for some time at Haifa. This was the beautiful *Styrax officinalis*, which, according to some authorities, was a valuable source of incense to the ancients, and an important article of Phœnician commerce.

We crossed many small streams, which unite to form the Crocodile River, described in connection with Cæsarea, and which proceed from the western side of the same hills that send down to the northward the waters of Megiddo. Wild flowers were very abundant along the path, but most narratives of Palestinian travel rather exaggerate their variety by the use of vague language and superlatives.

The flora is a very rich one, as any one will see who turns to the list given by Canon Tristram, in the massive volume of the "Survey of Western Palestine." How much more useful would be a list, which could be carried in the pocket, like the "London Catalogue!" It would be interesting indeed to know why the gentlemen responsible for the survey of Western Palestine consigned the valuable results at which they arrived to so hideously inconvenient a range of volumes.

This by the way; but to return to our journey. Far the most conspicuous flower along our road on this day was the *Linum pubescens*, already mentioned. I observed that travellers, and well-informed travellers, describe it as a phlox; but the phloxes belong to quite a different family, the *Polemoniaceæ*, well represented by the Greek valerian of our gardens, and are, to the best of my belief, plants of the New World.

The country which we traversed was very decidedly the prettiest I had yet seen in the Holy Land; a great contrast, indeed, to the ghastly limestone uplands of Judea, which are only redeemed from sheer ugliness by the ever-lovely line of the Moab Mountains beyond the Dead Sea. Our route to-day took us right through the Cis-Jordanic possessions of the tribe of Manasseh, whose lines certainly fell in uncommonly pleasant places. One of the many things which bring home to one how very little we really know about the history of the events lumped together under the name of "the conquest," is the extraordinary scantiness of the data which we possess with regard to the history of a tribe which was evidently of the very highest importance among the Beni-Israel.

This ride brought home to me very forcibly the ease with which Central Palestine could be reached by an invading Egyptian army which did not care to avail itself of the Coast route, and the fact that we encountered a caravan of camels returning to Damascus to take goods thence to Jaffa reminded me that we were following for some hours the immemorial highway—from Northern Syria to the Nile.

At length, after about half a dozen hours, we found ourselves approaching from the south the Chapel of Elijah's Sacrifice, and made our mid-day halt, close to the mouth of the Wady-el-Milh, amongst some rocks pleasantly shaded by trees, of which a *Crataegus*, near the hawthorn, was not the least interesting.

Thence we descended into our familiar plain of Esdraelon, which, in the fortnight that had elapsed since we had last crossed it, had greatly changed its appearance, owing chiefly to the enormous masses of *Chrysanthemum segetum* on either side of the way. That, and another species with a more divided leaf—I think, *Coronaria*—were among the most conspicuous plants of the whole of our ride from Burka to the Kishon; but as we approached the place where that river flows close under Carmel, their gold was replaced by the primrose of a crucifer, not beautiful in itself, but beautiful as an element of the scenery.

The narrowest part of the road was set with the tall blue spikes of the exquisite *Scilla hyacinthoides*, and the still reaches of the river at that spot were white with *Ranunculus aquatilis*.

Before five o'clock in the afternoon we were once more in Haifa.

EMILE ZOLA.

LAST summer Mr. Gladstone said to me: "France still suffers from the government she had from the time of Henry IV.'s assassination down to the break up of the old monarchy. It was the worst government that ever a civilized European people was cursed with, and was not only despotic, but corrupt and corrupting. I look upon it as the origin of most of the evils from which the French as a nation have suffered in our time. France has had, since the Revolution, alternations of good and bad government. She now seems restless and fevered. But it is not so much her political troubles that make me fear for her. What gives me apprehension is the school of foul novelists that have arisen, and are, by all accounts, making their way. The French novel was never so bad a dissolvent as it is now of all that binds a people into a progressive nation. I am told that the more grossly immoral the novel is, the better it sells. Is this so?" What Mr. Gladstone said, and the stir arising from Mr. Vizetelly's prosecution, made me reflect more than I had previously done on the school of novels the great English statesman spoke of, and especially on that of Zola, as a cause of dry-rot in France.

Zolaism has been used, by the Poet Laureate, as a word of reproach synonymous with moral (or immoral) sewage. Still, I don't think Zola's novels exceed in pruriency those of Ernest Feydeau or of Arsene Houssaye. They are certainly less immoral in intention. Their power to work evil as sources of contagion may be greater, because they are written with superior talent, and have shocking and startling features which call to them wide-world attention, and command the largest market that French novels have ever had. But there is this to be said for them. They show moral disease in a more loathsome manner than any other works of fiction have ever done. In

the Rougon Macquart series the awful law, that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation, is brought home with a force that must compel every reader having parental experience to look with horror at past sins or at any immoral bent that may render him liable to future sins. The young who have not had such an experience will not take to heart the warning, and so to them the perusal of a book of Zola's is only, in the majority of cases, a source of purulent contagion.

The underlings of the naturalist school are like dogs battenning upon carrion offal. They imitate the master where he is offensive, and go beyond him in reeking foulness.

Zola was not the founder of this school, which originated in Madame Bovary and the Brothers Goncourt's novels. But he brought into it new blood from Italy and the Levant—how it will be hereafter shown—intense originality, and greater talent than was ever shown by writers of this school, save in "Une Histoire Simple" of Flaubert, a book that deserves to live for ever.

Before the Vizetelly prosecution, I had read Zola's novels in a scrappy discursive way, as they came out in *feuilletons*—"La Honte" in *L'Événement*, when De Villemessant was its editor; "Thérèse Raquin" in *L'Artiste*, "La Fortune des Rougon" in *Le Siècle*, which gave the early chapters just as the war cloud of 1870 was going to burst over France; "Une Page d'Amour" in, I think, *La Cloche*, "L'Assommoir" in *Le Bien Public*, "Nana" in *Le Voltaire*, and "Pot Bouille" (the most unclean of any, but one which shows that mean selfishness and animal lusts are vile) in the *Gaulois*. M. Jules Simon was the editor of the last-named journal when "Pot Bouilli" came out; but its directing spirit was a Russian Jew who had been physician-in-ordinary to the Grand Duke Michael. From the list of journals given above, let it not be inferred that I was on the alert for Zolasian literature, and wanted to have it fresh and fresh. The journalist is bound to try to know of everything that God permits. I suppose I glance, and for years have glanced, over a daily average exceeding a score of newspapers. With the wide experience this gives of flat writing, the impression produced by a style in high relief and strong in colour fixes itself for ever on the memory. This will account for the clear remembrance I have of everything by Zola that came under my eye as it appeared in the foot columns of the different journals that I took in. That my reading was so scrappy was due to divers causes. I had not time often to run my eye from end to end of a *feuilleton* chapter of a novel. Then, if from the first I was struck with the workmanlike ability of Zola, and with the paint-brush power of his pen, I soon wearied of the exuberant elaboration of his descriptions. His bent, which he leaves unbridled, is to make every subject that he touches glow with adjectives. This part of speech is more

used by him than any other. But he uses it as a brilliant colourist. He has Balzac's passion for giving catalogues of furniture in which each article is minutely described. But whereas Balzac did this to heighten effects of psychological analysis and make them plain to the vulgar, Zola does it from an innate taste for *bric-à-brac*. Bookmaking needs have drawn him so far in the direction towards which he naturally tends that it has become a literary vice.

We tire quickly of what is merely workmanlike, or of mere appeals to sense, unless made direct by Nature herself; and even they end by fatiguing, else so many of us would not prefer town life and its mental excitements to the country and its innumerable means of giving satisfaction to the lust of the eye. The reason why Zola's writings easily surfeit did not occur to me until I had seen the Italian Exhibition at South Kensington last summer. In going since over his works, I was struck with the analogy they presented to the very imitative art of present-day Italy, as it was manifested at that Exhibition. One must understand what *brio* and *maestra* mean to realize the workmanlike address and the brilliancy of execution shown in the exhibits there. Technical difficulties were played with as if in pure wantonness of spirit. Nature was imitated as if by conjurers who revelled in their juggleries. And yet their art was a debased one. It was art for the sake of art, than which nothing is more unsatisfactory to any one who has got to a high plane of thought and consciousness. Whatever could be done with fingers guided by perceptive eyes, that see well the mere outsides of things in this world of types and shadows, and are blind to all inner spirit, such Italian artists did. But there was nothing more in their work to arouse interest than there is in the reflection of a natural object in a mirror. Which of us, if it be not a fair girl or woman in love with her own image, stops and lingers to admire looking-glass reflections? One gazes for a moment, and passes on. The qualities that come of inwardness and upwardness of life, and of the insight that both give, were absent from the sculpture and other arts represented in that Italian Exhibition. And so all the *brio*, *maestra* and jugglery were unsatisfactory.

In literature, Zola—though he can be much more—is too often what the Italian artists, whose works I speak of, are in art—a great craftsman only. His realism at times is powerful and healthy. The occasions are when the reactions of his own mind on what he has seen and taken in are patent, and when they necessarily point a moral. Thérèse Raquin occurs to me as an instance. She aided her paramour to drown her husband as they three were boating during a Sunday outing on the Seine. Zola, who was in the school of hardships when he wrote this study on the certain action of Nemesis, avoids punishing the guilty lovers through human justice.

The penalty arises out of the fulfilment of the wishes which led to the crime. They marry. The having to live in the constant night-and-day presence of each other becomes the scourge of both. The gruesome horror of this condition is that remorse does not lead to the awaking of conscience, and so to softening and healing penitence. They are as if in a prison, from which there is no escaping, with noisome and venomous creatures. Orestes, lashed by the Furies, was perhaps less terrible to the Greek mind than this pair of lovers, tormented by the memory of what they have done, are to a modern reader able to reflect. The means by which the effect is produced are few, true, and natural. Probability is never outraged, and the chastisement is logically evolved. One sees that punishment was inevitable as fate.

Then few, if any, have painted sunburnt and yet lovely Provence, or the sordid and squalid sides of Paris, as Zola has done. Had he only known when to leave off describing, there would be no finer piece of word-painting in French literature than his description of an old weed-grown park and garden in "*La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*." He rises therein to the level of Richard Jefferies. This South of France Eden belongs to a manor which has got into the deliciously wild state of a property in Chancery. It conveys an almost heady sensation of the vegetable aroma of Provence, of spring-time with its flush of germination, its magnetism, its tender chromatic glories, and its universal animal bliss. Birds and insects join in a hum of jubilation. The mere sense of life is a fount of ecstasy. One almost smells the fragrance of unkempt and ragged Provence—the *guenue parfumé* of Madame de Sévigné. But one ends, as one nearly always does in reading Zola's best chapters, finding the canvas over-charged. A positive sense of relief is experienced in laying down the book, and getting out of this earthly paradise, wherein the serpent is in the end sovereign. The elaborate object-painting has ended by jading the attention. Nothing is used up, or uses up, sooner than mere sensual bliss, or than attempts to imaffe it, unless in a very concise or a sketchy manner, that hints rather than delineates.

It is no new thing in Italy—a country to which Zola owes his father and many of his inherited instincts—to find a trivial sensuousness in religious and secular art. This frivolousness always takes the realistic stamp. Goldsmith—that inspired Irishman (I shall not, like Dr. Johnson, call him "an inspired idiot" because his insight was divorced from worldly wisdom)—noticed a century and a half ago the sensual state of mind of which it was the sign in Italy. He drew the conclusion, in honest simplicity of mind, that Italian bliss is shallow because derived from mere sensuousness. "Small is the bliss that sense alone bestows; yet sensual bliss is all this nation knows."

In the Mediterranean States south-east of the Alps, the Satyr has

survived Jupiter, Apollo, and Minerva. So in a way has Mercury. The noble army of martyrs, saints, sybils, virgins, angels, arch-angels, patriarchs, and apostles, which at the end of the Guelph and Ghibelline wars took possession of the brains of the foremost Italian artists, went back to heaven three centuries ago. Italian heads have ceased to value types in which sublime virtues and lovely moral graces might be symbolized. But the mercantile god—often bereft of wit and eloquence—and the goat-man or man-goat, with his pestiferous odour, remain. The Satyr, however, is less rampagous in contemporary art in Italy than in some of Zola's "naturalisms." Yet in these Silenus wants hearty animal spirits, and his old jolly guffaw is changed to laughter on the wrong side of the mouth. How could he be a mirthful, rollicking creature in a part of the world where winter, during four or five months of the year, is an alternation between murky blackness, dirty greyness, and cold, frosty whiteness? The social machine, in the country where Zola's lines are cast, grinds pitilessly on those born to no fortune, or fortuneless through accident, who live in crapulousness. Hard times for Silenus, truly, when he has no choice between laying his nose to the grindstone, law-breaking crime, or suicide!

The goat-man, evolved from Zola's own consciousness, and from slum experiences, the general atmosphere of Imperial France, and the peeps this author obtained of the eighteen years' carnival kept by Louis Napoleon and his Court, is, I have said, a bouncing creature. But the French graft on the Italian stock of the Zolas shows itself in it. It has a hard, calculating head and a ferocity in trying to satisfy appetite which is enough in itself to make a modern Italian shiver with affright. What Byron saw and enjoyed of Venetian dissipation was seen and presumably enjoyed by a long line of Zolas who were citizens of Venice. That Bride of the Adriatic was the root and stem of the tree which has had for its fruits the books quoted in the Vizetelly prosecution. France added a new Celto-Latin graft from which those higher qualities which underlie Zola's Italianisms are mainly derived. Venice, the birthplace and habitation, time out of mind, of his forefathers, was a city given up to trade, carnality, and, between New Year's Day and Ash Wednesday, to a carnival in which all the lusts of the flesh might run riot and propriety not be outraged. There was no more carnal-minded place than Venice in all Italy at the time that some of the intellectual instincts which Zola inherits were being formed. It was in more direct contact with the Levant than any other Italian city, and picked up some survivals of the ancient cults of Syrian gods and goddesses that must be unnamed in this article. Cyprus, the island church of Venus worship in the olden time, fell into the hands of the Venetian Republic nearly four centuries back. That Republic was one of merchant princes—all very intelligent, and magnificent to boot, in the Vanity Fair way. Virtue became

virtuosity in their time—that is to say, a thing of mere art jugglery. The City of Palaces called up by these grand traders out of a muddy bay of the Adriatic, and which arose superb and glowing in loveliness, was a true daughter of the mercantile Venus whose shrine the Venetians held as a possession. Their painters revelled in fair, fleshly, and lascivious women. Poets did not arise among them. Worthiness was intimately associated with wealth. What could be more poverty-stricken, pastoral, and ideal than the Cana of Galilee wedding? The Jews are a hospitable people. If in this case there was only sour wine drawn for the guests, it was, we may be sure, because there was nothing better to offer them. Well, the artists of Venice, unable to see wherein the glory of that rustic festivity lay, turned it into the bridal of a magnifico, rich and dazzling in all its accessories and general colour. The personages depicted by them in their paintings of that village festa are so used to their gorgeous belongings as to have in them an every-day air.

Yes, there is a great deal of Venice, but democratized, somewhat Frenchified, and often befouled, in the novels which Mr. Vizetelly brought out in London in an English dress. To understand Zola one must know what the life of the Venetian Republic was, and one must have seen the riotous vices of the Imperial Court, and of those who by hanging on to it got rich, and, slighting the cardinal virtues, embraced the deadly sins. Though the grossness, the nastiness, and the immorality of human nature take hold of Zola's mind and, one might suppose, the imagination of his heart, he is not, and has never been, a vicious man. The exercise of a first-rate intellect as a means to earn a living is hardly compatible with wallowing in the flesh among the hogs of Circe. It may be said of Zola that he is temperate in all things except the use he makes of his pen, in his indulgence in the "blues," and in his disgust at the imperfection of each book as it comes from his pen—a disgust arising from its failure to come up to his artistic ideal. The sight of a finished manuscript palls on him. Correcting his proofs is so sickening, that the strain of necessity alone forces him through this part of his literary work. His impulse, while he is getting through it, is to cast the proof-sheets into the fire. Once a book is through the press, he never so much as looks at it, because it is an object of aversion. With his nervous mistrust of his own talent, his extreme sensitiveness to the ills and uglinesses of life, and the low sides of human nature (which he really hates), and his lack of animal spirits, he is only saved from misanthropy by a temper of rare gentleness. If he did not know how to use his pen, he would have gone through life seemingly indifferent to all that sets most men of superior minds boiling with anger. In his private relations there is freedom from gusty passions, restless vanity, or quarrelsome touchiness. When he dislikes any one he shrinks into himself. The grossness and moral insensibility of his literary style are in odd contrast with the dainty and fastidious delicacy of

his senses, for in regard to external influences he is a bundle of quivering nerves. I should imagine he suffers from the discomfort of not being acclimatized to the grey skies of the lower valley of the Seine. His impressions, relatively to those of other human beings, are vastly exaggerated. So were those of Swift, who, like Zola, was alive at every pore to the part played in town and country by the deadly sins. But Swift was a humourist and a satirist, and so there was often in what he wrote warmth and flame. Having suffered, since he went to live in the country, from the rapaciousness of the peasants around him, Zola sees them as he paints them in "*La Terre*." He has that magnifying capacity for what is evil and odious in his mind's eye which made Swift see Yahoos in ordinary human beings. The lithe form of this curious man of genius (a form, by-the-bye, which is taking amplitude of girth), the long, limber, and highly tactile fingers, and the wearied look of the face, show him to be high-strung and joyless. Zola's work has got to be a daily grind, methodically gone through as a patience-taxing mosaic, for the purpose of making money—"of which," he says, "people often charge me with being fond." Plots are carefully mapped out beforehand. There are to be so many chapters in each book, and so many books in each volume, and a certain number of pages and no more to be turned out each day. The heat of sacred fire does not drive him on or elevate him, for he is without the power to be enthusiastic. He applies himself with invariable reluctance to mental work. Diffidence as to his inventive power sometimes goes so far as to make him tremble lest when he sits down to work he should find the power to produce has broken down. The strong handwriting is in contrast to the delicate fingers as the pen goes at its plodding, uniform pace across the paper. Nor does Zola find much pleasure in his large-roomed villa, once a mean little five-roomed house with a strip of garden the breadth of itself, and now so Italianized, owing to the additions he has made and the rich furniture it contains. He bought it nine years ago. After he became fairly well off he went every summer to the sea-side—one year to the coast of Normandy, another to the coast of Brittany, a third to the sea-shore near Marseilles. But the year of the last Universal Exhibition he agreed with his wife that they had better find summer quarters near Paris, somewhere along the Seine, in which to boat and bathe. They thought of Triel, under the hill of Canteloup, of pumpkin fame, and lying on the Rouen side of the forest of St. Germain. But he found, after they had hired a house there, that the country was all country town, of a mean, scabby, and leprous-walled kind, devoid of artistic interest, with rough paved streets and walled-in fields and gardens, and escape on foot from dust and sordidness impossible. From the train on the Paris side of Triel he had noticed the village of Médan, halfway up a hill, with unenclosed fields all round, and in the flat

bottom below, running along the Seine, much grass—which, as I remarked in a walk through it, is coarse, rank, and marshy. A little roadside house that was “to let” took his fancy. Zola and his wife drove to Médan, and he insisted on buying the modest mansion, which he was able to get for £400. It lay between the road and railroad, and farther on from the latter, running parallel with it, was the Seine. Only one tired of paying a high rent for a meanly small Paris flat could have fallen in love with the house—one of those cube-shaped, single houses which French peasants, who have got rich, build to let to retired Paris tradespeople. Young children draw such houses on their slates. On the ground-floor was a narrow hall in which two could not move abreast, with, to the right, a small parlour dining-room, and, to the left, a kitchen and a steep little stair. Overhead there were three little rooms, and from the first-floor lobby to the garret the stairs became a step-ladder. This modest mansion is now turned into an entrance passage and the anterooms to the couple of vast towering pavilions or wings that rise at each of its ends. One of the pavilions contains the family living rooms. The other, which is to the old house as the cross-bar of a capital T, ends, towards the back-garden, railway, and river, in a bow window of striking height, depth, and breadth. The room is just as large as the Salle des États at Blois, and in its beamed and brilliantly coloured ceiling, and wide, far-projecting chimney mantel, of kindred architecture. Vines, reminding one of the climbing ones of Lombardy, and painted to deceive the eye into the belief that they are real, shoot up and spread themselves over the wall, and half mantle rich columns. The coloured glass of the window has, in its many hues, a Venetian character. A merchant of Venice might have had such a window in a country house on a vintage estate. The floors of flowery Italian mosaic, the Italian faïences, Neapolitan terra-cotta figures of priests, cardinals, fishers, contadine, dressed in stuffs and standing on high-placed brackets, grand Italian cupboards, buffets, credences inlaid with ivory, Florentine mosaic tables, and Genoa brocades and velvets, show how strongly Zola reverts to his father’s nationality, whether consciously or not. Some of the chairs are ponderous, but all are solid, and there is a fine and utter freedom from gimcrack furniture too fragile for use. Oriental carpets and other stuffs are brought into the general symphony, which precludes from its splendour the idea of homely repose. The vast room is foreign as its possessor, and ill adapted to the raw, grey winters of the lower valley of the Seine. “It takes such a deal of looking after and keeping up!” says Zola, raising his eyebrows with a tired expression, when he thinks of the labour spent in enlarging the little house into this structure, and in furnishing it with such a wealth of art furniture. “There’s so much to tempt thieves too!” This consideration chains him to Médan. It keeps him from wandering far off in summer as he used to do. There is, moreover, the unpleasant feeling that what

he has done is what his peasant neighbours all round think it—Monsieur Zola's folly. He added perch by perch to the garden, and at more than fancy prices. The rustics, of whom he wanted to buy patches of ground, saw that he was in a fever to get hold of them, and ran up their prices. He bought first one narrow parallel garden between walls, and then another and another and another, until his estate embraced three or four acres, forming a long strip skirting the road, and bounded below by the railroad. To keep thieves out, after the old division walls were cut down, a high enclosing wall was built all round, with a Portland cement basis, and then an expensive road pavement was laid down to keep the rain from rotting the foundations. The money thus sunk would have enabled him to lay aside his pen and live in ease for the rest of his life. A standing nuisance is the railway, in which he hopes, however, to find a volume of good "copy." It is one of the busiest and wealthiest in France; and as Médan is near a station, the shrill noise of the steam whistles of the engines are always disturbing the otherwise quiet study. A supplemental study lies in an island of the Seine, in a straight line from the house, which Zola bought to erect a boat and bath house on. Unfortunately, the distance from Paris and Médan is too short for the Seine to have on the way dropped down to its bed all the sewage it gathered at Asnières, to say nothing of what it took in at St. Denis, Argenteuil, St. Germain, and Poissy. However, the view from the big bow window has compensating points. The shadeless garden is aglow, spring, summer, and autumn, with flowers. The dirt of the river does not show so far away, nor the coarseness of the marsh grass beyond the railway. Along the waterside there are beautiful poplars and willows, and distance blues and poetizes the prosaic Canteloup Hill and dusty Triel at its foot.

Zola has a swarthy, parched complexion, and holds himself in the gathered-up way of one unable to get warm. A pair of deep furrows, caused by the frequent raising up of the eyebrows, run from temple to temple. This is a contradiction to the remark of Lavater, that men of steady purpose, and in the habit of concentrating their thoughts, have only vertical wrinkles in their foreheads. There is musical genius in the bulging temples: Though the neck and chest are powerful, the frame strikes one as lithe, spare, and rather small. I never saw a more peculiar nose, though it is commonplace in being narrow at the bridge, wide in the base, and turned up. The peculiarity lies in a furrow, such as one sees in the noses of certain hounds, the whole way down the middle, and in the restlessness of the big nostrils. They are always taking in olfactory impressions. This may be why stench is so constantly stirred in Zola's works, smells brought to play parts, and changes rung on odorous and malodorous things. Odours go to the heads of his men and women like absinthe drams. In descriptions of ceremonies in Roman Catholic churches, he intoxicates one with incense.

Zola looks, and is, shy. In talking to him it is hard to realize that, of all writers, past or present, he is the one who has most grossly flouted those conventionalities which serve to cover over sewers and to keep nightmen from working in the day. Another discrepancy: he, so ill at ease with strangers, is easy and fluent in his talk, though undercurrents of nervous excitement show in the voice taking high tones. What he says is a monologue in broken sentences, spoken trippingly, albeit with a slightly thick tongue. There is no aggressiveness or egotism, no laying down the law; and the interlocutor is often asked, "Is it not so?" or "Tell me, please, how this is?" or "I should be glad of an explanation, since I fail to understand." If the subject is realist or naturalist (a deeper depth in sewage), he talks without reserve, and while one listens it does not strike one that the vocabulary is too well adapted to the subject, the manner of saying it is so delicate. He states his belief in the vice that according to him underlies and overlaps human virtues, as he might tell you that cats catch mice, or that a north wind is cold. The disagreeable fact does not intellectually matter to him, and he has no feeling one way or the other about it.

It is not my purpose, in showing farther on how Zola came to be what he is, to explain away the stigma that rests upon him in England and America. His books are dangerous, and must be frowned out of existence in any country where there is free intercourse between the youth of both sexes. The "trough" of which Lord Tennyson wrote is *not* open to the French maiden above the working-class level, for the good reason that she is under lock and key, and is only suffered to read for amusement the pale, insipid novels of *La Bibliothèque Rose*. Were the French maiden at large, Zola would be the first to see that he ought to spare her blushes. He is unable to conceive liberty for the young in England and the United States without riotous licence as a consequence. If, as he admits, it were well that translations of his books should not be accessible to crude youth and rough half-educated people, he cannot allow them to be worse than Shakespeare's plays or Fielding's novels, which he knows through translations. This is hard on Shakespeare and Fielding.

At the same time, Zola stands on a higher moral plane than his friends the Brothers Goncourt or Guy de Maupassant, the finest artist of the realist school, and the most out-and-out "naturalist" of the Médanite Society of Mutual Praise. Zola at no time "lived" the vices that he descants upon, though he lived among not a few of his grossest types. De Maupassant can claim to have had the fullest meed of practical experience.

If the author of "Thérèse Raquin" has no sense of decency, he has moral perception, wherein he is above the art-for-the-sake-of-art school—a thin, poor school, the products of which don't bear being read a second time. Zola sometimes does good in a bad way. Maupassant

and the Goncourts never do by any chance. Awesome cease-to-do-evil lessons are to be gathered from the novel I have just named, and from the Rougon Macquart series, which shows, as a consequence of ancestral vice, reversion towards animality, and finally descent into idiocy. Breaches of moral laws are sure in every novel of this series to involve their own punishment. "L'Assommoir" is the most powerful indictment ever drawn up against the publican. "La Terre" shows that prosperity arising from greed and acquisitiveness is dead rotten. A nation whose millions are only thinking how to make money, and her wealthy thousands how best to eat their cake of material enjoyment and have it, is a nation of brute beasts, the teeth and claws of which intellect merely serves to sharpen. Few now remember the satisfaction with which the cake-eating-and-having class hailed the usurpation of Louis Napoleon as an act of social conservation. The society that he saved has been divined by Zola, though he had but outside glimpses of its doings. He paints it with a brush, overloaded no doubt with colour, and often false in detail, but on the whole truthful, in "La Curée" and "Nana." A very ridiculous mistake in "La Curée" suggests itself to me. At a grand ball, bordering on a debauch, given by an Imperialist rolling in ill-acquired wealth, a scramble round the supper buffet is described as taking place. One of the admirers of the hostess, an habitual lady-killer, takes up from among the viands a leg of mutton by the shank, and cuts slices off it for his fair friends. A leg of mutton at a luxurious Parisian supper supplied by Chevet! But nowhere has Zola overdrawn the realities patent to all who chose to see during the eighteen years' debauch of what was Imperial France. Vice then triumphed openly. Reversion beastwards was unconcealed. A duchess and ex-ambadress hardly scandalized her set on being one night "run in" to a lock-up. Her offence was tearing the chignon at the Mabille Dancing Garden from the head of a nymph who looked boldly at the great lady's cavalier, and beating her with it in the face.

There are signs that Zola is awaking to a perception of the better side of Nature, and human nature. I know nothing more delicious than the opening chapter of "Un Rêve," descriptive of the snowing up, one night, of the foundling child Angélique at the door of the cathedral of Beaumont. The snow scene in the morning, with the whitened and, as it were, softened stone statues of the girl saints, Agnes and Catherine, looking down on the blanched and benumbed little waif is one of the finest bits of word-painting in French literature. The nimbus of soft golden hair round the child's forehead affects one like a pale ray of sunshine playing over a wintry landscape. Angélique has run away from child-farmers, with whom the Charity Board placed her. An old house nestles between the buttresses, close to which she sank into insensibility. It is tenanted by a worthy couple, who lost a darling girl, their only child. Their

hearts are moved with parental tenderness at the sight of the corpse-like wanderer, shrouded in the pure snow. They take her in, cherish her, bring her up, teach her their hereditary trade—which is to embroider church vestments, altar-cloths, mitres, and so on—and end by formally adopting her. Zola rings changes, with his characteristic *maestra* and spirit, on the embroideries at which Angélique works, on the cathedral chimes, processions, incensings, imagery, and fine art. English novel heroines, and most American ones, are made to go in for self-sacrifice, and prefer love in a cottage to palaces without. At the day of judgment Charlotte Brontë, Hawthorne, and George Eliot will see what far-reaching good the example of some of their heroines has done. These writers aimed steadily at the moon, and hit some glorious stars. Angélique dreams, while tracing sacred hearts, lilies, crosses, and angels' heads on the stuffs she is to embroider, of a handsome young lover of noble birth, and heir to millions. The millions are an essential part of her castle in the air. Her dream is realized in the person of the bishop's son, Monseigneur having married a great heiress, and entered orders when he lost her, after a year's marriage. But the course of this love, which, though very interested on the girl's side, is true love, does not run smooth. Here and there Zola can't help being Zola. Angélique's pretty little shoe hides a cleft hoof—but it is the hoof of a gazelle.

French literature was never prudish, but it was free from pruriency before Italian influence predominated at the Court of France. "The Romance of the Rose" went to glorify honour and faithfulness in love. Joinville was plain-spoken, but merited the blessing of the pure of heart and to be the companion of St. Louis. The immoral and indecent French novel was borrowed from Italy. Boccaccio had an apt disciple in that pearl of the House of Valois, Margaret Queen of Navarre. In her time lewdness of speech and conduct became fashionable. The Court was a nest of corruption under all the Valois and the Bourbons. Literature catered often to its vices, and very much so in the novels and comedies of the eighteenth century. It got stilted and subjective under Rousseau's influence. Under the Restoration new germs were brought by the *émigrés* from England, and so Scott became the rage. The novel was polemical under Louis-Philippe. George Sand took up in it her parable against marriage and for woman's rights. Eugène Sue attacked the Jesuits and preached a redistribution of wealth in the "Wandering Jew" and the "Mysteries of Paris." The last great novel with a purpose was "Les Misérables." It is to be observed that the second Empire was at trouble, through the Censor of Plays and the Public Procurator, to keep the playwrights and novelists from holding up the mirror to its vices. Flaubert was prosecuted for publishing "Mme. Bovary." So would Zola have been also, if the Empire had lived to witness the publication of "La Curée." What has made the French novel so foul in our time was the indirect

effect on it of the revel from 1852 to 1870 of the Imperial Court and the contagion arising therefrom.

The Government of the Empire did not tolerate newspaper polemics. So editors had to find in theatrical gossip, sketches of celebrities, and interviews the wherewithal to fill their journals. An account of Baron Rothschild's kitchen was a hit. *Le Figaro* trumped it by sending to Compiègne a staff writer disguised as a valet to M. de Sacy, who had been invited by the Emperor and Empress to spend a week there. The backstair view of the Court which the sham domestic furnished sent up the circulation of the journal. *L'article d'observation* invaded and made the conquest of what used to be the leader-columns. The feuilleton had to go with the tide. Now what was there to observe which was sure to interest the public? Those who ruled France. But who could dare to write about them until they had fallen? In publishing "*La Curée*," "*Son Excellence Eugène Rougon*," and "*Nana*," Zola made the greatest hit that was ever heard of in the French book-market. Before the fall of the Empire the sale of his books was only fairly good. Not that they were inferior to those which came after in talent. "*Thérèse Raquin*" (a vile book in some pages) is almost on a line with "*Le Père Goriot*" of Balzac, in the chapters in which Nemesis overtakes the chief characters. But this novel dealt with the vices of obscure people whom Zola had observed. What the novel-reading public wanted was to be taken into the inner circle of the fallen Emperor and Empress, of which Zola knew nothing beyond the gossip that he heard at Flaubert's and the Goncourts'. This tittle tattle—all, I admit, historically useful—came from Prince Napoleon's smoking-room and the Princess Mathilde's studio. The rest was divined. Very few portraits from life could be given. The few originals were seen in the *Corps Législatif* from the gallery. To avoid actions at law, the author, like Disraeli, mingled traits of different characters in individual types. Eugène Rougon is a mixture of Speaker Schneider and M. Rouher, and Clorinde of the Empress, the Countess de Castiglione, and Mdlle. Magnan, daughter of Marshal Magnan, one of the flies embedded in the amber of "*Les Châtiments*." Zola never saw a Court ball, dinner, hunt, or christening; with accounts of which, nevertheless, whole chapters of many of his novels glitter. It is a mistake to think his realism bars him from dealing with objects he has not seen. The truth is that he is often wholly subjective under an objective mask. He sees, when he can, what he means to write of, and takes notes on the spot; and when he cannot do this, he draws freely on his imagination. Most of "*Nana*" was not "lived" by him. To obtain materials for "*Germinal*" he went into the Black Country of the Nord, as a newspaper reporter might have done, just for a few days. His realism means obedience to personal bent as opposed to arbitrary obedience to standards, and painting from Nature in preference,

when convenient, to painting *de chic*. He knew Provence as a child and lad, and the busy parts of Paris near the central market. Hence the greater value of his South of France pictures in "La Conquête de Plassans" and "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," and of that unique series of still-life studies, "Le Ventre de Paris." The utter breakdown in his mother's circumstances, just as he turned twenty, obliged him to live amid the sights and scenes of wretchedness which give the prevailing hue to "L'Assommoir." The fine landscape work in "La Terre" was due to youthful observation of the fat and flat Beauce district.

It was a part of Zola's luck to escape as a boy the prison part of the school education usually given to sons of *bourgeois* parents. His mind, until he was about ten years old, had frequent changes of diet, as will be seen hereafter; and from his ninth to his eighteenth year he enjoyed, because he was an out-door pupil, as much freedom out of class hours as if he were a mechanic's son.

The French locking-up system for boys that are being reared to take university degrees, and become professional men, functionaries, or gentlemen at large, is the source of that narrowness of mind known in France as *la bêtise bourgeoise*. The school gaol in that country is not a school for the wide world. It originated in a compromise effected by Napoleon between the cloistral schools of the religious orders and the cadets' school at Brienne. The memory for words and the French facility for coining phrases are what are best cultivated in a French high school. Boys learn how to write about nothing or no matter what. Zola had more liberty than usually falls to a schoolboy in France. But it was his misfortune to be brought up in a country in which the lewdness of the old Court had infiltrated deep down. Another of his misfortunes—if his breeding is compared to that of a British or American youth—was being shut out by French manners from the society of well-reared, modest girls, and, indeed, of all decent women but his mother and grandmother. These two ladies were "decent bodies." In Zola's fatherless boyhood they were in hard straits for money, but hopeful, the widow Zola having had a claim on the city of Aix, in Provence, for a large sum of money due to her husband, Francisco or François Zola.

To explain how the novelist came to be what he is, perhaps I should do more than allude to his parental antecedents, and his early associations and difficulties. François aforesaid was a notable man—quick, inventive, enterprising, and—owing to his wanderings in foreign lands in search of employment, as an engineer—a citizen of the world. He was an artillery officer in a Franco-Italian corps of Eugène Beauharnais. Chafing under Austrian despotism, after Venice fell to Austria, he expatriated himself, planning in Holland how to drain the Zuyder Zee; at Marseilles how to create a new and sheltered port; and at Aix, when one day he went there as a tourist, how to make a fortune

for himself and endow that town, then the driest in France, with a rain-water supply. His idea was to dam acombe at the foot of high hills on which there was a considerable rainfall, store the water there, and bring it by an aqueduct to Aix. Action followed fast on his idea, in which he so believed that he posted to Paris to obtain Thiers' patronage, and married there a dowerless country-bred girl of nineteen, named Aubert. The year following the novelist was born in the Rue St. Joseph, close to the market, in a large flat that his father hired for an office. The reservoir was not begun until 1846, and the works necessary to its completion were discontinued in the following year, in consequence of the engineer's death. He died of pleurisy, a way-farer, in a Marseilles hotel. His death is described in that most chaste of his son's works, "*Une Page d'Amour*." There had been, when this event took place, a good deal in Zola's life to force on him a lively consciousness of the outer world, he having then gone in a stage-coach to Aix, returned thence at five, and gone back at seven, to stay there, as it turned out, until he was seventeen. Zola's mother was plunged, when he was a child, from apparent opulence into poverty. She was joined at Aix by her father and mother, who realized what small property they had to come and live with her, while she was prosecuting her claim on the town—a claim from which she derived no other benefit than to be told, a few years ago, that a thoroughfare at Aix, by which the aqueduct since constructed now flows, was called Boulevard François Zola. Madame Aubert was a typical Frenchwoman. She put her shoulder to the wheel to prevent a further descent of her daughter and grandson into misery—mended, made, cooked, cleaned-up, went to market, took clothes to the laundry, and put Zola to a cheap private school when he was nine, to prepare for the lyceum, which he was to enter as a day-boy. He there learned his letters in La Fontaine's fables, and, being very much petted at home, he might play truant whenever he preferred to play in the big garden or to ramble out into the country. The grandmother was a plain-spoken, homespun person, and in herself would have been a bar to intercourse between her daughter and the genteel families of dull aristocratic Aix. No servant was kept. Emile often took turns in the domestic drudgery. This is why he is so well able to describe petty housekeeping troubles, and the sordid sides of home-life among the struggling part of the *bourgeois* class. It is a pity that he has not portrayed the cheery, brave-hearted grandmother, who was a good providence to him in childhood and adolescence.

Zola had an instinct that his real school lay out of school, as it did. However, on being placed as a day-boy in a lyceum, he turned over a new leaf and ceased to be an idler, because he did not like to afflict his mother, and he understood that there were opportunities to be won by attending to his lessons. But as

soon as he could he cut the "humanities," as Greek and Latin are called in France, to apply himself to natural history and physics, and with less ardour to mathematics. Business first and pleasure afterwards was a self-imposed rule, and he was not to be tempted aside until the tasks for the next day were got over each afternoon after he came home from school. As he advanced in his teens he used to make long excursions on foot with schoolfellows, and in bad weather to amuse himself with novel-writing—an instinctive relief to a brain wound up to the kind of ceaseless activity of which those troubled with insomnia have a hard experience. Not a little of his ever active, ever worrying cerebration is depicted in the inner torments of the orphaned Jeanne in "Une Page d'Amour." An Emilie, instead of an Emile, Zola might have been, at ten or eleven, what Jeanne is represented. The historical novel was in Zola's brain, which went a good deal by "fyttes," and his heroes were crusading knights. French boys have a precocious fondness for novels, preferring them to books of travel and adventure. Their ideas of the other sex, when without reference to mammas and grandmammas, are drawn from the novel. An English boy in holidays has his sisters and their girl companions to talk and play lawn-tennis with. He fetches and carries with alacrity for the lady-friends of his mother who may be on visits at her house. The Scotch and American lads have girl class-mates. No such opportunities are afforded to the French boy of good station, who is shut in by the manners of his nation from intercourse with girls of a desirable kind. That fearfully close borough, or burrow, *la famille*, is shut in from all outer influence. The air breathed in family life is musty and exhausted. It is taken for granted that boys and girls will go wrong unless kept under close watch and ward. There is no feeling that even in blundering they will learn a great deal that is valuable for after-life guidance. Girls long to be freed by marriage with no matter whom. Master Toto dreams of adventures *chez Tata*. Zola luckily had no chance of paying his addresses to that charmer, either at Aix or in his years of misery in Paris. But he often must have dreamt of her, and have talked of her with his schoolfellow friends, whose companionship he chose because they were something better than the others, who were a vile rabble, now looked back upon with loathing. French provincial schools are dens of immorality of a gross sort. Sons of enriched peasants, coarsely rustic and strongly animal and "naturalist" in their way of looking at life, and in their talk on country subjects, are morally the worse for being obliged from ten to eighteen to lead sedentary and confined lives. Though locked up, they are under no efficient watch. The usher, or *pion*, is pretty sure to be a poor, ambitious young man, threadbare, almost shoeless, vulgarly brought up and very dirty. He is allowed board, lodging, and the privilege of hearing the professors teach. In return, he accompanies the boys in their Thursday half-holiday walk, enforces

a sort of order in the class-room whilst they are preparing set tasks, and sleeps in the dormitory with them to prevent rough play. But the last thing he thinks of is close watchfulness. It is enough for him, his idea is, to keep down turbulence. In the recreation ground, where he is also a warder, he is busy with his own studies, and has no eyes or ears for what goes on around him. A boy must be very young indeed not to have a wide knowledge of depravity. Zola's experience is that the youthful mind is early sated with vile thoughts in provincial lyceums. There the knowledge of evil is in advance of the dawn of passion. Familiarity with vice breaks down sensitive shrinking from it in boys of delicate feeling. Oddly enough, Zola was thought at the Aix high school so refined and Parisian as to be the object on that account of rough jibes. It was well for him that he was only an out-door pupil. Some of the lads to whom he attached himself are now distinguished as authors, artists, and professional men. Still, they were boys brought within no refining or chastening discipline, and South of France boys to boot. The South of France is the country of high, gushing spirits, reckless talk, and truculent self-assertion. Zola suffered greatly from the southern manners of his classfellows. Market folks in Paris seemed to him by comparison aristocrats. The sensibilities that at first made contact with what was low and nasty painful, and at times torturingly so, gave way to callousness. Nastiness took possession of his mind. The keener the pain, the deeper and more lasting the impression. What our poet-laureate calls Zolaism became a monomania. Zola now tries to react against it, there being a reaction against his works.

Zola's mother went back to Paris when her son was seventeen. Her object was, through an old friend who had become influential, to try to get something out of the old water-works concession. Failing in this, she decided that it was better for her son to struggle in a great capital than vegetate in a dull provincial city. An old friend, a M. Labot, promised to get him a foundation scholarship at the Louis le Grand Lyceum, a high-class school with aristocratic traditions. The accent, picked up at Aix, and the South of France manner of the future novelist appeared to astonish the young gentlemen of the upper form, amongst whom he was admitted. They were sons of big persons and personages, reserved, ironical, and unpleasantly affected by their new comrade, who felt his poverty and provincialism keenly. Though more refined in speech, they were in morals no better than the young Aixois. Of many of them, as of bad pears, it might be said they were rotten before they were ripe. Mere cubs studied feuilleton novels, and were alive to the charms of fast actresses. Zola in this high school contracted the shy habit with strangers that has never left him. However, he had a grand scholastic success that helped to shape his after-life. The subject given for a class theme was blind Milton dictating to his eldest daughter while his youngest

played the lute. The paper Zola wrote is lost. But the professor of literature, a M. Lavasseur—now a member of the Institute—was delighted with it, read it to the class as something far above the other essays, and prophesied that its author, if he devoted himself to literature, would conquer celebrity. What “l’élève Zola” knew of John Milton, I cannot imagine. It would be interesting to know how he showed appreciation of the chaste and majestic Puritan poet.

The scholarship fell through ere the scholar was nineteen. After quitting Louis le Grand he tried twice, once in Paris and once at Marseilles, for a Bachelor’s degree, and was plucked. This degree, be it known, is a necessary qualification for applicants for Government offices, including telegraphic operators, or for admittance to medical and law schools. Without one, Zola was glad to find a situation at a salary of £2 a month in a ware room for the sale of goods seized at the Custom House. It was soon thrown up, because it left no room for reading in public libraries and at bookstands. The greatest luxury he could buy was a tallow candle to read by at night. For months his poverty and not his will obliged him to live in a cockloft of a disorderly house. A worse name could be given it. Paris was then being demolished to be rebuilt. Rents, always high, were forced up to incredible figures by speculators in league with the Municipal Commission to get great indemnities when streets should be run through quarters in which they bought house property. Even slums thus became too dear for persons of fairly good incomes. One large enough to afford sleeping room to four persons was beyond the reach of the Zola family group, which had therefore to scatter. Sparrows trapped on the cockloft roof were a substitute for butcher’s meat. While this poverty was being endured the fever of revelry heated the air of the capital. Mushroom fortunes were being made and spent. Rich people from all parts crowded to Paris to be amused. It seemed to the starving genius in the garret that the beast which underlies the human being was let loose. The orgie of crapulousness must have tantalized him. But a hard fate forced him to moralize. Given his Venetian blood and sensibilities, it was very good for him to be afflicted. His cockloft view of the gilded class is found in “*La Curée*,” the opening chapter of which, giving a description of the Court and Society in the Bois de Boulogne drive, ought to live for ever, though part of a work which reeks with bestiality.

Zola declares now that his lot had compensating delights. A means for cheating his misery was found in physiological study, in the works of Mlours and the discussions that went on seven-and-twenty years ago on the origin of species. He planned a poem on evolution, into which he threw himself when he felt too keenly in what hard lines he was. Dr. Boutmy, of the Academy of Medicine, was interested in his efforts. One New Year’s Day he sent for Zola,

and asked him to deliver his visiting cards, handing him twenty francs for the trouble, and giving him a word of introduction to Hachette the publisher, who wanted a clerk to register the consumption of printer's ink. The pay was £4 a month; Zola just then thought it wealth. He got at Hachette's into relations with the leading men of the literary world. In off-hours he was moved to write a work of fiction, "*La Comédie Amoureuse*," which he left on his employer's desk, hoping it would catch his eye. Hachette looked it over, and sent for the author, whom he encouraged to try again, because, though he was not yet in a way to catch the ear of the public, there was stuff in him. Moreover, he asked his clerk to find time for writing the puff advertisements of books in columns of journals farmed by the house; wages were £8 a month, to be brought up soon to £12. Was it also possible to write a story for a child's magazine? Of course it was. "*La Sœur des Pauvres*," also a cock-loft view of modern Babylon, was written, and found too incendiary for infantile minds. It was accepted a little later by Hetzel as one of "*Les Contes de Ninon*."

The quantity of hack work done for newspapers by Zola was very great, when once the advertisement writing brought him into the newspaper sphere. Learning methodic habits as a clerk, he got easily through mere drudgery, and sat up late at night to give off what filled his mind. The habit of writing works of fiction at night became so strong that, when he wanted to write them in the daytime, he had to close the shutters and place a lighted candle on his desk.

The poem on evolution, and the studies to which it led, were a schooling for the Rougon Macquart series, the idea of which, in a way, was derived from Balzac's method of making each novel a part of a great whole. It was also conceived with a business object. The sketch of the series might be a tangible basis for a contract with a publisher. It answered as such.

Zola went to the full extent of his means, as soon as he could, to create a home for his mother and grandparents. He then brought a wife into the family circle with their approval, and became the most stay-at-home *bourgeois* in Paris. His Thursday evenings grew to be a club of old Aix friends and realist disciples. Zola likes to alternate his subjects, but not his mental diet. There is nothing healthier for a writer than to get away pretty often from an admiring set, and to have long spells of holiday from books and pen-work in a shut-in study. This particular author knows little of the wide, wide world, and does not care to know more. However, he has had profitable contact with Russia, as a contributor to a magazine which was in the new literary Russian current, and with Tourguénief who was closely realist and naturalist, but bred a gentleman, and with no extraordinary revelation of the cloven foot under the civilized man's shoe.

Most Frenchmen who have been eminently successful in art or

literature become the popes of small circles of admirers who close round them. Victor Hugo was a very noble and lovable pope, and though he had a narrow inner circle, he had an outer one representing all civilized peoples and tongues. One entered his presence as one went into a church. Michelet did not mean to be a pope, but his wife insisted on all who approached him acting as though he were. He, too, was noble and lovable, and, unlike Victor Hugo, did not posture, but was rather as a burning bush, from which divine thoughts—expressed with inimitable eloquence—proceeded. He lighted up in the presence of visitors, and became an inspired prophet. The man had so much heart and simplicity of nature that his situation of pope did not spoil his mind. Zola has been king of his little company ever since he began at Hachette's to write for the press. He was found out there by old Aix school boys, one of whom was a painter, another an engineer, another a law student, like many more thinking how to burn the Seine with works of fiction and newspaper articles. They all admitted his superiority of talent, and he and they formed a *cénacle* of their own. All, of course, as they wanted to be rich, and saw that the unveiling of the cloven foot, when it was done with talent, was a mine of wealth, encouraged each other to work this vein, and to go on commanding the market by startling effects of obscenity. Maupassant has distanced Zola, who has not the clear, quick, sharp, and graphic touch of this disciple. "Les Soirées de Médan" were a series of unclean tales read by members of the *cénacle* in the study of the master. But, on the whole, this school is less depraving than the poisonous confectionery of Arsène Houssaye and Théophile Gautier. Nana and Boule de Suie are not enchantresses. Nana is distinctly and logically the scourge of a muck-rake, heartless, and pleasure-loving society in which there is no high sense of duty to keep down septic rottenness. The awful poverty of Zola brought home to him awful lessons, which he cannot help inculcating, though the last man in the world to write with a moral purpose.

But I repeat that what good he does is done in a bad way. In England and the United States, freedom and individual responsibility being the rule from infancy to old age, Médan literature would be disastrous. The best protector of youth from those vices which cause immediate degeneration is modest feeling and the instinctive shrinking from what is lewd. How can we expect the young to escape from spring blight if that beautiful and natural guard against them, the sense which calls the mantling blush to the cheek, is broken down by literature that is wantonly prurient?

EMILY CRAWFORD.

COMPULSORY VACCINATION.

THE new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has certainly not been unreasonably long in passing through the press; yet the interval between the letters S and V will perhaps hereafter be regarded as marking a period of crisis in authoritative opinion on the subject of compulsory vaccination. For, in the article on Small-pox, by Dr. J. O. Affleck, readers who want to know what is the best protection against the disease are told to look out for the forthcoming article on Vaccination. "The most important of all conditions tending to affect the mortality from small-pox, alike in the individual and the community, is the protection afforded by vaccination (*q.v.*)."

Obedient to the direction given us in the concluding italic letters, we open our final volume at the promised article, when, lo! a surprise awaits us such as few have known since Balak the son of Zippor. Only, the cause of the surprise is the reverse of Balaam's case. For the prophet to whom we were referred was expected to bless; and if he does not exactly curse altogether, he certainly "damns with faint praise." For, so far as we can gather, the only substantial change apparently wrought by vaccination is a certain transfer of mortality from infants to adults; though whether even this may safely be attributed to the prophylactic we are not distinctly told. Thus the author confirms Dr. McVail, whose tables show that, while fewer infants die of small-pox than formerly, more adults are killed by it.* But then this is almost the only point on which he confirms Dr. McVail; and his differences from that recent authority are not a little startling. In fact, this remarkable article must surely necessitate a reconsideration of the existing compulsory law.

* McVail's "Vaccination Vindicated," Table I. p. 15.

The author is Dr. Charles Creighton, already well known as a medical writer of high authority; and the article in question is in part an epitome of a work published in 1887 by the same author on "Cow-pox and Vaccinal Syphilis." Dr. Creighton states at the outset very frankly that the opinions he advances are not to be regarded as the judgment of the medical faculty generally. They are rather his own individual conclusions, based on special observation and research. But the fact of his selection to treat this subject in the standard *Encyclopædia* of the age is in itself an indication of relaxation and decay in the dogmatic authority of the Jennerian creed; and the names of Garth Wilkinson, W. J. Collins, H. Oidtmann, A. Vogt, and fifty others are sufficient to show that he is by no means solitary or eccentric in his sceptical attitude. Let it be acknowledged at once that Dr. Creighton does not distinctly deny all value to vaccination; nor, on the other hand, does he distinctly assert it. His argument and statements are throughout characterized by scientific caution. But they are all the more impressive on that account; and he says quite enough to throw very grave doubt indeed on both the justice and expediency of compulsion. His conclusions may be summed up in the twofold judgment, that the dangers of vaccination have been much underrated, and its advantages greatly exaggerated. It is safe to predict that, if this judgment should be sustained on further inquiry, the abolition of compulsion must immediately follow.

"When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" Certainly not the present writer. I make no such preposterous pretension. But there are two questions before us in this case—the one that of medical science, the other that of compulsory law. And a confession of incompetence to decide the former does not necessarily involve a surrender of all right to an opinion on the latter. To clear up this point it may be desirable to say a few words on the relation of medical authority to legislation.

Medical men form a kind of priesthood, and are the objects of very much the same sort of sentiment. They know a thing or two which the uninitiated cannot know. They have, in many cases, the secret of deliverance from pain and death. They can give orders which must be obeyed, because they are sustained by the most effective of lower sanctions, vague terror. Their skill and sympathy are blessings priceless in our hours of utmost need; and our gratitude readily extends the scope of their just and reasonable influence. Confidence in such a case begets intimacy, and intimacy increases dependence. An admiring invalid would make his doctor dictator, at least in all matters of public health. In this relation between physicians and patients there is much that is admirable. At all events, it is a better form of priestcraft than that which enslaves the soul by supernatural terrors. But it has its dangers nevertheless. The Lady Bountiful, whose own child has benefited by a prescription or direction of her fashionable physi-

cian, is too much disposed to enforce the same prescription or direction on the babes of the poor as a condition of her favour. And the same principle carried into politics sometimes endorses the decrees of doctors as the law of the land.

And why not? it may be asked. If it is a sound principle that the wise should rule, surely the medical faculty ought to be supreme in sanitary politics. Yes; but under the reign of democracy the wise should only rule by persuading the majority, and a wise majority will put limits even to its own supremacy. In other words, medical authority should govern by consent, and its forcible imposition on a recalcitrant minority can only be justified by proof positive of absolute public need. I acknowledge that it is not easy to define clearly the limits imposed by such considerations on the political power of medical authority. But perhaps it will be generally agreed that, in order to justify the enforcement of a medical prescription by fine and imprisonment, the following conditions ought to be fulfilled. First, there ought to be no conspicuous differences of authoritative opinion as to the grounds of the enactment and its practical effect. Secondly, it ought to be clearly proved to the satisfaction, not merely of experts, but of ordinary common-sense, that a serious public evil can be averted in the way suggested, *and in no other*. Thirdly, the law should command such a preponderance of assent that its enforcement causes no considerable irritation. Fourthly, no reasonable cause of offence should be given to the individual conscience. And in the fifth place, there should be no invasion of inalienable personal responsibilities. Let it be remembered that the question in hand is not one merely of sanitary regulations about things external. We need not be so particular before we force our negligent neighbours to remove germiniferous dunghills, and to get rid of their sewage without offending our noses. But it is a very different thing to force a drug down their throats, or to insist on their undergoing a surgical operation. The fact that the operation is legally prescribed for their infant children, and not for themselves, only makes the case more delicate. For to the personal honour which would resist any legal intrusion on one's own bodily organism there is here added parental responsibility and tenderness. So far as I remember, compulsory vaccination is, with the single exception of the Mosaic rite, the only case of a surgical operation enforced by law among people claiming to be civilized. I do not for a moment say that this is conclusive against it. But I do contend that its very exceptional character requires extraordinary justification. Therefore, I regard the above conditions as not a bit too rigorous.

The solitary peculiarity of the case might well excuse me from attempting to illustrate the justice of those conditions by parallel instances. But I will not shirk any reasonable test. The nearest case is that of the late Contagious Diseases Acts, which forced medical examination and treatment on certain persons. Here there was no

doubt about the existence of a great public evil. To a certain extent the first of the above conditions was fulfilled; for there was an enormous preponderance of medical opinion in favour of the defunct law. Still, there were notorious differences amongst experts as to the practical effect of the law. The second condition was more obviously lacking; for ordinary common sense could not be convinced that the only way of preventing the evil was to confine penalties to women. I pass over the third condition and the fourth, because I do not know that within the limited area of garrison towns or in India there was any insuperable difficulty occasioned, by sentiment or by conscience. But what killed the thing was its glaring inconsistency with my fifth above condition. There was a most shameless invasion of inalienable human responsibilities and sacred rights.

The only other case of sanitary law which can be used as a test is the compulsory notification of infectious diseases. This, at present, exists only in certain towns by virtue of local bye-laws. But the compulsion is there, and whether that be imperial or local makes no difference to the principle. Now it may be said that in this case my first condition is not complied with, because there are notoriously differences amongst medical men as to the expediency of such a law. But I believe it will be found that those who object do so out of consideration for private families, rather than for the public interest. They do not like to be obliged to report small-pox or scarlatina when such diseases attack a highly respectable house. But I fancy they recognize the enormous advantage of such a practice in poor and crowded districts. If so, this ranges their authority on the side of the principle. And if the susceptibilities of superfine people were out of the question, there would be no conspicuous differences of authoritative opinion. That the second and third conditions are fulfilled I have no doubt. The mischief done by unsuspected centres of infection is too obvious for dispute, nor can there be any other effective remedy than compulsory notification to sanitary authorities. The experience of Leicester and other towns shows the benefit to be so much appreciated by the community that the law is easily enforced. It cannot be pretended that any offence is caused to individual consciences; and surely no one can urge that there is any inalienable responsibility involved in the claim to cherish in secrecy a disease like small-pox. I think, therefore, that in this instance the five conditions are fulfilled, and that we are quite justified in giving to a medical regulation the force of law.

Let us now inquire how far the above conditions are fulfilled in the case of compulsory vaccination. And, first, can it be any longer alleged that there is no conspicuous conflict of authority as to the grounds of the law and its practical effect? The article by Dr. Creighton in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*" has not only the weight of his name, which even his adverse critic in the *Lancet* acknowledges

to be great. It derives importance also from the authorities whom he quotes; authorities who, though in favour of vaccination, make admissions wholly inconsistent with the assumptions on which legislation was founded. It used to be assumed that the effect of vaccination was certain, and its dangers infinitesimal. Dr. Creighton gives formidable facts to shake the former assumption, and some terrible figures which altogether overthrow the latter. What must be the effect on the tens of thousands of parents who are already alarmed about the risks of vaccination? It used to be assumed that small-pox has advanced or retreated precisely in an inverse ratio to the extension of vaccination. Dr. Wallace had already exposed the falsehood of this, and Dr. McVail has not succeeded in refuting him. But Dr. Creighton shows that the disease has behaved precisely like other foreign pestilences, advancing by leaps and bounds wherever congested populations lived in filth, exhausting itself by its own virulence, and gradually yielding to changed conditions. Amongst those conditions the prevalence of vaccination is shown to count for little or nothing. The disease, we are told, first assumed alarming proportions in Western Europe during the sixteenth century; but it delayed any serious invasion of England till the seventeenth, when it wrought great ravages. There was a remission of its virulence in the eighteenth century until the latter half, when the practice of inoculation, for a time as firmly believed in as vaccination in the present century, revived its power. During the early years of the nineteenth century there was a marked remission of its intensity. This is sometimes hastily attributed to incipient vaccination. Dr. Creighton, however, thinks that it is more reasonably accounted for by the abandonment of inoculation. And, indeed, when we reflect that even in Sheffield, where fully 95 per cent. of the population are vaccinated, the recent terrible plague of small-pox is desperately explained by the failure of the vaccination officers to reach the residual 5 per cent., it does seem very arbitrary to suppose that small-pox was arrested at the beginning of the century by the vaccination of only twenty or twenty-five per cent.

Coming down to the period of compulsory vaccination, Dr. Creighton puts before us some tables of figures compiled from the annual reports of the Registrar-General. The third of these tables gives the total deaths from small-pox each year from 1847 to 1884. Thus we are able to note the mortality before 1853, when the first compulsory law was passed, and to compare it with that of succeeding years. Now, surely if compulsion has the value attributed, it must prove its worth by diminishing the number of deaths from this disease, and also the severity of periodical epidemics. The law was reinforced in 1867, with results of much suffering to many conscientious parents, as I shall presently show. Here, again, if compulsion is worth its cost—its moral cost, I mean—we ought to see a very marked diminution of deaths following its enactment and enforcement.

Surely it is not any slight decrease in the ratio of deaths to an increasing population that should satisfy us. For, in the first place, no one denies that sanitary reforms affect the disease; and, in the next place, we have a right to demand an overwhelming justification for interference with parental responsibility in such a matter. I put in this *caveat*, because I do not think it necessary to wrangle over the fractional differences between one manipulator of figures and another. We have a right to require proof of some gain commensurate with the moral disturbance and mental suffering caused—as I shall afterwards show—by compulsion. Now, if Dr. Creighton is right, and of that any one may judge by comparing his figures with the official reports from which he gathers them, we are very far indeed from having any such overwhelming justification as we require. I put before readers

Deaths from Small-pox in England and Wales from 1847 to 1884.

Year.	Deaths.	Year.	Deaths.	Year.	Deaths.	Year.	Deaths.
1847	4227	1857	8936	1867	2513	1877	4278
1848	6903	1858	6460	1868	2052	1878	1856
1849	4644	1859	8848	1869	1565	1879	536
1850	4665	1860	2749	1870	2620	1880	648
1851	6997	1861	1320	1871	23126	1881	3098
1852	7320	1862	1628	1872	19094	1882	1917
1853	3151	1863	5964	1873	2364	1883	957
1854	2808	1864	7664	1874	2162	1884	2234
1855	2525	1865	6411	1875	950		
1856	2227	1866	8029	1876	2408		

the death statistics given in the "Encyclopædia." I confidently ask my candid reader whether these figures look as if any patent method had been discovered for suppressing the disease. True, they may be said to compare favourably with traditions of its activity previous to this century. But even this cannot be alleged of the terrible visitation in 1871-2. And this occurred within four years of the severe law of 1867, which was intended to secure a thoroughly vaccinated nation. When to this we add that the last thirty years have seen a marvellous progress in sanitation, it must, I think, be acknowledged that there is no diminution which is not more than explained by other causes than vaccination. The recent epidemic in Sheffield and elsewhere, if the figures were added, would make the case still stronger.

I take the liberty of quoting at some length the comment made by Dr. Creighton.

"After every epidemic outburst the disease declines and sometimes looks as if it were about to die out altogether. The alarm attending each severe epidemic has induced the legislature to make the vaccination law more stringent, and vaccinators to insert more of the virus, so that the periodic

subsidence has corresponded to, and *has seemed to be owing to,** the better enforcement of the practice; but there have always been alternating periods of quiescence and exaggeration irrespective of any prophylactic; moreover, small-pox being a foreign contagious disease, lurking in congenial haunts, it would be quite according to precedent that it should one day cease absolutely in a community where sanitary progress had advanced so far as to take the ground from under the feet of the pestilence. Such absolute cessation would have no more necessary connection with almost universal vaccination than the alternating quiescence and recrudescence of epidemics have been connected with each new Act of Parliament. The epidemic of 1871-2 was one of the worst in the whole history of European small-pox, and it may be that it was one of the last flickers of a slowly expiring flame. The universal practice of cow-poxing, however, is based upon the assumption that this contagious skin disease, imported from the tropics, is a thing that Europe must reckon with for an indefinite time. On the other hand, the teaching of epidemiology is that a foreign pestilence never stays unless it finds quarters suited to its existence, and that it may even take its departure capriciously, as in the case of the Plague, after it has had a certain career, or on being displaced by some congener such as typhus."

If, then, one of the main grounds for legislation was a belief that compulsory vaccination would largely diminish the death-rate from small-pox, and would lessen the violence of occasional epidemics, we find that, in the judgment of a high medical authority, resting on undeniable facts, that ground of legislation was entirely fallacious. It will not do to say that this is an isolated judgment. The figures speak for themselves, and every one must have had opportunities of noting the marked difference of tone taken in late years by many young and rising physicians in speaking of this subject. It is not too much to say that, if there had been as much hesitancy amongst medical men thirty-five years ago, no compulsory law could ever have been passed. But is not that a reason for repeal? It does seem rather hard that a conscientious parent should have his goods distrained, or be sent to prison, only because he prefers the opinion of Dr. Creighton or Dr. Collins to that of Sir Lyon Playfair.

It is often said that, though vaccination has not fulfilled expectation in preventing epidemics, yet it has certainly lessened the proportion of deaths to cases of disease. My point of view does not require me to discuss this at any length. Because, even if it were true, it would be no sufficient reason for interfering with the rights and responsibilities of parents. Medical authorities are, I suppose, unanimous in the opinion that much disease and many deaths are caused by the stupid folly of parents in shutting and muffling bedroom windows at night. But no one supposes that this would justify us in sending policemen round to see that bedroom windows are kept open. The pernicious habit of giving babies a bite or sup of everything that parents consider dainties undoubtedly causes many deaths. But so far are we from making such a practice penal, that even poisoning

* These italics are, of course, not Dr. Creighton's, but mine. The black figures, however, in the preceding table, marking recurrent epidemics, represent the Doctor's italics.

with gin escapes punishment. The drunken mother may do that with impunity; but her careful and respectable neighbour, who refuses to have a child vaccinated, is fined, or legally plundered, or even imprisoned. Undoubtedly, however, the case becomes worse if Dr. Creighton is right. For he throws grave doubt on the alleged diminution in the proportion of deaths to cases of disease.

In the first place he maintains, in common, I believe, with the most authoritative medical statisticians, that the rate of mortality in times before vaccination was 18·8 per cent. of the victims attacked. He then shows that in 1870 English and American hospitals lost 18·5 per cent. of their cases—a merely fractional diminution, which is much less than might have been expected from modern improvements in medicine and nursing. But, it will be said, this lumps together the vaccinated and the unvaccinated. Yes, of course it does. If vaccination has lessened the proportion of deaths amongst the vaccinated, who are a large majority of the populations concerned, it must have lessened the proportion over the whole, or else the mortality in the small minority must have enormously increased. But the latter alternative is absurd. For no one pretends that the unvaccinated are any worse off now than they were before Jenner's time. The custom is, however, to insist on a very fallacious test, by marking off the deaths as those of the vaccinated on the one hand and the unvaccinated on the other. I call it fallacious, simply because the two categories never make up the total number of deaths. There is always, at least in England, a third category of the "unknown," or "not stated;" and this third category is so numerous that it dominates the issue. For example, the total deaths in 1884, the case quoted by Dr. Creighton, were 2234; and of these the vaccinated are given as only 493, while the unvaccinated are 595. But $493 + 595 = 1088$. Where are the remaining 1146? They are in the column of the "not stated." It is obvious that in such figures there are no materials for any inference whatever. And unfortunately the case is common. It should be noted also that the 595 unvaccinated cases include 118 infants under one year. But, says Dr. Creighton, "the official figures for Bavaria in 1871 are more precise: among the 29,429 cases of small-pox in vaccinated persons there were 3994 deaths, while among 1313 unvaccinated there were 790 deaths." The latter proportion is no doubt very terrible. But, then, of the 790 no less than 748 were infants in their first year. The presumption certainly is that they were too young or too delicate to be vaccinated. And in either case no inference can safely be drawn from the incapacity of so tender an age to resist small-pox.*

* If we may suppose that nearly all the infants attacked succumbed—and the figures certainly suggest it—the mortality among the remaining unvaccinated cases, over one year, would be remarkably light, viz., 57 out of about 570, or only 10 per cent. While on this subject of the mortality among the "unvaccinated" category, I may mention a singular experience of my own. Two of my children, twins, had for more than a

The advice to supplement by revaccination the confessedly disappointing results of infant vaccination scarcely comes within the scope of my present criticism. Dr. Creighton gives some striking facts to show the ineffectiveness of this supplemental remedy, but I need not mention them. I have not the slightest objection to allow all who like it to have themselves revaccinated annually, or even oftener. I only protest against their forcing on recalcitrant parents an operation which this very practice of revaccination presumes to be futile. The only justification for coercing parents would be that a rigorous compulsion in the case of infants would effectually protect the community. The admission that revaccination is necessary at twelve or fourteen knocks the bottom out of that argument. According to the new theory, a boy or girl not revaccinated at fourteen years may be as dangerous to the community as an unvaccinated baby at fourteen months. But the law, with fatuous inconsistency, interferes with the parental conscience at the child's earlier age, when both the weakness and wonder of babyhood appeal most tenderly to the heart; while at the period of adolescence, when a sturdy boy or girl might better bear the risk, the law leaves parental judgment free. A few doctors, as little acquainted with the constitutions of Englishmen as with the Constitution of England, retort that the true remedy is to make revaccination compulsory also. But the suggestion needs only two words of comment—try it!

I think I have now sufficiently tested the expediency of compulsory vaccination by the first of the conditions above laid down for the enactment of a penal law by medical authority. Whatever may have been the case twenty years ago, it is impossible any longer to ignore the existence of "conspicuous differences of authoritative opinion as to the grounds of the enactment and its practical effect." Whatever else may happen when doctors disagree, certainly penal laws enacted on the assumption of their practical unanimity will have to be repealed. A special subject of conspicuous difference is that of the dangers contingent on vaccination. But it will be more convenient to treat this at another point of my argument, when I come to deal with parental responsibilities and rights. I pass on now to the second of the conditions I have assumed, as necessary to justify the penal enforcement of a surgical operation.

"It ought to be clearly proved, to the satisfaction, not merely of experts, but of ordinary common-sense, that a serious public evil can be averted in the way suggested, *and in no other.*"

year so precarious a hold on life that they were medically pronounced unfit to be vaccinated. If they had died then of the disease, they would have helped to swell the statistics of "unvaccinated" victims. However, the time came when they were thought strong enough to encounter the risk of the operation. And with a very odd result. *For they both of them broke out with an eruption which the doctor attending them declared to be veritable small-pox.* If to this I add that, though well vaccinated myself, and bearing the marks of it to this day, I have had small-pox twice—first slightly at sixteen, and then at thirty-two, in the confluent form, and nearly fatal in its violence—it will be admitted that I have some excuse for utterance on the question.

I confine myself to the words in *italics*, because the conditions necessarily overlap to some extent, and I have already shown that, so far from ordinary common-sense being perfectly satisfied, not even experts are agreed. But if experience shows that there is an alternative method of averting the evil, the case against the penal law is much strengthened. Now, I claim that the experience of the town of Leicester deserves more attention than it has hitherto received from the Government or the public. And in urging this claim I will put my argument into the form of a narrative, which any one may verify by communication with the municipal authorities.

In 1872 Leicester was invaded by the epidemic of small-pox which had swept the country during the preceding year, and was then beginning to subside. The town was at that time as well vaccinated as any district in England. Out of the whole 4446 children born in 1871, only fifteen were reported as unvaccinated and unaccounted for under the usual headings of dead, unsusceptible, postponed or removed. In all of these fifteen cases the parents were summoned. It cannot, therefore, be said that at this date Leicester was neglectful of vaccination. Neither had the town previously shown any marked antipathy to the law. The figures were undoubtedly higher in 1871 and 1872 than in previous years, because of the scare occasioned by the epidemic. But that was the case all over the country; and in no respect, down to that time, could the position of Leicester be regarded as exceptional. The effect in the former year appeared satisfactory. For, while the total number of deaths from small-pox recorded by the Registrar-General in that year reached the terrible figure of 23,126, the loss that fell to Leicester was only 12. The population at that time was over 100,000;* so that the inhabitants were able to congratulate themselves on what appeared to be a happy escape.

But the following year had a much darker record. In 1872 the vaccination statistics were, if possible, even more satisfactory from the orthodox point of view than in 1871. But the number of deaths from small-pox suddenly rose to 846. There is so much ignorance and misrepresentation as to the experience of Leicester, that, at the cost of reiteration, I must request readers to observe that this terrible visitation came upon a thoroughly well-vaccinated town. It is not true that the Leicester people have, in their action on this question, presumed upon an accidental immunity. On the contrary, their revolt against compulsion is clearly traceable to their experience of the insufficiency of this boasted prophylactic in the terrible pestilence of 1872.

During the distress and panic that immediately followed there was little likelihood of calm reflection; and in the following year, 1873, the number of vaccinations reached even a slightly higher figure than in the two previous years. But from that time they began steadily to decline, until, in the year 1887, the latest for which it is possible

* It is now not far from 145,000.

yet to get the figures, there were only 322 vaccinations to 4693 registered births, and of these only 164 were done by public vaccinators. As to the results of this peaceful rebellion I will speak presently. I am concerned now with its origin and progress. The small-pox fatalities in 1873 suddenly dropped to two. But a considerable number of Leicester people felt that it was an insult to their common-sense to tell them that this was due to a cause present in a practically equal degree during the pestilence, and also before. I cannot guarantee that they were all students of Mill's "Logic," but I presume their natural faculty unconsciously divined the doctrine of "concomitant variations." They had been told that small-pox rose and fell in inverse proportion to the prevalence of vaccination. But facts staring them in the face within their own immediate world flatly contradicted this teaching. Not only had the rite been practised before and during the pestilence more diligently than ever, and obviously in vain, but within the narrower circles of neighbourhood and friendship they observed that the plague mocked at the medical dogma. The destroying angel paid no heed to blood sprinkled on the threshold, but entered and smote and slew regardless of prophecy.

Meanwhile the municipal authorities were not idle. Roused by the threats of pestilence in 1871, they examined rigorously the sanitary condition of the town. They entered on a crusade against cess-pools, open drains, and badly constructed sewers. In 1870 they had issued only 495 "sanitary orders;" but in 1871 they issued 2241, and their able officer of health, Dr. William Johnston, took care that these orders should be obeyed. The same zeal was shown in the succeeding year, and has been continued to the present day. In one or two years the number of sanitary orders issued was over 9000, with the result that in 1887 Leicester stood fifth among large towns in order of health, being slightly better than London, and very much better than Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Blackburn, or Preston. The site of the town, and the nature of the ground in its lower parts, offers special difficulties in the way of drainage. But the corporation has spared neither labour nor expense in overcoming them; and if only its special plague of infantile diarrhoea could be cured, on which subject the Government obstinately holds back a report promised some years ago, it would stand much better in the roll of health than even the very respectable position it holds now.

But the municipal authorities did not confine themselves to sanitary orders. In the teeth of some strong opposition from the medical faculty, they obtained power to compel the immediate notification of infectious diseases. It is to this, even more than to the vigorous sanitation of the town, that its long immunity from epidemic small-pox has been due. As soon as a case of the disease occurs, the medical officer of health hears of it at once, and takes measures accord-

ingly.* The house is isolated. If the neighbourhood is crowded and poor the patient is removed to the Fever Hospital, outside the borough. No only so, but every inmate of the house is put into quarantine. There is no compulsory bye-law for this, but tact and liberality usually overcome all difficulties. The premises and furniture are then disinfected by approved processes, and when the inmates come back they find their home in a much better state than when they left it.

It has been alleged in depreciation of "the Leicester experiment," that in such cases the members of the household are *always* vaccinated or revaccinated as the case may be. That is not accurate. The real fact is that the able officer of health, being himself a believer in the value of the operation, naturally persuades as many as he can to undergo it. In what proportion of cases he succeeds I do not know, nor do I care; because my point all through is *not* that vaccination is of no use, though I am rapidly approaching that conclusion myself, but that *compulsion* is unjustified by experience. I am adducing Leicester as a place where a better alternative has been found. The fact that the medical officer persuades, as he is perfectly justified in doing, a certain number of anxious and infected people to be vaccinated, is no answer to the patent fact that there is no compulsion in Leicester, and that the small-pox never spreads.

Again, we are often told that the immunity of the town is an anomaly which cannot last, and that when infection comes the people will be "decimated." Well, but infection has come again and again. During nine years there were twenty-four attempted invasions by the disease; but in every one of them the infection was stamped out. In 1887 infection was traced to the almost perfectly vaccinated town of Sheffield. That place was swept by the plague, which was only exhausted by its own violence. But on reaching the borders of Leicester the infection was isolated. All who had come into contact with it before notification went into quarantine; and not another soul caught it. I append some remarks in the latest report of Dr. Tomkins, whose personal prejudices, if he has any, are rather in favour of compulsory vaccination:—

"To those who have carefully watched these sporadic cases, cropping up in various parts of the town, and the means adopted to arrest their spread, it is self-evident that prompt notification, and removal of the patients and infected persons from the midst of the community, have been our mainstay against the extension of this most infectious disorder; and no small credit is due to the inspectors, and, especially to Inspector Braley, for his energy and aptitude in following up and discovering every person known to have been exposed to the infection of any of the above cases, and for the vigilant watch kept over those who were suspectedly infected. Had any such efficient system been in force at Sheffield, it need not have been to-day suffering from a widespread epidemic, which has got beyond all control."

* To prevent misunderstanding, it should be stated that the present officer of health, Dr. Henry Tomkins, is, like his predecessor, an advocate of vaccination, but most loyally carries out the system adopted by local opinion.

After this, I would ask, is there any wonder that resistance to compulsion has become the rule in Leicester? Going back to the year, 1872, the people found that a disease which could not be charmed away by vaccination appeared to retreat before sanitation, and to be absolutely mastered by isolation and quarantine. They therefore became increasingly susceptible to the anxiety caused by certain concomitant if not consequential evils that they observed in some vaccinated children. They began to argue that, if they could be safe without it, the risk was really a "tempting of Providence." The abstentions multiplied. Then came prosecutions, accompanied by all the usual magisterial eloquence about "law and order." In the three years ending in 1886 there were 2600 prosecutions; 101 houses were sold up for non-payment of fines; and twenty-six parents were imprisoned with all the indignities usually inflicted on common criminals. Rigour and vigour was the order of the day. It is the common mistake of martinets to suppose that the same force which will repress overt vice will also suppress conscientious determination. But "force was no remedy" in Leicester any more than in Ireland. Persecution made heroes, and heroes made converts. At length, in 1886, a board of guardians was elected, who, by a majority of twenty-seven against eight, refused to institute any more prosecutions. And thus Leicester has achieved "home rule" in regard to compulsory vaccination. Whether the Local Government Board could force the guardians to prosecute I do not know; but I think they are very wise not to try.

I urge, then, that the enforcement of the medical decree by Act of Parliament does not comply with my second condition. That there is a great evil to be guarded against no one disputes. But it is not true that there is only one method of meeting it. The example of Leicester is not isolated. If I were as familiar with Keighley, Dewsbury, and other non-vaccinating towns as I am with Leicester, I have no doubt that their experience might be made equally striking. This, at any rate, is notorious, that the recent epidemic which ravaged Sheffield, and attacked both Bradford and Leeds, did not touch the two towns I have named.

The third condition above suggested, as necessary to justify the penal enforcement of a surgical operation, is such a preponderance of assent on the part of the community as will enable the law to operate without any considerable irritation. On this point I must be very brief. The violent coercion of a minority by a majority, though sometimes necessary, is occasionally dangerous, and always disagreeable. The question whether the risk and the friction should be encountered will generally depend on two elements of consideration; the pressure of necessity, and the extent and nature of the opposition. These two factors are variable, and the calculation must depend upon both. When the pressure of necessity is overwhelming, a courageous statesman will

not nicely calculate the extent of opposition. But the variation is generally reciprocal and inverse. Necessity varies through many degrees of pressure, and then shades off into probable expediency. In this descending scale the extent and nature of opposition becomes a more and more important factor. Thus, an Italian statesman may show not only courage but prudence in putting down brigandage in a district, though its lawlessness may require him to line the roads with sentry-boxes and military pickets. And an English statesman may show not only prudence but courage in suspending, and then repealing, the Contagious Diseases Acts, although the opposition may be flouted as only sectional and fanatic.

As a general rule it will be found that in proportion as a law is obviously essential to the common safety, opposition to it dies away, or is found only amongst the vicious and criminal. So in proportion as an alleged necessity sinks to probable or possible expediency, the opposition, always excited by interference with personal freedom, increases both in extent and intensity, until the law ceases to be worth its moral cost. Compulsory education is justified by an overwhelming necessity, and facilitated by a very great preponderance of assent. Yet if it were to be generally enforced with anything like the cruel rigour shown by vaccination fanatics on some benches of magistrates, it would hardly survive another Parliamentary session. Now I urge that the alleged pressure of necessity in the case of compulsory vaccination cannot, in the light of recent admissions, be possibly put higher than probable or even possible expediency. On the other hand, the opposition to it has grown enormously, and its nature is best described as conscientious nonconformity. In the nine important towns of Leicester, Dewsbury, Keighley, Oldham, Falmouth, Gloucester, Eastbourne, Blackburn, and Chesterfield the law is a dead letter. Where is the consistency or justice of allowing prosecution and persecution to depend on a chance majority in a body elected for a very different purpose, the board of guardians?

Finally; so far as this point is concerned, the theory of vaccination has this peculiarity, that the more firmly it is established the less justification does it afford for the plea that compulsion is essential to public safety. For the theory is that vaccination protects against infection. Very well; if that is so, then every man has the opportunity of protecting himself and his children against the neglect of his neighbours. What justification has any one in that case for coercing his neighbours to adopt his theory? If it is said that his neighbour's children may catch the disease and then convey it to a well-vaccinated house, that is a surrender of the claim that vaccination neutralizes infection. With what face, then, can a majority, who themselves do not believe that vaccination effectively protects them, enforce it on a minority who insist that it poisons and kills? Of two things one: either vaccination is an effectual

protection to individuals and families, in which case the vaccinated are not endangered by the unvaccinated; or else it is *not* an effectual protection, and in that case the claim that it is a national necessity is absurd.

The last two conditions of medical legislation are closely associated, and may be treated together. "No reasonable cause of offence should be given to the individual conscience." Here everything turns on the interpretation of the word "reasonable." I shall maintain that a legal order for a surgical operation on the body of a child, enforced by penalties on an objecting parent, *is* a reasonable cause of such offence. It may be said that the State assumes the responsibility, and thus relieves the conscience of the parent. Therefore, I add my fifth condition, which is, that "there should be no invasion of inalienable responsibilities." We are sometimes told that to talk of inalienable rights is to talk nonsense. Perhaps so. But at least there *are* inalienable responsibilities, in this sense—that though the decision as to the best mode of fulfilling them may be delegated, the very act of delegation is a supreme exercise of that responsibility, which thus remains indefeasible. A poor man with a large family may think that he best serves the interest of a supernumerary infant by allowing a benevolent and wealthy lady to adopt it as her own. But though the natural father may thus delegate parental authority, it is a supreme exercise of responsibility to do so. And if he carelessly makes his child a slave or a toy thereby, his conscience, supposing him to have one, is sure to reproach him. The sense of falsehood & duty will follow him through life. In this sense his responsibility is inalienable.

It will be best to anticipate at once a retort that is sure to occur to ingenious, if not ingenuous, readers, who foresee the application of the argument. "What about the 'Peculiar People'?" they will ask. "Do we allow that their responsibility for their children is inalienable? If, through obstinate superstition, they refuse to get doctors and medicine for their dying children, do we not drag them into the police-court?" Yes, *if the children die*, we do; though my impression is that the proceedings generally end in a theological argument with the learned magistrate, followed by an expostulation and a warning. The proceedings are taken, not to alienate the parent's responsibility, but to punish him for a neglect of it, which neglect is held to be proved criminal by the death following. To make the vaccination law even plausibly analogous, it should leave parents to their own course, and only punish them if their unvaccinated children take small-pox. Again, we may be pointed to compulsory education, and asked if this does not compel the parent to alienate his responsibility. No; it does not. Conscience plays some very odd tricks; but it never yet moved a man to say, "I consider it my duty to bring up my child in brutal ignorance." Where conscience and inalienable responsibility come in, is in the choice of the mode of education; and

here' the administration of the law is very tender.' No one is ever ordered by a police magistrate to adopt one mode of education rather than another. The very clergy who used to fulminate against the conscience clause, and call heaven and earth to witness that no Board-schools were wanted in their neighbourhoods, now eloquently maintain the poor man's right to "a choice of schools." No one—except "Dissenters and Infidels in rural" districts—is now compelled to send his child, even under the protection of a conscience clause, to a school whose religion he disapproves. No parent denies the duty; no parent, except as above, is persecuted for declining an obnoxious method of fulfilling it. So, no parent denies the duty of protecting his child against small-pox. Then do not persecute any one because he prefers the Leicester method to Jenner's.

I wish reasonable and benevolent advocates of compulsion would realize more than they do how much scope there is, not only for a scrupulous, but for an enlightened, conscience in this matter. If tangible dangers attend two courses in the treatment of children, is it an unreasonable plea that the parent should have freedom to decide which of the two risks he will encounter? At the Worship Street Police-court the other day, the magistrate, Mr. Bushby, decided that it was *not*, but that, on the contrary, it was a very fair claim. A respectable man, Alfred Samuel Martin, of Pollard Street, Bethnal Green, brought up on December 9 for refusal to permit the vaccination of an infant, pleaded "conscientious objection." This was supported by evidence to the effect that three previous children of the defendant had all been healthy and strong up to the time of vaccination, and immediately afterwards had fallen into very bad health, with "bad arms" and eruptions. Two were dead, and the third, at three and a half years, was still weak and ailing. How easy it is to cry, *Post hoc, non propter hoc!* Yes, for outsiders. But a bereaved father, with two children in the grave, and a third on the verge of it, naturally desired to keep the fourth; and logic was no comfort to him. Yet, in his way, he was a logician too. Having had three children smitten with a plague immediately after vaccination at three months, and a fourth still well without it at fourteen months, he, in the fashion of my Leicester friends, blundered into the doctrine of Agreement and Difference without ever having read Mill's "Logic." The area for generalization was, no doubt, very narrow. But then it was his kingdom, his dearest world, his home. Under these circumstances the good magistrate thought Mr. Martin might be pardoned for not collecting ampler materials, and dismissed the case against him on the ground of "reasonable excuse." The guardians, no less conscientious than their victim, have appealed, and it remains for a higher court to say whether, in such circumstances, a father may obey his conscience or not. But some observations reported as falling

from the Bench were very ominous of the progress of opinion. Mr. Bushby observed that "he had read a volume of reports and statements against vaccination, put before him on a previous occasion, and found the same full of points of the highest importance, and which might well be pressed on those who had the making or repeal of the law."

The area of Mr. Alfred Martin's generalization was certainly very limited. Let us take a larger one. In 1880, Mr. Hopwood, now Recorder of Liverpool, obtained a return showing the proportion of deaths during the first year of life to every million births. The figures were given for 1847, six years before the first compulsory vaccination Act, and for 1877, when the more rigorous law was in operation. This return has since been continued at the instance of Mr. Channing, so as to give similar information for every year from 1879 to 1886, both inclusive. The total mortality is given, and also the deaths from certain specified causes—viz., syphilis, scrofula, tabes mesenterica, skin diseases, erysipelas, bronchitis, diarrhoea, and atrophy. The papers show that the total baby mortality per million births has substantially diminished. In 1847 it was 164,425 to every million births. In 1886 it was 149,215. This decrease also, notwithstanding some fluctuations, was shown by intermediate figures to be on the whole constant and steady. But the case is startlingly different with the "specified causes." These had killed, in 1847, 55,135 babies under a year old to every million births. But in 1886 they killed 84,029. Now, I am not going to suggest that this singular increase is to be accounted for by any one source of mischief. For aught I know, there may be several, and I cannot but again express regret that a report of the Local Government Board upon the subject has been delayed beyond all expectation. But I desire to call particular attention to the first of the above "special causes" of death. In 1847 the deaths of babies* from syphilis were 472 per million births. In 1886 those deaths had risen to 1882 *per million births*. In some previous years they had been higher still; but the series on the whole shows first an amazing bound and then a tendency to slow steady increase.

There has been much medical debate as to whether syphilis, as usually understood, can or can not be conveyed by vaccine lymph. Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson, a perfectly orthodox and unimpeachable authority, says that it can, and that it may happen without anything whatever occurring to excite the vaccinator's suspicions.† He also thinks it "highly probable" that the evil may be conveyed through lymph entirely uncontaminated with blood.‡ Now, the point is not whether equally high medical authorities differ from Dr. Hutchinson. The point is, whether an anxious parent, with the above facts and this

* Always, ~~be~~ it remembered, under twelve months. There is another column of deaths under five years, which is almost equally alarming. But for simplicity I confine myself to the one column.

† "Illustrations of Clinical Surgery," p. 122.

‡ *Op. cit.* p. 130.

authority within his knowledge, can be justly treated as a criminal because he will not vaccinate his child.

But Dr. Creighton puts the case yet more strongly. He says that "vaccinal syphilis" may be, and actually is, caused by "the infection of cow-pox in and by itself."*. He insists that it is a mistake of Jenner's to call cow-pox "*variolæ vaccinæ*," or small-pox of the cow.† I will give his general conclusion in his own words:—

"The real affinity of cow-pox is not to the small-pox, but to the great pox. The vaccinal roseola is not only very like the syphilitic roseola, but it means the same sort of thing. The vaccinal ulcer of every day practice is, to all intents and purposes, a chancre; it is apt to be an indurated sore when excavated under the scab; when the scab does not adhere, it often shows an unmistakable tendency to phagedena. . . . Those who believe that such after effects are the exclusive effects of venereal pox will of course vehemently contest this view of the matter. The appeal must be in the end to facts; and a careful and unbiassed survey of the facts has convinced me that cow-pox sores must be credited with a power of producing secondary symptoms (I say nothing of tertiary), not because they have the contamination of venereal pox in them, but because their nature is the same as, or parallel with that of, the venereal pox itself. The unmentionable circumstances of the latter are not the only occasion of sores acquiring inveteracy, and a long train of effects, perpetuated and intensified by reproduction through a succession of cases. The natural history of cow-pox, which I have said enough of in earlier chapters, tells the same story under circumstances totally different."‡

If this conclusion is sound, then the enormous and terrible increase in infant deaths attributed to syphilis is at once accounted for. But it is accounted for in such a way as to make compulsory vaccination impossible. Of course Dr. Creighton was right in saying that his conclusions would be vehemently contested. That dispute cannot be settled by non-professional critics. But what we say is that while this vehement contest is going on conscientious parents ought not to be ruined by fines, or sent to pick oakum as felons, because they prefer one set of authorities to another. In hundreds of families vaccination "takes bad ways." "Chancres" and "phagedenic ulcers," and other high-sounding horrors, eat up the body of a child; finally, death relieves it, and then perhaps the kind-hearted President of the Local Government Board "institutes an inquiry." There was an inquiry of the kind near Leicester the other day. It consisted in an unexpected call on the bereaved and frightened mother in the absence of her husband, and a shower of questions, many of which neither her memory nor her powers of observation enabled her to answer. One of the visitors

* "Cow-pox and Vaccinal Syphilis," p. 154.

† Observe, that if he is right; this takes vaccination out of all analogy with Pasteur's inoculations. What Pasteur does is to modify and weaken the germs of a disease by passing them through animal organisms, in periods longer or shorter. The modified germs are then said to fortify the inoculated against their untamed congeners. That may be so. I have no sympathy whatever with the ridiculous abuse of Pasteur, too often indulged in by anti-vaccination people. But if Creighton is right, this is not what vaccination does, because cow-pox has no connection whatever with small-pox. And besides, I suppose no one would dream of making inoculation for hydrophobia compulsory.

‡ *Op. cit.* pp. 155-6.

being an official champion of Jennerian infallibility, and the other the vaccinator himself, we need scarcely wait for the report to know what the conclusion will be. But anxious and perplexed parents are called fools, fanatics, and I know not what else, if they are not perfectly convinced by this sort of "inquiry."

Nay, they are happy if they meet with no worse penalty. One sufferer, Charles Washington Nye, was imprisoned several times for one child. He was handcuffed when arrested, and set to work with bleeding hands at degrading tasks. But having lost one child, as he believed, through vaccination, he was determined rather to die in prison than lose another. A man named Lawton, of Whittington, Derbyshire, was prosecuted thirteen times in little more than a year. He was fined till he could pay no more; and then he was sent to prison. His wife's health and his own were ruined with worry and anxiety. His business was destroyed. He lost a leg through disease which he traced to his prison life. But he never would give in, and he never did. A highly respected citizen of Leicester, Mr. H. Matts, was imprisoned, cropped, shaved, clad in prison garb, and fed on burglars' diet. But what most touched him to the quick was clerical insolence. "I had a number of visitors while in the cell," he wrote, "amongst whom were three spiritual advisers, so-called. One of them, a curate, called twice, and the second time, in the course of the conversation, had the audacious impudence to say that my children belonged to the State. I asked him why the State did not keep them. He answered that I ought to keep them, and that I was a stupid fellow. Fine consolation and advice! This is the kind of treatment I received after serving an honest apprenticeship for seven years, being in business for myself twenty-one years, having paid all rates and taxes, and never having been before a magistrate on any occasion whatever till persecuted by this tyrannical law." Cases of this kind might be multiplied many times.

Alas! it is not only in Ireland that the law sometimes sets itself against what is best in a man. Conscience, loyalty to kin, and pluck may be sometimes mistaken in their action; but to visit them with the treatment due to vice, dishonesty, and brutality, is worse than a mistake in policy—it is treason against humanity. As a general rule, law should be so framed that it is never likely to have an irreconcilable quarrel with the impulses of mutual loyalty or of family affection. But this bitter and fatal conflict is inevitable in the case of compulsory vaccination. Even if all medical authorities were unanimous in urging it, the possibility of an alternative safeguard would justify us in hesitation. But now that eminent physicians admit the dangers and minimize the advantages of the operation, public opinion will not long endure a system of medical persecution.

J. ALLANSON PICTON.

THE CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES OF 1830.

THE saying of Schiller, "By what he omits show me the master of style," is not only a canon of art: it is the clue by which we may interpret a large part of life. If the finished picture, rich in every resource of art, does not delight the eye as the hasty sketch; if he who leaves nothing unsaid, even though he say it all well and wisely, can never satisfy the reader as one who takes him into partnership and calls upon him to carry out hints scattered by the way; we may say also that the faculties and instincts of our nature, exercised on these fields of literature and of art, find scope in a larger sphere. The charm which is felt in a few rapid touches from the hand of the master, in a pregnant half-sentence from a great poet, is present in many fragments of actual life; it mingles with the emotions, roused by early death, explaining the strange mixture of compassion and envy with which we regard a career checked in its brilliant dawn, and recall those *pueri innuptæque puellæ Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum*, whom the poet seems to name with a tender smile. It makes itself felt even through the disappointment, when years have mellowed it, with which we look back on the fallacious aspirations of our own youth. We were to do so much, we have done nothing—sad thought! yet strangely softened, as we look back, by a sense of the deep reality in those unrealized dreams. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter;" the fullest achievement cannot either represent or obliterate those youthful visions which remain as an actual part of the experience of life, and a guide-post to the deeper meaning of the whole.

We have been led to these reflections by reading the letters and memorials of Archbishop Trench, and lingering over the glimpses which the volume affords of a cluster of men (all now passed away except the

Laureate) whose common interests represent a state of mind just at that point of nearness to and distance from our own, which is most inviting to the student of thought. They were among us but yesterday—so at least it seems to those who find any fragment of memory revived by these memorials—and yet a new world has come upon us since their time, and when we turn back to these records of their youth, we feel that we have reverted to another epoch of thought. The group breaks up, or at least is lost to our vision as a group, a little before the beginning of the present reign. Its aspirations were those of ardent youth, in the midst of political hopes that took shape with the French Revolution of 1830, and of spiritual yearnings akin to a movement with which no person mentioned here had any sympathy, yet the neighbourhood of which we feel in all that is most interesting in the book—the movement centred in John Henry Newman. It was a time of stirring hope and awakening thought. The long repression born of the dread of revolutionary violence was passing away, the conservative reaction was no longer a crushing thing; it was spiritualized and softened, it took an attitude of compromise. The forces of '48 were already at work, but they were ready for alliance with all that was orderly and constitutional; reverence for the past was everywhere ready to unite itself with hope for the future, and the spirit of defiance seemed extinct. The volumes which present us with this glimpse of the past, lead us also away from it; and in quitting the epoch at which Richard Trench was one of a brotherhood and passing on to that in which he became an important individual, we leave behind us what to our mind constitutes their special attraction. In following the course of an important and active life we necessarily pass through a variety of atmospheres, and cannot dwell on the record of a single phase of thought. Yet one is sometimes tempted to ask—Why must all biography be linear? Why cannot a memoir choose its subject at his most characteristic point, and branching out to the right and the left, give the thought-life of a time, rather than the history of a life? It is a happy accident of these memorials that this is the impression left on their reader's mind by them; and it is this which we would here transfer. The aged Archbishop shall, for us, share with the youth who barely reached manhood, yet whose name is known to all, that morning gleam in which the group stands before us. Richard Trench had many claims to our remembrance, but we will remember him here only as one of the Cambridge Apostles at a time when few surviving now were grown men—as the friend of Arthur Hallam and John Sterling, and of others who shared their aspirations and hopes, but have left no shadow on the canvas of genius. He and they shall help to set before us the ideal of a time that, near as it is to ours, yet from our present outlook on the world of thought seems to belong to a vanished world.

"The name by which they are known, already familiar to the readers of the lately published biography of Frederick Maurice, would have been familiar to all readers if a slip of the most brilliant pen which has ever commemorated any one of the Apostles had not substituted for it the less individual title of "The Union." As the very point of the name seems to have been its apparent infelicity (for the Apostles, so far as we can see, were Apostles of nobody), this little blunder on the part of a writer with so fine a taste for irony as Carlyle is somewhat curious. Perhaps it is significant. Carlyle, though he has kept the name of one of the Apostles green, had, we think, but little sympathy with their spirit. We must go for a true representative of that spirit to one who may, in some respects, be regarded as his antitype. "The effect which Maurice has produced at Cambridge," writes one of their number, Arthur Hallam, in 1830, "by the single creation of that society of the Apostles, is far greater than I can dare to calculate, and will be felt, both directly and indirectly, in the age that is upon us." He whose influence, exaggerated perhaps in this particular instance, was foretold with the sudden clearness of vision belonging to one beckoned away from this world, was regarded, during a considerable portion of his career, as a heretic, and felt the opprobrium with somewhat exaggerated emphasis long after it was, in the eyes of most of his neighbours, exchanged for a halo. Any one who now thinks as he did, if such a one is to be found, must be sought in the ranks of the ultra orthodox. The change measures our distance from that elder world; most persons with whom it is natural to compare him would now probably shrink from the imputation of orthodoxy as he shrank from its opposite. It seems to denote something incompatible with that openness to new truth which our age demands as its ultimate merit. We must recross the chasm thus opened if we would understand him or any of his spiritual kindred. The change by which Doubt has been translated into terms of knowledge, and elevated, as Agnosticism, into the position of the creed of Science, has moved us far away from the Apostles. We measure the distance best where it is shortest. When one of their number, remembering another, wrote—

"There lies more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds"—

he looks towards the new spirit, but stands back from it. The sense would not, any more than the rhythm, bear our substitute for doubt. Agnosticism is doubt emptied of Faith, and turning its face towards Denial. The change of attitude between the Sceptic and the Agnostic marks the transition from the first to the last half of our century—from an age which accepted the Supernatural as part of its mental surroundings, to one which is absorbed in the miracles of Science, and looks askance at every other miracle.

Frederick Maurice embodied these aspirations after the unseen which characterized the whole group and the time in which it appeared ; but he may be taken as their type, because he was not enclosed within their limits. We see in all these men some yearning after a spiritual atmosphere which was the air he breathed. "So long as institutions can be maintained to tell the world there is something invisible and permanent of which it can take no account," he writes on October 1, 1832, "I would desire to be among the number of those who strive, each with what powers are given him, for their preservation." Those words strike the key-note of this phase of thought. We hear it again and again in the deeper utterances of Tennyson, hear it the more effectively because it is not the direct aim of the poet to bring it home to us. It gathers up all that is of most interest in that short life of John Sterling, less made known to us by his two biographies, than pointed at as something which men ardently desired to make known ; it is felt in the poems of Monckton Milnes, it seems to us suggested in most of the letters from the forgotten members of the group, contained in this volume. Doubtless, the yearning after the Invisible, and the conviction that the world can take no account of it, is a characteristic of many minds in all ages. But it is not, in our day, the conviction of any group, except those which have no other bond of union.

It is but another aspect of this common characteristic of the Apostles to mark the poetic tastes and aspirations of which we may take the high-water mark in the Laureate as we take the high-water mark of the other set of feelings in Frederick Maurice. Almost all of them have left something that we must recognize as poetry. Charles Tennyson, we see here, was regarded as almost an equal of his brother—Arthur Hallam wrote one sonnet which seems to us to show that he might have taken a place among those who find words for the music of Nature—Lord Houghton's verses express more perfectly than any others we can call to mind the feelings of a refined social life, the thoughts, fancies, and desires of cultivated men who live in towns, and who have leisure to brood over their own feelings ; while Trench takes the same place among men whose interest is in religion. Of John Sterling one work remains—his "Strafford," which seems to us to show real poetic power, and a large proportion of the small leisure which the invasions of ill-health left to him was occupied with attempts which had the same aim. In the writings of all these men there is just that touch of vivifying power which transforms some fragment of experience, some picture from Nature, some thought of the inward life, from a passive to an active thing, giving it coherence, unity, distinctness ; bringing home to the apprehension of an average mind what deeper meaning lies hidden in some circumstances or aspects of Nature, or revealing some phase of the inward life. In recounting

their names, we pass through that gradation whereby inspiration shades off into aspiration; we learn to interpret the impulse by the achievement; we see in the depth of hue at the centre of the flower the pure colour which in its fainter *nuance* we might hardly distinguish. Could we say as much of any group of our day with which it would be natural to compare them? As little, surely, as we could find among them a Tennyson. Our time has turned to Science, and poetry seems somehow to belong to the past. That it belongs to the future also we firmly believe; but the present is rich in other directions—material progress, inventions, “knowledge of the things we see,” and the Invisible has grown dim, like the stars just above the electric light.

The double relation illustrated by the lives of the theologian and the poet seems gathered up in a relation to one who was both a poet and a theologian. The Apostles, we have said, were Apostles of nobody. We feel it hardly a qualification of that statement to add that we can trace in several of them the influence of Coleridge. It was an influence which no earnest young man in the first thirty years of our century could altogether escape. It embodied reverence for the past, it made room for hopes of the future. In the clash of political animosity, in the disappointment of enthusiasm, in the weariness of ancient and out-worn formulas, and the sense of their necessity as barriers against a flood of fanaticism not less devastating because it was negative, the teacher who sought to reconcile the future with the past, to infuse into the ideas of the new age the decisions of the old, was hailed with rapture. While doctrines that had seemed a gospel were, through the history of France, indelibly associated with rapine and bloodshed, Coleridge distilled into minds sickened with this disappointment reviving thoughts borrowed from the great enemy of France; he taught Wordsworth unawares to weave the ideas of German philosophy into his verse; he brought those ideas into that current of intelligent speculation where nascent genius joins with mature mediocrity, and constitutes the spirit of an age. From one, born about the same time as most of the Apostles—*i.e.*, a little after the beginning of the century, but who took a path totally divergent from theirs, we find a recognition of the place of Coleridge in thought which seems to us admirably to explain his influence. John Mill says of the school which Coleridge represents for Englishmen, that they did exactly what he blamed the philosophers of the eighteenth century for not doing—*i.e.*, they attempted to disentangle the kernel from the husk of truth. “No one can calculate,” he says, “what struggles which the cause of improvement has yet to undergo, might have been spared, if the philosophers of the eighteenth century had done anything like justice to the past.” Surely it is no small tribute to any thinker that one who disagrees with his fundamental assumptions should urge that this was a lacune which he tried to fill.

It is, perhaps, through Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* that Coleridge's external aspect has been best made known to those who never saw him. Whether anything more was made known it may be doubted; it appears to us that if John Sterling had known that such an account of his teacher was to be written, and wished to confute it beforehand, he could not have done better than write some of the letters contained in this book. However, it would be beside the purpose of our endeavour here to criticize the portrait, and if we embarked on such a criticism we should perhaps be led into the perilous avowal that, in our opinion, the biography of John Sterling should not have been attempted by Thomas Carlyle. The vivid fascinating personality, a magnet for all hearts within its circuit, under that brilliant light of promise which it is impossible, at times, not to mistake for the glory of achievement, yet softened by a certain mist in which the brightness is diffused and as it were spiritualized—this does not seem to us a subject for the pencil which has made it familiar to the world. We doubt whether it was a subject for any great artist. For our own part, at all events, we turn from the richly hung oil portrait, secure in its position in the gallery of literary favourites, to the timid, hesitating water-colour sketch left us in Sterling's earlier biography by a hand not more loving, perhaps, but far more suited, it seems to us, to record a life in which the chief lesson for the world is the subordination of literary achievement, as an actual influence on the hearts of men, to that immediate influence of soul on soul which emanated from John Sterling. Many a reader of these pages, probably, will recall some one whose presence had exactly that influence which Wordsworth described as the mission of the Poet, "to add sunshine to daylight," in whose neighbourhood thought seemed clearer, feeling stronger, the whole being stimulated and vivified, yet who has left nothing to justify this impression for those who never felt it. "Tell us what he said," they ask; and they are answered by memoranda as like the recollections they chronicle as dried flowers to an Alpine meadow. If in answer to the appeal one dowered with genius endeavour to construct a picture from these recollections, we suspect, judging from the biography which has made John Sterling's name known to the world, that the result will differ from that of humbler reminiscents mainly in the magnitude of its distortion. We feel at all events that we have been attracted towards one whose eventless life was associated with a character almost magical in its impressiveness more by such fragmentary records as we find in these volumes than by the biography which stands beside the speeches of Cromwell, the battles of Frederick, and the tragedy of the French Revolution. The touch of genius seems to need either the plastic clay of pure imagination, or the solid marble of historic fact. Where it is called on to deal with the shadowy reminiscences of character we should

say that its own creative impulse becomes a danger, and ruffles the surface on which the reflections should fall.

Our objections to Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* are by no means exhausted. The biographer seems to us occasionally liable to mistakes arising from a more vulgar source. When he narrates his hero's wooing he has, we believe, substituted fiction for history. He tells us that Sterling, moved by the sight of Miss Barton's tears on hearing of his intention to join the revolutionary expedition to Spain, in which his cousin afterwards perished, suddenly changed his purpose, and turned his announcement into a declaration of love; and we are further informed that this statement is made "on authority." But we do not learn that Mr. Carlyle had it from either of the persons principally concerned, and we venture to doubt either of them having imparted the information. Carlyle's "authority" is not, to those who best knew Mrs. Sterling, sufficiently free from doubt to outweigh their impression of her character, and is besides inconsistent with the account of the same circumstances given correctly by the earlier biographer and older friend. "He longed," Archdeacon Hare tells us, when the insurrection in 1830 (in Spain) broke out, "that Torrijos should take the lead in it, and he . . . would gladly have accompanied his friend in the ill-fated expedition, which terminated in his execution at Malaga. But Sterling's health unfitted him for such a work, his presence in England was needed for the managing of the correspondence, so that Torrijos insisted on his remaining as a condition indispensable to the success of the enterprise." Sterling was bound to submit to the judgment of Torrijos, the responsible head of the undertaking, as to the manner in which he could best further it, and if he gave up his intention for him, he did not give it up for any one else. Carlyle's account betrays unmistakably the readiness with which he accepted disparaging stories even of his own friends, and we would urge this particular specimen of it as a softening reflection on those who are obliged to remember imputations of a more serious character, made against people for whom he had no friendship. It cannot justify those imputations, but it shows that he was curiously ignorant as to what gives pain, and may elsewhere not have realized the scope of his own words.

Some part of the charm of these fragmentary, almost boyish letters from John Sterling, perfumed as they are with a sort of light-hearted camaraderie, may lie in the very slightness and fragmentariness which at once supplies imagination with material and leaves it space to work. While under the imperious spell of a definite and peculiar style and within the limits of a complete narrative, the reader is constantly tempted to ask, Is this all? He is never tempted to this question by such letters as those in which John Sterling begs Richard Trench to recover for him a little MS. book left at Cambridge, which, if his friend effects, he

shall be ranged "between Jeremy Bentham and Jacob Behmen"—a good indication of his range of sympathies if the distinguished pair were chosen on any other principle than that of alliteration. "Pray let me see you as soon as you reach London," he concludes, "and, in the meantime, commend me to the brethren, who I trust are waxing daily in religion and radicalism." Whether these are coupled on the same principle as Bentham and Behmen we know not. About the same time he tells us that his first work, a pamphlet called "Joseph Sternwall," justified the sagacity of the wish, "Oh that mine enemy had written a book!" and falls back on the consolation that "all men commit not only crimes but blunders at some time or other." He seems to have been very little daunted by this failure, for in his next letter we find that he has consoled himself, under a curious form of tribulation, by an excursion into a different kind of literature. "Just do consider the martyrdom to which good and great men are exposed! I was going to be stoned at Cambridge* for being an enemy of religion, and now I am ground to powder by a Mill in London for excessive piety—

"What consoles me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have writ a melodrame
In two long acts, a most prodigious task,
Whereat shall hiss the critic geese of Thame."

Of this melodrama we know as little as of the persecution (from *John Mill*, we presume, for James Mill was not likely to take the trouble to grind a youth of two-and-twenty to powder), but we may take it as a proof of the exuberance of youthful activity which somehow seems a part of the charm of his character. About the same time (May 16, 1828) we find him much excited by a three hours' conversation with Wordsworth, whose freedom from "the slightest tendency to be wearied or disgusted with human nature, or to be indifferent towards the common little objects, occurrences, and people around him," strikes him as admirable, and more than could be expected from a great poet. "All his daily fireside companionable sympathies are as sensitive and good-humoured as ever. . . . His talk is as different from Coleridge's as can be; and if considered separately from what we know of the man, is certainly far less interesting. Coleridge's monologue is, perhaps, better even than his writing. For it is as profound, as nobly and precisely expressed; while it exhibits more of the union of poetry and philosophy than any of his books, either in verse or prose, and is, perhaps, more fresh and flowing, and a little more adapted to ordinary comprehension than either the 'Friend' or the 'Biographia,' not because it deals with less important subjects, or treats them less thoroughly, but because it abounds rather more in illustration, displays more variety of style, is helped by the most expressive voice in the world, by the most speaking face, and an eye

the very organ of benevolent wisdom. Coleridge is the philosopher in conversation by being all philosopher, and Wordsworth by not affecting to be it at all. The conversation of the latter springs from and is coloured by the immediate circumstances; is full of observation and kindliness, and refers directly to the people he is among. Coleridge, without much attention to time or place, pours out his mind in reflection, and it is only marked by particular circumstances or facts, inasmuch as it seems to have habitually absorbed the outward world into its own substance. Coleridge is, I think, the greater man, and in no degree the less amiable; but Wordsworth is better adapted to society. I shall see them together to-morrow evening, and if I can find time, I shall make no excuses for writing to you again on the subject, as I know you will be interested by obtaining notices of such minds, even through so imperfect a medium as my observation." Alas! the promised account was either not written or not preserved. Perhaps the meeting of two men of genius justified the *Spectator's* "too many plums and not enough suet." Coleridge's influence is also commemorated here in the record of the impressions derived from a recent visit to France. "What Coleridge calls the manly character," writes Sterling in 1828, "is very rare, and in the best specimens very imperfect." We see the meaning of Coleridge's name being brought in here in the next sentence. "Among the men a little older than ourselves . . . who of course are the strength of the country, the prevailing tone is that of ridicule and incredulity, not merely as regards religion, but as to *ideas* in general." Do not the words (though strictly applying to men who have now all passed away) throw a strong light on the phenomenon recently noticed (under a very unfortunate description, to our mind) as the disillusionment of France? His further description is worth quoting. "The Continental philosophy of the eighteenth century undervalued Christianity because it looked at all religions with equal contempt. The Continental philosophy of the nineteenth undervalues it because it looks at all with equal respect, and is as far in the one case as in the other from comprehending rightly the wants of the individual mind. Cousin makes it the peculiar glory of our epoch that it endeavours to comprehend the mind of all other ages. And I fear it must be the tendency of his philosophy, while it examines what all other philosophies were, to prevent us being anything ourselves. We must do more than clearly understand in what way the various religions have resolved such great problems as those of freewill and necessity, for instance; we must also do it for ourselves. We must live not only for the past, but also for the present. And herein is the great merit of Coleridge: and I confess for myself I would rather be a believing Jew or Pagan than a man who sees through all religions, but looks not with the eye of any. I daresay I have been writing

nonsense, but I have a meaning, if I knew how to express it." A man of two-and-twenty who could thus discriminate the tendency of the present and the near past, might surely have given us some contribution to the philosophy of history, even in his short life, if it had been free from the withering influence of ill-health. One other thought of his which will remind every reader of a famous passage from the pen of Cardinal Newman, bears so well the dangerous comparison it invites, that we will leave it as the last word from John Sterling. "How often one finds in life that an idea which one may have met in youth made visible in words but also veiled in them, and which in this shape has haunted one with a dim sense of something divine and inscrutable, becomes at the call of conscience, or when real events and beings give it its fit body . . . : a messenger from heaven, and the familiar friend of one's after-days."

If the friendship of genius has been a doubtful blessing to the memory of John Sterling, the aureole with which it has encircled the brow of another of the Apostles has none but a pure and harmonizing radiance. Not, indeed, that the portrait drawn in "*In Memoriam*" has much individuality: we make out no idiosyncrasy of feature or expression, only a vague image of purity and beauty, seen through a mist of tears. The memoir of the father is even less enlightening than the threnody of the friend. "I was pleased with the simplicity, and even dignity, of the memoir," writes one of the less known of the Apostles (on whose words, however, we would gladly linger), W. B. Donne, but we feel that he already possessed a clear outline of the career just closed, and needed only a colouring of appropriate feeling. To a reader who seeks information concerning Arthur Hallam, this memoir is disappointingly niggardly: it contains, indeed, very few paragraphs which would not be applicable to every young man of promise who went to either University. "Ardent in the cause of those he deemed to be oppressed, of which, in one instance, he was led to give a proof with more of energy and enthusiasm than discretion"—is there any generous and enthusiastic young man of whom that might not be said? Surely we might have been taken into confidence about anything so public as Arthur Hallam's sympathy with the wrongs of Spain and the disastrous expedition of Torrijos, this, we presume, being the cause here veiled in distant and obscure allusion. But in truth the very dumbness of the one who could have told us most of his short sojourn in this world is the most eloquent testimony to what he was, it is evident that every word reopens a wound that would not heal. That rush of anguish when the father, writing letters beside the sofa where he supposed his son to be sleeping off a headache, suddenly realized that the closed eyes would never open more, seems to have returned upon him when he tried to speak in detail of all he had lost,

and one is tempted to regret that he did not make over the pen to some one of the many whose appreciation was as fervent, and whose grief was less overwhelming. It is not a wise regret. The commemoration of such a spirit in immortal verse is not helped by any attempt to translate it into prose: such a commemoration, probably, would but have suggested some variation in the remarks made above on Carlyle's Life of Sterling. The memory of such a spirit as Arthur Hallam's is like the memory of those hours of tranquil happiness which one of the Apostles has warned us never to try to set "in fair, rememberable words." It should melt into the atmosphere of life, and live in high aspiration and loyal devotion, but it should not be ever presented to the critical world as an object which language can transfer.

On the other hand, the poem which makes every word from or about Arthur Hallam interesting, seems to us one of the most important of our time. It stands on the boundary of the period to which we recur. It was published twelve years before the "Origin of Species," yet it has many a verse which seems to anticipate and address that group of feelings and beliefs bound up with the watch-word, "Natural Selection." It accepts that *supernatural* selection which was, until our own day, a part of the background of thought, undiscovered, it might be, by dim eyes, questioned or even denied by eager and baffled vision, but always assumed till it had to be given up, always felt as an object of national recognition, so that one made oneself in some sense less of an Englishman in denying it. And yet, from the standpoint of the poet, at that date, all which makes against that view is fully recognized. "Nature, red in tooth and claw," already shrieks against faith in God. The belief of our day—

"That each who seems a separate whole
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul"—

is answered by the deep consciousness, "I shall know him when we meet." The tendency of our generation to blur all distinction of right and wrong is not only recognized, but felt, yet still is answered with stern decision—

"Hold thou the good, define it well,
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the lords of Hell."

And then again the answer is answered. Everywhere the ideas of the present are confronted by the convictions of the past, and the question—

"Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature sends such evil dreams?"

gathers up the conflict of the two in fewer words than we should have thought possible. The largeness and simplicity of the thought are a tribute as much to the subject as to the writer of the poem, and we need no other tribute to him.

Perhaps every other tribute must be disappointing in comparison, yet every mention of his name in these memorials is to us full of interest. We turn to these glimpses as eagerly as to some record of the life ended by that—

“Fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark
That sank so low the sacred head”--

of the friend of Milton, and we find more than one passage among these fragments from which many a line of classic charm gains meaning and beauty. “In that kingdom, where there will be neither marrying nor giving in marriage,” he writes to Trench in 1832, “I think there will be wedded affection, for though the nature be glorified, yet it is human nature still.” Must not some such words have been in the mind of Tennyson when he wrote—

“And dear as sacramental wine
To dying lips is all he said”?

We will add an extract peculiarly expressive, it seems to us, of a pure and modest nature :—

“The more cheering aspect of your affairs,” he writes to Trench in 1832, “encourages me to say a word which I had hitherto withheld, not from want of confidence, but from a feeling that I had no right to obtrude the subject. I am now at Sowerby, not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister. An attachment on my part of two years’ standing and an engagement of one year are, I fervently hope, only a commencement of a union which the grave may itself not conclude. My father imposed a very unpleasant but very natural prohibition, not to come here till of age, so that it is but just now that I have been able to reap in actual enjoyment of her society any fruits of that assurance which a year since poured a flood of hope on a heart much depressed and benighted.”

The other mentions of or letters from him are mainly of interest as showing how he was to all the band what he was to Tennyson, “our dear and delightful friend, Arthur Hallam,” as Trench writes of him on hearing of his death. He seems to have gathered up, in his two-and-twenty years of life, that sense of completeness which many of us fail to attain in our threescore years and ten. “Hallam is an excellent man,” writes another of the Apostles in 1830, “full of high and noble qualities, and is young enough to become a greater and better man than even he is.” The description suggests a personality that stood apart in the apprehension of all his contemporaries, sealed with the promise of a future distinction which shed back light on his early career. “Some one told me,” writes Trench in August 1831, “that

Arthur Hallam was reading history with his father, who, I suppose, supplies the facts, and Arthur the philosophy." The mature historian, we see, was supposed to gain more than he gave even in his instruction. After this, we learn only that Arthur Hallam was disappointed in an eager attempt to obtain a living for Trench through the agency of "a friend of mine, Gladstone, the new member for Newark;" that he took a strong though somewhat despondent interest in the politics of the day, and that his father was utterly crushed by "the catastrophe" of his loss. Nothing that is given here, and not much that remains from him anywhere, gives us any independent grounds of judgment as to the high hope he inspired. His prize poem, "Timbuctoo," was, unless we are misled by a slip of the pen in one of these letters, ascribed at first to Tennyson, but we cannot say that it seems to us to deserve that honour, and on the whole the verses of this gifted and beloved youth have confirmed a strong conviction of ours which ought to be as popular as we believe it to be original—that youth is a very prosaic time of life. We would make an exception in favour of one sonnet, which it seems to us Wordsworth might have written, and with which we will bid him farewell:—

"The garden trees are busy with the shower
That fell ere sunset; now methinks they talk,
Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,
One to another down the grassy walk.
Hark, the laburnum from his opening flower
This cherry creeper greets in whisper light,
While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,
Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore.
What shall I deem their converse? Would they hail
The wild grey light that fronts yon massive cloud,
Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?
Or are they sighing faintly for desire
That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,
And dews about their feet may never fail."

We have already referred to another sonnet which gives the same transfiguring touch to the feelings of average humanity that Arthur Hallam's sonnet gives to the aspect of average Nature. Its author, Richard Monckton Milnes, if not a great may be called a true poet; and he has been the friend and helper of many a member of the poetic brotherhood. He does not seem to have been one of the inner circle of the Apostles, and these memorials throw but little light on his character or history. We await a fuller revelation of this from the same pen which has given us the admirable biography of William Forster, and in the meantime have not much to glean here. But none the less is Monckton Milnes a typical figure among the Apostles. The feeling expressed by his verse most perfectly in *these* of the futility and inadequacy in all things earthly, such as *these*, home forcibly to the mind of one who surveys a youthful group. *A* life may fulfil all that it promised, may end in a glow of achievement and praise brighter than the glow of its dawn—a life, but not a cluster of lives. As we

survey such a cluster, we must often feel the tomb that commemorates bright anticipations much the least mournful record of their existence, we must remember many a slow fading of interest and hope more chilling than the sudden stroke that changed sweet hopes to sad memories. And the reflections into which such experiences pass were never rendered into more musical and thoughtful verse than by Lord Houghton. To the taste of our day his verse may seem somewhat conventional, it does indeed belong to a generation which did not, as ours does, set up individuality as an aim; but we venture to think that generation by so much the more fitted to understand and achieve what is poetic. The Apostles might surely have found their corporate life expressed and prophesied in the verse that records how an eager group of friends meeting by an Italian lake, sought first to record a vow—

“That on this same day
Each rolling year shall see us meet again
In this same place, as far as fate allows
One day shall stand apart from other days,
Birthday of inward Life—Love’s Holiday—
The wedding-day, not of a single pair,
But of a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys”—

and how one of the party interposed an eager warning against the presumptuous institution, and persuades the rest to an exactly opposite conclusion, urging them—

“Never return! Should we come back, dear friends,
As you implore us, we should not return.
There must be faded cheeks and sunken eyes,
And minds enfeebled with the rack of time,
And hearts grown colder, and it may be cold.”

Was Lord Houghton thinking of the Apostles when he wrote those words? He must have felt their truth illustrated by too many passages of his own life, at first or second hand, to need that particular reference, but, if he did recall it, it would give his words added meaning. More than one of the band, if they had lived to peruse the volume before us, might have echoed words in which he supposes himself to review his youthful letters:

“Whose is this hand, that wheresoe’er it wanders,
Traces in light words thoughts that come as lightly.
Who was the king of all this soul-dominion?
I? Was it mine?
Surely we are by feeling as by knowledge.
Changing our hearts, our Apostles in 1830, hem.
Take them away—
They are not mine.”

In no verse do we find more delicate, pathetic appreciation of that change of atmosphere through which we look back from age to youth, whether, as in “Past Friendship” or “Lonely Maturity,” it discern

and lament renounced loyalty, or, as in "The Flight of Youth," mourn over the mere vanishing of the clear morning light, or, in "Mutability," over the exchange of childish affections for the coldness of mature separateness. In none of these is there any originality of thought, but in all there is a translation of average feeling into a definiteness and grace which in average minds it never attains—a translation which, if not the highest work of the poet, is perhaps one of his most valuable gifts to his kind.

Our canvas is filled and our models crowd upon us! We might devote a space equalling that already filled to several single members of the Apostles, whose names we have not mentioned or have not done more than mention—to Blakesley, to Kemble, to Donne, above all to the figure forming the centre of the group in the picture whence we have borrowed our material, the distinguished writer whose Archbishopric of Dublin forms his least claim to notice, who has enriched our literature with some true poetry, much valuable historic criticism, and no small contribution to theologic thought. To extract from the memories of his life a sketch of his youthful comrades, leaving his portrait a blank, may well seem to represent "Hamlet" with the omission of the hero's part. But we have no choice, and perhaps it is better so. We have sought to return to the past, and to study an important figure in comparatively recent political life would spoil our perspective and confuse our grouping. Richard Trench, the member of "the Apostles," is eclipsed by the Archbishop of Dublin. We will have nothing recent on our canvas! We seek clear memories, remote impressions, visions that have the brightness of morning. We would revive the hopes and aspirations of sixty years since, and forget their issue. Omission is an essential part of such an aim, and the limits which shut in our endeavour remind us that even amid its best material selection plays a large part in our work.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

CHAOS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT is a matter for some surprise, and perhaps regret, that, while most Englishmen take a keen interest in the proceedings of their Parliamentary representatives, very few care to bestow a thought upon the rules by which those proceedings are regulated, or the conditions under which they are carried on. Yet it is obvious that the value as well as the quantity of the article turned out must largely depend upon the proper action of the legislative machine itself, and that the best assembly in the world will not work smoothly or satisfactorily if its methods of procedure are so constructed as to combine the maximum of friction with the minimum of result. Once indeed, and once only, has the pressure of outside opinion been brought to bear with success upon the internal arrangements of the House of Commons. The practice of sitting into the small hours of the morning, which was denounced by the highest medical authorities as "a species of slow suicide," and which was rapidly driving one-half of its older and less robust members out of public life and the other half into their graves, fell before a sort of popular *plébiscite*, and disappeared, like Aladdin's palace, in a single night. Yet there are not wanting those who bewail the abolition of a rule which condemned two or three hundred men of comparative leisure to waste half the day and sit up half the night, in order that twenty or thirty lawyers and bankers might make large incomes, and who insist that the House of Commons never get through its business unless it begins its labours at an hour when most sane men leave off theirs, and continues them until they are even to desist by sheer physical exhaustion.

Hitherto it cannot be said that these predictions have been verified by events. In the earlier portion of last Session, when what is called

"the twelve o'clock rule" was rarely suspended, the House got through a fair amount of work, and, on the whole, got through it well. There was no real obstruction, and fewer of those scenes which are the delight of the unthinking and the dismay of the wise. On the other hand, during the Autumn sittings, when the House often rose at two or three in the morning, there was a constant recurrence of the old interruptions, the old wrangles, and the old disorder; and the year ended in something like a complete paralysis of our whole Parliamentary system. In some quarters it is the fashion to ascribe this lamentable result to the temper and tactics of the Opposition; in others—perhaps with more justice—to a certain limpness and feebleness in the conduct of Government business. But, without entering into these party recriminations, it is certain that, though the House of Commons in the year 1888 sat longer than in any previous year, it was, from first to last, in imminent danger of being choked by its own work. Whether the development of the system of local government, inaugurated by Mr. Ritchie's Act, or the establishment of a separate Legislature in Ireland, is destined to remedy the evil, time alone will show. For the present, two causes are daily tending to aggravate it: there is more work to do, and there are more men who aspire to do it. Let me give a few figures. The House sits, on an average, 140 or 150 days in the year. During that time it has to pass some 200 votes in Supply, many of them bristling with contentious and debatable matter. It may at any time be called upon to debate and decide important questions of domestic, foreign, or colonial policy. Besides all this, it was last year—to say nothing of private legislation—invited to consider and pass 330 Public Bills, of which no less than 72 were "Government Orders," embracing subjects as varied as the defence of the Empire and the protection of sand-grouse. It is manifest that such an array of business is far beyond the grasp of any single assembly, however hard it may work, and however long it may sit. Like the maid-of-all-work in the story, the Imperial Parliament has so much to do that it ends by resigning itself to do nothing; and while talk grows apace, legislation stands still. Every year helps to swell the portentous and unwholesome bulk of our Parliamentary Hansard. Every year the Statute-book grows "small by degrees and beautifully less."*

If its effect had been to improve the quality as well as to reduce the number of our Acts of Parliament, no one would regret this change. But such is notoriously not the case, and slipshod legislation is more than ever the order of the day. Indeed, it would

* Of the 330 Bills introduced last Session, one-sixth became law. The proportion of private members' Bills thrown out was, of course, very much greater. According to last year's record, the chance against a private member passing a measure into law would seem to be a little over 20 to 1. In fact the opposition of a single member, if persisted in, is practically fatal to any such Bill.

seem that the wisdom which is said to reside in the multitude of counsellors, is not conspicuous in the deliberations of Committees of the whole House. And certainly the practice of referring the details of every measure, however intricate and unattractive, to 670 men, of whom not one in fifty has thought of the subject before, and not one in twenty has the patience to hear it properly discussed, is not calculated to make either conscientious legislators or good laws. The result is, for the most part, exactly what might have been expected, and too often justifies the ill-humour of the learned judge who, when called upon to reconcile two conflicting clauses in one Act of Parliament, declined "to construe one piece of nonsense by another."

To relieve this growing congestion, and at the same time to secure the proper discussion of Bills containing difficult and debateable matter, a practice has in modern times sprung up of referring such Bills to Select Committees, usually consisting of from twelve to twenty members. I have no wish to depreciate the excellent work done by Select Committees. In the collection of important evidence and in the prosecution of searching inquiries, they have often rendered invaluable service. But it is doubtful whether, as an aid to legislation pure and simple, a Select Committee is a very trustworthy or satisfactory instrument. It is at once too large and too small. It cannot manipulate the clauses of a Bill with the ease and skill of a Parliamentary draughtsman. On the other hand, the decisions arrived at by a dozen or more men, of whom perhaps barely half have regularly attended its sittings, can hardly carry much real weight, and, as a matter of fact, the cases in which Parliament has been content to accept a Bill in the shape in which it has come down to it from a Select Committee have been rare. When it declines to do so the reference leads to little or no saving of time, for, under the Standing Orders, a measure reported from a Select Committee has to be taken up again at the stage at which it originally left the House.

The year 1882 witnessed a new departure in Parliamentary devolution. In the Autumn Session of that year, Mr. Gladstone's Government, adopting a suggestion originally made by the late Sir Erskine May many years ago, proposed and carried the appointment of two Standing, or (as they are more popularly called) Grand Committees; the one for the consideration of Bills relating to "Law Courts of Justice and Legal Procedure," the other for that of Bills relating to "Trade, Shipping, and Manufacture."

The results of this experiment were not altogether encouraging. Under the skilful guidance of Mr. Chamberlain, the Bankruptcy Bill of 1883, and one or two other measures, were successfully piloted through the Standing Committee on Bills relating to trade. The other Committee met with a more chequered fate. After it had

struggled on for several weeks, if not months, its deliberations, from causes on which it is unnecessary to dwell, ended in an abrupt and complete breakdown. The partial success thus achieved was apparently not thought sufficient to warrant another trial of the system, and for five years no attempt was made to revive the Grand Committees of 1883.

The general revision of the Rules of the House at the commencement of last year afforded the present Government an opportunity of repeating the experiment under more favourable circumstances. The Standing Committees of 1888 were an exact reproduction of the Standing Committees of 1883, except that "Trade" was, perhaps superfluously, declared to include "Agriculture and Fishing." The constitution and practice of these Committees are regulated by the Standing Orders of the House. Each is required to consist of not less than sixty, nor more than eighty members, to be nominated by the Committee of Selection, who "in exercising their discretion are to have regard to the classes of Bills committed to such Committees, to the composition of the House, and to the qualifications of the members selected." The Committee of Selection are also empowered "to add not more than fifteen members to a Standing Committee in respect of any Bill referred to it, to serve on the Committee during the consideration of such Bill." It is understood that the members so added ought to be chosen for their special knowledge of the subject-matter of the particular Bill with which they have to deal; and, as the quality of the work done by the Committees must largely depend upon the assistance received from these members, it is obvious that special care ought to be exercised in their selection. The Committee of Selection are also directed to select a "Chairman's Panel," of not more than six nor less than four members, who again elect one of their number to preside over the sittings of each Committee. These sittings are a sort of miniature reproduction of those of a Committee of the whole House, the chairman, like the chairman of committees, taking no contentious part in the proceedings, and, if necessary, preserving order in the same way. It is expressly provided that a Bill reported to the House from one of these Committees is to be proceeded with as if it had been reported from a Committee of the whole House, being taken up at what is called "the Report stage." It will be seen that this constitutes an important difference between the procedure in the case of Bills referred to a Select, and to a Grand Committee.

Having been nominated to act as the chairman of one of these Committees, which sat for several months and discussed and reported on several difficult and important measures, I may, perhaps, be allowed to speak of the actual working of the system more freely and confidently than I should otherwise have ventured to do.

As to the mode in which the new bodies got through their work, I have only heard one opinion expressed. Speaking for myself, I may say that no chairman was ever more fortunate in the composition of his committee, and certainly none ever presided over deliberations conducted in a more thorough and business-like fashion. As far as I could judge, every clause in the Bills referred to us was sufficiently but not unduly discussed. While a certain amount of publicity was secured by the presence of reporters from the leading London and provincial journals, the speakers were under no temptation to "play to the gallery." The attendance in either committee did not, it is true, average much more than half the whole number of its members. But I am not sure that this was an unmixed evil. The members who understood and were really interested in the details of the Bill under consideration, made a point of attending, and, what was even more important, stayed through and listened to the whole of the debates. Thus we were saved from what has become a perfect scandal in the House itself—the trooping in at the sound of the division-bell, from the dining-room or smoking-rooms, of a hundred or more gentlemen to vote on a subject which they have never heard discussed, and of which they may know as little as they do of the domestic politics of Timbuctoo. The decisions arrived at, if they expressed nothing else, expressed at least the conclusions formed by men who had heard, and presumably weighed, nearly everything that could be said on both sides of the question.

These undoubted advantages would be dearly purchased if the tendency of this delegation of any part of its business were to weaken the authority and degrade the character of the House itself—a view strenuously maintained in an able article which lately appeared in this REVIEW,* from the pen of Mr. T. P. Gill, an Irish member, who to three years' experience of the British House of Commons unites an intimate acquaintance with American politics. From the statement of this writer, it appears that "the House of Representatives at Washington has forty-seven Standing Commissions, with an average of half a dozen members each," to whom it has practically delegated all "its legislative authority," and who, "from being the mere scrutineers and reporters, have become the dictators and the final arbiters of its legislation." If it be true, as he says, that

"in the course of one Session two hours is the utmost time that can be allowed to each of the forty-seven Committees to report upon, debate, and dispose of all the subjects of general legislation committed to their charge, and that 'in this mode hundreds of measures of vital importance receive near the close of an exhausting Session, without being debated, amended, or understood, the constitutional assent of the representatives of the American people,"

* "A Parliament or a Congress?" CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, vol. liii. pp. 756-772.

it is easy to understand that

"the result of the change has been to diminish the authority, weight, and dignity of the House of Representatives, and to deprive that illustrious body of that equality with the Senate which the framers of the Constitution contemplated."

Mr. Gill seems to think that the same disastrous consequences must ultimately flow from the adoption of the "vicious principle" of devolution recently sanctioned by the House of Commons.

I cannot pretend to Mr. Gill's knowledge of the American Constitution. But twenty years' experience of English Parliamentary life has satisfied me that these apprehensions are wholly chimerical. If there is one thing which distinguishes the British House of Commons from every other assembly in the world, it is its innate, perhaps its unreasoning, jealousy of its own privileges—a jealousy which shows itself in an almost morbid reluctance to part with a single shred of its authority. Indeed, the mere suggestion that that House can ever become what Congress is said to be—"the slave of its own Committees"—or that Parliamentary Government will become "Government by the Chairmen of Standing Committees,"* cannot be read without a smile. The real danger is not that the House should trust its new Committees too much, but that it should trust them too little; and while this is the case, the experiment of last year can only be credited with a partial success. But in order to command this confidence it is, above all things, necessary that they should deserve it, and for this purpose two things are essential. First, that they should be composed of the right men; and, secondly, that they should be given the right work to do. The responsibility for the first rests with the Committee of Selection; that for the second with the Government and the House itself.

It is perhaps unavoidable, that though the greatest care be taken in the formation of such a body, mistakes and omissions should occasionally occur in the selection of its members. In the case of the County Courts Consolidation and Amendment Bill of last year, for instance, a gentleman, whose whole professional career had been spent in those courts, and who probably knew more about them than the rest of the House put together, was accidentally left out of the Standing Committee to which that measure was referred. A mishap of this kind might be obviated by inviting members desirous of serving on either Committee, either generally or during the consideration of some particular Bill, to submit their names to the Committee of Selection. Such a step, though it might occasionally place that body in a disagreeable dilemma, would, on the whole, lighten their labours, while it would prevent the Committees themselves from being flooded by

* "One American writer says: 'Congress is now the slave of its own Committees.' Another declares 'that Congressional Government is Government by the Chairmen of Standing Committees.'"—CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, vol. lili. p. 764.

ornamental members, who took no real interest in their proceedings, and rarely, if ever, attended their sittings. It might be desirable, too, to increase the proportion of "experts" to be added in the case of each Bill, though this would somewhat depend upon the nature of the Bill itself.

The second requisite cannot be so easily dismissed. As a general rule it may be laid down that no measure involving any great party question, or any question which excites strong popular sentiment, ought to be referred to a Standing Committee. On such subjects the constituencies naturally demand, and have a right to demand, that the views of their representatives should be expressed at every point and on every detail. Nor could the House of Commons properly delegate these duties to any portion of its members, however carefully and impartially selected. It always struck me that the Employers' Liability Bill of last year in this respect came dangerously near the line, and certainly the fate which awaited that measure in the House itself after it had received from the Grand Committee on Law the most patient and searching consideration ever given to a public Bill, fully justified that apprehension. There are, however, scores of very useful Bills, annually introduced by private members, which raise no such burning questions, and which would be eminently fitted for reference to one or other of the two Standing Committees, but which cannot be proceeded with simply because the House of Commons cannot spare two or three hours for their consideration. Indeed, it is probable that, unless some such winnowing process as that proposed by Mr. Bryce in the debates on the Rules of Procedure last year* were adopted, those Committees might find themselves overwhelmed by excess of work. Not that it is possible to lay down any hard-and-fast line as to the nature of the Bills to be so referred or as to the extent to which Parliament should be called upon to accept the conclusions of its delegates. On the one hand, no one would wish to deprive the House of the right of reviewing such decisions on any really vital or important point; on the other hand, it is clear that if every detail submitted to a Standing Committee is to be fought over again on the floor of the House, the whole system must break down, for it would be most unreasonable to expect hard-worked men to devote their valuable time to the Sisyphean labour of discussing difficult questions which are destined to be reopened by less competent persons as fast as they are settled.†

* Mr. Bryce's proposal was that "Bills, other than Government Bills, should after a certain day be set down for second reading, in an order to be determined by the number of members' signatures subscribed to each."—*Hansard, N.S.*, vol. 388, p. 1779.

† It ought to be generally known that the House of Lords last year in this respect set an exceedingly bad example. After the Mortmain Bill, a measure originating in the Upper House, had been very carefully considered by the Standing Committee on Law, and had been accepted, not without some demur, by the Commons in the shape in

It has often been suggested that the Civil Service and Army and Navy Estimates might, in the first instance, be referred to a carefully selected body constituted on the model of the two existing Grand Committees, and, to judge by the experience of last Session, it is probable that in future, unless some such plan be adopted, at least half the Session will have to be exclusively devoted to this subject. I believe not only that the suggestion is a feasible one, but that in no other way can that close and critical scrutiny of our public accounts on which all financial reformers insist be obtained. It will of course be objected that the first duty of the House of Commons as the guardian of the public purse, is to watch over the national expenditure; and further, that the debates in Supply afford the legitimate and often the only opportunity for the ventilation of grievances, and the discussion of important questions of domestic and foreign policy. But all such questions might as well be raised on the Report of Supply, which no one proposes to withdraw from the cognizance of the House itself. Moreover, those who during the last few days of each Session have watched the way in which millions of public money are voted away in an empty and exhausted House, without remonstrance and without comment, may not be unwilling to exchange this time-honoured privilege of the British Parliament for some more effective mode of checking and moderating fiscal extravagance. Such, however, is the tenacity with which the House of Commons clings to what it has always regarded as its most sacred and cherished right, that it is not likely to consent to any modification of its present mode of voting Supply, until driven to do so by the sheer necessity of the case.

A minor point, but one not without its importance, is the time during which the Committees sit. At present they meet at noon, and as by the Standing Orders they are required to rise as soon as the Speaker takes the chair—i.e., at three o'clock—they have, after deducting the time occupied in forming a quorum and a short interval for luncheon, not much more than two and a half hours left for actual work—a space of time too short to make real and continuous progress with the details of a complicated Bill. Perhaps, as the House seldom really settles down to its business before four or half-past four o'clock, this limit might be advantageously extended, though it is doubtful whether the House of Commons would agree to an alteration of its

which it came back to them, the House of Lords took upon itself, by a majority of four in a House of eighteen members, on one of the very last days of the Session, to introduce an amendment exempting Keble College, Oxford, from the operation of the Bill. This amendment, described as a "consequential" amendment, was, at a later hour of the same day, brought down to the House of Commons, and slipped through an almost empty House without being observed. The transparent excuse that the Standing Committee had exempted Victoria University from the Bill, will deceive no one who understands the elementary difference between a University and a College.

rules which would appear to absolve any of its members from the duty of attending any part of its sittings. The subject, however, is only part of the larger question of the general division and duration of Parliamentary times and seasons, which, in view of the change taking place in the composition of the House, must before long come up for revision.

Much more might be written on the subject, but I hope I have said enough to show that it is only by a carefully considered extension of the principle of devolution, at last definitely adopted, that the House of Commons can be rescued from the chaotic state into which it has been gradually drifting. The question is one which more immediately concerns those unhappy private members who spend their days and nights in struggling to pass their favourite camel through the eye of the Parliamentary needle. But it cannot be without interest to any man who does not desire to see "the first deliberative assembly in the world" shorn of its legislative functions, and reduced to the level of a school of rhetoric or an academical debating society, with no higher function than that of providing amusement for the readers of the morning papers. The time may come when the consummation, so much desired by one political party and so much dreaded by the other, may restore to the House of Commons the control of its own business by relieving it of half its duties. But we are face to face with an immediate and pressing danger, and, in the absence of any alternative remedy, I have ventured to put in a plea for the only palliative which, up to the present time, has obtained even the semblance of success.

GEORGE OSBORNE MORGAN.

THE BISMARCK DYNASTY

"WE shall have no more ~~politicians~~ meddling in politics now!" Such—except that "~~politicians~~" is substituted for a word too coarse to print—was the characteristic exclamation which burst from the exultant lips of Count Herbert Bismarck on the death of the Emperor Frederic. The remark was as significant as it was characteristic. Alike in form and in meaning it expressed with fidelity the savage contempt for women which forms one of the darkest shadows cast by the reign of Blood and Iron over the German race. Twenty years ago, after Sadowa, but before Sedan, the Great Chancellor, in familiar converse with Bluntschli, expounded his theory of sex in nations. "Among races," he said, "as among human beings, we find the male and the female. The Germans have the force and the virility of man; the Slavs and the Celts the submissiveness and the passivity of woman." In the enthronement of Force as the supreme and only arbiter of human destiny—in the cynical subordination of Right to Might which has accompanied the transformation of Germany—we see the operation of tendencies which are in fierce revolt against the influence of woman in politics. It is part of the reversion to barbarism of our times. Said Prince Bismarck recently: "At bottom you will always in fact find the German such that, were old Barbarossa to emerge to-day from his cave, he would doubt that he had slept seven hundred years." But if a still earlier progenitor were to return, he might even think that the race had retrograded. For among the Teutonic tribes at the dawn of history, woman held a peculiar and a revered position. "She was the companion of the labours and dangers of her husband; her counsel in men who great peril was looked upon by the tribe as almost inspired, and as his often the prophetic of revealed destinies: she encouraged succession in their

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fiercest battles; and it was said that, to the soldier despairing and dying, her whisper would bring back life and courage, and often arouse him to victory." They have changed all that long since in the Fatherland, and the key-note, the watchword of the *régime* upon which Germany now has entered, is summed up in the exultant and brutal phrase with which Count Herbert Bismarck, round whose person centres the interest of the great European drama, hailed the disappearance into the somnolent retirement of widowhood of the daughter of England's Queen, the Victoria.

II.

Count Herbert Bismarck, the pivot of the action of the piece now being played out, scene after scene, by the relentless fates, is the son of his father. That is his only distinction, for his father happens to be Mayor of the Palace in the new German Empire, and Count Herbert is his heir. The desire to secure the succession of the Chancellorship to Count Herbert is the clue to the policy of Prince Bismarck, without which it appears an inexplicable tangle of brutalities, and even of banalities. What we are witnessing in Berlin is a determined attempt on the part of the most powerful statesman of the century to found a Ministerial dynasty. Until a few years ago it was the pride and the glory of Prince Bismarck to hold his high office solely in the interest of the King his master. He was only the first servant of the Hohenzollerns, and he unsparingly condemned all theories of Ministerial responsibility which tended to develop "a Constitutional Major-domo-ship even more powerful than that which existed in the time of the shadowy Carolingian kings." But when the Empire was established, the Imperial Constitution, as Prince Bismarck himself pointed out in the Reichstag (March 5, 1878), altered his status and increased his power. In place of the constant reference to the King, necessitated by the Prussian Constitution, decisive power was now vested in one of his Ministers. "In the Empire a Minister is to the fore who has the right to command." The extreme age of the Emperor William, and the partial abdication of the old Kaiser after the attempt of Nobiling, immensely increased the power of the Reichskanzler. From being Grand Vizier of a hard-riding Sultan, he became a veritable Mayor of the Palace. If no saying is attributed to him like the famous "*L'Etat c'est moi*" of the old monarch, it was simply because he had no need to say it. He acted upon it. He made and unmade alliances. He declared war on the Pope, and he drew up the terms of capitulation by which he made peace. At home as abroad Bismarck decided everything. If a thing matters the old Emperor exacted a punctilious respect for his own wishes, the exceptions but brought into clearer relief the vast areas of administration over which Bismarck was supreme. The Hohenzollern was allowed to manage the home farm,

but Bismarck, the steward, was supreme over the whole estate. And far be it from us to cavil at this arrangement, by which the Hohenzollern dynasty was able to benefit to the full by the genius and the capacity of the greatest of modern statesmen. But it had its drawbacks, and these drawbacks are beginning to appear.

Prince Bismarck, though supreme in Germany, is not immortal. He is ~~growing~~, and ageing fast. He was born on the 1st of April 1815, and is therefore in his seventy-fourth year. Like many men of strong character, he believes that he has been privileged to know the date of his death. He will not die, he is convinced, until 1890. He will not be living beyond 1894. Whatever ridicule may be thrown upon the notion that even a Reichskanzler can cast his horoscope with such precision as to fix the approximate date of his death in this fashion, the fact is indisputable that Prince Bismarck holds that belief and acts upon it. Life for him is no indefinite vista stretching out into the distant future. He will have done with it for good and all before the end of 1894. Given these two factors—first, the possession of almost absolute power, and secondly, the conviction that he must lay it down in five years at the utmost—it was inevitable that he should cast about for a successor to whom he could hand over the Imperial Major-domo-ship which he has spent his life in creating.

Five years ago the American Minister at Berlin noted with surprise, and with some degree of dismay, that Prince Bismarck seemed blind to this obvious necessity of his unique position. "I think that Bismarck is educating no successor. No man is ready to take his shoes." He is one of those great trees that stunt everything that grows in their shadow. He is intolerant of the idea that any man should share the credit with him of guiding the destinies of Germany, and the result is that the officials under him are more apt to be marionettes than persons of independent action." The Chancellor, however, suddenly woke up to the danger of the position which he had created, and set about developing an heir.

The task was none too easy. In the hive, if a queen bee dies, the industrious insects have no difficulty in growing another queen from a larva which, but for an unforeseen necessity, would have grown up to be one of the undistinguished swarm of humble workers. The evolution of a statesman from an official has not yet been reduced to system, for human science lags behind the instinct of the bee. Prince Bismarck, however, in his search for a successor, did not go beyond the limits of his own household. Probably he did not consciously propose to himself the founding of a dynasty. Many of our most important acts are unconscious. Consciously or unconsciously, Prince Bismarck followed the example of all men who have founded dynasties since the world began. He selected as his heir his eldest son, and his determination to secure the succession of Count Herbert to the Chancellorship is the ~~only~~ ^{sole} due to the recent events

which have scandalized Europe. It is a new war of succession that is being waged under a thin veil of constitutional and legal forms, a Bismarckian war for the foundation of a Bismarckian dynasty, in which Otto the First will be succeeded by his son Bismarck the Second. Before Count Herbert was taken up for development he was regarded as a rather disreputable representative of his family. In his hot youth he had got mixed up in some broil about a woman at Bonn, out of which he had to slash his way with a sword, receiving by way of memento an ugly cut across the head in the duel, which fortunately did not end fatally for either party. He was wounded in the thigh in that cavalry fight which the *Kölnische Zeitung* suggests was due to the non-existent telegram that reached Bazaine in roundabout fashion from Sir Robert Morier. He was then serving as a private in the Dragoon Guards, and the wound was caused by a shot which struck him in the upper part of the thigh during a cavalry attack at Mars-la-Tour by the French, who were pushing on to Verdun. He had displayed great bravery and had received no fewer than three shots—one through the breast of his coat, another on his watch; the third was that in his thigh: the wound was painful but not dangerous. After the war he did nothing to distinguish himself until he figured in a great scandal which serves still further to accentuate his view of woman. Woman, in the eyes of the barbarian, is a combination of a milch cow and a household drudge. Low though this ideal may be, it is higher than that which exists where she is regarded as the mere vehicle for the passion of the adulterer.

After this escapade, Count Herbert was set to work, and in a year or two he developed considerable aptitude for official duties. He travelled a good deal, went to Strasburg, to Paris, and to Vienna, was talked of in 1883 as a possible Minister at Washington, but did not leave Europe. His father put him into the Foreign Office, and, after appointing him Second Director of Foreign Affairs, made him Minister at the Hague. His most notable exploit was his mission to England in the closing years of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry of 1880-3, when he succeeded in inducing Lord Granville to give up all claim to North-Western New Guinea, to recognize the right of Germany to establish her authority over certain groups of islands in the South Seas, and to settle the disputes on the West Coast of Africa. Shortly after that he blossomed forth into the full dignity of Minister for Foreign Affairs. His importance, however, was solely derived from the intimacy of his relations with his father. Except the Mayor of the Palace and his heir, no one counted for anything at Berlin, and the heir only counted because he was at the same time his father's factotum. Such was the position of affairs at the beginning of 1888, when the old Emperor William suddenly failed and died, and the young Frederic began the three months'

reign which is now having so troubled and unworthy a sequel in the proscription of his friends, and the persecution of all who by word or deed supported the third Frederic against the second Bismarck.

III.

When the old Kaiser died, there was for a moment a period of painful suspense and indecision in the mind of the Mayor of the Palace. What should be done? How long would the Emperor Frederic live? Was there any need for there being any Emperor Frederic at all? From the point of view of the Bismarck dynasty it certainly seemed desirable that the succession should pass direct from the grandfather to the grandson. For the young man was reared in the Bismarckian tradition. He was a product of Blood and Iron. With him, unless he is foully belied, the omnipotent Reichskanzler had made sundry important and binding agreements, on the principle of *do ut des*. His father, on the other hand, was not a Bismarckian. He moved in the midst of the Prussian Junkers like a cultured Athenian amidst the warlike Spartans. He represented civilization, culture, peace. Above all, he represented the hateful principle of the right of woman to the recognition of her faculties regardless of her sex, and he paid to the genius of his wife the homage to which she was entitled as an intellectual force, without stinting the measure of his devotion because she was "only a woman." Of all subjects of the old Kaiser, the Crown Prince and Crown Princess probably regarded the coarse brutality of Count Herbert with most aversion. It is easy to imagine the pressure of the temptation suggested by the cancer which was eating into the throat of the invalid at San Remo.

If the Crown Prince never came to the throne Prince Bismarck's great danger would be averted, and if, at the same time that this peril disappeared, the Chancellor were to rivet his claims upon the young Emperor, by placing him at once upon the throne without waiting for his father's decease, a double advantage would be secured. Opponents maddened by hatred accuse Prince Bismarck of meditating the doing to death of the Emperor Frederic in order to gain his end. They assert that when the Imperial Chancellor brought Frederic III. from San Remo to Berlin, in the depth of winter, he calculated that the chapter of accidents might during the journey accelerate the progress of the disease. For what—it is asked by those who think the Chancellor capable of any crime which forwards his cause—what other conceivable motive could Prince Bismarck have had in declaring that he could not answer for the consequences if the unfortunate Emperor did not cross the Alps in the depths of winter? Of two things, one—either the Emperor would have had to risk the journey, in which case the Prince might have proclaimed a Regency, or he would, at any risk, have gone to Berlin, in which case

he might die *en route*. Either alternative would have suited the Chancellor. As we know, neither alternative occurred. The Emperor stood the journey better than was expected, and Prince Bismarck, after seeing him, went so far as to declare that there never had been any necessity for the journey northwards. So easy is it for statesmen to persuade themselves after the event, when their schemes miscarry, that they have been entirely misunderstood.

The supposition is too monstrous to be credited by any but those who are smarting under the sting of the Bismarckian lash. His critics forget that much allowance must be made for Prince Bismarck in the critical moments of the Emperor Frederic's accession. He was in the position of an English Prime Minister who is suddenly confronted with a newly elected House of Commons vehemently hostile to his favourite policy, with this difference, that an English Prime Minister can always dissolve Parliament, or, if that should be impossible, knows precisely the utmost limit of its existence. Prince Bismarck could do neither. The Emperor Frederic was on the throne, and no one could say how long he might remain there. Even now, when all is over, there is no saying how much longer his death might have been averted but for the accident by which the throat of the Imperial patient was torn open by the German operator, whose cannula was the most efficient ally of the cancer. Bad as it was for Prince Bismarck to have Frederic upon the throne under any circumstances, the actual circumstances accentuated every objectionable element in the case. If the Emperor had been hale and well he would at least have been constantly exposed to the influence of his mighty Minister, who could be relied upon to spare no effort to bring the utmost possible pressure of outside events and the business of State to bear upon the new Sovereign. But with an Emperor whose only throne was his deathbed, and who of necessity spent most of his time in the company of his English wife and his English physician, what could be done? The influence of the Empress Victoria he had always reckoned upon as hostile to all his peculiar ideas. That influence was now paramount, and none could say how long it might last. That a woman, and that woman an Englishwoman, and that Englishwoman a Liberal saturated with progressive ideas, should practically have the Emperor of Germany in her hand, and should control the master of the master of Germany, was enough to give Prince Bismarck the nightmare. Yet, after all, what could he do? His own dynasty was not sufficiently consolidated for him to venture upon the arbitrary deposition of Frederic III. And yet, as the Emperor died, all hope of the assured accession of Crown Prince must perish. Of this he speedily satisfied himself by personal experiment. He repeatedly sent his son and heir-presumptive to transact business with the Emperor, only to find that Frederic III. refused to deal with any one but the Chancellor himself. If the Emperor lived, therefore, the one dream of the old

Chancellor's life would be thwarted. Count Herbert could never be the Chancellor of Frederic III.

This was bad enough, but soon a worse fear arose to haunt the Chancellor's mind. He knew that Frederic III. would have none of his son Herbert. He began to suspect, or rather his suspicions began to deepen into conviction, that if the Emperor lived he might even dispense with the services of Prince Bismarck himself. It is true that in the Manifesto addressed to the German people the new Emperor had expressed, in the highest terms, his confidence in the Chancellor; but no one knew better than Prince Bismarck that the principles upon which the Emperor Frederic would insist on governing would sooner or later compel them to part company. For Frederic, although one of the most amiable and least self-seeking of men, was still a Hohenzollern born and bred, capable of decisive resolution, and never unmindful either of his responsibilities or his prerogatives. Sooner or later, then, it was certain, if the Emperor lived, Prince Bismarck would have to go, and the probability was that it would be sooner rather than later. Thus it came to pass that, in the Chancellor's mind, there must have been constantly present, however much he repressed it, a haunting temptation to wish that the Emperor might not recover—nay, even that he might die before the inevitable crisis arrived. From Prince Bismarck's point of view this temptation must have seemed so irresistible that it is not surprising that some believe that he succumbed; for the safety and the peace of Germany seemed to him, and not to him only, to depend upon his maintenance in office. A Liberal Emperor would imperil the edifice which he and the old Emperor had laboriously built up through *Sturm und Drang* with blood and iron. And here was this idealogue of a Kaiser, with one foot in the grave, and his will practically controlled by his English wife, presuming to dream of overthrowing the Bismarck dynasty and launching upon all kinds of risky experiments. Who could be surprised if he had wished that the cancer would make haste?

That such evil thoughts may have brooded in the obscure recesses of the great Prussian's mind is certain. Prince Bismarck is a man whose mind, and all that is therein, is continually projected like the picture painted on the slide of a magic-lantern on an immense expanse of blank sheets visible all over Germany. As a combination of the microscope and the magic-lantern enables the operator to horrify a crowd of spectators by the ghastly presentation on the outstretched sheet of the animalcules writhing and wriggling in every drop of drinking water, so the officious and official Press of Germany help us to see all the germs and spores and unclean things patient, or are supposed to lurk in the lower regions of Prince Bismarck's mind. The reptile Press is the Chancellor's magic-lantern, of which the successive phases of his thought serve as the slides and are exaggerated by the

lens. These papers during the whole of the Emperor Frederic's reign made no secret of their rancorous hostility. Article after article filled with the most malignant slanders poured out from the Press. Neither the Emperor nor the Empress was spared. It was impossible not to feel that these multifarious scribblers believed that some of those at head-quarters would gladly have expedited the Emperor's end. The Hon. A. A. Sargent, who was driven from his post at the American legation at Berlin by similar tactics on the part of the Press Bureau, thus describes the experience to which the dying Emperor was subjected:—

"Bismarck looks on any opposition as enmity, and, although I simply obeyed my instructions, a fresh attack was made upon me by the organs of the German Government. The howl was kept up, and my position was made about as terrible as it is possible to make a man's position. In Germany everything depends on official smiles. When the papers in the pay of the Government, as these papers practically are, abuse a foreign Minister, who is entitled to the hospitality of the Government, any attack is like the blow of a policeman's club."

These "blows of a policeman's club" rained thick and fast without intermission upon the Emperor Frederic and his wife during the whole of his brief and troubled reign.

It was a horrible spectacle, relieved only by the lofty courage and heroic fortitude of the Imperial sufferer, and the patient endurance and ever-augmenting tenderness of his noble consort. He, fortunately, was unconscious of much of the storm of calumny and of insult which fell with all its force upon the Empress. But they were not sprung from a breed which cowers before opposition and shrinks from duty because of danger. Not even the exhausting ordeal of the chamber of death could blind them to the fact that they owed it to their country that the reign of Frederic III. should be distinguished by at least one signal and unmistakable indication of the Liberal and progressive policy on which the Emperor had set his heart from his youth up. An opportunity soon presented itself. Herr von Puttkammer, Minister of the Interior, had for years used all the authority of the State in order to convert the administration into an electioneering agency for Prince Bismarck. Puttkammer represented the corruption and the coercion by which the Civil Service had been converted into the mere tool of the Chancellor. Puttkammer may be said, if we borrow a metaphor from the slang of English corruption, to have been Bismarck's Man in the Moon. He managed the elections, coerced the employees of the State, and generally did everything which a Prince, who "honourably declared for Constitutional methods without any reserve," must not utterly deter. It was resolved that Puttkammer must be dismissed.

The Chancellor found himself in a dilemma. The dismissal of Puttkammer would unquestionably be popular. Should he, then,

endeavour to gain the kudos of his removal by associating himself conspicuously with the decree of dismissal? But the expediency of such a course turned upon another question—the same old question, to which no answer could be given—How long would the Emperor last? If he were to live for months, or even years, then of course it would be wiser to throw Puttkammer overboard. If, on the other hand, Frederic were to die in a few weeks or even days, no benefit would arise to the Bismarck dynasty from such an act of subserviency. It was a new experience for Bismarck to have to reckon with some one else who had a right to think for Germany besides himself. As a diplomatist said, who had studied him for many years at close quarters: “The main difficulty with Bismarck is that he is trying to do the thinking for all Germany. He considers that his brain is equivalent to the brain of the entire German people, and, feeling this way, he gets very angry at anybody who opposes him.” Anger is a poor counsellor, and Prince Bismarck showed unmistakable traces of being in sore straits. He lost his nerve, and the keen decisiveness of judgment which formerly distinguished him seemed to have disappeared. It will probably surprise the German public to know that so much was Prince Bismarck at a loss what to do that the day before the Emperor signed the decree of dismissal the Chancellor advised him to do it, and the day after it appeared he went back on his advice and declared that the Emperor had gone too far. If any one in high places ventures to deny this, there is a simple test of the accuracy of this statement. The Emperor Frederic kept his diary down to within a few days of his death. In the diary he noted down all the more important events of his life. If the entries are examined before and after the dismissal of Puttkammer, they will furnish ample confirmation of what is here stated as to Prince Bismarck’s vacillation and indecision.

Another subject on which Prince Bismarck could not make up his mind was whether or not the necessity of preserving his own position justified his declaring a Regency. In the Emperor’s palace, the contingency that they might at any moment be confronted with what would have been practically a decree of deposition, was never out of sight. It was known that the Princes were quite ready to do whatever Prince Bismarck wished. The minor German Sovereigns act more or less implicitly on the advice of their Prime Ministers, and these Ministers all march at the word of command from the Chancellor. At any moment, therefore, if it pleased Prince Bismarck to have the Emperor declared incapable of transacting the business of State, a Regency might be established. The difficulty in his path was the danger that Sir Morell Mackenzie would not certify the incapacity of his patient, and also the probability, which deepened into a certainty after the horrible accident of the cannula, that the Emperor would die too soon to make it worth while to run the risk and to incur the friction of the Regency.

So, after much dubitation, occasioning no small addition to the suspense in the Palace, Prince Bismarck ultimately decided to wait for Death, which did not tarry, but made haste.

The only other incident of the reign which ought to be referred to here, as illustrating the methods of the Bismarck dynasty, is the peremptory veto which was placed upon the marriage of the Princess Victoria to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. According to the popular belief, the interdict on the marriage was due to Prince Bismarck's reluctance to give any occasion of offence to Russia. When the private history of the three months' reign comes to be written, it will, no doubt, be found that, as often happens in such cases, the ostensible reason was quite different from the real motive. In public and official documents Prince Bismarck talked about reasons of State, the danger of offending Russia, and so forth. In private he held very different language. The real reason why the Battenberg marriage was forbidden was because the young Crown Prince had stipulated as one of the articles of the agreement by which he bound himself to support Prince Bismarck, that Prince Bismarck should, on his part, prevent the marriage of his sister to Prince Alexander. The origin of this brother's interdict on his sister's marriage is said to have been purely personal. Prince Bismarck stuck to his bargain and forbade the banns. But so strictly conditional was everything upon the health of the Emperor, that it was understood that no difficulty would be made beyond a formal protest if the Emperor lived till the summer, and a private marriage were celebrated at Homburg.

Such at least was the belief of those most concerned, but so inveterate is the suspicion inspired by Prince Bismarck, that it was even thought that he suggested the private marriage in order to provide himself with a pretext for declaring a Regency!

The end came at last to the sufferings of the Emperor Frederic. After a reign of ninety days the great obstacle, so long and so keenly dreaded by the Chancellor to the realization of his projects, was removed. Death secured him the victory, and when the grave closed over the coffin of Frederic III. the way seemed clear for the attainment of the Bismarckian dream. No more talk now of a Prince "frankly Constitutional." No more petticoat influence in German politics—save of the illegitimate kind. The masculine Teuton was henceforth to have an exclusively masculine ruler. The Fates and Death had fought against the milder influences of the Liberal reign. The brief experiment ceased almost before it had been well begun, and Prince Bismarck was left free to establish his dynasty in peace.

Magnanimity is not a Bismarckian virtue. He had triumphed, but that was not enough to console him for the anxieties of the late

reign. It was necessary to punish those who had in any way been associated with the Sovereign who had dared to believe that Germany might continue to exist even if a Bismarck were no longer Reichskanzler. First and foremost came the unhappy lady who had shared for thirty years the sorrows and the joys of the dead, and who had dared after all these years to remain English at heart. Half German by birth, naturalized German by marriage and residence, the wife of one German Emperor and the mother of another, she had never ceased to cherish with affectionate devotion the memories of the land where the sabre is not perpetually clanking in the street and where there are other ideals of life than that of being a Prussian Grenadier. With all her husband's aspirations she had keenly sympathized, and she had shared also in his antipathies. She had encouraged him to contemplate the emancipation of the Imperial throne from the ever-increasing shadow of the Bismarckian Major-domo. Upon her therefore, widowed and forlorn, fell the first vengeance of the offended Chancellor. To one who had for a twelvemonth nursed her husband at every step in the long stage that led to the grave, nothing could be more tormenting than the accusation that, at some point or another in the treatment of the patient, mistakes had been made but for which his life might have been spared. Hardly had the obsequies ended when there was launched from the Prussian State Printing Press the pamphlet of the German doctors, asserting, with brutal emphasis, that the Emperor had been subjected to a mistaken treatment, which had rendered his recovery impossible. All the blows aimed at Sir Morell Mackenzie fell upon the widowed Empress, who had supported the authority of the English doctor, and who knew that her husband had trusted him and been grateful for his skill and attendance to the very last. Sir Morell Mackenzie replied. His pamphlet on "Frederick the Noble" was promptly interdicted in Germany, while the accusations of his rivals were circulated everywhere.

Meanwhile at Berlin the position of the Empress was so unpleasant that at one time it began to be rumoured that she was actually under arrest. The venomous attacks of the reactionary Press never ceased. She, whose position ought to have commanded universal sympathy, found herself isolated, denounced, and slighted. Seldom has the doctrine of *Vie victis* been more ruthlessly enforced. The Empress had removed certain MSS. belonging to her husband to the security of a land where domiciliary visits for the seizure of papers are not ordinary incidents of existence. She was compelled under threats of pecuniary pressure to hand them over to the German Government. Why not? To the victors belong the spoils.

The new Emperor, William the Second—a headstrong and energetic man, reared under the magic of the Bismarckian triumph—showed himself no inapt pupil of his master. In his early youth, while still living under the parental roof, he was a docile and affectionate boy.

It was not until he went to study at Bonn, when sixteen years old, that the estrangement began which has yielded such bitter fruit. The officers of the garrison at Bonn flattered the lad, filled his foolish young head with dreams of playing the rôle of a second Frederic the Great, and inculcated a spirit of self-regarding ambition, the end of which has not yet been seen. When his parents endeavoured to check the working of this moral poison, his comrades encouraged him to defy their warnings. He drew his allowance from his grandfather, not from his father; and the approval of Bismarck was more to him than the love and esteem of his mother. The result was that before he left Bonn he began to regard himself as a personage in the State. He had his friends, his party, and—in the army—his set, whose promotion he pushed, and who in turn were devoted to his interests. The Emperor Frederic never, in the days when he was Crown Prince, made an attempt to push his own personal ambitions, either in the army or in the State. He was no self-seeker. A double measure of this evil spirit seemed to have descended upon his son. Eager for his own advancement, grudging the recognition of others' services, the young Prince, an apt pupil of a cynical master, found no difficulty, moral or sentimental, in treating his mother in a fashion after Herbert Bismarck's own heart. So little did he care for the feelings of others that he treated the Prince of Wales with such discourtesy as to render it difficult for his Royal Highness again to meet his nephew—a fact of which the public was made aware when the Prince and the Kaiser both visited the Emperor of Austria, but carefully avoided meeting each other in the capital of their host. Count Herbert, out-Heroding Herod in the brusque brutality of his manner, forced the Prince to take the extreme step of breaking off all relations with those who received the Count as a friend. The boycott is said to be complete.

V.

When the personal and social relations between the English and German Courts were in this exceedingly unpleasant position, a mine was suddenly sprung under the feet of the dominant party by the publication in the *Deutsche Rundschau* of extracts from the Diary kept by the Emperor Frederic during the war. The story of its publication is very simple. Dr. Geffcken, who had for thirty years possessed the confidence of the late Emperor, had been invited in February 1873 by the Crown Prince to Wiesbaden, and then his Imperial Highness had lent him his Diary of the War of 1870-71. About three weeks after this he had returned the Diary to the Crown Prince with a letter of thanks. The Diary consisted of about 700 pages, all originally in the handwriting of its author; and from this he had made extracts to the extent of about twenty closely written pages, mainly of political import, though the Diary for the most part concerned itself with military

matters. After the death of the Emperor Frederic he resolved, in August 1888, to publish his excerpts from the journal, and so he handed the manuscript to the editor of the *Rundschau*. In acting thus, his aim was by no means a political, but an historical one; and in particular he wished to point out, in contradistinction to the widespread opinion that Kaiser Frederic was merely a noble idealist, the fact of his political importance, and the circumstance that he was a primary force (*treibende Kraft*) in the work of founding the German Empire. The purpose was praiseworthy, and the means were simple and apparently unobjectionable. The extracts from the Diary appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau* in September. The moment it appeared a strange commotion was visible in the Bismarckian circle. The *Deutsche Rundschau* was summarily suppressed, and all the machinery of the criminal law was set in motion in order to ascertain who was responsible for the publication of the Diary. Prince Bismarck, in a Report drawn up by command of the Emperor, demanded permission to prosecute the publishers on a criminal charge of high treason. Of all the State papers to which the Chancellor has put his hand this "Representation" is probably the most extraordinary and the most scandalous. Reading it to-day, in the light of the admissions made by the Public Prosecutor in the indictment of Dr. Geffcken, it is difficult to say whether we are more amazed by the colossal effrontery of its author or disgusted by its manifest bad faith. Considering that the *Acte d'Accusation* began by establishing in the most formal fashion the genuineness of the Diary, it is somewhat of a shock to read the opening sentence of Prince Bismarck's Representation—"I consider the Diary in its present form not to be genuine"—and to follow him to the close, where, after an extraordinary specimen of historical criticism, he concludes by asserting that the Diary is "spurious, and that the publication is a forgery," primarily "directed against the Emperor Frederic"! "The memory of the Emperor Frederic," says the Chancellor, "forms a valuable possession of the people and of the dynasty," and it should, therefore, be preserved from the disfiguring tendencies of this calumniating pamphlet. Therefore, by way of vindicating the Emperor's memory, the Chancellor sets forth a series of statements which may be summarized as follows:—

1. That in 1870 the Crown Prince was so distrusted by his father that he was kept purposely outside the sphere of political negotiations.

2. That this distrust was due (a) to the indiscreet revelations which the Crown Prince might make to the English Court, "which was full of French sympathies" (1); and (b) to the violent means and ambitious designs recommended to the Crown Prince by political counsellors of doubtful ability.

3. That the Crown Prince, writing at the time and on the spot, made a multitude of mistakes as to time and fact.

4. That the Crown Prince (whose authorship of the Diary is now admitted) entertained ideas of treachery to his allies "equally contemptible from the standpoint of honourable feeling and from that of policy."

5. That the Crown Prince surrounded himself with advisers clumsy, dis-

honourable, and incapable, and that, in short, the late Emperor Frederic was very much of a fool, if not also something of a knave.

The prosecution was therefore ordered, and the inquisitorial processes of the German law set on foot to unearth and to punish the publisher of this "calumniation of the deceased Prince."

The cause of Prince Bismarck's wrath is not far to seek. Indignation at the alleged libel upon the deceased Prince was the very last motive that really prompted the publication of this disingenuous and thinly veiled cynicism. Not because the Diary discredited Frederic III., but because its publication had inflicted a fatal blow upon the legend of Bismarckian infallibility, on which the Chancellor was attempting to found the Bismarckian dynasty, Dr. Gelfcken was prosecuted. Undoubtedly the Diary struck the Chancellor in a sore place. When a statesman seeks to found a dynasty on the prestige of his prescience and courageous initiative, an historical document of the first authority which discredits both is as damaging as the unexpected discovery of proofs of illegitimacy would be to the pretensions of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg. The Diary shook the very foundations on which alone the Chancellor hoped to secure the succession to his son, by proving, by the indisputable testimony of the late Emperor, carefully committed to paper day by day as the events occurred, that in the great crisis of German history it was the Constitutional Prince rather than the arbitrary and absolute Chancellor who divined most clearly the opportunities of the situation, and contributed the driving force that secured the achievement of German unity. It was not the old men, but the young Prince, who had the most ardent faith in the future and the most passionate enthusiasm for the realization of "the long-deferred hopes of our forefathers and the dreams of German poets." As for the old Kaiser William, his attitude is best described in his own words: "My son is devoted to the new state of things with his whole soul, while I do not care a straw about it, and hold only to Prussia. I say that he and his successors will be called to make the Empire now established a reality." That might have been tolerated, but when Prince Bismarck is introduced, even so late as November 14, 1870, shrugging his shoulders over the idea of a German Empire, and asking whether the Crown Prince would wish to threaten the South Germans into the Imperial fold, it was more than Bismarckian flesh and blood could bear to stand the following reply of the Prince: "*Ja wohl*; there would be no danger in doing that; let us act firmly and imperiously, and you will see I was right in asserting that you have not yet any consciousness of your power."

The report of that conversation, which closes with a protest against the way in which a world-historic opportunity was being neglected by Bismarck, probably led to the extreme violence with which the prosecution was pressed.

Here was the real grievance of Dr. Geffcken's offence. He had been the means, as the *Acts of Accusation* put it, of belittling the services of the Chancellor. As soon as it was discovered that Dr. Geffcken had communicated the Diary to the *Bundestag*, he was arrested and flung into prison, as if he had been an ordinary felon. Bail was denied, and the unfortunate professor was almost ~~done~~ to death in the Moabit prison. His treatment affords a grim illustration of the fact that the methods of this newest dynasty of this nineteenth century in dealing with those guilty of *lèse-majesté* are substantially identical with those by which, in the first century of our era, the Roman tyrants terrorized the world.

If Dr. Geffcken had died in gaol, Prince Bismarck would probably have consoled himself by reflecting that the devil had got his due. For, in the inexhaustible repertory of casual gossip, second-hand calumny, and carefully stored up denunciations by the professional dilators of the Press Bureau, which slumber in the archives of the Chancellerie of Espionage at Berlin, it was recorded that "once, about ten years ago, at a social gathering, he delivered himself in the most excited manner as to the merits of Prince Bismarck, saying that he had not one single noble trait in his character, and was without a trace of kindness or pity." After this, why go further?

To death Dr. Geffcken was very nearly condemned, not judicially, but by the arbitrary decree of the Chancellor whom he had dared to criticize. The sufferings of his long imprisonment, for which there was no warrant save Prince Bismarck's will, left him so weak that when at last he was released by order of the Court which exercised jurisdiction in his case, he could hardly hold a pen. The close confinement, the wearying anxiety, the seclusion from all his friends; the expectation of the severest penalty which arbitrary power could inflict, so broke down the constitution of the prisoner that at Christmas the medical officer of the gaol expected that he would die on his hands. A severe attack of diarrhoea reduced him to such a state of exhaustion that they watched through the night of the 22nd-23rd of December, not expecting that he would ever see the light of another day.

Meanwhile, when the unlucky professor was being brought to the door of death in the prison, the Chancellor's police were ransacking his private correspondence in the vain hope of finding anything that would lend a colourable pretext to the criminal charge preferred against him. One of the privileges of German citizenship is that at any moment the authorities can peruse all the private correspondence of a lifetime by the simple process of accusing you, with or without evidence, of any imaginary offence, and then enter your premises and impound your papers. Civilization, it is evident, has still much to do in Central Europe before the rights of the individual against the Administration can be said even to exist. There is, however, an

obvious convenience in such a system to the Inquisitors of the Wilhelmstrasse, who have no doubt immensely swelled their records of the sayings and doings of the political opponents of the Chancellor by the simple process of making copious excerpts from the private letters of Dr. Geffcken's friends.

But nothing brought to light by licence of Star Chamber Inquisition furnished any evidence justifying Dr. Geffcken's conviction. The Supreme Court of the Empire, before whom the *Acte d'Accusation* was laid, dismissed the case without even calling upon Dr. Geffcken to be heard in court. The Court, of which Dr. Simson is President, declared that, though the Diary ought not to have been published, there was nothing to show that Dr. Geffcken was conscious of the nature of the offence which he committed in giving it to the world. It therefore ordered the prosecution to be stopped, and the prisoner set at liberty.

Dr. Geffcken was kept in ignorance for the most part of how his case was going. Most of the documents of his process were kept secret from him. On the 4th of January he was forbidden to correspond freely with his counsel, and on the morning of the 5th the inspector of the prison suddenly entered his cell and told him that he was free. Then prison officials rushed in, hastily packed up his clothes, and half an hour later he was being driven to the railway station. It was not until four days afterwards that he received the decree of the Supreme Court which ordered his immediate release. He reached Hamburg extremely weak, and in no condition to undertake the journey to the Riviera which was imperatively ordered for the restoration of his health. He was overwhelmed with letters, telegrams, congratulations, and demands for interviews, experiences, articles, photographs, and pamphlets. But until his health is re-established Dr. Geffcken has determined to remain a stranger to the warfare that rages around him in the Press. He has not written or inspired a single line. But as a parting blow, he was, after his return, summoned before the authorities, and cross-examined, in order to show cause why he should not be shut up as a lunatic in an asylum.

Prince Bismarck had lost his prey. But the public had not fathomed the resources at the disposal of a ruthless Chancellor, furious at the thwarting of his will. The old German reverence for judicial forms, the high ideal of the supremacy of law and the integrity of the judicial office which justified the proud boast, "There are judges at Berlin"—and it would seem at Leipsic—did not deter Prince Bismarck from appealing from the Supreme Court of the Empire to public opinion, by the publication of an *ex parte* statement of the case against Dr. Geffcken, supported by more or less garbled and imperfect versions of the private correspondence seized in Dr. Geffcken's house. This extraordinary and unprecedented step was taken, said the Chancellor, in the interest of His Majesty's administration of justice, and in

order to afford the several Governments, no less than public opinion, an opportunity of forming an independent opinion on the subject, "thus bringing the facts to the knowledge of all who are rightly entitled to see the judicial authorities of the Empire always act in a just and matter-of-fact manner," and "to enable the Governments and their subjects to form their own opinion as to the conduct of the Imperial judiciary in the case of Dr. Geffcken."

The immediate result of this affront to the dignity of the Supreme Court of the Empire was the resignation of the Minister of Justice, Dr. von Friedberg. He was an honest man, and a friend of the late Emperor, who selected him as the first person to receive the Order of the Black Eagle at his hands. We have probably not yet seen the ultimate outcome of this extraordinary appeal from the Supreme Judicial Tribunal to the verdict of a public opinion, which is neither competent to demand the production of the necessary evidence nor responsible for the impartial justice of its verdict.

VI.

Nothing seems to be more injurious to the faculties of men than the exercise of uncontrolled and absolute power. Prisoners in gaols who have all their wants supplied without the constant pressure of the struggle for existence, gradually sink into a condition of mental torpor. The same law, applied in a different sphere, exacts a similar revenge from those who, in the highest positions, have succeeded in beating down all the rivals or opponents whose competition in the earlier stages of their career supplied indispensable stimulus and not less indispensable experience as to the limits of the possible. Prince Bismarck is now suffering from the fatal results of being too successful. He has emancipated himself from the limitations from which come most of our strength. He has lost his shrewdness, his quick perception of the difference between the possible and the impossible, and his instinctive consciousness of the laws that govern the affairs of man. It is as if he had rid himself of the faculty of feeling pain, a thing which every one would naturally desire, but which, if granted, would destroy our chief security against danger.

The attempt which he is now making to carry out a proscription of all who have ever crossed his path is one of the signs that the hand of the famous Chancellor has lost its cunning, and that in his case is being verified the truth of the saying of the ancients, that pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. Even the worm may turn at last, and the attempt to hunt down all the friends of the Emperor Frederic has already provoked a very healthy reaction against the Chancellor and his promising son. It is the political relationship of nations as it is in schools. No man how excellent may be the original disposition of the head boy, there is no one who dare stick up to him, he soon becomes intolerable. Prince

Bismarck has so long been the head boy in Dame Europe's school that no one has dared to say him nay. Let him hector and bully as he please, his colleagues and his neighbours have said never a word. Last December, however, he presumed too far on the long-suffering endurance of Europe, and his arrogance provoked a retort which has been hailed with delight throughout the Continent.

Of all the Ambassadors in the British diplomatic service, Sir Robert Morier is the man who has done most to interpret Germany to England. For a good half of his diplomatic career his constant pre-occupation was to rouse his countrymen to a sense of the greatness, both moral and material, of the German people. No Englishman probably enjoyed more of the confidence of the late Emperor, and few Englishmen ever sympathized so passionately with German aspirations to liberty and independence. But he shared the views of the late Emperor as to the mischief which Prince Bismarck's unchecked ascendancy was exercising in all the higher qualities of the German folk. He had been for two years accredited to the little Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, one of the minor principalities which submitted reluctantly to the Prussianization that followed Sadowa. Being in his way quite as independent and passionate as Prince Bismarck himself, there was established between the two men a latent antagonism which gradually hardened into a positive antipathy. Prince Bismarck seems to have kept the *dosm* of Sir Robert Morier, noting down for use when the day of action might arrive every petty story of backstairs scandal, every unguarded expression, and, in short, all the usual stock-in-trade accumulated by private inquiry agents, who are much the same all the world over, whether they are detectives like Meiklejohn in London or decorated officials in the Wilhelmstrasse. As for Sir Robert Morier, he went his way, doing his duty to his country in the various capitals to which he was accredited, without paying much heed to the Chancellor's enmity, until, in due course of diplomatic promotion, he was sent to represent her Majesty at the Court of St. Petersburg. At a preconceived signal the reptile Press began to unmask their batteries of abuse against the appointment. Their attack was treated with contempt, and it was not followed up—at least, not for a time. Sir Robert Morier, however, soon gave the German Chancellor fresh cause for enmity. The excellent relations which he established between England and Russia weakened the system of alliances by which Prince Bismarck calculated that he could best secure the supremacy of Germany. As long as England and Russia are at cross purposes, Europe disappears; there is only Germany and the Mayor of the Palace at Friedrichsruhe or at Varzin. But with a good understanding between London and St. Petersburg, Germany resumes her natural and proper place as *prima inter pares* among the European Powers. Hence Sir Robert Morier, by the confidence which he was able to establish between

England and Russia, directly traversed the main line of Prince Bismarck's policy, which, as it has always been, to keep up the antagonism between England and Russia in order that Germany might be supreme in Europe.

It was therefore necessary to discredit Sir Robert Morier, and, if possible, to remove him from St. Petersburg. The first step was for Count Herbert Bismarck to circulate—privately, of course, but diligently—a curious falsehood told by Marshal Bazaine to a German military attaché in Madrid, concerning news said to have been sent by Sir Robert from Darmstadt, to Metz *via* London, which betrayed to the French the movements of the German troops, and enabled him to inflict on them considerable loss. Of this, however, no notice could be taken, beyond obtaining from Marshal Bazaine, in July last, a denial that he had ever made any such statement. Armed with this denial, Sir Robert Morier, who knew the methods of those with whom he had to deal, waited developments. He had not long to wait. Among the private letters seized when Dr. Geffcken's correspondence was carried off to Berlin was one from Baron von Roggenbach, containing the passage, "Morier is coming to-day." The mere mention of the name of Sir Robert Morier in the professor's correspondence sufficed as a pretext for re-opening the attack on our Ambassador. On the 16th of December the *Kölnische Zeitung* published a statement, obviously communicated from the Press Bureau, and probably by direct orders of Count Herbert Bismarck, stating that—

"In connection with investigations, which had to be made in the Geffcken case . . . there came to be considered a remark of Marshal Bazaine's, to the effect that in August 1870 he received the first news of the advance of the German armies over the Moselle through a communication, by way of London and Paris, from the then English *chargé d'affaires* at Darmstadt, Sir Robert Morier."

When this statement reached St. Petersburg, on the 19th of December, Sir Robert Morier at once wrote to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman would write to another, denying the charge in the most explicit terms, enclosing the letter in which Marshal Bazaine had repudiated the remark imputed to him, and asking the Count, as a gentleman and a man of honour, to cause an immediate contradiction of the foul and infamous libel to be inserted in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. To this demand Count Herbert responded by sending to the *Kölnische* the report of the military attaché, Major von Deines, dated Madrid, April 2, 1886, in which the remark of Bazaine was transmitted to the Spy Bureau in Berlin, where it was docketed for use when the time came, and then curtly wrote to Sir Robert Morier, in reply to "your Excellency's letter"—

"I regret that neither its contents nor its tone enable me to comply with your astonishing demand, and to step out of the limits imposed upon me by my official position in regard to the German Press."

The controversy has been carried on ever since in the newspapers, but nothing that has been written has in any way removed the damaging effect of this startling exposure of the methods of the Bismarcks. It may be admitted without reserve that Sir Robert Morier's conduct in addressing himself direct to Count Herbert Bismarck was in direct contravention of all diplomatic precedent. The etiquette of the profession required that he should have forwarded a disclaimer to Lord Salisbury, who would have sent it to Sir Edward Malet, who would have laid it before Count Herbert Bismarck, thus making the question international instead of personal. That Sir Robert avoided by his discreet indiscretion. Writing at once on his own initiative to Count Herbert Bismarck, as one gentleman writes to another, he took the simplest and the most direct method of getting a scandalous lie nailed to the counter with the least possible delay. It may also be freely admitted that the terms of the inquiry which he addressed to Bazaine last July do not absolutely cover the points raised by the authentic reports of the conversation reported by Major von Deines in 1886, which Count Herbert never published until January 1889. No one thinks that Major von Deines reported anything but the exact words which were used by Bazaine, nor is it necessary to doubt that Bazaine did make the statement which he subsequently declared to be apocryphal. The importance of that point disappeared when the text of the statement was published. For Bazaine seems to have said that he never knew of the passage of the Moselle on August 14 by the Germans until he received a telegram from London on August 16 announcing the fact on the authority of Sir Robert, then Mr. Morier. The moment the dates were published the whole story fell to pieces, because the Marshal's own history of the campaign, published long before, proves that the passage of the Moselle was officially reported to him by one of his own officers the day before the despatch of Mr. Morier is said to have reached him. Not only so, but the details of the movement were reported at full length in the English newspapers of August 15, and could therefore have been sent him by telegraph from Paris on the arrival of the *Times*—supposing, of course, that he needed any intelligence from London of the movement of troops whose cannon were actually thundering in his ears—before the alleged telegram was ever despatched. As a simple matter of fact, Sir Robert Morier never had any information as to the movements of the German troops, excepting that which he read in the newspapers, and he never sent any telegram or despatch of any kind to any person giving any military information, for the very simple and sufficient reason that he never had any to send. The whole story, which Bazaine seems to have invented in order to curry favour with the Germans at Madrid, who were much incensed against Sir Robert Morier for his success in negotiating a treaty of commerce with Spain, was a manifest impos-

sibility, and a very gross absurdity to boot. Yet it is this monstrous slander, originally picked up from the lips of a traitor, who, after his escape from gaol, lived on private charity in Madrid, that Count Herbert Bismarck and his organs in the Press persist in circulating and refuse to withdraw! No condemnation can be more severe than that which they have placed on record in their own newspapers. The story is complete in all its parts. It is a perfect compendium of the Bismarckian method of enforcing a proscription by the wholesale and systematic circulation of falsehood. To have forced such an exposure as this upon the founders of the new dynasty, and to have branded Count Herbert Bismarck as a convicted libeller, who, when his weapons are shown to be poisoned, persists in their use, are services to civilization for which Europe, and especially Germany, may well be grateful to Sir Robert Morier.

VII.

From this brief and hurried survey of some among the many indications of the evil change which has come over the mind of the great Chancellor, intensifying his natural defects and obscuring his better qualities, much has necessarily been omitted. The friction between the Emperor Frederic and his Chancellor on the subject of Jew-baiting has not even been mentioned, nor has a word been said concerning the extraordinary censure pronounced upon the Mayor of Berlin by the young Emperor because the newspapers of the capital eulogized his dead father. These are but minor features of the same great campaign relentlessly waged against all the friends of the Sovereign who was no friend to Prince Bismarck's ideas. Every one who showed a loyal devotion to the late Emperor—his widow, his English physician, Professor Geffcken, Sir Robert Morier, Baron von Roggenbach—are all marked down for pitiless persecution. Their names are in the Black Book of the Proscription, for were they not one and all the friends of Frederic III.?

What will come of the Bismarck dynasty remains in doubt. It is difficult to found a new dynasty in modern times: to found a Ministerial dynasty is almost impossible. There is no proof that the turbulent young Count whom the Chancellor has striven so hard to make his successor has either the prescience or the courage of his sire. To borrow a Johnsonian phrase, he has all the nodosity of the oak without its strength, and all the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration. Nor can it be said that Count Herbert has been trained in a good school. Adversity is the best school for genius, and it was in long years of storm and stress that his father discovered and expended those marvellous gifts of forethought and sagacity which have made him the foremost Minister of the century. But the very magnitude of his success has deprived him of all possibility of

profiting by the advantages which stood his father in such good stead. Count Herbert Bismarck to-day is powerful, for when he speaks every one hears the echo of his father's voice. But when six feet two inches of German soil cover all that is mortal of the mighty Reichskanzler, will those who now bow silently before the insolence of his son tolerate the unsupported arrogance of Bismarck II. ? The young Emperor will probably be the first to chafe against Count Herbert's authority, and the wrongs of the mother may yet be avenged by the hand of her son.

The Bismarck dynasty will fall, having done its work. The era of Blood and Iron is not eternal. The generous and beneficent influences which the Empress represents are stronger in the long run than all the legions of the Chancellor. And in the near future her Imperial Majesty may yet achieve a glorious and bloodless revenge. She can no longer fill the throne of Germany. But she has within her grasp the leadership of a cause far more important than that which the valour and sagacity of the Hohenzollerns crowned with victory before the gates of Paris. It is possible for her Imperial Majesty to make her Court a place where the best men and women of the world, all who are striving to bring in the brighter and the nobler day, would find welcome, encouragement, and inspiration. Art, science, letters, philanthropy, and all that ennoble life and tends to lift man nearer to God would find there a natural home, stately and yet simple, Imperial and yet human, the cosmopolitan capital of all that makes for the betterment of the world. There, as in an ideal world, far removed from the trammels of Court etiquette and the intrigues of Chancellors, the Empress Victoria could re-establish Arthur's Table Round,

"And teach high thought and amiable words,
And courtliness and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man "

Seated in the centre of the European continent, its influence would be co-extensive with the civilization of which it would be the finest flower. Whether her Imperial Majesty will feel impelled to ascend the loftier throne which now stands empty before her, we do not know. For the moment she is too broken and bowed down with the burden of her woe. But to her we may address the familiar words which the Poet Laureate addressed to our widowed Queen—

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure—
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure."

Here is the unique position, here the unrivalled opportunity. Others are trammelled by routine and limited by nationality, as indeed she would herself have been had she continued to occupy the throne of Germany. The wider Empire awaits her if she but rises to the height of her responsibilities and acts as the Imperial head of the womanhood and of the culture of

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

A REMARKABLE figure has passed from amongst us. The life of the subject of the present memoir was full of contrasts and contradictions. He had held great employments, he had also been a day-labourer and a pedlar. Himself a gentleman of good Scottish descent, and finding his natural place in good society, he had friends alike among princes and beggars. To most people he appeared as a charming element in society, to many as a keen practical man of business, to some as a visionary fanatic, to a select few as an inspired prophet of the Lord, the founder of a new development of Christianity. But in whatever guise he might appear, no one could fail to feel that he was interesting. To him had been given, in unusually full measure, that mysterious indefinable charm, the presence of which condones such serious faults, the absence of which goes so far towards neutralizing even transcendent virtues.

There was a poetic suitability in his early years. Born at the Cape of Good Hope, reared in the old Scotch castle of Condie, he was at about eleven or twelve years of age sent to Ceylon. That exquisite island, whose blue mountain-peaks, green hill-sides, lovely lakes and fairy gardens are a never-ending delight to the traveller wearied with the monotonous voyage across the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal, was a fit starting-place for a life so full of romance. Sir Thomas Wade has kindly furnished me with some particulars of his earliest years. He says:—

"I may say that I knew Laurence Oliphant before he was a twelvemonth old. When he was born, in 1829, his father was Attorney-General at the Cape of Good Hope. Towards the end of that year I accompanied my own father to the colony, and our families became very intimate. I was sent home to school in 1862, and I remember hearing in 1885 that Laurence was passing boys a year or more older than himself in his studies. Both his parents were people of more than ordinary ability. In 1842, being

on my way to China, the first person I met on board the steamer at Suez was a schoolfellow, Mr. Gapp. He was on his way to Ceylon, where Sir Anthony Oliphant was Chief Justice, in charge of Laurence, who had been at school in England."

His fate even then gravitated towards adventure. To those accustomed to see their friends run light-heartedly home from India for a three months' furlough, it seems astonishing that in our own day the journey to Ceylon should take two months. In this case it was protracted by the ship running on a coral reef. It then with some difficulty worked its way into Mocha—a place then, as now, but little known except as a name in grocers' advertisements—and the passengers, including young Oliphant, paid their respects to the Sherreef, and drank the far-famed coffee on the spot. In the year 1846 the family returned to England, with the intention that Laurence should go up to Cambridge. He, however, preferred foreign travel, and the idea was abandoned. They went to Italy, where he saw the Princess Pamphili Doria forced to light a bonfire for the revolutionary mob, stood on the steps of St. Peter to see Pio Nono bless the Italian volunteers departing to fight the Austrians; and was present when Ferdinand II. swore before the altar on crossed swords to keep the new constitution. After this journey he returned to Ceylon as his father's private secretary, and was called to the Ceylon bar. He succeeded so well there, partly owing to his remarkable knowledge of Cingalese, that, after having been at the age of twenty-two engaged in twenty-three murder cases, he determined to return to England for the purpose of being called to the English bar. Meantime a journey he had taken in Nepal was published by Murray, with so much success as to decide him on writing another book of travels. In 1852, in company with Mr. Oswald Smith, who remained his intimate friend through life, he started for the White Sea. A Custom-house difficulty occurring which interfered with their sport, they turned southward, extending their journey as far as the Crimea, and returning by the Danube. The book describing this journey appeared just as war was declared by England against Russia, and in consequence of it Laurence Oliphant was sent for to the Horse Guards, early in the year 1854, as one of the few Englishmen who had ever been inside Sebastopol. He was anxious to take part in the Crimean campaign, and while he was waiting for a chance offered by Lord Clarendon, Lord Elgin proposed that he should accompany him on a short mission to Washington, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial treaty which had been hanging on for some seven years, but the completion of which Lord Elgin achieved in a fortnight. They returned to Canada to find Sebastopol still holding out, and Oliphant proposed to Lord Clarendon to undertake a mission to Schamyl. The latter consented, and gave Oliphant a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorizing

him to send the béater to Daghestan, in hopes of compelling Mouravieff to raise the siege of Kars. He stayed at the Embassy with a set of guests, nearly all exceptionally brilliant, and two of whom, then Odo Russell and Percy Smythe, are remembered with peculiar regret.

He left Constantinople in August 1855, visiting the trenches before Sebastopol and meeting Genera Gordon for the first time. They both forgot this meeting, and both recalled it when, after years of intimacy, they finally parted a month before Gordon left London for Khartoum.

The expedition to Circassia is detailed at length in several places: "Patriots and Filibusters," "The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omar Pacha," and the fifth chapter of "Episodes in a Life of Adventure," all contain accounts of it. The point perhaps of chief modern interest is the theory held by Oliphant that our mistaken policy in not undertaking a Transcaucasian campaign, but permitting the Russians to drive the Circassians out, which led to the final settlement of the latter in Bulgaria, was the direct cause of the Bulgarian atrocities; and further, that wresting the Transcaucasian provinces from Russia would have prevented her later advance towards India.

His next journey was to America in company with Mr. Delane, for whom he had always a great respect and attachment. He visited the Southern States, and at New Orleans fell in with Mr. Soulé, the agent of General Walker, who was then endeavouring to establish himself as President of Nicaragua. He agreed to join the latter, and was in the act of proceeding to do so, when the ship he was on fell in with the British squadron sent to keep the peace, and he was taken possession of as a British subject. The Admiral in command (Admiral Erskine) was afterwards member for the county when Oliphant was member for the burghs of Stirling.

His next step in life was to go out to China with Lord Elgin. At Galle they heard of the Indian Mutiny; and when at Singapore the terrible details reached them, Lord Elgin determined to divert the Chinese force from Hong-Kong to Calcutta. At Singapore they found the 90th Regiment, whose transport had been wrecked off the Straits of Sunda. The junior captain had been distinguished for his activity in getting the men ashore. That young man is now Lord Wolseley. At Calcutta among others was Sir Thomas Wade, who kindly permits me to make use of his memoranda. They were both present at the capture of Canton, and Oliphant was sent to Shanghai with a letter to be transmitted through the high provincial authorities to Peking. To quote Sir Thomas Wade verbally:—

"The expedition of these letters involved a visit to Soochow, the capital of the province, not an enterprize of danger, but at the same time one of great difficulty. That it was undertaken was due in great part to Oliphant, who acted on his own responsibility in proceeding to Soochow. . . . In

time Lord Elgin having signed his treaty, his brother, Mr. Frederick Bruce, Secretary of Embassy, carried it home, and Lord Elgin bent his steps to Japan. Oliphant replaced Mr. F. Bruce as Secretary of Embassy, and in the negotiation of the treaty, our first with Japan, his knowledge of Dutch, which circumstances made the diplomatic language of the Japanese, necessarily played a great part."

Oliphant figured formally as the ambassador's representative at the conferences on the new tariff—a position somewhat unfairly given him, as Lord Elgin had previously instructed another person to prepare the tariff. Oliphant was extremely distressed that his friend should have been in any way set aside, and most strongly and unselfishly urged his own withdrawal on Lord Elgin, though without effect.

In 1860 he proceeded to Turin to inquire into the question of the union of Nice and Savoy to France, and there made the acquaintance of Cavour and Garibaldi. The latter had an intention of making a raid on Nice for the purpose of destroying the ballot-boxes at the time of the *plébiscite*, but he was summoned to Sicily and the idea was abandoned, much apparently to Oliphant's disappointment, who also regretted not joining the expedition to Sicily. He appears to have gone instead to Montenegro, but he returned to Italy in time to see Victor Emmanuel receive his kingdom from Garibaldi, in the same square where twelve years before he had been one of the mob on whom Ferdinand had fired.

In 1861 he was appointed *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo, in the room of Sir Rutherford Alcock, who was absent on leave; and on the 5th of July the attack on the legation took place, in which he received seven wounds, and which furnishes one of the most vivid chapters in the "Episodes." His after-sufferings were almost intolerable, his arms were pinioned tight to his sides; he was covered with boils and prickly heat, and afflicted with ophthalmia in both eyes. He endeavoured to make his sailor servant read Scott's novels to him, but his reading was intolerable. He then told the man to read the novels and tell him the stories of them, which was accomplished, with very astonishing results. He rapidly recovered, however, and went to the island of Tsusima to look up a Russian settlement, said to be established there contrary to treaty.

In 1862 he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Corfu, and proceeded thence to Albania, returning to Italy by Ancona. In the little town of Salmona he received an ovation as Palmerston's nephew, no effort on his part being strong enough to convince the mayor and the populace that he was unconnected with the dreaded Minister.

On returning from Italy he resigned the diplomatic service, and in 1863 went to Poland to see what he could do of the Polish situation. He did not see that pathetic story, hopeless from the first, and of which Poland lay alike in the Polish character and the

failure of the race to produce a great leader. While Oliphant was in Silesia the news arrived of the death of the King of Denmark and the eldest son of his host, the Duke of Augustenberg, became the consequent heir to the duchies. Mr. Oliphant was one of a very small number of Englishmen who sided with him as against the Danes, or who really understood the vexed and complicated Schleswig-Holstein question. Among that number may be counted the names of Sir Robert Morier, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. A. W. Kinglake, Sir Harry Verney, and Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff. It is curious that in Oliphant's account of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, written years afterwards, he notes that his then impression of the Austrians as against the Prussian soldiers was to the disadvantage of the latter; in fact he says the one looked like amateurs and the other like professionals. And this only two years before Königgrätz. In the year 1865, "*Piccadilly*," perhaps the best known and cleverest of his works, was published.

In 1865 he was returned for the Stirling Burghs. Parliamentary life, however, can scarcely be taken up as an episode, and his wonted success did not attend his short House of Commons career. About this time, in conjunction with Sir Algernon Borthwick, was published the brilliant little *Owl*, the first of "those dreadful Society papers," which everybody abuses and everybody reads.

He now gave up the Stirling Burghs, and in 1868, handing over his very fair fortune to the head of a small religious community in America, retired thither to work under this man's direction. He was in turn an agricultural labourer, a teamster, and a pedlar; but in 1870 he returned to his old pursuits as correspondent of the *Times* in the Franco-German war, where he took part in twelve pitched battles. His views as to the fighting powers of the opposing forces, and his comparison of them with the Northerners and the Southerners in the American war, are interesting and instructive in a world where history has a way of repeating itself.

He had always taken great interest in the Jews, and had much at heart a Jewish colonization of Palestine, having at one time a project for acquiring the Sandjak of Acre and starting a great European settlement there. When the Treaty of Berlin permitted the interposition of the Christian Powers in Turkish affairs, which had been forbidden under the Hatti Humayun of Abdul Medjid, he went on an expedition to the Land of Gilead, on which he afterwards wrote a book expressing his opinion that South Gilead and the plain of Moab were eminently fitted for colonization. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him that the Turkish Government turned a deaf ear to his requests, as the Jews were unable to colonize, and their settlements, even when kept up by subsidies from Europe, have but an artificial and sickly existence.

A much more successful class of colonists are the Germans. Some

thirty-five years ago there studied at Tübingen a Professor Hoffman, who afterwards became a Lutheran pastor. He was strongly opposed to the teachings of Strauss, but at the same time blamed the Lutheran Church for encouraging those teachings, by showing a wide divergence between the lives of its votaries and the doctrines they profess. He further came to the conclusion that the Second Advent was near at hand, and that Christ could only be received by a Church which had attempted to embody His moral teaching in daily life. He was brought into direct collision with the Church to which he belonged, and expelled from it, carrying with him a considerable body of followers. In 1867 a meeting was convened, at which it was held that the Holy Land was the fitting place for the establishment of a Church preparing itself to receive Christ, and that a certain number of the community should proceed thither. This was accordingly done, and three colonies were started there—one near Jerusalem, a second near Jaffa, and a third, in which Mr. Oliphant resided, on the plain between the Turkish town of Haifa and the point where the Monastery of Carmel has been a beacon-light for centuries. The little German village, composed of substantial two-storied houses, runs up from the sea to the foot of the long low mountains. Each house stands detached in its own grounds of four or five acres, and at the evening hour the flocks and herds come down from the mountain, and, each filing off into its own stable, illustrate the ancient text that the "ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

A minute boulevard, planted with mulberry-trees, the resort of the brilliant little goldfinches which are so marked a feature in Palestine, runs up either side of the road, and standing back from this, under the shade of a great almond-tree, is the gabled house where Oliphant spent so much of his time in later years, and which is entered through a conservatory filled with creepers. The principal objects of interest in the house are two portraits of himself—one as a boy of fifteen, with beautiful dark eyes; the other, a fine dignified picture in a violet morning-gown, by the late lamented Henry Phillips—and a lovely girlish head of the first Mrs. Oliphant, by a French artist. He delighted in the country round, the ruins of Sycaminum with its Roman baths and relics; the still more pathetic ruins of Athlit, with its great mediæval hall, where the Templars held their last muster before they sailed broken-hearted and dispirited for Europe. In that exquisitely clear atmosphere he could see "the summer morning sleep" on the Ladder of Tyre and the white walls of Acre, and no one could enjoy more the ten miles of glorious galloping ground which lay between Haifa and that place, only broken by the historic Kishon.

But still more than Haifa and its environs was he attached to

Dalith, a Druse village, near which he had acquired a small estate which he cultivated with anxious care, and which furnished employment to the handsome muscular Druse women of the village. The site of Dalith is interesting. Half an hour's ride from it is the Place of Burning, where the Latin Church has built a chapel commemorative of Elijah's Sacrifice, held sacred by Moslem and Christian alike. From it the traveller looks down on the plateau where the priests of Baal rent their clothes and cut themselves with knives, on the place where Deborah and Barak chased Sisera, across which Elijah ran before the chariot of Ahab, on the site of the concluding battle of Armageddon, and across the great plain of Esdraelon to the distant hills on the summit of which gleam the white walls of Nazareth.

His pen was not idle in these last years. In 1882 he wrote "Traits and Travesties," in 1883 "Altiora Peto," in 1886 "Masollam," and in the same year "Episodes in an Eventful Life," perhaps the most generally interesting of his books.

In the spring of 1888, "Scientific Religion" was published, and he went for the last time to America. His health had for some time been doubtful, and on his return to England in August he was taken seriously ill at the house of his friend, Mr. Walker, where he had gone for a short visit. For many weeks he rallied and sank, and sank and rallied. In the first days of November it was thought that a change might do him good, and he was removed to Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff's house at Twickenham. A few days after he arrived the doctor pronounced the disease to be cancer of the lungs, but thought he might live four or five months. He grew, however, gradually worse, and died on the 23rd of December, at two o'clock P.M.

He was married twice—first, in 1872, to Alice, daughter of the last and sister of the present Mr. L'Estrange, of Hunstanton; and, secondly, in 1888, to Rosamond, granddaughter of Mr. Robert Dale Owen, of Lanark. In both cases he found the most perfect sympathy. No one could be nursed with more affectionate devotion than he was by his second wife, assisted by his friend, Mr. Haskett Smith, and his Bulgarian servant Jani.

I turn from the facts of his life to the still more curious and interesting problem of his mental history. He had begun life as a strict Presbyterian and suffered from the not uncommon recoil produced by that faith. Sir Thomas Wade says:—

"Laurence Oliphant, like most men who rove much, had acquired a great indifference for forms of any kind, very early in life, for he began to rove early. From forms he went further, and when he arrived in China with Lord Elgin in 1857 he seemed to have persuaded himself that revealed religion was an imposture. As ethics he allowed Christianity a foremost place, but he ridiculed the mass of ill-professing followers, and especially the clergy, for the ease with which they fitted the yoke to their shoulders."

He early took a strong interest in Mesmerism and Spiritualism, and

so far back as 1865 had come to the conclusion that the miracles of the Bible were falsely so called, and were in reality the result of latent natural law. I remember his pressing this point in a conversation I had with him in that year, the subject being started by the sight of two enormous divining crystal globes, said to be the largest in the world, opposite which we were seated. He did not doubt the reality of the forces which find in Spiritualism, as commonly understood and practised, an irregular, mischievous, and even dangerous expression, but he dissuaded people from having anything to do with it. He was fond of saying that he represented these forces to his mind as a great weight of water pressing against a dam, and that spiritualistic manifestations were like the rivulets which trickle through that dam; coming, however, to the conclusion expressed years afterwards in "Scientific Religion," that the results obtained by so-called "spirit mediums," honest or dishonest, have rarely proved of any practical value. Towards the end of "Piccadilly," a character appears, obviously intended for Mr. T. L. Harris, who about this time obtained great influence over him. I am permitted to make use of the following extract from a journal written on December 29, 1878:

"I walked up and down the rose terrace with Oliphant. The conversation turning upon his own life, I asked him whether he and his friends considered themselves to be members of a Christian sect? 'By no means,' he said, and then entered into a lengthened series of explanations: which finished, I remarked, 'Then do I understand aright that you are not a sect professing certain definite opinions, but a group of some sixty or seventy people, gathered round a phenomenal person, and engaged in making moral experiments, just as a philosopher may be engaged in making physical experiments in his study?' 'Precisely so,' he replied. 'You put Mr. Harris very high indeed,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered. 'I consider that from time to time the Divine Influence emanates itself, so to speak, in phenomenal persons. Sakyamouni was such; Christ was such; and such I consider Mr. Harris to be—in fact, he is a new avatar.' What were his *origines*? I asked. 'He was originally a clergyman—a Baptist, I think,' replied Oliphant, 'and was known in New York as the "boy preacher."'"

Under the guidance of this man, whose character has been a familiar one under varying names and guises for many centuries, he left the House of Commons and took up his abode at a remote village not far from Lake Erie. There he led the life of a labourer, and he also did the work of a teamster, and peddled cakes and fruits in American villages. The dirty work, the detestable companionship, the rough horse-play and jeers of more skilful comrades, and the bitter extremes of climate, were detestable to him. The first six months of the year 1878 he spent in absolute solitude and retirement, cooking his own food. His mother, who entered fully into his ideas, lived a similar life, at one time taking in washing, at another cooking for twenty-five Japanese coolies. He married a lady, whose beauty and charm were well known in many a

London and Paris drawing-room, and persuaded her, as he termed it, to "live the life."

We may sigh, and many did sigh, that these gifted and noble characters should have fallen under such unworthy guidance; they did not, however, regret it themselves, and those who knew them well will be more inclined to remember that "all things work together for good to them that love Him," than to indulge in unavailing regrets for the past. As time went on, a divergence arose between the views of Oliphant and Mr. Harris, which is more or less indicated in "Masofflam," and which ended in the secession of Mr. and Mrs. Oliphant and several others from the community.

It is a singular testimony to the amiability and charity which characterized Oliphant that he never spoke unkindly of Harris, or even appeared to regret the fifteen years of painful experience which had been the result of their connection. After establishing himself at Dalieh and Haifa, his mind turned more and more to occult matters, especially in their bearing on social questions, and he had pondered much on that "indiscretion—about which the world is mute, but whose better ordering and governance would give a diviner brightness to the earth." The result was a book called "Sympneumata," through whose obscure and difficult English gleams the central idea that the day may come when earthly passion will be cast out by Divine love. Mrs. Oliphant, whose share in this work was preponderant, died soon after it was written. She is buried in the German cemetery at Haifa, with the words *ev toutw vika* carved on her tombstone.

His grief was profound, but modified by his firm faith in a future life, and his belief in personal communion with the dead. To him his departed wife was a guiding, consoling, and ever-present reality.

In 1888 he published "Scientific Religion," perhaps the least read of his works, though it was the one which he valued himself the most. It contains the history of the opinions he finally reached. The style is difficult and somewhat repellent, and the ideas extremely hard of comprehension to ordinary readers, while it is difficult to understand the union of belief in the verbal inspiration of the canon, with profound distrust of the Churches which fixed that canon. Still there are passages of great beauty, and in many points the differences between his ideas and those of the Christian Churches are rather matters of phraseology than of dogma. He believed in the Fall, in a current of evil consequently brought into the world, and especially affecting the woman whose share in the Fall had been so considerable; in the miraculous conception of the Virgin, in the divinity of Christ, and the final union of Christ with His Church, as set forth in the Book of Revelation.

But whatever his theories, he was deeply and earnestly convinced of the personal relation of man to our Saviour, and absolutely resigned

to the will of God. Sir Thomas Wade, in concluding the short sketch to which I owe so much, says :—

“I have nothing to add to the few facts of his life noted above, but I should not like to lay down my pen without a word upon the beauty of his character. His nature, as I have implied, was thoroughly affectionate and loyal. He was ready to make any sacrifice for a friend. I think I may say, in the Christian sense, for a ‘neighbour.’ His mind was continually running upon schemes for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. Like William III. he appeared to delight in danger, but there was no bloodthirstiness in him, and he was as magnanimous as he was courageous and self-sacrificing. I have seen him putting himself to extreme inconvenience rather than that others should suffer, and I have known him put away all feeling of hostility against men with whom he had some title to be offended.”

To the above testimony, which will be widely corroborated, I may add that one of his most remarkable qualities was his power of moral stimulus. It was impossible to associate with him without feeling every higher inspiration quickened, without longing to infuse his intense spiritual vitality into the lines of one's own life. His religious feelings were of that exalted kind which rise above all human forms, and in which the truly religious of all ages and sects have seen their external differences melt away. They sustained him through the last weeks of his trying illness, and made his deathbed to those who stood by a beautiful experience rather than a great sorrow.

“Seeing death has no part in him any more, no power
Upon his head,
He has bought his eternity with a little hour,
And is not dead.

“For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found—
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.”

A. J. GRANT DUFF.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WALES.

NEARLY seven years ago, shortly after the date of the Departmental Committee of which I was a member, I enjoyed the privilege of stating, through the pages of this REVIEW, my views as to the future of Higher Education in Wales. It may be useful, after the lapse of so considerable a time, to look back and see how far the views then expressed have been carried out, and how far the anticipations then indulged in have been verified or falsified by events. The first and most pressing of the requirements of the country—a system of intermediate education, in accordance with the recommendations of the Departmental Committee, which had then reported so strongly in its favour—is still to seek. With a friendly Government in power, it seemed impossible that the promised boon should not be granted at an early date. But there existed already a grave disturbing force on which no one had calculated, to render vain all anticipations of progress for the future. The Irish party had just begun to enter upon that policy of which the end is not yet, but which, however great its power in furthering the cause of Ireland, has unquestionably weakened both the great Parliamentary parties, rendered the great Reform Bill of 1885 powerless for the present, brought legislation to a standstill, and finally installed in office, as the one result of the extended franchise, a Conservative Government built more nearly on the lines of the good old times before 1832 than could have seemed possible when the Departmental Committee presented its Report. The Irish question we have still with us. It is the burden of every political platform, through the length and breadth of the country; while in the meantime, so far as any direct legislation goes, the youth of Wales emerging from the elementary school are in much the same destitute educational condition as they ~~are~~ ^{were} in 1882. The great

intellectual movement indeed, which since the date of the Report has, whether as a result of it or not, set in through the Principality, has led to a revival of the existing intermediate schools, such as could not have been anticipated seven years ago, and which has done something to supply the acknowledged want. But, so far as legislation is concerned, the youths and girls of Wales of the middle and lower classes have been now, for more than three school generations since 1881, allowed to pass out into the world with little or no opportunity of intellectual advancement, with no means, or almost no means, of mounting the educational ladder, or of bridging over the impassable gulf which yawns between the best elementary teaching and the lowest form of higher education. That higher education, thus deprived of its natural sources of supply, should be as flourishing as it is seems little less than a miracle. To use a metaphor which was familiar to us during the inquiry, Welsh educational reformers have elected to "build from the top," and the upper stories of the edifice are at this moment very tolerably well filled; though how the students have arrived there, it is almost impossible to tell. What their numbers would be if a proper intermediate system were established, it is probable that very few indeed among us can at all foresee; but it would be safe to predict that when it is, the number of students will be far further in advance of the present not unsatisfactory totals than those are of the scanty and inadequate results presented at the date of the inquiry of 1881.

That Wales will be in future—allowing, of course, for its smaller population—abreast of Scotland seems certain to those most familiar with the great educational revival which has long been at work in the former country. And it may even carry her further still. If the policy of setting to work with the great task of Welsh education, without waiting for the slow progress which, in Parliamentary matters, is all that we can now expect, has succeeded so well in the case of the colleges, may it not be that we may be justified in taking a still further step in advance with good hope of similar good results? The establishment of a degree-giving Body naturally results from the concession of University Colleges, supported by permanent Government grants, and enjoying the recognition implied in a Royal Charter. Two out of the three State-aided colleges have long been in possession of both these privileges; the third will, shortly after this paper appears, no doubt be on an equal footing with the others. I find that, writing seven years ago, I said that the University body might be constituted as soon as it had a body of at least 400 students. From that estimate I do not recede, though it will, as I think, be found that the actual numbers now available are, and have long been, greatly in excess of that minimum. It will be well, therefore, to see what changes have taken place, since the Report of the Departmental Committee, which

The points to be argued are, as it seems to me, briefly these: (1) Is there in Wales a Body of students adequate, in point of numbers, to justify the creation of a new degree-giving Body for their accommodation? (2) Are the attainments of those students and their teachers sufficient to justify such an institution? (3) Would the concession of the Welsh degree have a good effect upon the students and upon the teaching? (4) Is the want of the degree attended in practice with serious inconvenience and loss? (5) Is it clear that the concession sought will not lead to such a degradation of the degree as would be prejudicial to the public interest? (6) Is the national feeling of Wales strongly in favour of such a concession?

Now, the first thing that strikes one is the great contrast between the number of students receiving a Collegiate education in Arts in Wales in 1881 and in the present year. In 1881 (excluding the theological colleges) the total number of students receiving such an education was, at Aberystwyth 53, and at St. David's College, Lampeter, probably between 60 and 70. At the present moment there are at Aberystwyth 175, at Lampeter 130, while at the two new colleges of Cardiff and Bangor there are 130 and 110 respectively. There are therefore, after making all deductions, in round numbers 500 students receiving the higher education in four colleges only. The number must be very greatly increased by the eight Nonconformist theological colleges of Wales, all of which until recently have given an education in arts as well as in theology, but of which several have now wisely determined that the arts education of their students shall be given at one or other of the three University Colleges of Wales. Of these I have not had time to obtain accurate statistics. But Professor Rowlands, of Brecon, who is in a position to know, informs me that the total present number of students at the various theological colleges is certainly not less than 200, and probably considerably more. This seems to be probably a true estimate, because I find by the Statistical Atlas for 1882 that the total number of students at these colleges was then 213, a number which has probably increased in the active educational period which has elapsed since then. These must be counted as furnishing students for the new University whenever it is started, and it is of course most desirable that the students of these seminaries shall be made to emerge with a time into the free air of the surrounding world. It is true that some of these theological students at present, and many more it is ~~is~~ ^{will} be in future, must

be included among the number of students receiving instruction at the University Colleges. But at present the great majority of such students are not so included, so that the calculation so far as regards them will not require any great alteration.

There is also another source to which the University body of the future might look for a large accession of numbers. In Wales there are four training colleges for schoolmasters in elementary schools. Of these, Bangor and Carmarthen have upwards of 60 students each. The present particulars of the other colleges I have not before me, but since in 1882 Carnarvon had 36 and Swansea 55 students, it is fair to suppose that the total number of students at the four colleges is at the lowest estimate more than 200. Now, if Welsh education is to be treated as a whole, there can be no doubt that the teachers, who are to direct the elementary education of the country should be men trained to obtain the degree of the Welsh University. This is already recognized in Scotland, where the elementary teachers are in a large and increasing number of cases graduates of one or other of the Scotch Universities, and it is obvious that if we are ever to establish the educational ladder, that part of it which rests upon and touches the masses of the people, and which should afford the first means of escape from the sloughs of ignorance, should be in the hands and in the direction of men who know what are the possibilities and what the requirements of the educational system of Wales from its lowest to its highest point. And this can only be done by making the bulk of the elementary teachers, or at any rate those who are to be in charge of large and important schools, pass through the curriculum of the University, and be fortified by its degree, a degree which must be granted far earlier than is the practice at the old Universities. Only thus, by bringing the elementary teachers into the University net, can we be certain in future that no promising child or young person has escaped our vigilance, and failed to emerge for lack of help from the difficulties which beset the upward march of every poor scholar.

To these sources of increase we must add yet another, which, even in the absence of a system of intermediate schools, will add very largely to the colleges, and through them to the University body. I mean the grammar schools of Wales—few, no doubt, and many of them at the date of the Committee almost moribund. In these there has been within the last seven years a notable revival. Christ's College Brecon, and Llandovery, are at least as full now as they were then, when the numbers were 131 and 178 respectively. The great school at Monmouth has still, as then, over 200 boys. But schools like Carmarthen with 15, and Haverfordwest, which were languishing then, have now mounted very nearly into the front rank with 70 or 80 scholars each. Of other Welsh grammar schools, of which Friar's School, Bangor, was alone flourishing at the date of the Committee, Cowbridge, 41; Ruthin, 65; and Friar's School,

Bangor, 75 pupils. Friar's School, it is fair to say, has suffered greatly from the typhoid epidemic of a few years back, and has not yet regained its normal number of 180 pupils, but the head-master thinks it will before long reach 150. I believe that the increase does not stop with the grammar schools, but that the private adventure schools, which are so necessary in order to fill up the lamentable gap in the intermediate education of Wales, and which have, as a rule, done good work for that country, are in a similarly flourishing state. That of Mr. Goward, M.A., at Tenby, who gave evidence before the Committee, a school mainly attended by the sons of Nonconformist parents, is still flourishing as it deserves, though it might well have been that the uncertainty as to the intentions of the Government with regard to the measure for intermediate education would have had an unfavourable effect upon such institutions. Of the High School at Oswestry, mainly supported by Welsh boys, and having about 100 pupils, it is sufficient to say that it stood third of all the schools in the kingdom at the recent Oxford local examinations, and that its list of honours included the fourth and fifth places in Greek in the whole kingdom. At proprietary schools and private schools there were 2500 scholars in 1881, and it is certain that these numbers have advanced to at least 3000 now.

I mention the schools, not as being in the front, but rather in the second rank of those bodies which are to supply the students for the proposed University, and because it is necessary to take them into account if we are to consider the prospects of the success of the experiment. A large number of the pupils of these schools will of course proceed no further, but will go at once into business life. Of those of them who proceed further, a proportion will no doubt be, as now, attracted by the splendid prizes which are offered by the old Universities. But others, and the great majority, will not be so attracted, because they are not sufficiently advanced to look forward to scholarships or exhibitions on leaving school, and will find it to their advantage to leave at an earlier age than unfortunately is the practice at present, and, as Scotch students do, will attend and graduate early at the provincial colleges before they determine on taking the serious step of proceeding to Oxford or Cambridge. I think therefore that there is very little doubt that from this source, too, there will be a considerable accession to the ranks of the students availing themselves of the University; and the more so, if grammar-school training is to count in fixing the length of study, and it may be the length of residence at the colleges, which is to qualify for a degree. I cannot, however, think that in such cases any greater concession should be made than is implied in a reduction of the length of residence at the colleges. To dispense with residence altogether should as a rule be impossible, and while nothing would induce me to consent to shut out from the Welsh University degree poor self-taught lads whose poverty has precluded them from the possibility of

a regular college training, I am wholly in accord with those who urge that, except in such exceptional cases, to dispense with residence altogether is not to be thought of. What the number of the pupils at present receiving instruction at the grammar schools is, I cannot accurately estimate. But if in 1881 it was 1540; as I find by our Report, I feel very little doubt that it must fall very little short of 2000, and is probably more. From these two latter sources, enormously reinforced as they will be by the Intermediate Education Act, when passed, there must be a large and substantial addition to the number of students receiving a higher education in Wales.

The numbers therefore stand as follows:—

Students at present attending the three State-aided colleges, Aberystwyth, Cardiff, and Bangor . . .	400
St. David's College, Lampeter	180
The eight Welsh Nonconformist Colleges	200
The four Training Colleges	200
The Grammar Schools (taking the whole number of pupils as 2000) not less than	200
The Private Schools (3000) not less than	150
Total	1280

And this of course entirely leaves out the students to be furnished by the Intermediate Education Act, and the many self-taught students of Wales.

Of these the first 530 may all, or almost all, be counted as probable candidates for a Welsh University degree. Of the remaining 750 it is probable that at least 400 may be placed in the same category, so that the total number of degree-seeking students in Wales cannot be much less at this moment than 1000.

Now what is the proportion of young men who ought to be receiving a higher education, which in Prussia, the classic land of education, is accepted as normal? It is one in every 2000 of the population. Now if the population of Wales at the last census was 1,540,000, it is certain that it is not much less than 1,650,000 now. The number of Welsh students therefore who ought to be seeking University education, and for whom therefore it should be provided, is about 800. I have shown that this figure is largely exceeded already, according to the standard adopted in the most rigid of all foreign countries in educational matters, and I claim that even according to that almost inaccessible standard a case is more than shown, so far as numbers go, for the creation of a Welsh University. Because if 800 students should be receiving University education, and those students and more are ready to your hand, but you have no University for them to test and to direct their education, there is an obvious breach of duty somewhere.

But let us leave foreign requirements, and inquire what the practice has been and is among ourselves. I find that the Church college of Lampeter has long ~~been~~ power of granting an arts degree

as well as one in theology, and this it possessed when it had only from forty to fifty students. But allowing this to be a monstrous and wholly exceptional case, what do we find with other more dignified institutions? Now in 1880—I am quoting from the Statistical Atlas of 1882—there were at

Durham	348 students
Aberdeen	714 "
St. Andrews	207. "
Dublin	1268 "
Queen's University (Ireland)	952 ..

Nobody doubts that the degrees of these Universities, from the great "Trinity" downwards, are in every way well bestowed and can be depended upon as evincing a certain creditable amount of attainment. Thirty years ago the University of Oxford, unless my memory fails me, had not more than 1200 students, as against a somewhat larger number at Cambridge. Whether therefore, according to the high Prussian standard, or to our practice in Great Britain, there must be at this moment a sufficient number of Welsh students in Wales to justify the concession of a Welsh degree.

But supposing this to be admitted, we have yet to show that the students at these colleges are sufficiently advanced to make a University desirable for them. If the teachers are not sufficiently distinguished to form a *Senatus Academicus* equal to that of other degree-giving bodies, the probability will be that the teaching will be inferior and the attainments of the students mediocre. Let us see, then, how this stands. Each of the four colleges—for I include for the present purpose St. David's, Lampeter—has a distinguished principal of the highest honours at the University of Oxford, supported by eight professors in the case of Cardiff, a similar number at Bangor, and at Aberystwyth by six professors and six lecturers. Two of the latter are in fact professors in all but name, and will shortly no doubt obtain the full status and emoluments of that office. St. David's, Lampeter, has a principal and five professors, among whom are to be reckoned in the past the present Bishops of Winchester and Chester, the late Bishop of Llandaff, the present Dean of Peterborough, and the Rev. Rowland Williams. At Bangor one of the professors was senior wrangler of his year, and the science professorships at the three colleges are, without an exception, held by men of the highest attainments. There is not a branch of knowledge, indeed, at any of these colleges which is not represented by a teacher of exceptional ability and distinction at our own or foreign universities, appointed on his merits (as I have reason to know, because in a majority of cases their applications have come before me personally) after a strenuous competition with other numerous and most distinguished candidates, almost any one of whom would probably have satisfactorily performed the duties of the chair. The same is, to some extent, the case with the theological colleges, though their staff is of course limited by want of means.

Still, a list of teachers which includes, or has included, names like those of Dr. Vance Smith, the late Dr. Edwards, Professor Ellis Edwards, and others cannot be otherwise than satisfactory; and the case is not different with the training colleges, over one of which the Rev. Daniel Rowlands, the editor of a learned Welsh Quarterly Review, successfully presides. The case is the same with the leading grammar schools, with Llandoverly, with Christ's College Brecon, with Friar's School, Bangor, and the rest. Each employs a very considerable staff of masters, holders often of the University scholarships at Oxford or Cambridge, and little, if at all, inferior to the professors at the colleges. Now what are the results of this teaching upon the students? At Aberystwyth, which is by far the oldest of the three colleges, and which therefore ought to show the longest list of successes, I find that since its opening in 1872 the following is the list of successes:—139 students have matriculated at the University of London, of whom 22 obtained honours, some gaining prizes, and 92 were placed in the first division; 43 have passed the intermediate examination for the degree of B.A., 2 obtaining the first place in first class honours, and 1 an exhibition of £40 a year; 18 obtained honours, 11 being in the first division; 27 have taken the degree of B.A., 3 obtaining honours, and 4 being placed in the first division; 19 have passed the intermediate examination for the degree of B.Sc., 3 obtaining the first place in first class honours, 1 an exhibition of £40 a year, 1 the first place in first class honours in chemistry, and 5 obtaining honours; 6 have taken the degree of B.Sc., 3 obtaining the first place in first class honours; 15 have passed the preliminary scientific examination for the degree of M.B., 1 has taken the degrees of M.B. and M.D., and 1 has passed the intermediate examination for the degree of LL.B. Seven students have gained open scholarships, and 3 open exhibitions, at Cambridge, 7 gained open scholarships, and 7 open exhibitions, at Oxford. Of the 21 who have taken their degrees at Oxford, 6 are first class men, and 14 obtained honours. Of the 14 who took their degrees at Cambridge, 2 are first class men, 2 are wranglers, and 5 obtained honours. A former student is Professor of Greek at University College, Cardiff; 2 are lecturers at Aberystwyth, 1 is assistant to the Woodwardian Professor at Cambridge, 1 is a demonstrator in physiology at St. Mary's Hospital, 1 is a professor at St. David's College, Lampeter; 1 is a tutor at Balliol College, and lectures on modern history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

At Cardiff, since January 1884, 65 students have matriculated at the University of London, 4 in honours and 1 with marks qualifying for a prize; 27 have passed the intermediate examination in arts, 5 in honours, 11 have taken the degree of B.A., 1 of M.A.; 9 have passed the intermediate examination in science, 15 have passed the preliminary scientific examination for the M.B., while at the University of Edinburgh

a student has gained the second medal in the class of anatomy, and at the University of Aberdeen a student has passed the first M.B. The Oxford and Cambridge honours from this college I have not been able to obtain. Of the college of Bangor, the youngest of the three colleges opened at the end of the year 1884, this is the account:— London University matriculation examination: honours, 6; division I., 43; division II., 8. Intermediate examination in arts: honours, 5; division I., 8; division II., 4. Intermediate science: honours, 1; pass, 1. Preliminary scientific M.B., division II., whole examination, 1. B.A. degree: honours, 4; pass, 7, 5 in first division. M.A. degree, 1. University of Cambridge, open mathematical scholarship. University of Glasgow, first professional examination, M.B., 7; second ditto, 1; first B.Sc., 1. In addition to this, the result of lectures established at the college has been the attainment by young quarrymen of two of the Whitworth Scholarships, open to the whole of Great Britain. If Lampeter College does not show a similar list of successes it is probably because the great mass of the students there propose to themselves to enter the Church in Wales with the least possible delay, and having unfortunately, with a quite inadequate number of students, degrees of their own, they are not forced into healthy competition with others. But I have no doubt that there are many cases, under the system by which that college is affiliated to the University of Oxford, of students who have carried off a share of honours at the older University, not fewer than might be expected from the zeal and ability of the teaching staff. The same remark applies to the eight Nonconformist colleges, directed, as I have said, by able and devoted men, and containing a large total of students, who are sure to add a large number to those seeking the degree of the proposed University. And behind all these come the great grammar schools, containing at this moment large numbers of young men of eighteen or nineteen, who, in a healthier condition of things, would long ago (except the few promising students whose future at the old Universities was assured) have migrated to one or other of the Welsh colleges, with a view to securing the teaching best suited to the objects which they set before themselves in life, and the earlier attained degree which we must try to give them there. I had thought of giving a list of the remarkable successes of the pupils at some of these schools, but find it impossible within the space allotted to me, and I must therefore content myself with saying that Brecon and Llandovery with their long list of scholarships and prizes won at the old Universities; Bangor, Ruthin, Cowbridge, and recently Carmarthen—I have no statistics of Monmouth or Haverfordwest—and the High School at Oswestry, with its extraordinary list of successes at the University local examinations, compare favourably with the first grade schools of any part of Great Britain. Wales, indeed, now takes a very fair share of the honours of the old Universities, and the ~~present~~ not so long past when a first

class man appeared at intervals of a quarter of a century have happily vanished for ever.

I draw the conclusion then, that at this moment, without waiting for the Intermediate Education Bill, there is in Wales an adequate body of qualified students ready to avail themselves of the proposed degree. I propose to touch very lightly the third head of our inquiry—viz., whether the concession of the privilege of a degree would have a good effect upon students and teachers—not because it is not one of the first importance, but because I find it almost impossible to argue out the opposite view. If the teaching has a certain character of its own, as any national teaching should, it is obvious that to try it by a colourless test, such as that of a mere examining body like the University of London, is not to bring out all its best points, but necessarily implies a certain considerable loss. And there seems to be no doubt, from recent utterances of those in authority, that in the Welsh colleges the necessity of having to conform to the London methods, without allowing anything for Welsh idiosyncrasies, is felt as a grievous burden. The same could doubtless be said of the methods of the Scotch Universities, of the Victoria University, or of the University of Dublin. The student who has been educated according to Welsh methods must be tried according to those methods, if he is to do justice either to himself or his teachers. What would be thought by any rational man of a proposal that the Scotch or Irish students should no longer have a degree granted to them at their own colleges, but should submit themselves, at great trouble and expense, to the examinations of a Welsh University, or even to those of the University of London, or that of Manchester? The proposal would be at once recognized as preposterous. For the rest, I cannot do better than use the language of the Report of the Departmental Committee of 1881, where it says that—

“A Welsh University would almost certainly benefit higher education in Wales. It would gratify the national sentiment and furnish new motives for the pursuit of learning. It might, under favourable circumstances, tend to develop new forms of culture in affinity with some of the distinctive characteristics of the Welsh people. A lesser luminary in close proximity will shed more light than a far greater orb shining from a distant sphere, and a Welsh University, crowning the educational edifice, might help to diffuse the light of knowledge more generally through the Principality than has been or can be done by Oxford or Cambridge, with all their prestige.”

If that was the prescient view of the Committee in 1881, when there were only two colleges with little over 100 students, how much more strongly would it have been expressed in 1889, when there are three colleges with over 400, or four colleges with more than 500 students? The University is the natural crown of the educational edifice in Wales, and without it the latter is and must remain incomplete. The “opening upward”—which in ~~as~~ is not but telling phrase the late vene-

rable Bishop of St. Asaph declared before the Committee to be the want of Wales—has been furnished, so far as the schools are concerned, by the colleges established since then, with the best results, and the University will do in this respect for the colleges what they have done for the schools. It would give the students an immediate end and purpose for their studies. It would give the teachers, and not merely at the colleges but at the schools also, a definite standard by which to measure the success of their teaching; not set up by an impalpable Board sitting in London, but by a native authority, acquainted with the special wants and shortcomings of Wales.

Perhaps, indeed, it might be difficult to bring these theories home to those who have to decide on the concession of the University, if it could not be shown that any great inconvenience arose from the want of it. But nothing can be clearer than the fact of this great hardship and inconvenience. Though the examinations of the University of London have long been open to Welsh students, there could be no better proof of the fact that something more is wanted, something which these examinations can never supply, than the fact which I am about to relate. In 1887, being in Edinburgh, I was to my surprise asked to address the Welsh students at that University. I did so, with great pleasure, and to my still greater surprise found myself in a thoroughly Welsh atmosphere. I then learnt that the number of Welsh students present at the University was not less than ninety. These were in the main, but by no means exclusively, students of medicine. Inquiring a little further, I found that at Glasgow there were thirty-six Welsh students, most of them students in arts. Even at distant Aberdeen, six hundred miles away from most parts of Wales, there was a sprinkling of Welshmen. The Academical body of St. Andrews contains a large number of Welsh names, from which it naturally follows that there too there must be a not inconsiderable number of Welsh students. These students do not fail to make their mark. At Glasgow I find from the new national magazine, *Cymru Fydd*, Mr. E. K. Evans has just been appointed to the Ewing Fellowship in Philosophy, while at Edinburgh Dr. Owen has been appointed Demonstrator in Anatomy to the Royal College of Surgeons there, while his two predecessors in office, Drs. Hughes and Ap Iwan, were also Welshmen. If we leave Scotland, it is matter of notoriety that Welsh students have during many generations faced the very considerable and serious undertaking for a stay-at-home people of crossing the Irish Channel in search of Trinity College, Dublin, and of finding themselves among a people very far removed from them in sympathies in religion and in language. Professor Mahaffy, indeed, writes me that he should be sorry to lose the Welshmen, who as a rule are among his most diligent and earnest students. Everywhere in fact, in Great Britain and in Germany, where many Welsh students by the exercise of incredible pains manage to attend the lectures

of the great professors of Science, Welshmen are to be found laboriously seeking the teaching, and the certificate of attainment which has hitherto been denied them at home. The teaching is now provided, the degree is not, or only for a handful of Church of England students at the seminary at Lampeter. Is it credible, is it possible, that such a condition of things should continue to exist?

Now, to answer the fifth question which we have set ourselves. Is there really any kind of probability that a degree given to so large a body of enthusiastic poor students, all fired, as their attainments prove, with a desire for knowledge which leads them hundreds of miles away from home, should be degraded below the level of other Universities, while it is always claimed and admitted on behalf of Lampeter that there, with only a mere handful of students, that evil result has been successfully avoided by the introduction of examiners from the old Universities? I find for my own part a great difficulty in arguing questions so thin and remote from practice as these. All one can say is, that unless a miracle comes to change the natural course of things, the greater the competition the higher will be the standard, and if Wales is at this moment superior in her number of students to many of the provincial Universities of Great Britain and Ireland, there is not the least reason to fear in her case an inferior result. If no such consequence, it is to be assumed, has followed upon the concession of the power to grant degrees to the University of Dublin, to that of St. Andrews, or to the Queen's Colleges and University of Ireland, there is not the least fear of such a result in the case of the more numerous and equally earnest students of Wales.

The last head of our inquiry seems to be not one of speculation, but of absolute fact. There was at the date of the Committee's Report, as appears everywhere in that document, a very strong and general feeling in favour of a University for Wales. This was then considered to depend, to a certain degree, upon sentiment, but it was a sentiment, to use the words of the Report, "having its root in the feeling of a distinct national unity, and in a belief that, in the matter of education, Wales had been neglected and left at a disadvantage as compared with other sections of the empire." As it was then, so it is now. There is no matter on which Welsh opinion is so little divided as on this. In 1881, indeed, the professional instincts, those of the head-masters of the grammar schools, were strongly against a Welsh University. "They thought," to use again the words of the Report, "that the question was between graduating at an English University and graduating at a Welsh one, instead of being as, except for a limited number it really must be, between graduating at a Welsh University and not graduating at all." Others thought that the Principality could not furnish material enough to support it, an opinion which they would now doubtless confess was a mistaken one; while the head-masters, if they may be supposed to be represented by those of the largest

Welsh first-grade schools, those of Brecon and Llandovery, are now wholly in its favour. There is hardly, indeed, a dissentient voice.

What then is the actual position of the movement? It is no longer merely a popular cry. It has at its head those who direct public opinion in Wales on all educational matters. The three colleges have appointed representatives to meet in conference, to advocate the principle of the concession, which they believe to be essential to their continued success. A meeting of these representatives was held in London last summer, and it was then determined unanimously that it was expedient that a University for Wales should be established on the model, with such modifications as might be necessary, of the University of Manchester, and that a deputation should wait upon the Lord President of the Council to press upon him the necessity of establishing the University without delay. That the deputation should have immediately followed another which had no difficulty in establishing the long-delayed claims of Aberystwyth College to a charter and permanent grant, was perhaps a little unfortunate. The question of the University was, it must be confessed, not put before the Lord President with the fulness and force which it deserved, and with which it would doubtless have been treated by the actual speakers if they had not been exhausted by previous efforts, or if others had been called upon who were more thoroughly acquainted with the facts. But the reply of the Lord President was by no means discouraging, as he naturally asked for fuller particulars, both of the case to be made for the University, and of the expense in which its establishment would probably involve the Government. That a renewed effort must soon be made is, I believe, the opinion of the college staff in each of the three colleges, and of Welshmen generally; and it is with a view to that effort that this paper is written. Subsequently, in September last, I took the opportunity of delivering, at the Cymmrodorion section of the National Eisteddfod at Wrexham, to a crowded meeting of persons interested in Welsh education, an address, of which this paper is mainly an expansion. To my great delight the meeting, with a unanimity which overwhelmed every possibility of dissent, affirmed in the strongest terms the desirability of establishing a University for Wales. The resolution in that sense was seconded in an able speech by the Rev. the head-master of Christ's College Brecon, one of the strongest and most convinced opponents of the movement, in 1881, and spoken to by the Rev. the head-master of Llandovery. There was not a single dissentient voice. Churchmen and Nonconformists, Liberal and Conservative, all joined with a rare unanimity in "urging upon her Majesty's Government the pressing need that exists for the establishment of a University of Wales."

Here, then, the matter might be left so far as the general principle is concerned, and the unanimous verdict of the country upon it. It is possible that a matter on which argument was hardly possible has

been argued at too great length. If so, I can only answer that it seemed to me desirable that it should be done once for all, and so that it should never require doing again. On the questions which follow, which, though of the first importance, are questions of detail, I must be understood to speak for myself alone.

The first is the inclusion or exclusion of St. David's College as one of the colleges constituting the University. On this point it seems to me that we are bound to follow the recommendation of the Departmental Committee. The argument which is so strong against admitting a denominational college to a Government grant vanishes altogether, as it seems to me, when it is a question of inclusion in a University. That is necessarily undenominational in the fullest sense, nor would it be less so if any number of denominations were represented on the governing body. Of course there is a sense in which St. David's College, Lampeter, stands on the same footing with any of the eight other theological colleges of Wales. But the difference lies in this that, whether rightly or wrongly, St. David's College has enjoyed degrees of its own, and that if it be asked to give up these it can only be on terms which will compensate it for the loss of the privilege which it surrenders. Such terms are certain to be exacted by a Conservative Government, and probably even by a Liberal one, and it is well to sacrifice something of ideal uniformity to the practical requirements of the situation as it exists. The further question arises whether, on the revocation of the charter of St. David's College on terms, the divinity degree as well as the arts degree should be made over to the new body. I am strongly of opinion that it should. The bent of the Welsh mind is almost exclusively theological, and a degree-giving body in Wales without a faculty of theology would be much in the same position as that in which the Victoria University would find itself if it was suddenly deprived of its scientific teaching. That a theological school need not necessarily be of a denominational character is as certain as anything can well be. The denominational portion of any examination can be conducted by the theological college of the denomination, whether Church or Nonconformist, and it can of course withhold that certificate of competency which the denomination may require in its members, if the necessary amount of the special knowledge is not attained. But that there should be a divinity degree granted by the Welsh University would be absolutely necessary, if only to keep faith with St. David's, Lampeter, in the event of its surrendering its exclusive privilege to grant a degree of that nature. And it would have the best possible effect on the Nonconformist clergy—who, if ever the Church of Wales is disestablished, will be even in a fuller sense than now, and with a greater necessity for general culture, the authoritative spiritual teachers of the people of Wales—if their attainments were tested by an impartial body, and their right to teach ascertained. Surely such wider know-

ledge would lead to less of that sectarian narrowness which is too often the result of ignorance, greater breadth, a more catholic tone, a readiness to hold fast by the spirit rather than the letter of the teaching of Christianity, a disposition to look not so much to difference of creed, or of rite, or of Church government, as to the great fundamental principles on which all Christians are substantially at one.

There are two other points with regard to the University on which a word should be said. If it were intended to make the B.A. degree like that of the old Universities, a thing to be obtained at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, as the crown of a long devotion to cricket, or lawn-tennis, or rowing, or football, it would be much better to forego the Welsh University altogether. It must be founded, if at all, for young men unable to go to Oxford or Cambridge, because they cannot afford the expense, and still more the ruinous loss of time which the modern University system implies. I say modern, because it is notorious that it was not always so. Lord Westbury, as is well known, took his first class at nineteen; and by limiting the requirements of the first examination, we might well get back to that ideal. With the great majority of youths who do not seek honours, there could be no difficulty whatever. The pass examination for the B.A. or B.Sc. degree should be taken at as early an age as possible, consistent with the maintenance of a proper standard, leaving those who found they had a distinct vocation for further study, either to compete, a couple of years later, for the degree of M.A. or D.Sc. at the University of Wales, or to carry their talents to what might prove more profitable markets at the older Universities. Meantime, the great majority of their class-fellows would have gone out into the world, at an age not too late to begin active life, and with the discipline of the mind and the actual gain in knowledge which a shorter but well-considered course, whether literary or scientific, would surely have given them. We must get done for Wales what has been done for Scotland, and we shall then, as we have done already to a great extent, produce results of attainment, of energy, of resource, of capacity similar to those which have made the Scotch name distinguished in every department of the public service.

The other is that in any University founded in Wales, bearing in mind the peculiar circumstances of the country, medicine and engineering should be specially marked out for encouragement in the distribution of the honours and rewards of the University. It came out in evidence before the Committee in 1881 that, through the length and breadth of the Principality, the great works and collieries in South Wales and slate quarries in North Wales were attended by young Scotch and Irish medical practitioners, often, indeed generally, ignorant of the language of the people, and unable to understand them or to make themselves understood. And we had, I remember one very striking piece of evidence, in which the ~~Speaker~~ told us how, in one of the

frequent accidents which occur in great industrial undertakings, the foreign practitioner was summoned, but could not ascertain what was required of him until the patient, who might have been saved, had bled to death. I should be inclined to think that, next to the ministry, the young Welshman turns his thoughts chiefly to the medical profession, as indeed the large number of medical students at Edinburgh shows. But the fact is that when they have once left Wales, they not infrequently remain away altogether, while, if all of them did return, their numbers would be quite inadequate to supply the demand in Wales; and that they do—and of necessity at a disadvantage—the work which young Englishmen or Scotchmen in their own countries could do better; while the latter, often to the absolute danger of the lives of their Welsh-speaking patients, are attempting to do in Wales the work which should be done by bilingual Welshmen.

Again, we were told by witnesses that the chief posts of responsibility in the works and collieries were filled by English and Scotch managers and engineers. The native Welshmen had not the necessary training. I have no wish to raise any cry for the exclusion of the best men, but I am sure that, if the training of engineering or mining students in Wales was as good as it is out of Wales, all the posts of value and responsibility in Welsh works would not by any means fall to the lot of the stranger, to the exclusion on their own ground of the Welsh competitors.

With regard to medicine, I know well the great difficulty and the great expense attending the foundation of a new medical school. But the immense and rapidly growing population of Cardiff and the surrounding district would make the establishment of such a school comparatively easy. An infirmary, with the requisite number of beds, must, one would think, be in existence at this moment, or will be shortly. Before twenty years have elapsed, it is probable that the population of Cardiff at the present rate of progress will be equal to that of Edinburgh, and would furnish ample experience in every branch of medicine and surgery. And just as among the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, that at Belfast, which had an adequate population to deal with, exceeded the others in the success and number of its students, because it had a medical school and faculty; so Cardiff, I am sure, under similar circumstances, would be the most successful of the Welsh colleges. And with a school of engineering added to this, for which Cardiff is obviously the proper seat, I am sure that the comparative want of success of this college would be at once remedied, and that it would become, as it should from its advantages of position, the largest and most successful of the three State-aided colleges of Wales. And I think it may well be matter for consideration in the future whether some kind of distribution of subjects might not be practised, so that the literary training, for which the youth of Cardiff have probably small inclination, might be given at one of the

other colleges, while the bulk of the scientific training might be removed thither from whichever of the other colleges is found in practice best able to dispense with it. That, indeed, would be the great gain of a University body, that it might regulate the teaching at the colleges, and allot to each college the work for which it might be found best fitted—increase, in fact, their solidarity, without necessarily reproducing at each college that universality of teaching which a University alone can give; so that at one the literary teaching might greatly predominate, at another the scientific, while it might also lead, if need were, to the devotion of part of the college funds to the establishment of a Branch college, scientific and technical—as, for instance, at Swansea, where the variety of technical processes in actual working is said to be greater than in any other town in the kingdom.

As to the local habitation of the University, it is not contemplated that it should be fixed in any one place, but should circulate, year by year, among the colleges originally composing it. The chancellor and the registrar need be the only permanent officials. The senate of course would be a fixed body, derived chiefly from the college senates in the first instance, and afterwards from those bodies and from distinguished graduates of the University. The principal of each college might be vice-chancellor during the year for which the University was located at that college. The registrar of each college might be asked, if economy were considered rather than efficiency, to undertake, at an increased salary, the duties of registrar of the University during that year. But the greatly preferable course would be that the duties of the University registrarship should be confided to a specially appointed officer. Examiners should be appointed partly from outside bodies, partly from the professorial staff of the college, the latter acting for a lower fee than the examiners from outside. If this were done, I believe that the new University body might be set to work at a cost not exceeding one-half of the £2000 a year which the Victoria University is reported to require.

I think we may fairly leave to the decision of the future whether the University, as distinct from the colleges composing it, is to be a teaching body. At the old Universities the professorial system has never properly taken root. Chairs have been lavishly endowed in almost every department of knowledge, with the most insignificant results. The real work of Oxford and Cambridge is still done almost exclusively by the college or private tutors, and the well-paid professor, in the great majority of cases, lectures to empty benches. At the Victoria University the case is apparently though not really different; the professors of the University are not merely professors, but college tutors deeply interested in the success of their pupils. At the Scotch and Irish Universities, again, the professorial type of teaching seems rather to prevail. Which shall prevail in

Wales remains to be seen, though it cannot be denied that University professors circulating between the colleges might add just that unity and fixity of the standard of teaching which is always desirable, and especially in a country so deeply and so seriously divided and cross-divided as Wales.

What I hope I have shown in the preceding pages is that there is now a sufficient number of higher students in Wales to demand and justify the immediate creation of a proper degree-giving body; that the attainments of the students and of the teachers are adequate; that the greatest loss and inconvenience is caused by the present condition of things; that there can be no valid reason for making young Welshmen, who cannot and will not go to Oxford or Cambridge, betake themselves, as they do, to the far distant Universities of Ireland or Scotland, when we have provided excellent teaching for them at home, and though the ultimate concession of the degree must have been contemplated when the State established colleges in Wales; that the University would greatly aid and elevate the teaching of the country without the least danger of degrading the degree; and that every one in any way competent to have an opinion on the matter, including the head-masters of the schools in Wales, is now in favour of its establishment. In my opinion, to delay the concession of the degree until the Intermediate Education Act, which is still *in nubibus* and may remain there, has been at work for three or four years, the earliest possible period at which its influence could be felt, would be gravely to imperil the whole nascent structure of Welsh education. To refuse the colleges their natural opening upwards, while no provision is made for recruiting their forces from below, is to subject them to a dangerous strain, which should at all hazards be avoided. The zeal and thirst for knowledge of the Welsh people have carried the colleges, and with them the cause of higher education, through long delays and difficulties to which they must else have succumbed. But it is never safe to rely upon forces like these in face of long-continued and apparently hopeless neglect. Great as is the need of intermediate schools, I believe that, in the events which have happened, the question of the University is even more pressing. Whatever Government makes this concession and settles this question, will, I am confident, stand amazed, in a very short time indeed, at the rapid growth of the intellectual development of Wales, and will find that what has been done is neither more nor less than the addition, at an annual cost not much greater than that of a single broadside of a modern ironclad, of an educated Celtic population of a new type, with the genius of the Irish without their perversity, and the common-sense of the Scotch without their narrowness, to the intellectual resources of the Empire.

LEWIS MORRIS.

* A CASK OF HONEY WITH A SPOONFUL OF TAR.

THIS is a homely saying in Russia, meaning that sometimes a small part spoils the whole. The expression involuntarily occurs to my mind in perusing Mr. Stead's "Truth about Russia"—a book in which the "Honey," which certainly preponderates, is soured by, I regret to say, even more than one spoonful of "Tar." I refer to that section which bears the burlesque title of "The Shadow on the Throne." What the author designates by this is neither more nor less than fidelity to Orthodoxy, and therefore, from a Russian point of view, anything but a "shadow." Against the infusion of this "Tar" I must ventilate my indignation, but, before doing so, permit me, after the manner of some journalists, to make a slight digression.

Some time ago, before the House of Commons lamentably broke down and Parliamentary institutions lost their flavour, the favourite hobby of the benevolent English missionary in Russia was Constitutionalism. To-day that hobby is discarded, and there are few or none who now recommend a Parliament at St. Petersburg as a panacea for all our troubles, real or imaginary. But as an amiable Englishman is never happy unless recommending a patent remedy for his neighbour's ills, we are now presented with a new specific from his moral pharmacopœia.

Our Constitution is let alone, all attention being now concentrated upon our souls. And because we show as little respect for dilettante propagandists of religions as for constitutional quackeries, we excite a storm of indignation and protest. Could nothing be done, I wonder, to cure our kind-hearted advisers of this pedagogic mania? This is actually becoming morbid! When modesty fails, a sense of the ridiculous should surely save them from an attitude of arrogant superiority. Like the Chinese, they imagine themselves to possess a

monopoly of wisdom and civilization, and actually regard as benighted everybody born under another sky.

"Charcot, Charcot! *They* come over here and establish an English branch of your far-famed Salpêtrière!"

Russia tolerates all religions and prosecutes at law only sects who propagate immoral and criminal doctrines, which would not be permitted, in fact, in any part of the world where Christian morality is accepted as the basis of legislation.

Russia established perfect religious liberty long before many of her civilized neighbours. It was a saying of Peter the Great that "God has given the Tzar power over the nations, but Christ alone has power over the consciences of men." No difference of religious convictions has been allowed in Russia to stand in the way of promotion to the highest posts—although in Liberal England it was, until recently, a bar even to representation in the Legislature. The Count Loris Melikoff, who, a few years ago, occupied the position almost of a dictator, was an Armenian by nationality and religion. Many of our highest posts are held by Lutherans, and there are Mahomedan aides-de-camp to his Majesty the Emperor. I need hardly recall the fact, well known in England, that Count Nesselrode, Prince Gortchakoff's predecessor at our Foreign Office, was a member of the English Church.

In England and in America, where the Christian faith is "splintered" into a hundred sects, it may be not only possible but necessary to allow liberty of religious competition, or propagandism. The sporting propensity of those countries discloses itself even in the field of religion!

With us it is not so. Our Church prays daily for the unity of all the Churches. That unity of our Church has always been the real power of Russia—a fact which finds recognition in the popular title of "Holy Russia," whilst England is designated as "Merry" and Italy as "La Bella." Certain facts are deeply rooted and permeate our very nature. We consider every schism a plague, whose infection has to be stamped out. We have no hankering, I assure you, after the ideal of possessing as many creeds as there are signposts; nor do we care to replace the majestic fabric of our National Church by a "Macédoine" of contending sects. Schism may be a virtue in the eyes of a Nonconformist. As for us, we are content with one absolute Truth, based on the Gospels, and explained by the seven Œcumenical Councils. Schisms, far from being commended by the Gospels, are even deplored as positive sins by Saint Paul. Mr. Stead remarked to Mr. Pobédonostzeff, in my presence: "It seems that even the Apostles would be banished from Russia, if they came to preach there." To which, with his usual kind earnestness, the Procurator of the Holy Synod replied: "But this, which we possess, is their doctrine; the Apostles could only come to strengthen our faith, not to shake it."

Nor is it only from the religious standpoint that we reject proselytizing. Russia is primarily a Church, not a State. The only constitution to which our Emperors have to subscribe at their coronation is the Nicene Creed. "Holy Russia" is a theocratic State, which exists, first of all, to defend the Church—that soul of Russia. Before even the duty of defending the frontier from invasion of hostile armies, is the duty of defending the Orthodox faith from the assaults of sects and heresies. The Nihilists, who have much method in their madness, in order to destroy the unity of the State, first endeavoured to attack the unity of the Church. In this starting-point the Pashkoffay and the Nihilists unite! But we cannot allow the cement which binds together our mighty empire to be dissolved by a propaganda of iconoclasts, whether political or religious.

Hence, while we permit every man to practise freely in Russia whatever creed he professes, we cannot permit attempts to pervert others from the Orthodox faith.

In Russia you may be Protestant, Catholic, or Mahomedan. You may practise your rites and worship God in your own way, and also bring up your children in your own creed; but in mixed marriages, with a Greek Orthodox, the law of the country insists that the children shall belong to the established faith. Besides, you must keep your hands off other people's creeds and other people's children. "Hands off," is our motto in religious affairs as well as in Balkan politics. "Hands off" all round. Leave us alone, and we leave you alone. Those who go to heaven need no English passport for the better world—that, at least, is not yet annexed to the British Empire.

Nowadays every quack soul-saver thinks himself entitled to pervert our simple-minded peasants, by filling their hearts with all kinds of nonsense, in the name of religious liberty. Now, why should there be more liberty given to spiritual quacks than to medical quacks? No doctor can practise, even in Freethinking France, without a diploma, duly certifying the possession of a certain indispensable minimum of knowledge. But in dealing with souls it seems as if every ignoramus, every silly self-appointed apostle, were good enough for the work. Such a view is not in accordance with our ideas, and no shrieks of outraged Salvationists will prevent us from kindly but firmly escorting all such meddling busybodies to the frontier. Imagine a splendid hall, brilliantly illuminated with numerous electric lamps. Suddenly a grotesque tatterdemalion rushes in with a small tallow candle, which he insists is far superior to the electric installation! Surely, it will be his own fault if he is summarily shown the door.

Mr. Stoddard I fear only too eagerly accepted all sorts of canards about the persecution of some adherents of Lord Radstock—or rather, of Lord Radstock's *charge d'affaires*, Mr. Pash! But, by carefully

reading Mr. Stead's own melodramatic narrative, it is easy to see that the Hiltons, for instance, who had to leave Russia, obstinately refused to submit to the law of the land. In London all shops, except, I believe, the liquor saloons, have to be closed on Sundays. Such is the law, and I should like to see what would happen to any foreigner daring to violate it? The importance of our numerous holidays, against which Mr. Hilton protested, may be ignored, or misunderstood. M. Drumont, in his remarkable book, "*La Fin d'un Monde*," explains the generous and compassionate object of the frequent holy-days in the Catholic world. At all events, rightly or wrongly, people have to observe them; and the fact that Mr. Stead and other persons disapprove of that way of giving extra rest to children and the working classes, in no way exculpates Mr. Hilton. It is somewhat amusing to have to insist, to English readers, upon the absolute necessity of obedience to the law! After all, people may flourish and be happy away from Russia. Foreigners who deplore their banishment from our country, certainly pay us a compliment!

The accusation of persecution reminds me of the well-known definition of the lion: "The lion is a beast of uncontrollable savagery. He will always defend himself—when attacked." What is called persecution is only self-defence. We do not carry our propaganda to other Christian countries. As any form of Christianity is better than heathenism, there is plenty of room for useful propaganda elsewhere. To unprejudiced minds the link between our Church and our people is indissoluble, because it satisfies all our spiritual needs. In illustration of this an intelligent and sympathetic observer has written in the *Guardian* and in the *Church Review* some very interesting descriptions of our Kieff festivities last August. He says:

"The monastery court in the moonlight presented a most impressive spectacle. In every part of the vast space there were dense masses of pilgrims who were unable to find room in the church, some joining in the service from outside, others lying all about, on the pavement and grass, taking their night's rest. Many of these pilgrims had come from Siberia, and even from the shores of the Pacific, the whole way on foot, to pass a fortnight at this great centre of Russian Christianity; and when one comes to consider that it is quite a common thing for there to be 200,000 pilgrims in the year at this monastery alone, one begins to have some faint notion of the hold which the Orthodox Church has upon the Russian people."

Besides, Mr. Stead has been betrayed into another important mistake. "Bible-reading at home" is never prohibited in Russia. The truth is, that the Bible-readers he alludes to are those who *invariably* meddle in anti-Orthodox propaganda. They are all opposed to our holy Sacraments, either superseding them by shams or suppressing them altogether. They reject entirely the guidance of the Church, and bring ridicule upon Christ's Apostles by arrogating to themselves apostolic self-appointed functions. They also reject one of the most

consoling practices—prayers for the dead—which even some Anglican clergymen advocate. Besides, religious propagandism in Russia has been used by the Nihilists, who, under a Bible cover, have been known to disseminate anarchical proclamations. All these things have to be weighed and considered by the authorities, as Mr. Stead admits, without, however, revealing the secret (which he no doubt possesses) of how they are to be counteracted.

Even in England to-day, have not people been put in gaol for publishing blasphemous caricatures? But there are many meanings of the word “blasphemy.” We are consistent in objecting to all that impairs the unity of our faith. But why should England, which boasts of having no unity of creed, persecute her Freethinkers?

It is most unfortunate that Mr. Stead’s book, in other respects so excellent and useful, should be disfigured by this inaccurate chapter, which, instead of proving a “Shadow on the Throne,” is but a blot upon his own page. What evil genius entrapped him I cannot imagine. How deplorable the contrast between his beautiful and touching description of Easter Eve at St. Isaac’s, on the very day of his arrival in Russia, and his flippant attack, written during the last week of his stay amongst us, upon the so-called persecution of the Pashkoffzy! Surely he must feel himself rebuked by his own words, if after having exhausted his rhetoric in assailing the Greek Orthodox Church he were to read again his meditation in St. Isaac’s.

“This Church,” says he, “has at least taught the Russians how to die. It has made itself for centuries the most vital reality, the most living force in all these Eastern lands. . . . If this be difficult to understand, if it be strange for us Westerns to comprehend this religion . . . it is no marvel. Think you, who have not even learned to decipher the Cyrillian alphabet so as to read the names of the stations and of the streets, that it is easier to penetrate at the first careless glance into the secret mysteries of the inner arcana of the national life?”

Without doubt Mr. Stead has the gift of a sympathetic imagination, but it unfortunately fails him exactly when he needs it most; as, for instance, when he attempts to appreciate the difficulties of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. For the Greek Orthodox Church he has not only no sympathy, but not even an elementary sense of fair-play. To compare the Russia of to-day with the Spain of the Middle Ages is as absurd as to liken the kind and humane Mr. Pobédonostzeff to Diocletian, or Torquemada, as is done with such strange persistency. This is not only foolish, but it is nonsense, which, to quote Mr. Stead’s phrase, “grates horribly upon our civilized ears.” After applying a variety of such epithets to Mr. Pobédonostzeff, we are naively assured: “Far be it from me to speak evil of Mr. Pobédonostzeff. By almost universal repute, he is a good and honest man. He is a lawyer of integrity and erudition, he is an omnivorous reader, and he is a faithful son of the Greek Orthodox Church.”

I notice in other places also this strange method of attack in one breath and eulogy in the next. But let us now pass on to pleasanter topics. We have had enough of the "Tar," let us enjoy a little of the "Honey."

For the past eleven years Mr. Stead, of all living English journalists, has written most constantly and consistently in favour of my country. With courageous tenacity he has combated ignorant prejudice, and striven to create an *entente cordiale* between England and Russia in place of the senseless antagonism which has so long prevailed.

Perhaps one of the most important services which this volume will render to that cause is by the flood of light shed upon the personality of our Emperor. Few Englishmen have ever appreciated the strength and dignity of his Majesty's character so well as has Mr. Stead in his chapters on "The Peace-maker of Europe" and "The Tzar Tribune." Europe can now see our Emperor as we know him:

"The Emperor Alexander the Third is, in many respects, a model autocrat in disposition, and in ideal. He has two great qualifications for the discharge of the difficult duties of his post—steadiness and courage. He is emphatically not a flighty man. He is sober, sensible, and sedate. He is not rash nor precipitate. He is slow in forming a resolution, but when he has mastered a subject, and has the facts at his command, his decision is made once for all. His one anxiety is to do right, and when he has come to a conclusion that a certain course is right, he adopts it without the slightest hesitation. He acts regardless of danger. 'Our Emperor,' said one who knows him well, 'is somewhat of an *enfant terrible*. When he sees what he thinks he ought to do, he goes to his object like a bullet from a gun. He does not ask what is in the way. Public opinion, censure of the press, all these things are nothing to him more than the croaking of frogs in the pond. Pressure, as you understand it, will never make him swerve a hair's-breadth from his course. If you want him to change, you must not bring pressure to bear; you must persuade him. Once convince him that anything is right and he will do it. Otherwise he will not—no, not though all the voices in Europe, in the world, were denouncing him.'"

The section headed "Peace or War" can only evoke in Russian hearts the most sincere response. The appeals Mr. Stead makes, over and over again, for a better understanding between the two countries are worthy of a true statesman and Christian, and it is certainly not on our side that difficulties in that direction will arise. These chapters also show that it was not Russia alone who had cause for rejoicing at the miraculous escape of our Emperor from the terrible railway accident at Borki.

Apart from the political side, there is much that is interesting in the chapters which deal with the material progress of Russia. Mr. Stead had access to all the best authorities from the Minister of Finance downwards, and he has given us a series of striking pictures of our commercial development. It was a great pity he could not avail himself of the facilities which were most kindly offered him to go to Samarkand. But he gives a better account of our Central

Asian Railway than some who have travelled over it, having been furnished with all the plans and explanations by one of our principal engineers, Mr. Mestchérine.

Still more interesting is his account of Captain Wiggins' heroic attempt to enter Siberia through the Frozen Sea. Even a less practised writer than Mr. Stead could hardly fail to be interesting when describing that remarkable man. No wonder Captain Wiggins captivated so many people in Russia—he is so simple, so true, so self-sacrificing, as are only men of real genius! If he succeeds in opening up a trade-route to our Siberian corn and gold fields by the sea he will have conferred upon the world generally, and upon Russia in particular, a benefit of incalculable value. Captain Wiggins and his enterprise might really become a new tie between the two Empires. Sir Robert Morier, always so energetic and so intelligently devoted to everything that promotes the real interests of peace and civilization, has said so much about Captain Wiggins, both in the Blue-Books and in general conversation, that I need only add that all who know that Columbus of our days cannot help trusting and sympathizing with his grand scheme. Sir Robert Morier has in no way overstated the case, and he gave a hostage to its fortunes in the person of his young and only son, Mr. Victor Morier, who not only sailed to Siberia with Captain Wiggins, but is quite eager to join the great sailor again next year. It is a great satisfaction indeed to have in an English ambassador a man who takes the trouble to study and understand his facts. He is a type of the grand old school of the time when patriotism supported lofty and great ideals.

But to return to my subject: Mr. Stead's book, although somewhat fragmentary, is vividly descriptive of the important topics of the day in Russia: the Emperor and the peasant, the patriot statesman and the half-cracked mystic, the great modern enterprise of the Central Asian Railway and the primitive country life in the province of Toula.

As I read, I can almost hear Count Ignatieff relating his experiences at Constantinople, and see Count Leo Tolstoy's bewildered face when he was triumphantly pointing out the old pilgrim-woman, whose notions about the Trinity seemed in such sad confusion. Pity he was not more explicit himself upon that question! It would have been amusing to add a description of poor Countess Tolstoy re-copying six times running her husband's six large volumes of "Peace and War!" Mystics, à la Count Tolstoy, are evidently pitiless husbands in private life. This was certainly a practical application of his sublime doctrine: "Resist no evil!"

What Mr. Stead sees with his own eyes, can be unhesitatingly trusted. It is only when he relies upon what others tell him that I part company. The description of the Russian prisons he has visited

himself is, I am sure, accurate. No less accurate is certainly all that we know from Captain Wiggins of the life led by the exiles in Siberia, and from an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Lansdell, in his instructive work, "Through Siberia." I happen to know that Mr. Lansdell, at all events, not only saw the prisons, but was allowed to converse with the prisoners, and to inspect the official prison-registers.

It would have been better had Mr. Stead relied upon such testimony, instead of upon that of an obscure individual, who, in order to work up his readers to agony point, added sensational pictures to his melodramatic narrative, in the evident desire to attain notoriety by these unenviable means.

But admitting, as we are quite ready to do, that the reproach of overcrowding in our prisons is partly deserved, if it can be shown—as I have endeavoured to show in recent letters to the *Times*—that we recognize the evil and are doing our best to remedy it, what more can be asked? In many parts of our empire at the present moment prisons are being improved and rebuilt. Mr. Galkin Vratsky, the Chief Director of our prisons—who is the right man in the right place—is pushing forward this good work as rapidly as the many other equally pressing schemes of reform permit. As a remedy for overcrowding, it was suggested to me the other day by a clever English friend, that by adopting the English method of hanging all our murderers, we might easily make more room in our prisons! But this, I repeat, would be too dreadful to us. Executions in Russia are, thank God, very rare, and are resorted to only in extreme cases. Upon that I insist.

Sometimes Mr. Stead makes such a grotesque bound into the unexpected that it simply takes away one's breath. To suggest, for instance, that our Emperor should be at the head of a newspaper—is really too severe a task upon our risible faculties! When our Tzars speak to their people, they do so from the height of the Kremlin or from their throne. They concentrate the attention of millions of men, animated with devotion and trust. As for journalists, when they speak But this is no business of mine!

Mr. Stead understands Count Ignatieff's position much better. Here, for the first time, we have our ablest statesman and diplomatist presented to the Western world in his true light. The Count is now President of the Slavonic Benevolent Society, whose members are generally designated abroad by the mistaken name of "Panslavists." Here is a passage about the "Panslavists" which English Russophobes should attentively read:—

"Austria and Turkey are the two great generators of Panslavonic enthusiasm. The worse Austria treats the Slavs, the more terrible will be the picture which will be drawn by the avenging Slavonic idea. What the Slavonic enthusiasts hope for is exactly the same as that for which English enthusiasts long when they talk of the union of the English-speaking

peoples. We do not dream of conquering the United States, or of compelling every English settlement to obey the laws of the House of Commons. All that we hope for is that in all the world's broad surface no English-speaking race shall be dominated over and oppressed by any other race, and that all differences between the various English families shall be adjusted by arbitration rather than by war, and that there should be a general league or brotherly union for defensive purposes, whereby all English-speaking men should make common cause against any one who attempts to crush the weakest member of the fraternal league. That is our ideal. It is also the ideal of the Slavonic Society—a society to which, if they were Russians, most Englishmen would of course belong. So far from regarding the Slavonic Society with alarm, it seems to me that the only reason for regret is that an association with aims so legitimate and so inspiring should not receive much more general support in all classes than is actually the case. According to English ideas, the Emperor would be the natural patron of such an association, just as the Queen is the natural patron of our Anti-Slavery Society. Slavery is a domestic institution of many of her Majesty's neighbours, just as the oppression of Slavs is practised by some of his Imperial Majesty's imperial allies. But to a Russian Sovereign the oppression of Slavs can no more be regarded as a normal and natural and permanent condition of things than the institution of slavery can be so regarded by our Queen."

How simple it seems, and how clear! Why should such obvious truths be almost always overlooked?

I have left myself but little space to speak of what, to the purely literary reader, will be the most fascinating part of the book—of Count Leo Tolstoy as a novelist. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of his last essays, pays us the compliment of saying that Russian novelists "hold the field." At the front of these stands unquestionably the author of "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina." Mr. Stead gives a very artistic sketch of that gifted man.

But, alas! alas! what a dense November fog we are led into when Tolstoy ceases to be a novelist, and assumes the garb of a theologian or a philosopher! How arrogant, how conceited, how didactic he then becomes! Funnily enough, it is precisely by that fog that Mr. Stead was most attracted. How these two came to understand each other it is not in my power to explain, except that both are united by one strong link: both, unfortunately, imagine that they are blessed with the same gift—of infallibility!

OLGA NOVIKOFF.
("O. K.")

THE COMMUNE AND THE PARISH.

AT the time when the District Council clauses were dropped out of the Local Government Bill, a distinct pledge was given by Mr. Ritchie, and repeated with marked emphasis by Mr. Smith, that a first-class measure would be introduced in the course of the Session of 1889 for the purpose of dealing with the question, and would be pressed forward by the Ministry to the best of their ability. Unless, therefore, some unforeseen contingency should occur in the meantime to divert attention, or unless the pledge should be relegated to the limbo of what Lord Hartington calls "supplementary and subsidiary declarations," it may be expected that the extension of local government will, before many months have elapsed, become once more a fruitful topic of discussion in Parliament and in the country. As the treatment of the smaller areas is a matter of far greater interest and importance to the inhabitants of the rural districts than the mere establishment of county councils, it may be well to review briefly the situation created by the Act of 1888, and to point out what yet remains to be done, in order that, when the question comes to be dealt with, public opinion may be on the alert to guard against deception.

The Local Government Act does little more than transfer the extrajudicial powers, until now exercised by quarter sessions, to the new county councils: To suppose that these powers are of a nature to excite any interest outside a limited circle is to ignore the considerations by which the mind of the average man is actuated. The necessary duty of maintaining roads and bridges does not admit of that clear formulation of neatly defined issues and rival policies by which alone appeals are driven home to the heart and understanding of the elector. On behalf of a great and good cause the ordinary voter can

be stirred to the highest pitch of altruistic enthusiasm ; where the removal of his own grievances is concerned, he can be resolute and determined ; but, where there is nothing worth fighting for, he prefers to stay at home. All that was foreseen long ago by the Tory Government. They knew that the apathy which would inevitably prevail among the bulk of the rural population would secure in the first instance to the leisured minority an overwhelming preponderance on the councils, and would thereby enable them to appoint aldermen after their own heart. The consequence is that the new elective bodies may be expected, with possibly a few exceptions here and there, to be composed substantially of the same class of men who formerly sat, and still sit, on the non-elective bodies, and that the measure which was heralded as the most democratic of the age will not have led to the infusion of any appreciable amount of new blood into the administration of local affairs. In London, on the other hand, where the powers conferred are more numerous and more important, the results are of a more favourable character.

Some improvement might, no doubt, be effected by conferring additional powers upon the councils, and thereby augmenting the inducement to belong to them. It should be noted, however, that, as far as the present Government are concerned, they can hardly be expected to stultify themselves by running counter to the line of action they adopted in Committee. The amendments which they admitted into the Bill were all of a nature to impair, not to strengthen, the authority, and to diminish, not to increase, the responsibilities of the bodies they proposed to set up. Some persons, it is true, go so far as to assume that the plea put forward by the Government for the mutilation of their own offspring was part and parcel of the first of three acts in an elaborate Machiavellian plot, by which they hoped to secure the supremacy of their own party—first, by creating county councils endowed with the minimum of powers, and consequently exciting the maximum of indifference ; secondly, by availing themselves of the indifference thus created to fill the new bodies with Tory councillors and Tory aldermen ; and, thirdly, by subsequently conferring upon their newly elected friends the very powers to the previous non-existence of which they were mainly indebted for their seats. However that may be, the mere enlargement of the powers of the county councils will not suffice to dispel the objections that have been urged and to meet the requirements of the case. What is really wanted is that the smallest areas should be permeated with local life and local energy, and that every man should have a direct and equal share in the management of the affairs of his own immediate neighbourhood, in which he is most deeply interested and with which he is best acquainted.

Will the mere resurrection of the District Council clauses afford an

adequate solution of the difficulty and supply a suitable remedy? Certainly not. Those clauses were open to highly unfavourable criticism, and it is, on the whole, a matter for congratulation that they should have been massacred at one blow at the hands of their parents. Had they passed into law, they would have rendered the measure unworkable, and have multiplied tenfold the difficulties with which local authorities are confronted. On the one hand they attempted too little, and on the other too much. They attempted too little, in so far as they proposed to establish district councils side by side with the existing boards of guardians, which they thought fit to leave untouched, with the inevitable result that the district councils would have hardly any work to perform, and that no one would care to sit on them, while the most important part of the functions connected with local government, the administration of the Poor Law, would be left in the hands of the anomalously constituted bodies by which it is now exercised. They attempted too much, in so far as they proposed, in Clause 47, to transfer to the district councils most of the few meagre powers at present vested in the parish, with the inevitable result that the future reform of parochial government would be rendered difficult, if not impossible.

In order that those pitfalls may be avoided, it is necessary, in the first place, that the establishment of district councils should be accompanied by the abolition of the boards of guardians, and the transference of their duties, either wholly to the district councils, or partly to the district councils and partly to the county council; and, in the second place, that the parish should not be deprived of such powers as it now possesses, but rather that those powers should be augmented and their exercise entrusted to a reformed assembly capable of speaking and acting in the name of the whole of the little community. The object in view should be to secure by the application of democratic principles to the parochial unit what De Tocqueville called "an all-pervading and restless activity—a superabundant force—an energy which is never seen elsewhere, and which may, under favourable circumstances, beget the most amazing benefits." There are two possible methods of attaining to that result. The first is, by the institution of representative parochial councils. The second is by the development of the system of open vestry. Foreign analogies may, perhaps, be of some assistance in the task of determining to which of those two methods the preference should be given.

Soon after the Local Government Bill was introduced a good deal was said and written about the organization of the "general councils" in France, and the various arrangements connected with the "*département*," the "*arrondissement*," and the "*canton*." Those, however, who endeavoured to examine the constitution of the proposed county and district councils in the light of the experience derived from the work-

ing of analogous institutions in France, generally left out of sight the importance of the part played in the local life of that country by the smallest area of all, the commune, and overlooked the fact that upon that basis was reared the whole of the superstructure. It may be confidently asserted that, of all the institutions which exist in France, the commune is that which rests on the deepest and most solid foundation, possesses the most enduring character, and is most intimately connected with the interests, feelings, and occupations of the people at large. Changes, it is true, have taken place in its constitution. Even before the French Revolution the system of open vestry had been replaced by the establishment of elective councils; and, since that day, it has been its fate at one time to be endowed with powers inordinately large, and at another to be kept in dumb subservience to the central authorities, until successive reforms, culminating in the organic law of April 5, 1884, rendered its voice articulate and effective. Amid all those vicissitudes, however, it maintained its existence unimpaired; and, although the Revolution was able to substitute new-fangled departments for time-honoured provinces, all attempts to merge the communes in wider areas were of no avail in the face of the strenuous resistance offered by popular sentiment.

The capacity exhibited by the commune for a certain degree of self-government, and the persistency of its existence, may be regarded as factors of some importance in the consideration of the problem with which we are confronted in regard to the treatment of the English parish. With a population of 36,000,000, France numbers within its borders 36,000 communes. With a population of 26,000,000, England and Wales have 15,000 "civil parishes." It is evident, therefore, that, due allowance being made for the fact that England contains a more considerable number of large towns in which a teeming population is sometimes gathered together in one parish, the average number of inhabitants in an English parish is greater than in a French commune. Of very minute units, however, France presents fewer instances than England; there are 650 communes with less than 100 inhabitants, while as many as 2100 parishes may be reckoned as belonging to that category. Such instances constitute exceptional cases, with which it is necessary to deal by exceptional methods. The extension of the process now carried on under the provisions of the Divided Parishes Acts, for the purpose of grouping or merging inconsiderable areas, and placed by Clause 57 of the Local Government Act under the control of the new county councils, affords a partial solution of the difficulty, but a solution which ought never to be applied to the case of parishes, however small they may be, in which there exists sufficient *esprit de corps* to justify their existence. In France the consolidation of neighbouring communes, when absolutely required, can, after due inquiry by the prefect, be carried out by the general

council of the department, if the communes are situated within the same canton ; by a decree of the Council of State, if they are situated in two different cantons ; and by an Act of the Legislature, if they are situated within two different departments.

* "Such rare exceptions, shining in the dark,
Prove, rather than impeach, the just remark."

During one of M. Carnot's recent presidential tours, he was greeted at Evreux by no fewer than five hundred mayors. Strange as the number may appear to an English reader, he must bear in mind that the first principle of communal government in France is substantially identical with that on which Mr. Goschen's Bill of 1871 was based—namely, that in every locality there should be one responsible person at the head of the local administration presiding over a small elective body. Thus every commune of less than five hundred inhabitants has a municipal council consisting of ten members, including the mayor and his *adjoint*, who takes his place when the necessity arises. The council is elected for four years, and the elections are held on the first Sunday in May. With a view to diminishing the cost, it is provided that no bye-elections shall take place until the council has been reduced by a series of deaths or resignations to three-fourths of its normal magnitude ; and, during the last six months of the council's existence, no bye-election takes place at all unless it has lost one-half of its members. The nomination of the mayor was left, until recently, in the hands of the prefect, as representing the central government ; at present, however, that official head of the commune is chosen by his fellow representatives. The municipal councils meet in ordinary session four times a year, and on other occasions when required. The nature of the questions with which they are called upon to deal may be inferred from the fact that upon them devolves the duty of regulating by their deliberations the affairs of the locality, and of defraying the expenditure connected with such matters as the maintenance of the building in which they meet, the taking of the census, the custody of the registers of the *état civil*, the payment of the *garde champêtre* who acts as rural policeman, the contribution of their proper share towards the relief of destitute children and lunatics and the cost of education, the repair of the church fabric in so far as no ecclesiastical funds are available for the purpose, the provision of burial-grounds, the preservation of open spaces, and the care of the roads (*chemins vicinaux*) which distinctively concern the commune. The mayor, among other duties which he has to perform, administers, under the control of the municipality, the communal property, prepares the budget, signs the deeds, executes the decisions, and—with such minuteness does the law specify his functions—summons the inhabitants in winter time, when the need arises, to organize a *battue* for the purpose of

exterminating the wolves and wild boars which may happen to infest the neighbourhood.

In his presence, too, civil marriage is contracted, and singularly unattractive is the ceremony. Of the two keys of the belfry, one is in his possession, while the *cure* retains the other, and the disputes which not infrequently arise between the local representative of the Church and the embodiment of the local State are usually referred for settlement to the bishop and the prefect, whose diocese and department generally coincide.

It must be admitted that, in respect of financial matters, the communes are still held in leading-strings by the superior authorities. The quota of taxation, whether real or personal, payable by each "arrondissement" is settled by the general council for the department; the council for the "arrondissement" in its turn settles the quota payable by each commune; and, in the commune, five "répartiteurs" appointed by the prefect unite with the mayor and his "adjoint" in assessing the amount of taxation which each individual citizen is expected to contribute. Almost all financial arrangements have to be submitted to the prefect before they can be carried into effect, and he is at liberty to reduce or disallow particular items of expenditure. Until lately one municipal council was not allowed to place itself in communication with another under any conditions; but that restriction has now been removed, and communes are enabled to confer with each other for certain defined purposes, such as the mode of dealing with property which they hold in common. It need hardly be pointed out that the legislation of the 5th of April 1884 does not apply to Paris, and that the provisions which that measure contains on the subject of the municipal organization of the larger towns lie outside the scope of the present inquiry.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that the powers assigned to a commune, limited as they are in some respects, are far more extensive than might have been expected from the centralized character and tendency of French administration. Gambetta was strongly opposed to any augmentation of the independence of the small existing communes, and, in a speech addressed to his constituents at Belleville, on the 10th of August 1881, advocated the grouping of them "in such a way as to transfer their existence and their development to the canton." His fear was that, in the less advanced parts of France, the autonomy of the commune would mean the triumph of reactionary tendencies and the eventual destruction of the uniformity of the educational system. The current of public opinion and of legislation has, however, flowed in a contrary direction; and the commune has at present more to do, and is stated by competent observers to perform its work better, than at any previous period in its history.

One reason, no doubt, why ~~was~~ one may term the status of the French communes has thus improved, is that, since 1871, the members of the Senate are elected by delegates from the municipalities. The effect of that change is described by Gambetta, a few years later, in the following words: "Those communes, between which impassable gulfs had been fixed, which were kept in ignorance of one another, and which had never been anything but a dust of inert and isolated particles—that very dust is now taken and kneaded and joined and cemented together; it derives cohesion, strength, life; it becomes a corporate person endowed with moral attributes, speaking and acting in the name of all the communes of France." If M. Floquet's scheme for the revision of the Constitution should ever be carried in its present form, the second Chamber would become still more closely connected with the communes, inasmuch as its members would then be elected no longer by delegates from the elected municipalities, but by delegates chosen directly by the people themselves in each separate locality.

Such, then, is the French counterpart and original of Mr. Goschen's scheme of 1871. No one, however, appears at present to be in favour of the adoption of that particular scheme, though all who are interested in the welfare of the rural districts desire that the claims of the parish, based as they are upon history, nature, sentiment, and necessity, should not be overlooked. The French communal organization, in addition to the undue interference it involves on the part of the higher authorities, has the demerit of being a cast-iron system, which does not make sufficient allowance for the varying requirements of areas differing considerably from each other in magnitude and population. A more suitable system is that which exists in many parts of Switzerland, and the nature of which may be indicated by the law at present in force in the Canton de Vaud, as consolidated and amended in 1885.

Every commune in the canton has a municipality, composed of a "syndic" or mayor, and a certain number of municipal councillors. It is responsible, in the case of communes of less than 800 inhabitants, to a general assembly, consisting of every active citizen who has resided within the limits of the commune for more than three months; while, in the case of communes of over 800 inhabitants, as well as in others below that figure for which the necessary authorization has been obtained from the cantonal Council of State, the municipality is responsible to a communal council, ranging from forty-five to one hundred members, which is elected every four years by the general assembly. Thus, in the larger communes, the people delegate to a representative body the sovereignty which, in the smaller communes, they exercise in their own corporate person. The one is a system of parochial boards, the other is one of open vestries. In both cases the municipality fills the functions of an executive. The machinery may

at first sight appear cumbrous and complex, but in practice it works smoothly and harmoniously.

It may well be asked whether some such distinction might not be drawn in England between the larger and the smaller parishes, and whether it might not be desirable to base the government of the former on the representative principle, while to the latter would be applied those principles of direct democracy which already exist in embryo in the institution of the vestry, but which require a reformed procedure and increased freedom and security for their proper exercise. If the inhabitants of a parish were to meet in open vestry at an hour when all can attend, if they had the right to elect their own chairman, and if, when a vote or a poll were taken on a question, they were protected by the ballot, and had each an equal voice in its decision, it would be possible for the wants and wishes of the community to find adequate expression, and such matters as the administration of the charities specifically affecting the locality, the care of open spaces, and other duties of even wider scope might safely be left in the hands of those who would be most deeply interested in their proper management, and who would carry out their work partly themselves and partly through the operation of committees. Such a system would foster a feeling of healthy independence, exercise on the minds of the inhabitants the educative effect which is inseparably connected with public discussion and combined action for common purposes, and fit them, by increasing their insight and self-control, for the part which they are called upon to take in determining the destinies of an empire.

FRANCIS SEYMOUR SIEVENSON.

IDEAL SABBATHS.

The Ideal Sabbath of the Materialist.—"There is a club for the express purpose of driving to Richmond on Sundays: on returning one need not be bored, for there are plays and Sunday dances; some of the best 'hops' of the season have been on the Sabbath, to say nothing of the charming entertainments at the Gaiety. There is now no need to retire to bed early, morose and melancholy that there should have been such a day in the week as an old-fashioned Sunday."—*SOCIETY JOURNAL*.

The Ideal Sabbath of the Israelite.—"Six days shalt thou do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work, that thy manservant and thy maidservant may rest, that thine ox and thine ass may have rest, and the son of thine handmaid and the strangers may be refreshed."—*DEUT. v. 13 and 14, and EXODUS xxxiii. 12.*

The Ideal Sabbath under the Prophets.—"If thou shalt call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable, and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor clutching at business, nor speaking vain words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."—*ISA. lviii. 13 (Variorum Version)*

The Ideal Sabbath of the Christian.—"Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets; I am not come to destroy but to complete."—*MATT. v. 17.* "The Sabbath was made for man, therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath."—*MARK ii. 27, 28.*

THERE are evident signs that what is popularly known as the Sunday question is likely before long to become prominent as a subject of controversy, perhaps also of political conflict. For some considerable time it has received comparatively little attention: the efforts of those who have been seeking to remove the social and religious restrictions which render Sunday in their eyes a day of weariness have been hardly noticed, whilst the advocates of a legal recognition and social observance of the Sunday more in harmony with an ideal Christian Sabbath have made little effort to obtain these ends. During the lull that has prevailed, many ministers of religion, failing apparently to grasp the true meaning and intent of the institution of this sacred day, have practically betrayed their trust and been ready to yield to the enemy many an important bulwark by which the observance of the Christian Sunday had been previously protected. Some have even advocated the intermingling of religious worship with frolic and pleasure, justifying their views by arguments, tenable perhaps had they been ~~used~~ under the early Israelitish law, but

which would have been sternly denounced by the later prophets, and would without doubt, if admitted, destroy the chief value of the day.

At length an article that appeared in a Society journal, illustrating the extent to which Sunday is now being turned by large numbers of all classes of society into a day of mere sensuous pleasure, and the consequent enormous increase in the Sunday labour exacted from the more helpless of the working-classes, has roused public attention; whilst the resolution recently passed by the Trades Union Congress in favour of opening certain public places of recreation on the Sunday—a measure which up to the present time the working-classes as a body have opposed—has impressed upon the advocates of a universal Sabbath rest the need of active effort to protect the sacredness of the day. It is most likely, therefore, that a battle will soon have again to be fought to decide whether our English Sunday is to remain a general Sabbath of rest to the millions of weary workers, or a mere day of pleasure and enjoyment to the wealthier and more fortunate, and of incessant toil to the large minority compelled by necessity to sacrifice their God-bestowed right that on one day in the seven they may rest and be refreshed.

In the following pages, the word "Sabbath" and not "Sunday" will be used; for, although it is now the fashion to decry the use of this word—a fashion unhappily acquiesced in even by many religious teachers—this must surely arise from ignorance of its real meaning, and from confounding its true obligations with those prescribed by the scribes and Pharisees among the Jews, and by the English Puritans in later times.

The Divine laws regulating the Levitical, the Jewish, and the Christian Sabbaths are neither pharisaical nor puritanical; through them all there runs one distinct principle gradually developed, first imperfectly revealed in the Old Testament, then made complete by Christ's teaching; and that principle is the consecration of one day out of seven for the rest and refreshment of man. The Sabbath-day was instituted for man's happiness, for the amelioration of the condition of the toiler, and in order to redeem for him from the exactions of labour time in which his higher nature might be developed. It was at first a day of cessation from all but necessary labour, to which the stranger and the slave, the man-servant and the maid-servant, were equally entitled. Later on, it is declared to be a day from which not only manual labour, but business, money-making, and even words of vanity were to be excluded. Lastly, it is adopted by Christ Himself as His own especial day, which He claims should be consecrated to Himself, as the Son of Man, declaring that as the Sabbath was made for man, therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath.

But it is not only as regards the real character of the Sabbath that

there exists much confusion of thought; this is equally apparent in the failure of many persons to discriminate between its social and religious aspects. It may be taken for granted that no demand would now be admitted that work on one day out of seven should be deemed illegal for religious reasons alone; whether rightly or wrongly, the spirit of the age is opposed to any legislation which would compel one man to do or refrain from doing what he wishes because another may deem his conduct irreligious. If, therefore, it is desirable to obtain a more perfect legal observance of the Sabbath, the grounds upon which this must be urged upon the Legislature must be social, such as, in fact, are the only ones given in the Bible for its first authoritative institution. The day was to be kept holy that man might rest, and his man-servant and his maid-servant and the stranger might share that rest and be refreshed.

Our first contention is, therefore, that it is not only the absolute right of man, bestowed by God, to be free on one day out of seven from toil; but it is also a social necessity, since labour, if incessantly pursued, destroys all opportunity for reasonable enjoyment, gives no time for the cultivation of the mind, and no opportunity for social intercourse or for the enjoyment of domestic life. Seven days' incessant work in every week, pursued throughout the year, whether on the farm or in the factory, in the counting-house or in the shop, in driving the locomotive or serving behind the bar, must almost necessarily destroy even the capacity for anything but the merest sensuous recreation; and the man doomed to such incessant labour is virtually a slave.

It may, perhaps, be urged that such labour is willingly undertaken, and therefore there is no cause for complaint; but to whatever extent this may be true—and probably the truth contained in the statement is very limited—yet the argument, so far from weakening our position, only illustrates the fact that long deprivation of some great blessing destroys the very desire for its possession, as in the case of the slave who at length ceases even to desire freedom.

It is sad to think how utterly devoid of all that constitutes the happiness of a true home must be the dwelling-place of the man who year by year enjoys no Sabbath, who quits it for the day's work before his children have risen, and returns in the evening worn out by toil, condemned to pursue this incessant drudgery without any day for rest or refreshment. It would be contrary to human nature that such a slave should continue to find any real happiness in his home, or even to possess the power of enjoying family life, whilst the training of his children for their future life must be all but impossible. The same may be said in regard to all higher pleasures, for it is to be feared that even the taste for any but such as would without effort refresh the over-wearied body with mere animal

gratifications must soon be forfeited. The man, having no time or energy left for self-improvement or for the cultivation of his higher nature, after his daily work is finished, and having no Sabbath to fall back upon, must necessarily become more and more degraded. Salvation from such a miserable state of existence can only be found in the institution of the Sabbath. Man has no right to require from his fellow-men a sacrifice which both degrades his nature and robs him of all rational enjoyment; and not only Christians, but all who recognize the claims of a common humanity may be called upon to join in the demand for such laws and the enforcement of such regulations as shall mitigate to the utmost this evil, and secure both by the sanction of the law and by the power of public opinion to every worker one day out of every seven wherein he may be released from toil.

It may, perhaps, be urged that this object cannot possibly be obtained, since the necessities of modern civilization render the total cessation of work on one day impossible; and the objection is undoubtedly valid in so far that it would not be possible for every individual to cease work on one and the same day; but this fact does not justify the conclusion that those who are not able to keep Sabbath on the Sunday should be deprived of it altogether. The Sabbath is not only man's birthright, it is absolutely necessary for his happiness and his physical health, domestic enjoyment, and social welfare, and, in the long run, involves the well-being of the nation itself: and therefore, although it is most important that as far as possible the day of rest should be observed by every one on the Sunday, this is not of the essence of the Sabbath so far as its social aspect is concerned, and where the Sunday Sabbath is impossible another day should be granted. The universal enforcement of one day of rest in seven would prove an invaluable blessing to toiling multitudes, and would undoubtedly have also a most beneficial influence even on the religious life of the nation; for it would tend to secure the utmost possible limitation of labour on the Sunday, thus setting free to the efforts of the evangelist vast numbers who now from incessant labour are entirely withdrawn from all religious influence.

The first step necessary to be taken in this crusade for the more general extension of the Sabbath rest is to put in force as much as possible the existing laws. These may be briefly stated as follows:—

1. Any place used for public entertainment and amusement to which persons are admitted by payment of money, or by tickets sold for money, is, if opened on Sunday, to be deemed a disorderly house.

2. The killing of game for sporting purposes is punishable by a fine of £5.

3. No tradesman, artificer, workman, labourer, or other per-

son is to do or exercise his ordinary calling upon the Lord's Day (works of necessity and charity only excepted), under a penalty of 5s.

4. No person or persons publicly to cry, show forth, or expose to sale any wares, merchandise, fruit, herbs, goods or chattels upon the Lord's Day, under pain of forfeiture of the same.

5. No drover, waggoner, butcher, or any of his servants is to travel upon the Lord's Day, under pain of forfeiting 20s.

These Acts cannot at present be put in force except with the consent in writing of the chief officer of the police district, of two justices, or of a stipendiary magistrate;—a restriction made by Parliament in 1887 for one year only, but which has been since continued.

There is no doubt that any attempt thoroughly to enforce the Sunday laws would produce considerable excitement and bring the whole question into a prominence which is much to be desired, for during the apparent truce which has so long prevailed the enemies of the Sabbath have been in reality gaining ground. Moreover, the whole social life of England has undergone great changes since these laws were passed, and multitudes are now employed in occupations then unknown. It is necessary, therefore, that the whole Sabbath question should be carefully reconsidered, not only for the modification of present laws in accordance with the changed need of the times, but also in order to extend to all classes the benefits which they now only secure to some, and with the one aim of preserving a day of rest in each week to every worker. There are large bodies of men whom an enactment forbidding more than the six days' work would immediately benefit—as, for instance, among others, the members of the police force and post-office employes, who are probably amongst the most hard-worked men in the country, and require more than most that Sabbath rest which they now very partially obtain.*

Probably no better step could at first be taken than to endeavour to obtain a resolution of the House of Commons securing to all public servants this day of rest, which would only necessitate a comparatively slight increase in their numbers: in other words, would only involve a question of a little money. The injustice of saving a small fraction in the rates, or increasing by a slight amount the profits of the Post-office, at the cost of depriving the servants of the public of their day of rest, is so evident that it would be difficult for any Government to resist so just a demand.

The next step to be taken would be to enforce the same legal

* The particulars given by Mr. Raikes, in the House of Commons, on November 30 last, of some experiments he had been making in Sunday postal deliveries out of London, show indirectly how great a burden is laid on many of the nation's employes; and the fact that the Postmaster-General was not able to hold out any hope of further relief increases the responsibility of Christians for the grave injustice done to so many hard-working public officials.

restrictions in regard to the employment of any persons for more than six days out of the seven in those occupations which require Government or municipal licence, including men engaged upon railways, tramways, omnibuses, and licensed vehicles of all sorts who, at present, in many cases, have alternate Sundays allowed them, but in a large number have no day of rest at all. As the enforcement of the rights of these men also involves only a question of money, of a little less profit to the shareholders, it is probable that a very large amount of public support would be secured for this object: the conscience of England and the self-interest of the working-classes, may both be counted upon to prevent the greed of gain continuing to destroy the happiness of so many working-men.

The next step would be the enforcement of a six days' limit on the labour of all persons employed in houses of refreshment, restaurants, public-houses, &c. Probably there is no class of workers in the kingdom who require a Sabbath rest more than those men and women who now slave in the bars of public-houses from morning till nearly midnight, under circumstances involving at the best great danger both to their moral and physical well-being.

If a law enforcing these restrictions were passed by Parliament it would give liberty to hundreds of thousands of our countrymen who are now virtually slaves, and restore the comforts of home and the opportunity of rational happiness to multitudes of our fellow-men who are now deprived of these by the selfishness of the devotees of pleasure or the covetousness of the money-seekers.

In calculating the strength of the forces arrayed against us, we must first take notice of those classes represented by the paragraph which stands at the head of this paper, copied from a Society journal, and which is quoted as descriptive of the materialist ideal of the Sabbath. In the article from which this is quoted, the writer goes on to describe the desecrators of the Lord's Day as including the majority of the aristocracy, which is, no doubt, a mere assumption; for although the character depicted is to be found among the higher ranks of society, it is unhappily hardly less common amongst other classes. It is not those alone who fill the four-in-hand coaches who act selfishly, but equally the thousands who crowd the Sunday excursion trains, regardless that this Sunday pleasure means continuous labour to those who toil to provide it.

The selfish conduct of these materialists in seeking pleasure irrespective of others' pain is only the natural outcome of the materialistic principles now in vogue, and no other can be expected. These fortunate men of wealth, who say in their hearts there is no God, the heirs of all the ages, the best and latest developments of evolution, finding themselves placed by a happy accident in a position to command enjoyment, are little likely to be careful whether or not those other

brief existences, who like themselves are doomed to speedy and everlasting extinction, should or should not enjoy a Sabbath rest. Taught by godless evolutionists that they are but the development of protozoa destined to a few brief hours or years of existence before their totality becomes food for the worms, they can hardly be expected to enjoy life unselfishly.

The resolution adopted by the Trades Union Congress—for "the opening of museums and art galleries on Sundays," without any provision for a rest-day to the many employed in such places—is at first sight a much more serious matter. The Congress no doubt represents very powerful organizations, and if these should combine against the enforcement of the Sunday rest, it could hardly be carried; but this result is hardly likely, for it would involve in the first place great danger to their own position. At present, the Unions are strong enough to enforce for their members not only reasonable hours of labour, but rest on the whole of the Sunday, and often part of the Saturday; but this may not be always so: the time may come when, under extreme competition in trade on the part of foreign countries, some of the power they now possess will be lost, and even the Sunday itself, its sanctity destroyed, may be claimed for work as a necessary condition of competition; moreover, the working-classes have in the past generally shown themselves both just and generous.

The Sabbath question is already arousing very much interest in the United States, where it is calculated a million and a half of wage-workers, or one in every eight families, are deprived of their rest-day largely through the inconsiderateness of the Christian public. The following Sabbath observance pledge is being extensively signed:—

I AGREE

- I. To observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.
- II. To neither purchase nor patronize Sunday newspapers.
- III. To use my influence by word and example against railroad and steamboat travel and excursions.
- IV. Not to patronize any store, barber's shop, news stand, drug store (except for medicine), bakery, or any other place of unnecessary work on the Sabbath, and to use my influence to close them.
- V. Not to send or call for mail on the Sabbath.
- VI. To make the Sabbath work at home as light and simple as possible, that all may enjoy the privileges of the day.
- VII. To use my influence for legislation that will protect the Sabbath as a day of rest and worship.

Name

Over four million petitioners have asked Congress for a law prohibiting Sunday train ~~trains~~.

THE SABBATH AS A RELIGIOUS INSTITUTION.

Hitherto the social aspect of this question has alone been considered;—namely, the right of every toiler to rest on one day in seven, that opportunity may be afforded not only for recruiting his bodily strength, but for the maintenance of a real home by that social intercourse with his wife, children, and friends which a day of rest will alone permit; and that it may also be possible for him to develop the higher qualities of his nature and his spiritual life. It has been urged that this claim to a Sabbath rest is based not only on the Divine authority of the fourth Commandment, but also on the absolute need of man's nature, that it is required in order to prevent moral and intellectual deterioration in the individual, accompanied with the destruction of all true home life, and as a result that degradation of a nation which must result from the widespread moral and social debasement of its members; and that therefore those absolutely compelled to labour on the Sunday should obtain their Sabbath on some other day of the week.

It now remains to consider the religious aspects of the Lord's Day.

As a social question, it is one between man and man; as a religious question, it is between man and his God. Looked at in the former light, it is a question for political legislation; in the latter, it is a question of conscience and of the teachings of the Churches. It may be taken for granted that no religious man will question the right of his fellow-man to a weekly day of rest, or fail to do his utmost to secure that this blessing shall be universal; the very first two commands of Christianity—that we should love our neighbours as ourselves, and do to others as we would they should do to us—settle this question; and those who themselves value the Sabbath-day cannot but feel anxious to extend its benefits to their fellow-men. The question therefore among Christians is not whether the fourth Commandment is binding, but how the day shall be observed. Before, however, proceeding to consider this important subject, it will be well once again to refer to the earliest records of the institution of the Sabbath. We have already seen that the fourth Commandment given to the Israelites only demanded a day of universal respite, from labour, works of necessity being exempted. The better to realize what this meant to those to whom it was first given, we must picture Eastern life as it then existed among a purely pastoral or agricultural community under the delightful climate of Palestine, when there were no large cities, and each commune, to a great extent, was self-contained. Under these conditions the amount of really necessary labour would be exceedingly small, and the exceptions to the cessation from labour

allowed in the Pentateuch—namely, “save that which every man must eat” (Exod. xii. 16), and the necessary tending of cattle, represented by the words leading them to water—would practically embrace all that was needed.

In the fourth Commandment, it will be noticed, no mention whatever is made of any spiritual object, nor is any religious observance commanded, although during festivals “an holy convocation” is frequently ordained by Moses on the Sabbath-day, and there is no doubt that this day of rest would afford the Israelites the great opportunity for carrying out the instruction of Moses in relation to the laws and history of the chosen people: “Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up” (Deut. vi. 7). At a time when there were no books, the whole history of the chosen people, as well as the laws and ordinances of Moses, would have been speedily forgotten but for this institution, and the opportunity the Sabbath gave to the parents to teach their households, and for their children to learn by heart the record of those great things which God had done for their nation, and those laws and ordinances which He had imposed upon them.

Thus, then, we may picture the early Israelitish Sabbath. As the sun set on the Friday evening all toil and labour ceased; the ox was released from its yoke, the ass from its harness, the slave stretched his weary limbs on the grass, reposing in the delightful consciousness that the morrow was a day free from toil; and when that morrow dawned, master and slave, children and cattle, reclining under the shade of the vines and fig-trees, rested and were refreshed; whilst both the children and the slaves gathered round the head of the family to listen to the oft-told stories of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, of slavery in Egypt, and God's deliverance of His people, of His care for them in the wilderness, and through their struggles with the nations of Canaan; then they would be taught to commit to memory the laws given them by God through Moses, on the obedient observance of which their spiritual life as well as their national welfare depended. No pharisaical restrictions interfered with this joyous day, on which everything was lawful that would not interfere with the Sabbath rest. Later on, after the tribes of Israel had emerged from their exclusively pastoral condition, had built large cities, and entered into commercial intercourse with the neighbouring nations, the rest of the Sabbath was rudely interfered with, for we learn in the Book of Nehemiah that, “There dwelt also men of Tyre in Jerusalem, who brought fish and all manner of ware, and sold on the Sabbath unto the children of Judah.” Perceiving that if this were permitted to continue the sacredness of the day would speedily be lost, and with it the national religion, Nehemiah

sternly repressed this introduction of trade and forbade any commerce to be carried on during this day.

We now enter upon the second Sabbath period. The first ordinances were adapted to a pastoral state and a simple people; since the time they had been first ordained the national life of the Israelites had developed, the nation had increased in wealth and advanced in civilization under the rule of their kings, and a very considerable trade had arisen with neighbouring nations. This development of commerce had caused an eagerness for money-making, and a taste for pleasures less simple than those which satisfied their ancestors: both business and pleasure had, it is evident, now come to be pursued not only on six days, but also on the Sabbath, thus destroying its spiritual intent, and probably even its provision for rest and refreshment. To meet this evil, the prophet Isaiah, in the name of God, proclaims to the people that the condition of their acceptance with Him, both individually and nationally, still depended upon their carrying out in this new phase of their national life, not only the letter but the spirit of the fourth Commandment; he declares the Sabbath not to be merely a day of rest from toil, according to the letter of the commandment, but far more, a day consecrated to higher pursuits, in which the conversation must be free from that which he describes as their own or vain words (apparently contrasted with God's words), as well as from the clutching at business—these two figures being evidently employed to represent the two most absorbing of worldly pursuits, money-getting and the pleasures of the animal senses. These, he declares must be set aside, and exchanged for the cultivation of man's higher nature by free communion with his God. And he adds the solemn warning, that the calling the Sabbath a delight and honourable will afford the test, not only of each man's character, but also of the entire nation's acceptance with God. This is the last word of the Old Testament in regard to the Sabbath.

It remains to consider the position of the Christian towards this sacred day, and the first thought that occurs is that the reason given for its sanctification under the old dispensation, the rest and refreshment of the wearied body, is equally applicable to all times; so also is the need for the separation of one day from toil in order to afford opportunity for the enjoyment of family life, and to provide opportunity for the training of the children, as well as for the development in man of his intellectual and spiritual nature. If a Sabbath were needed in the olden time in order to enable the Israelite to fulfil the requirements of that imperfect dispensation under which he lived, how much more must it now be needed by the Christian, that he may be enabled to struggle onward towards the perfection set before him in the Gospel; to enable him to subdue the flesh to the spirit; to

deny ungodliness and worldly lust, and to become like the Christ set forth by the Gospel for imitation—the ideal of perfect unselfishness, purity, truth, and charity. These virtues, demanded by the Christian faith, are totally opposed to the atmosphere of the world in which workers for the most part spend six days out of seven which must tend to destroy spiritual susceptibility. Surely no Christian can feel that one day out of the seven totally separated from this atmosphere—with its selfishness, its impurity, its veiled falseness, its hard philosophy, its uncharitable views—is unnecessary, or that this one day in which it may be possible to restore, as it were, the spiritual balance, by shutting out the world, and by holding spiritual communion with God—is an excessive demand. Those ministers of the Church of Christ who proclaim that there is no harm in spending part of the day in public worship and part in the tennis-court or the cricket-field, fail to realize either the high spiritual demands of Christianity, or the deadening influence of continuing through the Lord's Day associations of business or pleasure similar to those in which the six working days are spent. There are also, in addition to the claims of God to the communion of His people, the claims of Christian work; these none can ignore, and the Sabbath often affords to hard-worked men the only opportunity for fulfilling this absolute duty.

It has been urged that Christ abrogated the old law in regard to the Sabbath-day, and that therefore Christians are not bound to observe it; but a careful examination of the question does not justify this assertion. Although it might well be argued that even if Christ had abrogated the Sabbath observance as a legal duty, the obligation to keep it sacred as a necessary means of sustaining spiritual life by preserving one day in a week, the remaining six of which are generally spent in an atmosphere of practical materialism, would still remain. But the evidence, carefully examined, shows that Christ did not abrogate one jot or tittle of the sanctity of the Sabbath either by word or deed, but, on the contrary, confirmed it. He only abrogated the numerous restrictions placed upon the day by the Rabbis, and the rules and definitions as to its observance added by them to God's command; all of these were unauthorized, and many tended to make a burden of that which God meant to be a delight.* The position Christ always maintained in His controversies with the Pharisees was that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath: a part of the greater principle that the whole law is not

* It may, however, be noted in passing, that even under the latest Jewish regulations the Sabbath never lost its essential characteristic of a feast-day, as many of the minor regulations of the scribes regarding bodily indulgences prove; for example, it was to be honoured by the wearing of finer garments, by three distinct meals of the best cheer the house could afford. It was also considered a particularly meritorious thing on the part of the master of the house to busy himself personally with furnishing the viands, and thus do honour to the "Bride Sabbath." Fasting, mourning, and mortification of all kinds were prohibited.

an end in itself, but a help towards the realization by man in his life of the great ideal of all true religion—love to God and love to man.

It has already been pointed out that the requirements of the law when first ordained were very simple—namely, absolute abstention from labour and from the enforcement of labour; to which was added, under the prophets, abstention from money-making and from pleasure-seeking. But in the time of Christ's life on earth the Jews had accepted as binding thirty-nine rules laid down by the Rabbis, besides a vast number of subtle definitions and explanations as to the keeping of the Sabbath, which rendered it a perpetual burden; it was for ignoring these rules, not for breaking God's command, that Christ was condemned by the Pharisees as a Sabbath-breaker.

We find an illustration of this in the first controversy between Christ and the Jews, as recorded in the second chapter of St. Mark. The disciples, being hungry, had begun, as they walked through the fields, to use the liberty the law gave them, and to pluck the ears of corn and eat, rubbing them in their hands. To this the Pharisees objected, demanding of Christ why He permitted His disciples to do that which was not lawful on the Sabbath-day. The law broken was not God's law, but a Rabbinical definition, which declared that a man thus gathering and rubbing the corn was guilty of harvesting. Christ, in His reply, in no way set aside the law regulating the sacredness of the day, but only condemned this mischievous addition; first pointing out, from the example of David in eating the shewbread, that human necessity may lawfully set aside ordinary legal restrictions in an institution made for the benefit of man; then, recalling the fact, evident from the command itself, that the benefit of man was the reason for its institution, he condemned the Rabbinical definition as a mischievous and unjustifiable addition, since the gathering and eating of the corn involved no real labour, whilst it supplied the need of nature. In a similar manner, on the occasion on which Christ healed the man with a withered hand, such an act was no breach of the Divine command, but only of a Rabbinical rule which forbade a sick man to receive medical aid except his life were in danger. It was against the burdensome casuistry, the arbitrary inhuman precepts by which the Rabbis had destroyed the benevolent object of the institution of the Sabbath, that Christ, the Lord of the Sabbath, protested, pointing out the wickedness involved in a rule which caused a sheep to be treated better than a man; permitting the former to be helped out of a pit, whilst the sufferer was condemned to remain in his pain, and in this manner misrepresenting the character of His Father, whose laws were thus perverted.

Christ, in calling Himself the Lord of the Sabbath, has consecrated the day specially as His own; it must therefore follow that those who call Him Lord are bound to employ this day in His special

service, and His Church has doubly recognized the claim by celebrating the Christian Sabbath on the anniversary of the day on which He rose from the dead. This change of the day from the Saturday to the Sunday gave rise in past times to much bitter controversy, but there are few people now who lay much stress upon it, for the spread of scientific knowledge has enabled us to realize that anniversaries meant for universal observance cannot perpetually be kept on the same day on which they happen; that times, days, and hours change continually, and even as we travel from east to west or from west to east, all is altered. As an example, two ships sailing round the world, the one going west and the other east, when they returned home the sailors on the one would be found keeping the Sabbath on the Saturday, and the other on the Monday, whilst all through their voyages they would be keeping it partly on one day and partly on another. Times and seasons do not exist with the Eternal: the spirit of His commands is all in all. An omnipresent mortal—could such a being be imagined—would be always hearing all the clocks in the circle of the world striking every hour at the same moment. Time is impossible to the Omnipresent: the immortal God cannot be conditioned by mortal limitations.

Although most interesting, it is beyond the intention of this article to trace the various stages by which the Jewish Sabbath became gradually merged in the Christian "Lord's Day;" but it is well to note how early in the history of the Church the Lord's Day was observed on the first day of the week; thus we read in the Acts of the Apostles that the disciples in Troas met weekly on the first day of the week for exhortation and the breaking of bread. The writer of the Apocalypse thus refers to it: "I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day." In the "Teachings of the Apostles," the instruction is given that, on the Lord's Day, Christians should come together to break bread and give thanks after confessing their transgressions. Ignatius speaks of those he addresses as no longer sabbatizing, but living in observance of the "Lord's Day." Dionysius of Corinth writes to Soter, the Bishop of Rome, A.D. 175: "To-day we have passed the Lord's Day, in which we have read your Epistle." These references, amongst many others—as, for instance, the letters of Pliny to Trajan—prove beyond doubt that the first day of the week was counted from the very earliest Christian times as specially sacred, as being emphatically the "Lord's Day."

Whether it possesses those special claims that the Sabbath had upon the Israelites has been, and probably always will be, a subject of controversy, but those who maintain it bring forward many strong arguments in favour of their view, which may be briefly summarized as follows:—

1. That the command to keep the Sabbath holy is one of the

ten commands of the moral law, which, so far at least as the other nine are concerned, are perpetually binding on all mankind.

2. It is recorded as one of those ten Commandments given not by Moses, but written with the finger of God on tables of stone.

3. This command is delivered in the same absolute manner as the other nine: equally absolute with the universal obligatory precept—"Honour thy father and thy mother," is the demand—"Remember the Sabbath-day, in it thou shalt not do any work."

4. The objects of the Sabbath are of universal application:—

(a) To give the labouring classes rest from toil and to provide a memorial of God as the Creator of all things.

(b) To afford man the opportunity of cultivating his higher as contrasted with his animal nature.

(c) To furnish opportunity for social intercourse and family union in joyful festivity.

The perpetual obligation of the Sabbath is further evident from the word used regarding its first institution—"And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it, because in it He had rested from all His work"—a reason which has no special application to the Jews, but to all who share the benefits of creation.

But whether the arguments in favour of the universal legal obligation of the Sabbath are conclusive or not, its social obligation can hardly be questioned, for the rest which it commands is a universal need of humanity, and therefore it is man's universal right to enjoy.

The Christian, whether or not he acknowledges the perpetual obligation of the Jewish Sabbath, cannot but acknowledge that the fourth Commandment was intended to supply a necessity of man's nature; and therefore the argument is thus narrowed to the question—If under the old economy it was deemed necessary to set apart one day out of seven from labour, business, and pleasure, in order that man might be enabled to free himself from the demands of his lower and develop his higher and spiritual being—can this obligation be less binding upon those who have a much higher aim set before them, a much fiercer contest to wage, a much more perfect example to imitate? Looked at even from its social aspect—is it possible to believe that the law given through Moses, commanding on behalf of man the observance of a day of rest, should be more benevolent than the law of Christ, which would be the case did this day of rest find no place in the Christian economy? Or again, looked at from its religious aspect—is it possible to believe that God's provision for the spiritual welfare of His people under the law is not extended to the Gospel dispensation?

To return to the practical social aspect of the question as it is now presented to us. Owing to the increased activity of life caused by the mechanical inventions of the past fifty years, the whole social con-

dition of the country has changed, and a restlessness has been developed which is having a very important effect upon the observance of the Lord's Day: the desire for profit is stimulating the caterers for public amusement to turn the Sunday into a day of amusement, and just so far as they have succeeded has life become one of unceasing labour to the most helpless among the working-classes. Unless some check is put to this disregard of the day, its sanctity will disappear, and that institution which more than any other has moulded the English character, and in spite of reduced hours of labour kept the nation foremost in the world, will be swept away. It has already been pointed out how the neglect of this day of rest destroys the rational enjoyment of life, its social and domestic happiness, as well as deteriorates the moral and physical nature of man, and, through the individual members, the nation itself. It is therefore full time for all who value the Sabbath, either on social or religious grounds, to bestir themselves and bring this matter before Parliament with the object of obtaining such legislation as may preserve to the nation its long enjoyed and now threatened day of rest.

The following heads of a Bill are suggested as meeting the need of the present time, to the provisions of which no social reformer can object:—

Whereas from various causes a very large number of persons are now deprived of the opportunity of enjoying one day of rest in the week, which for their happiness and welfare it has been the policy of the State for many generations to secure to every citizen of the country: Be it enacted as follows:—

(1) No person in the employment or service of the State to be required (except in cases of emergency or necessity) to engage in his ordinary work or occupation for more than six days out of every seven: and where possible the day of rest to be on the Sunday, but in cases in which this is not compatible with the public interests, some other day to be granted in its stead.

(2) No authority having control over the police or over constables to require them to follow their occupation for more than six days in the week (except in cases of necessity or emergency) under a penalty.

(3) No railway company, tramway company, or owner of a licensed vehicle—omnibus, stage-coach, cab, &c.—to employ any servant for more than six days in each week (except in cases of emergency or necessity) under a penalty.

(4) No licensed dealer in wine, beer, or spirits to employ any servant in any bar, restaurant, or other place of refreshment for more than six days in each week under a penalty.

FRANCIS PEEK.

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

III.—EDUCATION.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, in the course of his exhaustive discussion of the influence of democracy on the life and character of the people of the United States, expresses the judgment that "in America the passion for physical well-being is not always exclusive, but it is general; and if all do not feel it in the same manner, yet it is felt by all;" and he is of opinion that, as the result of the breaking up of the old aristocratic order, "something of an analogous character is more and more apparent in Europe."* Democratic nations—this is M. de Tocqueville's contention—are likely to care too much for mere material prosperity.

The Australian colonies are democratic. Their loyalty to the throne is passionate and demonstrative, and they are proud of the extent and splendour of the Empire. The monuments of the past life of our race—the great houses of historic families, the cathedrals, the ivy-covered walls of country churches, within which many generations of Englishmen have worshipped God—are regarded with a certain reverence and veneration. The veneration and the reverence extend to the ancient institutions and the ancient social order of which these monuments are the visible symbols. But still Australian society is democratic, and the Australians would not have it otherwise.

In the dear mother country it may have been well that the custom of primogeniture and the power of entail should have held great estates together through century after century. For an hereditary aristocracy is picturesque and gracious; and to people living in a country which a century ago knew nothing of the securities and refinements and traditions of a settled political order, there is some-

* "Democracy in America." By Alexis de Tocqueville. Translated by Henry Reeve, Esq., London. Vol. ii. p. 153.

thing that touches the imagination in the thought of a family which has lived on the same hillside and cultivated the same fields since the days of Henry VII., or even since the Norman Conquest. But for themselves there is nothing in their colonial legislation which they regard with greater satisfaction than the scheme of Colonel Torrens for the transfer of land, under which a farm changes hands as easily as a ship.

It is the same with other ancient English institutions. There are large numbers of Australians—some of them not Episcopalians—who think it seemly that at home religion should “lift her mitred front in Courts and Parliaments.” The bishop, the dean, and the country rector—all holding their places in the ancient organization of the State—seem to them necessary elements in English life; and to disestablish the English Church would impair the stateliness and beauty of the pleasant pageant of which they dream whenever they think of “home.” But do they care to set up an Established Church in Australia? No; there would be something incongruous in it. There can be no Warwick Castle on the banks of the Yarra; and all the gold of Mount Morgan could not purchase for Sydney the venerable traditions of Canterbury, or for Melbourne the majestic towers of York. In Australia an institution like the English Church is impossible.

Australia, I repeat, is democratic; and though I do not know that the passion for material comfort and luxury is stronger in Melbourne than in London, in Sydney than in Liverpool, Manchester, or Birmingham, it is certain that the Australians have not altogether escaped the perils which, if M. de Tocqueville is right, menace all democratic communities—perils which must be exceptionally grave when democratic communities have achieved, and achieved very rapidly, exceptional material prosperity. But it is equally certain that there are among them large numbers of men who have been admirably loyal to the higher pursuits and aims of life; and—what is still more satisfactory—in every colony the community, as a whole, has given in its public acts and policy splendid proofs of its hearty belief in the truth that a nation’s life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which it possesseth.

The population of Tasmania is less than 120,000, and it is scattered over a country nearly as large as Ireland; Hobart, its principal city, has less than 30,000 inhabitants. It was a pleasant surprise to me to discover that Tasmania has had a Royal Society of its own since 1844; that the “Fellows” hold a monthly meeting from April to November; and that their “Papers and Proceedings” for 1886 fill a handsome volume of about 250 pages. There are also “Royal Societies” in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia.

They have their corresponding members in different parts of the world, and they exchange "Transactions" with the learned societies of Europe and America.

And as I travelled from colony to colony I found, in unexpected quarters, an enthusiasm for some of the less frequented provinces of speculation and learning. For example, I spent a night with the minister of a Congregational church in a small mining town in South Australia; and I found on his shelves and on his table translations of the sacred classics of the East, dissertations in English, French, and German on Buddhism, Confucianism, and the other great Asiatic faiths. He was an "Australian native," had taken his Arts degree at the University of Melbourne, and had studied theology under my friend Professor Gosman; and now, though he had a wife and child, he was consumed with a burning desire to get to Europe and to study the science of Comparative Religion under the great European authorities. At a garden party in the neighbourhood of Melbourne I met another young Congregational minister who had received the same education, and who had just returned from Germany, where he had won distinction as an Orientalist. In another Australian city I was the fortunate guest of a successful stock and share broker. I discovered that my host, in addition to his general literary interests, had made a specialty of Egyptian Archaeology. He had in his library the latest authorities on the subject, and he was minutely familiar with their contents. For many years he had found it a relief, when he closed his office in the afternoon, to think nothing of colonial stocks and mining shares and bank shares till the next morning; and he was able to forget them all while endeavouring to disentangle the intricacies of the "dynasties" and familiarizing himself with the monuments of Memphis, Abydos, Denderah, and Thebes. I heard that a young and able minister from England, whom I know very well, might have accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the Congregational church of which my host is a deacon, if he had not been alarmed at having in his congregation a man whose knowledge of a subject intimately connected with the Bible was so much larger and more exact than his own. I cannot answer for the truth of the story, but I suppose that young ministers going out to the colonies do not generally expect to have to preach in the presence of deacons "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

The general cultivation of a community is indicated more or less accurately by the books it buys. In Adelaide I had a long conversation with a bookseller in King William Street about his stock, which was large—very large we should think it for a town of 60,000 people—and excellent in quality. He told me that to meet the demands of his customers he was obliged to keep the best and most

recent books in all departments, and he said that of the very best books large numbers were sent up into the "Bush."*

Among the most striking proofs that care for the intellect has not been destroyed by material prosperity, are the splendid gifts which the Universities have received from private liberality. There is a strong public opinion that to enrich great seats of learning is one of the most honourable uses of wealth. The University of Adelaide was created by the munificence of a colonist who had made a large fortune from the copper mines of Yorke's Peninsula. The story of its foundation is interesting. My friend Dr. Jefferis—now of Sydney, then the minister of the Congregational church at North Adelaide—had a scheme for establishing a "Union College" for the education of young men for the Congregational and Presbyterian ministry. He and one or two friends called on a Mr. Hughes and asked for his assistance. He offered them at once £20,000, and, as in those days money in South Australia could be relied upon to yield at least 6 per cent., Mr. Hughes' contribution would have secured for the college a yearly income of £1200. This was a larger income than the modest scheme was supposed to require; and its promoters—I believe on the suggestion of Dr. Jefferis—proposed that instead of founding a college for the education of young men for the ministry in connection with their own Churches, Mr. Hughes should found a University for the colony. Their proposal was accepted, and a University was founded. Mr. Elder—now Sir Thomas Elder—contributed another £20,000. More recently Sir Thomas has contributed £10,000, and Mr. John Howard Angus £6000 as a special endowment of the Medical School.

Towards the building of the splendid Hall of the University of Melbourne Sir Samuel Wilson gave £30,000, which, before the Hall was built, had increased by the accumulation of interest to £37,000. The Hall—which is called the "Wilson Hall"—is a Gothic building, 140 feet long, 47 feet broad, and 84 feet in height from the floor to the apex of the roof. In the same University a Chair of Music has received an endowment of £20,000 from the Hon. Francis Ormond; £5000, in addition, has been raised by public subscription.

The University of Sydney has been enriched by many benefactors. Lectureships, scholarships, and fellowships have been created by public subscription, in honour of men who have served the colony; and the Calendar contains a long list of scholarships, bursaries, and exhibitions established by private founders. The total amount derived by the

* Where men are not within reach of "circulating libraries" with their floods of ephemeral literature they often read seriously. A connection of mine who has been in South Africa for many years, told me when he was last in England that he was reading through the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and that up to the time that he left home he had kept pace with the publisher. It seemed to me an appalling enterprise. In he has not flagged he must feel, now that the last volume has appeared, very much as men feel towards the end of a long voyage: he is within sigh of port. But what will he feel? ~~12~~ has exhausted the knowledge of his age.

University since 1853 from these sources is £271,624. Very recently the Senate received notice that the Hon. W. Macleay had by will devised to the University a valuable Museum of Natural History and a Zoological Library, together with £6000 for the maintenance of a curatorship. In the year 1880, by the death of a Mr. John Henry Challis, the University became entitled, on the fulfilment of certain conditions, to a legacy which, when I was in Sydney, was valued at £200,000. The conditions are now fulfilled. This will raise the gifts received by the Sydney University from private sources to nearly £500,000.

The munificence of the Governments of the three colonies has been equally remarkable. In Adelaide the Government gave a fine site and a sum of nearly £18,000 for the University buildings, and conveyed to the University 50,000 acres of land, the rents of which are a permanent endowment. It also makes an annual grant equal to 5 per cent. on whatever sums the University receives from private donors; this is, of course, in addition to the interest accruing from the investment of these benefactions. In 1886 the University received from the Government, in subsidies, £2945, and drew in rents from its lands £2335—a total of £5280.

In Melbourne the University has received, at different times, for its own buildings, for the medical school, and for a recreation ground, a site of about seventy acres; forty additional acres were given and reserved for colleges that might be affiliated to the University. Under an Act passed in 1881 it receives from the Treasury £9000 per annum as what may be called a "fixed grant;" additional grants were made between 1884 and 1887, amounting to £23,500.

The University of Sydney received for its buildings and grounds, and for colleges which might be affiliated to it, a grant of 126 acres in 1855, and a second grant of rather more than 8 acres in 1866. The Act of Incorporation gave it an annual endowment of £5000 from the public Treasury, and by a subsequent Act it received £45,000 towards the cost of its buildings; but the liberality of Parliament has grown with the expansion of the University, and instead of the original £5000 provided for in the Act of 1855 it received in 1886 £17,500; this, however, included £1000 for scientific apparatus, £1000 to complete the schools of medicine and science, £1000 for a temporary chemical laboratory, and £2000 towards the expenses of evening lectures.

The majority of the professors in all the Universities are, I think, Oxford or Cambridge men; and, though large sums are expended on laboratories and scientific apparatus, "useful knowledge" is held in less honour than the old learning. The traditional studies of the ancient Universities maintain their supremacy as against the modern sciences.

Provision has been made in some of the colonies, partly by private

munificence, partly by grants from the Treasury, to enable a few young men to study in the Universities of Europe. The "Gilchrist" scholarships, each of which is worth £100 a year, are tenable for three years by persons who were born in the Australian colonies or have resided therein for the five years immediately preceding the examination. The successful candidates are required to study either at the University of Edinburgh or at University College, London, and to graduate in one of the faculties of the London University. One of these scholarships is offered annually to students of the University of Adelaide. Another, of the same value and held on the same terms, is awarded annually by the Tasmanian Council of Education. Two "Tasmanian Scholarships," each worth £200 a year, are offered annually by the Tasmanian Government, and are also awarded by the Council of Education. The scholarships are tenable for four years at a British University.

A certain number of young men belonging to the wealthier families come over to Oxford and Cambridge at their own cost. A Cambridge tutor told me that the colonial men—and he included those who come from Canada and from the Cape as well as those who come from Australia—have one excellent quality: they know exactly what they mean* to do, and they do it; if they come to the University to play, they play and play well; if they come to work, they work and work well. It was my impression before I left England that if I were an Australian, with that zeal for the honour and strength of my colony which I should think it my duty to cherish, I should not be disposed to encourage the most brilliant young Australians to come to an English University. Thomas Jefferson—I think I found a sentence or two to that effect in one of his letters—believed that young Americans who were sent to Europe for their education lost something of the spirit and temper of American citizenship. Jefferson's opinion seemed to me reasonable, and in conversation with some of my Australian friends I argued, with something of that rash confidence with which most of us, perhaps, are apt to maintain *à priori* judgments which can be sheltered by a great name, that it was an unwise policy to send their ablest young men to English Universities; but they assured me—and the assurance came from all the men with whom I discussed the subject—that their sons, their nephews, their brothers, who had spent three or four years at Cambridge or Oxford, came back to Australia with their interest in Australian life as keen as ever, and with the fervour of their Australian patriotism undiminished.

In Melbourne and Sydney, Australian munificence in support of the higher education has found other outlets. As I have said, the Act under which the Melbourne University was incorporated provided for the establishment of colleges to be affiliated to the University. Sites, each about ten acres and contiguous to the University grounds, were reserved for the Church of England, the Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, and the

Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholics have not yet taken up their site; but the Church of England has erected Trinity College at a cost of about £30,000, and the Presbyterians have spent over £40,000 in the erection and equipment of Ormond College. The Presbyterian College is named after the Hon. Francis Ormond, who, among other magnificent acts of generosity, has contributed towards the building over £30,000. It is estimated that the total cost of the building when completed will be £65,000; and with a view to this Mr. Ormond has promised to increase his contribution to a total of £35,000. The Wesleyans were erecting their college when I was in Melbourne, and I believe that it has been opened since my return to England.

These denominational colleges are wholly under the control of their trustees; but their students must matriculate in the University. Board and lodging are provided on very reasonable terms; and there are college lectures to assist the students in their University work. In Trinity the cost of rooms and commons is £50 per annum, and the cost of tuition £2 2s. per term. In Ormond the total cost varies from about £60 per annum to £80, according to the number of subjects in which a student receives tuition. In neither college is any religious test imposed.

Sydney has been still more generous to the religious denominations. In 1854 an Act was passed declaring in its preamble the expediency of encouraging and assisting "the establishment of colleges within the University of Sydney, in which colleges systematic religious instruction and domestic supervision, with efficient assistance in preparing for the University lectures and examinations, shall be provided for students of the University;" and it was enacted that, on the fulfilment of certain reasonable conditions, the founders of any such college should receive out of the general revenue of the colony grants towards the building fund. The grants must not exceed the sum actually expended on the building from time to time out of subscribed funds; nor is the whole amount contributed by the Government to one college to exceed £20,000. Further, the Principal of each college is to receive £500 annually from the colonial Treasury, "as a salary," or "in aid of such salary." The Church of England, the Presbyterian Church, and the Roman Catholic Church have availed themselves of the provisions of the Act, and have erected colleges on sites granted by the Crown. The Wesleyan reserve has not yet been taken up.*

* A few of my younger Congregational friends in Australia think that the older Congregationalists, who thirty years ago might have secured a similar "reserve," both in Sydney and Melbourne, were very foolish not to seize the opportunity of doing so. The Congregationalists have had for some years colleges for the education of their ministers both in Sydney and Melbourne, but they have been on a small scale. In Melbourne there is a prospect of a Congregational college of a more satisfactory kind. At a recent meeting of the Victorian Congregational Union, Mr. Tylor, a successful colonist, told the Union that he was about to leave for England, but that before he left he wished to do something for the colony. The Congregationalists, in his judgment, wanted (1) a college connected with the University of Melbourne, (2) a Boys' Grammar School;

It is apparent, I think, from the facts which I have recited, that although the passion for material prosperity is strong among the Australian colonists, they are not insensible to the nobler claims of intellectual pursuits. It is an imperative necessity for a civilized democratic State to provide elementary education ; but, there is something admirable and surprising in the private and public munificence with which these young democratic communities, in the very earliest years of their existence, have endowed great seats of learning.

The skill and vigour which every colony has displayed in constructing and maintaining a system of effective elementary schools are also admirable, though less surprising. The difficulties which had to be solved if the means of education were to be brought within the reach of every child were serious ; a complete solution was hardly possible ; but the greatest credit is due to the several colonial Legislatures for the ingenuity, courage, and liberality with which they have endeavoured to solve them. There are immense districts where the population is so scattered that it is hardly possible to secure regular attendance at school, or even to build schools accessible to all the children. Roads are bad, or there are no roads at all, except such as have been made by great droves of cattle and of sheep on their way through the bush to the nearest market, or by waggons carrying wool to the nearest railway station or the nearest port. Sometimes an inspector has to inform the Minister of Education that heavy floods have prevented him from reaching a part of his district in which there were several schools to be inspected ; sometimes the floods cut off the schools for days together from the children in their immediate neighbourhood.

The New South Wales regulations provide that a public school may be established in any locality where a regular attendance of twenty children between the ages of six and fourteen can be guaranteed. Free railway passes are granted to children living in country districts to enable them to reach the school nearest to their homes, and the railway authorities are extremely accommodating. Several times the train by which I was travelling pulled up where there was no station, and I found that a number of children—sometimes four or five, sometimes a dozen—were waiting to be taken to school ; the children were living remote from any station, and had met at a point on the line nearest to their homes ; when school was over the return train dropped them at the same place.

(3) *a Girls' Grammar School.* To found and equip the three institutions would require £100,000 ; and if the scheme was accepted he was willing to contribute £10,000 for five years, on condition that an equal amount was raised by subscription. The proposal was received with enthusiasm. My old friend Mr. Henry Lee, with whom I have travelled in America, Egypt, the Sinaitic Desert, and Palestine, was present, with Dr. Hannay, as a deputation from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. With characteristic energy and generosity, Mr. Lee sprang to his feet as soon as Mr. Taylor sat down and offered £1000 towards meeting Mr. Taylor's £50,000. Other splendid contributions were promised in the course of a few minutes, and I hope that the whole amount will be secured.

A provisional school may be established in any locality where not fewer than twelve, but not more than nineteen children of school age can regularly attend the school, provided that there are no means of education within four miles by the nearest route, "practicable for children." The curriculum in the provisional school is less ample than that in the ordinary public school, but it must include reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and history, with needlework for the girls whenever practicable; and the instruction must be imparted in accordance with the prescribed standard of proficiency.

But there are districts where there are not even twelve children within reasonable distance of any site that can be chosen for a school; and therefore the regulations provide that, "wherever twenty children between the ages of six and fourteen are residing within an estimated radius of ten miles from a central point, and can be collected in groups of not less than ten children in each," two half-time schools shall be established, and one teacher is to divide his time equally between them. Ordinarily he is to give the morning to one school, and the afternoon to the other; but he can make other arrangements with the sanction of the inspector. Teachers are to be paid "a sufficient annual allowance for horse forage irrespective of the salary attached to their schools;" "every half-time school is to be conducted in all respects as a public school;" and the rank and salary of the teachers are to correspond to the rank and salary of teachers of public schools having the same average attendance.

When the population is still more sparse an itinerant teacher goes from house to house, and teaches either the children of one family or the children of two or three families living within reach of each other. In the case of house-to-house teachers the regulations do not insist on regular training, but they must be "persons of good moral character, and must satisfy the inspector that they are capable of imparting the rudiments of an English education." The subjects of instruction are limited to reading, writing, dictation, and arithmetic. Oral instruction is to be supplemented by a regular course of home lessons. The distribution of the teacher's time between the different families he visits is determined by the Minister on the report of the inspector.

At the end of every month both the half-time teachers and the house-to-house teachers are required to furnish the inspector with a report on the month's work. The schools of both descriptions are alleged to be very successful, and the following extract from the report of an inspector, who has twenty-eight half-time schools in his district and five house schools, is interesting and instructive. He says:—

"I have found on the whole that the half-time and house schools do the best work, particularly if supplemented by a thorough course of home lessons and exercises, as all are or ought to be. I have no difficulty, as a rule, in

gauging the merit of a school once I see the work done at home. I attribute the excellence of the half-time and house schools to this, and to the regular breaks in the school work; for it appears to me the children always come up brighter and fresher after a day's rest. It is a great strain, that of five hours' mental application, to a very young child, and for five consecutive days. An occasional break for such, of one day in the school week, ought to be beneficial." *

It must, of course, be remembered that half-time in New South Wales is very different from half-time in Rochdale or Bolton. The child does not spend half his day in a mill, surrounded by the roar of machinery: when he is not at school he is playing in the open air, or engaged in doing light work on the farm or the station; and although it is the rule that every half-time school should be open every morning or every afternoon, the teachers are at liberty, with the sanction of the inspector, to arrange that each school shall be open on alternate days; and the extract which I have given suggests that they freely avail themselves of this liberty.

It is not my intention to describe in detail the organization of the elementary schools in each of the colonies that I visited—such a description would have no interest except for experts; but there are some points in connection with Australian educational systems on which I think that information may be interesting to persons to whom "standards," "passes," "merit grants," "class subjects," and "specifics" are unintelligible mysteries.

The systems differ from each other in some of their details, but in all the colonies that have representative institutions they agree in one very important particular: the actual administration—and not merely the supervision and control—of the whole system is in the hands of the Minister of Education and his department.† The department buys the sites for the schools, builds the schools, and keeps them in repair; establishes, maintains, and manages training colleges; appoints and dismisses teachers. There are no local managers. This is the Tasmanian as well as the Australian system.

No aid, therefore, is given to what are known in England as "voluntary schools" and "denominational schools." The English system of making grants from the Treasury in aid of private managers was abolished in Victoria in 1873; in South Australia in 1875; in New South Wales in 1882. The South Australian Act, however, provides that in districts where the population is so scattered that twenty children cannot be assembled for a "public school," the State may "grant assistance . . . to schools, not being denominational or sectarian, established by private persons."

* "Report of Minister of Public Instruction: New South Wales.—Inspector Kevin's Report," p. 151.

† In Western Australia, which is a Crown colony, aid is given, as in England, to private managers. In New Zealand—which is *Australasian*, but not *Australian*—certain local authorities, as will be explained later in this paper, have the "management" of the schools.

I have said that there are no "local managers," but in each of the colonies there are certain local educational authorities, called, in New South Wales, "Public School Boards," and in Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, "Boards of Advice." In Victoria these Boards are elected by the ratepayers in each school district;* in the other colonies they are appointed by the Governor. Their powers are very limited.

In Victoria their duties are thus defined:—

"I. To direct, with the approval of the Minister, what use shall be made of school buildings after the children are dismissed from school, or on days when no school is held therein; to suspend any school teacher for misconduct, and report the cause of such suspension to the Minister:

"II. To report on the condition of the schools as to the premises and their condition, whether new schools are required, and as to books, furniture, gymnastic appliances, or other requirements:

"III. To visit the schools from time to time, and to record the number of children present, and their opinion as to the general condition and management of the schools:

"IV. To use every endeavour to induce parents to send their children regularly to school, to compare the attendance of children at the school with the roll for the school district, and to report the names of parents who fail or refuse to educate their children or to send them to school:

"V. To recommend the payment by the Education Department of school fees,† or the grant of a scholarship or exhibition in the case of any child displaying unusual ability."—"An Act to amend the Law relating to Education, December 17, 1872."

This account of the powers of the local Boards practically represents the extent of their authority in New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, as well as in Victoria. When I was in Melbourne the Minister of Education, Mr. Pearson, had a Bill before the House containing clauses which would have slightly enlarged their powers. The Bill proposed to enact that no teacher who had "at any time been punished for misconduct" should be appointed to a school without the consent of the local Board. It also proposed to empower the Board to spend a limited amount on small repairs in the school buildings. If I remember aright, the Bill did not pass.

In New South Wales, where the schools are not free, the Public

* But the Governor can remove, at his pleasure, any of these elected members.

† Elementary education is free in Victoria, but fees are paid by parents for children who receive instruction in "extra subjects." The following Table, taken from the Minister's Report for 1886-7, shows the various extra subjects taught, and the number of scholars receiving instruction in them:

Book-keeping	1753	Physiology	51	Shorthand*	24
Algebra	1051	Physics	44	Drawing	22
Latin	837	Painting	42	Advanced English	9
Euclid	835	German	35	Physical Geography	9
French	717	Ornamental Printing		History	7
Mentration	72	(no fees charged) 33			

It is added that, "to a certain degree, some of these subjects are now taught in the ordinary course of free instruction under the revised programme." Drawing, for example, is now taught "throughout the school, so as to give at an early age a reasonable mastery of pen and pencil."

School Board of the district may, under certain regulations made by the department, relieve parents or guardians from the payment of fees in any case where their inability to pay is satisfactorily shown; and if the course laid down by the regulations is, in any case, not convenient, the Board may grant a certificate of exemption for three months, but must report the case to the Minister. Fees are also paid in South Australia, and the Board of Advice has power to determine, in all cases, whether a child shall be admitted to school, either without payment or on paying a reduced fee.

It appeared to me that as the Boards had such limited responsibilities and such limited powers, it would not be easy to induce men of intelligence and vigour to serve on them. In this, however, I was mistaken. I spent a morning in the school of a small town in South Australia, and the chairman of the Board of Advice and several of his colleagues were good enough to meet me. The chairman was obviously an able man, possessing, as I should judge, considerable administrative faculty. He and his friends submitted with exemplary patience to a prolonged examination. I found it impossible to provoke them to any expression of discontent with the restrictions on their powers. They argued that though they had no authority in the school, their moral support strengthened the teacher. If he became careless in his work, or if he was guilty of any grave moral fault, it would be their official duty to report him to the department. If the moral fault was gross they could suspend him. They were able to do a great deal of most useful work in carrying out the compulsory law. They could recommend the Minister to exempt children from attendance, or to allow attendance at an evening school to count, in special cases, instead of attendance at the day school. They had to investigate complaints against teachers, and, if the complaints were sustained, to report to the Minister. They had power to grant the *occasional* use of the school building for other than school purposes; applications for the *regular* use of the building—for a singing class, for example, one night in the week—they sent to the Minister with their own recommendation as to the answer he should give to them. They had a small amount to spend annually on repairs,* and felt a pride in so spending it as to keep the school building in good condition. Both the chairman and his colleagues seemed fully satisfied that what they were able to do was worth doing, and my conversation with them modified very considerably my previous judgment—arrived at without knowledge—as to the usefulness of local educational authorities, invested with no educational authority.

A few weeks later I had the opportunity of discussing this subject

* The South Australian Regulations allow a Board of Advice to spend £10 within the year on a school building where the average attendance is under 100; £15 where it is 100 and under 200; £25 where it is 200 and above.

with a gentleman holding a high educational office in another colony. He startled me by saying that, unless there were some kind of local educational authority in districts which are sparsely populated, a school might be closed for days together without the knowledge of the department; but that in districts of that kind, and indeed in many of the smaller townships, it would be difficult to find persons who could be safely entrusted with the appointment or dismissal of teachers or with any control over the educational work of the schools. With the best intentions, any Board that could be constituted in many parts of the country would make grave mistakes. When asked whether it would not increase popular interest in education if towns with a population of 10,000, or even 5000, were allowed to elect Boards with powers corresponding to the powers of School Boards in this country, he replied that, if such powers were conceded, there would be at once a fierce struggle between the Churches in order to secure a majority on the Boards and so to command the appointment of teachers; educational interests would suffer from the passion for sectarian ascendancy.

My engagements in Australia did not end till the middle of December, and as the meetings of the Royal Commission on Education were to be resumed early in February, I was compelled to abandon my intention of visiting New Zealand, but the organization of the New Zealand educational system is so interesting that I venture to give an outline of it.

The colony is divided into twelve *educational districts*, each under a *Board*; and each educational district is subdivided into *school districts*. The ratepayers in each *school district* elect every January a *school committee*, consisting of seven resident householders. The election is by the cumulative vote. The school committees of each educational district elect the education *Board*, consisting of nine members; one-third of the members retire every year.

The powers of the Board are very extensive. It is charged with the duty of establishing and maintaining public schools within the district, with creating school districts, and varying the districts from time to time as circumstances may demand. It appoints and removes all teachers and other educational officers. It can establish scholarships, school libraries, normal schools, and district high schools. It has the administration of the funds by which the educational system in the district is mainly supported. These funds consist of—

1. Grants from the public revenue. The Colonial Treasurer, under the Act of 1877, grants to each Board £3 15s. for each child in daily average attendance at the public schools in the district. According to the report for 1887 there was a supplementary *capitation* grant of 5s. per head, which raised the *capitation* allowance to £4; and this supplementary grant appears to have become a regular addition to the

statutory £3 15s. The Boards receive a further capitation grant of 1s. 6d.—if so much is actually spent—for scholarships. They also receive building grants. Four of the Boards receive about £8000 for maintaining normal schools.

2. Rents and profits derived from property or endowments vested in the Board. But if the rents or other profits are received from public lands vested in school commissioners under "The Education Reserves Act, 1877," the amount so received is deducted from the ordinary grant made by the Treasury.

3. Special endowments or grants for particular purposes.

4. Special fees for higher education. The ordinary elementary education is free.

5. Any other moneys which the Board may receive from *donations, subscriptions, or otherwise.*

The powers of *school committees* are larger, even in theory, than the powers of the local educational authorities in New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia; and, in practice, it is probable that they are larger still.

The committee, "with the express sanction previously obtained of the Board," can establish schools; can erect, enlarge, and improve school buildings; and can provide school apparatus. *Sites*, however, are acquired by the *Board* on the application of the committee. Subject to the general supervision and control of the Board and to inspection by an inspector, the committee discharges the miscellaneous duties which in England are entrusted to school managers—except that the teachers are appointed and dismissed, not by the local committee, but by the Board. The only teachers appointed by the committee are teachers of sewing, and their appointment must be approved by the Board.

The school fund administered by the committee consists of—

1. Moneys granted out of the Board fund.

2. *Donations, subscriptions, and all other moneys granted to the committee for the purposes of the Education Act.*

The Board determines what part of the cost of a site, and what part of the cost of building, improving, repairing, and equipping schools, shall be provided by the committee out of its own fund, and what part shall be provided out of the fund of the Board.*

It will be observed that neither the Board nor the committee has *rating powers*, but that both Boards and committees receive *subscriptions and donations from private sources.*

The policy of New Zealand is precisely the opposite of the policy of the mother country: here, the State gives aid to schools under private managers; there, private contributors give aid to schools under representative managers. The aid received from this source by the *Boards* is however, very small. In 1886, out of a total income of

* Special building grants from the Treasury are now made only for new buildings.

£440,768, the income from donations, subscriptions, and interest on bequests was only £872. The aid received by the *school committees* from voluntary sources is very much larger, absolutely, as well as in proportion to their income. Their total income for 1886 is not given in the report for that year; the returns for the school committees in four education districts are wanting. But it is probable that the total income of the school committees was between £50,000 and £60,000. Of this amount, the income received from voluntary sources by the committees in eight districts was £2500. Some of these contributions were for "general" purposes, others for "special" purposes. Most of the money appears to have been spent in beautifying the buildings and the grounds, and in providing physical recreation for the children. "About £400," says the Minister in his report, "was contributed by committees to eke out the small salaries of teachers in scattered districts." *

I very much regret that, as I was unable to visit New Zealand, I could not learn from members of Boards and members of school committees how the system works. A gentleman who had lived in New Zealand for many years, and with whom I had long conversations on the subject, gave me the impression that, if a school committee consists of fairly able and zealous men, its control over the school or schools under its care is practically almost as complete as that of a body of managers in England. It cannot dismiss a teacher, but if a strong committee wants a teacher dismissed, the Board can hardly insist on retaining him. It cannot appoint a teacher, but if a strong committee has a very definite opinion about an appointment, the Board is likely to treat the opinion with deference. On the other hand, the mistakes and vagaries of weak committees may be corrected and controlled by the superior authority. I was assured that, as a rule, Boards and committees work together very harmoniously; and this is the general effect of the official testimony of inspectors. But the terms of the Act which entrust the school committees with "the management of educational matters within the school district," under the general supervision and control of the Board, are vague; it is hard to believe that conflicts will not occur between the superior and the inferior authority.

* In Queensland the policy of securing private contributions for schools under State management is carried out much more boldly. Before a primary school can be established in a new neighbourhood, one-fifth of the estimated cost of erecting the school must be raised by donations or subscriptions and "paid to the Minister." Till this condition is complied with, the neighbourhood must be content with a "provisional school." Local subscriptions are also necessary for supplementing the State grant for many purposes. From a Table contained in the Queensland Report for 1886, it appears that there were local contributions towards providing water-tanks, closets, playsheds, gymnasiums, fencing, teachers' residences, kitchens, &c. The cost of painting, repairs, and improvements was also partly met from this source. And it is to be noted that in Queensland the local committees are generally, if not universally, dominated by the Governor, and their powers are as limited as those of New South Wales and Victoria. The Governor *may*, however, determine that in particular districts the local authority shall be elective.

and in the reports of some of the inspectors there are indications that Boards and committees do not seem to be always of one mind as to the limitations of their respective powers.

The *principle* of the system is very simple: a committee having real though limited powers over the schools in its district, is elected by the ratepayers; a Board having much larger powers and entrusted with the supervision and control of the school committees, is elected by the committees. In the rural districts of England where the School Board area has a very limited population, such an organization would promise some advantages over our present system.

With regard to the payment of fees, the colonial systems vary. Elementary instruction is free in Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand; fees are paid in New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania. Where the schools are free, the people with whom I met seemed satisfied that they should remain free; where fees are charged, I could not hear of any serious agitation for their abolition. In the absence of large masses of extremely poor parents, the question is not a "burning" one. There are no such serious administrative difficulties as those with which we at home have to deal, in collecting the fees and in discriminating between parents who are able to pay and parents who are unable.

One of our "burning" educational questions at home—I mean the religious question—is, however, a "burning" question in the colonies. The Roman Catholic Church insists that its schools ought to receive aid from the State, and there are times when Catholic electors make this question a troublesome one for Parliamentary candidates; but if the information which I received from many sources is correct, there is a very strong and resolute opinion in every one of the colonies* against conceding the claim. The public school system, for the present at least, seems secure.

In Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania,† and New Zealand the schools are secular; but religious instruction may, under certain conditions, be given out of the ordinary school hours by ministers of religion and others, to children whose parents are willing that they should receive it. In South Australia the teacher may, if he pleases, "read portions of the Holy Scriptures in the Authorized or the Douay version, to such scholars as may be sent by their parents, for not more than half an hour before 9.30 A.M." But there must be "no sectarian or denominational teaching;" "the teachers must strictly confine themselves to Bible reading." If the parents of not less than ten children attending a school send a written request to the Minister of Educa-

* I have already noticed that the educational system in Western Australia—a Crown colony—corresponds to our own.

† When I was in Tasmania I heard that some changes in the Elementary Education Act of 1885 were possible. I do not think that these changes have as yet been made; nor do I know in what particulars it was desired that the Act should be amended.

tion that the Bible may be read during the half-hour before school, the Minister "may require the teacher to comply with the request." In New South Wales the Act of 1880 declares that the words "'secular instruction' shall be held to include general religious teaching as distinguished from dogmatical or polemical theology;" and the selections from Holy Scripture drawn up for the use of the Irish Board are used in all the schools. Definite doctrinal instruction may also be given before or after the ordinary school hours, by "a clergyman or other religious teacher," under arrangements to be made by the local educational authority.

My impression is that in New South Wales the clergy do not avail themselves, to any considerable extent, of the opportunity afforded them to give definite religious instruction in the public schools; but I do not think that there are any official returns on this subject, and the information which I received from private sources varied.* I did not visit Queensland or New Zealand, and I omitted to ask my friends in Victoria and Tasmania how the provision works in those colonies.

In Victoria there are a considerable number of persons who think that the "godless schools" are a peril to the religious life of the community. I propose to say something on this question when I give my impressions of the religious condition of the various colonies. In this place, however, I may express my belief that the friends of religious education in the public schools have attempted to create popular prejudice against the Education Department in Victoria by exaggerated and inaccurate statements as to the extent to which all incidental references to God are excluded from the reading-books and from the ordinary life of the school. Mr. Pearson, the Minister of Education, is sometimes spoken of as though it were one of the chief aims of his education policy to prevent the children from learning, even by accident, of the divine existence. Having heard these accounts of him, I was amused at what happened when he was kind enough to spend a morning with me in the schools of Melbourne. At the first school that we visited the children were asked to show their loyalty in the presence of the visitor from England, by singing "God save the Queen." I hardly noticed this infringement of the severe "secular" rule; for though occasionally my own congregation at Carr's Lane sing "God save the Queen" on Sunday as part of a religious service, I know that it does not occur to many people that the National Anthem is a prayer to God to defend and to bless the throne. But in one of the

* Mr. E. Coombes, an Australian witness who appeared before the Royal Commission on Education, gave some evidence on this question. He was asked by Mr. Henry Richard (24,782): "As a matter of fact, is it within your knowledge that the ministers of the different denominations do avail themselves of this right to go in and teach the children of their respective denominations?" and he answered: "In many cases they do, but not so much, I think, as they should do; this is, of course, simply a matter of opinion."

infants' schools that we visited, where the mistress was anxious that we should hear how successful she had been in teaching the infants to sing, the children sung a song in which they asked who taught the bee to build its comb, and the bird to build its nest, and some other creatures to do equally wonderful things; and the song gave the triumphant reply, in verse after verse, that God taught them all. In the course of the morning I had had some conversation with Mr. Pearson about the charges which were made against him, and when we passed out of the school into the playground, we could not help laughing in each other's faces. In the very presence of this terrible Minister, whose great object in life, according to some of his opponents, is to prevent the children of Victoria from ever hearing the name of God, a hundred and fifty children, in a State school, sung with cheerful voices about God's power and wisdom in the creation of animal life. There may have been some unnecessary expurgation of the reading-books, though, as I have said, the charges against the Minister on this point are exaggerated and inaccurate; but it was plain that the songs the children sing have not suffered from expurgation. It is one thing to maintain that it is no part of the duty of a State teacher to give religious instruction; it is quite another thing to exclude carefully and systematically from school books and school discipline all recognition of the Christian faith and of the authority of God.

Another of our "burning" questions is also a "burning" question in Victoria—the question of "payment by results."

In all the Australian colonies—with the exception of Western Australia—the teachers in public elementary schools are, as I have said, employed by the State—not by local managers.* They are civil servants of the Crown: they receive their salaries from the Minister of Education, and the Minister appoints and dismisses them.

The "Regulations" which fix the salaries of teachers differ in different colonies; but with differences of detail they are constructed on the same general principle—except that in Victoria, and to a slight extent in South Australia, there is a recognition of the principle of "payment by results." It would be tedious and confusing to set out all the various schemes; the New South Wales scheme, which is very elaborate, illustrates the general principle which has been adopted in all the colonies.

Teachers are divided into three classes, according to the class of their certificate. In Class I. there are two grades, A and B; in Class II. two grades, A and B; in Class III. three grades, A, B and C. The class and grade are determined, in the first instance, partly by examination, oral and written; and partly by proof of practical skill.

* In New Zealand, as already stated, the teachers are appointed, paid, and dismissed by the Board of the Education.

There are separate examinations, varying in subjects and varying in difficulty, for first, second, and third-class certificates; and each scheme of examination, except the third, which is the lowest, offers the candidates alternative groups of subjects.

A teacher may obtain promotion from a lower to a higher *grade* in the same class by satisfactory *service*; but to obtain promotion to a higher *class* he must submit to examination.

Schools are classified, primarily, according to *attendance*; the schools with the largest attendance—not less than 600 daily, in the three departments—are “first-class schools,” if the standard of proficiency prescribed for that class of schools is fully reached. The lowest class—the tenth—consists of public schools in which the daily attendance does not exceed twenty. If a school does not reach the standard of proficiency prescribed for its class, the Minister removes it to a lower class.

Teachers are eligible for appointment as head-teachers of schools or departments on the ground of their classification, as shown by the following table:

Class of Schools or Department.	Teachers' Classification.
I.	I. A.
II.	I. B.
III.	II. A.
IV.	II. A.
V.	II. B.
VI.	II. B.
VII.	III. A.
VIII.	III. B.
IX.	III. C.
X.	III. C.

A teacher may be removed from the school in which he is employed to another of a lower class, should he fail through any default on his part to maintain the requisite number of pupils in average attendance, or to satisfy the conditions of the standard of proficiency.

The salaries of head-masters vary from £400 for the head-master of a school of the first class, to £108 for the head-master of a school of the tenth class.* The salaries of head-mistresses vary from £300 for the head-mistress in charge of a girls' or infants' department of a school of the first class, to £180 for a mistress in charge of a school of the fifth class. Mixed schools below the fourth class may be in charge of mistresses and their salaries are the same as the salaries of male teachers, less £12 per annum. Houses are provided for married head-masters; and mistresses of departments and unmarried masters of public schools are paid by the Minister allowances for rent.

The salaries of assistant teachers are determined—partly by their certificate, partly by the class of school in which they hold

* I omit details discriminating between teachers in the lower classes of schools whose wives assist them, and other teachers.

an appointment, partly by their position in the school:—*e.g.*, a *first assistant*, holding a *first-class* certificate, in a school of the *first class*, receives, if a man, £250 a year; if a woman, £168. A *second assistant*, holding a *second-class* certificate in a school of the *first class*, receives, if a man, £150, if a woman, £120. But a *first assistant*, holding a *second-class* certificate in a school of the *second class*, receives £180 if a man, and £144 if a woman.

Pupil-teachers, according to class, receive salaries varying from £66 per annum for males and £48 for females, to £36 for males and £21 for females.

Teachers are promoted, except in special cases, according to classification and seniority.

In New South Wales the stimulus applied to a teacher to do his best arises from the possibility of his being removed for negligence or inefficiency to a school of a lower class than that for which his professional rank qualifies him—and this involves a lower salary. In South Australia and in Victoria his payment for the work he has already done depends, in part, on the “results” of inspection and examination.

In South Australia the schools are divided into six classes, according to the results of the annual examination by the inspector; the rules by which the results are determined are too complicated and technical for statement in these pages; but they are both ingenious and flexible, and they are free from the objections which lie against our own system of passes. Head-masters of schools placed in the first five classes receive a bonus varying from £24 in the first class to £16 in the fifth class. Head-mistresses receive a bonus varying from £16 if their schools are in the first class to £12 if they are in the fifth. Schools in the sixth class carry no bonus. Assistants employed in a school for six months before the examination receive the same bonus. I did not happen to have many opportunities of discussing the scheme with teachers in South Australia, but, as far as I could learn, there is no serious objection to it; and the extremely able Inspector-General, Mr. Hartley, appeared to be satisfied that it worked well. The bonus is not very large, but, combined with the distinction of securing a high class, it is effective.

In Victoria the teachers have (1) a fixed salary, determined by the Public Service Act; and (2) a variable grant, which may amount to half the fixed salary. This variable amount is subject to deductions as the result of the annual examinations. If a school perfectly satisfies the inspector, and wins full marks, head-teachers and assistants receive the full grant; if the school falls short of the full marks, the result payment to the teachers is in the same ratio to the full grant as the number of marks awarded to that which might have been obtained.

Against this system a very large number of the teachers, among them the ablest in the colony, are in violent revolt. All the evils attributed to our own system of payment by results are attributed to the Victorian system. It leads, so the teachers say, to constant and universal "cramming;" the inspector, not the child, has the first place in the teacher's thoughts, and the best methods for the education and discipline of the child are abandoned for the best methods of training the child for examination; the life of the teacher is made unnecessarily anxious, and his income is precarious. The teachers in Victoria are in a less favourable position for fighting their battle than the teachers in England; for here the managers have an interest in the grants and are very generally on their side; there, the undivided pressure of the system rests on the teachers.

When I was in Melbourne in October 1887 the controversy had reached an acute stage. The Assistant Inspector-General of Victoria, Mr. Brodribb, had been sent into New South Wales to examine the public schools, and especially to report on the differences between the educational systems of the two colonies. His report, a document of great ability, had just appeared. He had arrived at several important conclusions, the most important of which are summarized by the Minister of Public Instruction for Victoria, in his Report for 1886-7, in the following words:—

"That the teaching there is freer and more intelligent than among ourselves. That this last result is mainly due to the absence of the result system, and to the greater strength of the inspectorial staff, allowing more time to be spent on oral examinations. At the same time Mr. Brodribb remarks that the Victorian teachers possess, on the whole, more skill in teaching, and that the organization of the New South Wales schools is inferior to our own, and the attendance less regular."

Mr. Rose, another of the Victorian inspectors, visited some of the Sydney schools last year, and his account of them confirms Mr. Brodribb's; he says: "What Matthew Arnold recently said of the German schools, as compared with those in England, fairly puts the impression left on my mind: 'The children are taught less mechanically and more naturally than with us, and are more interested.'"

In his remarks on Mr. Brodribb's report, Mr. Pearson says:—

"The object of the result system has been to make the success of the State school teacher dependent, to some extent, like that of a private teacher or of a professional man, upon his own energy. If the children fail to pass an easy examination or attend irregularly, or do not get on as far as their years seem to warrant, the inspector reports accordingly, and the teacher is mulcted in proportion to his failure. In theory he may lose a third of his possible income. Practically, he hardly ever loses more than a sixth; and the teachers, on the average, get 84 out of 100 attainable. At one

* "Report of the Minister of Public Instruction (Victoria), 1886-7," p. 172.

time the teacher was liable to suffer if children were kept away on the day of examination by bad weather or by the floods being out, and occasionally by neglected children joining his classes, and raising the average of age. During the last four years these grievances have been to a great extent removed, as the inspectors are instructed to make allowance for accidents of this kind."

But the Minister recognized the gravity of Mr. Brodribb's report, and told me that he intended to send two Victorian inspectors into New South Wales in the course of a few weeks to investigate the subject as thoroughly as possible. He was good enough to promise me a copy of their report, and I hoped that I might receive it before this article was completed, but it has not yet reached me.

The Victorian system differs in some other respects, and differs, as I think, to its disadvantage, from the system of New South Wales. In both colonies the teachers are civil servants of the Crown; and in Victoria the hands of the Minister are tied so fast by rigid rules relating to the service that he has practically no freedom of choice in making appointments; he is obliged, under the "Public Service Act (773)", to offer a vacant position to the man who, according to the "rules" has a claim to it; in New South Wales, on the other hand, very much more is left to the Minister's discretion. The Victorian system has, no doubt, been suggested by the democratic dread of corrupt appointments; but rules of promotion which may be useful and expedient in the case of clerks in Government offices can hardly fail to be mischievous when they are made to govern the appointment of schoolmasters. It would be far better to accept the risk of favouritism in the promotion of teachers than to insist on a system which is likely to injure the schools.

There is another difference between the two systems. Mr. Brodribb's report calls attention to the fact that "more advanced subjects" are taught in the schools of New South Wales than in the schools of Victoria. The New South Wales regulations provide that if in any State school a class can be formed of not less than twenty pupils who have reached a certain standard of attainments, the school may be declared "a superior public school;" and, in addition to more advanced work in the ordinary subjects, boys are to be taught mathematics, Latin, science, and drawing; and girls, French, drawing, and sanitary science. At the discretion of the Minister, instruction may be given in other special subjects. The Minister has used his "discretion;" and in addition to the special subjects enumerated in the regulations, German and Greek are now taught in "superior public schools." It is also provided that the subjects taught each year shall "coincide with the subjects prescribed annually for the junior or senior examinations of the Sydney University."

No special fee is to be charged: necessary text-books are to be supplied by the Minister, ~~where~~ where the regular staff is unable to

teach any prescribed subject efficiently, the Minister may employ and pay a special teacher. But, as Mr. Pearson observes :—

“The policy of the Victorian Department has been to draw a sharp line of demarcation between primary schools and high schools. It is conceived here [*i.e.*, in Victoria] that the object of primary schools is to teach such elements of knowledge as every child may fairly be expected to acquire ; that if primary schools are encouraged to compete with high schools, the result will be to extinguish high schools in many small towns, and to withdraw the attention of the State school teacher from his lower classes ; and finally, that the higher education may best be stimulated by providing the cleverest and most industrious pupils in our State schools with the means of carrying on their education in schools of a higher class.”

The policy of granting scholarships is carried out in Victoria with great generosity. Two hundred scholarships are annually awarded to State school pupils by competitive examination, the subjects of examination being those of the ordinary programme of instruction. The scholarships are of the value of £10, tenable for three years. In certain cases travelling expenses are allowed, and there are other modifications of the scheme, conceived in a spirit of great liberality, to meet the exceptional circumstances of particular scholars. The scholarships must be held at “approved schools ;” some of these are schools founded by churches and managed by trustees ; others are schools carried on by private persons for their own profit. There are no State high schools.

The educational policy of South Australia and of Tasmania in relation to higher education is the same as that of Victoria, except that South Australia provides for a high school for girls.* There is very much to be said in favour of the Victorian policy ; but I am inclined to think that the practical advantages are on the side of the policy of New South Wales. There are many towns in our colonies, as there are many towns in England and Wales, in which there can be no high school ; and the most liberal scholarship arrangements for meeting the case of children living in such towns, whose parents are willing that they should remain at school for a year or two after they have gone through the ordinary elementary curriculum, cannot cover the whole ground. There are many children not clever enough to win scholarships, who might with advantage remain at school till they are fourteen or fifteen, and whose parents would be both willing and able to keep them there. Further, the more advanced teaching gives animation to the teaching of the whole school, and, where it is given by the ordinary teachers, increases the intellectual interest of their work.†

* When in South Australia, I was struck with the inadequacy of the provision for the higher education of girls as compared with the provision for the higher education of boys. It was this, I suppose, that suggested the creation of a State high school for girls.

† Readers of the final Report of the Royal Commission on Education will observe that the majority of the Commissioners are, on the whole, and with some qualifications, on the side of the policy of Victoria, and that the minority are on the side of the policy of New South Wales.

But in addition to the superior public schools, New South Wales has several State high schools—in Sydney for boys and girls, in Maitland for boys and girls, and in Bathurst for girls. The Bathurst high school for boys was closed last year. The total enrolment in 1887 was 710, and the average attendance 498. The fees yielded £3897 7s. 6d.; and the net cost to the State was £3560, or about £5 0s. 3d. per head. The expenditure for that year was exceptionally high; it included £890 for furniture.

In each of the Sydney high schools the ten candidates who get the highest marks at the annual entrance examination receive scholarships entitling them to free education for one year; and, subject to a favourable report on their conduct and work, the scholarships are continued for the two following years. In each of the other high schools the first three of the successful candidates receive similar scholarships under the same conditions.

The colonial Treasury also grants an annual subsidy to the Sydney Grammar School, which is under the management of a private trust. This school had over 500 boys on the books in 1886; and for many years it has held a very high rank. It received from the State, in 1886, £2800.

I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of discussing questions of educational policy and administration with Mr. Pearson, the Minister of Victoria, Mr. Inglis, the Minister of New South Wales, and Mr. Hartley, the Inspector-General of South Australia; and in each of the colonies that I visited I had long conversations on educational subjects with persons of various descriptions—politicians, ministers of religion of different denominations, inspectors, teachers, members of Boards of Advice, and others; but my public engagements were too numerous to allow me to spend much time in the schools, and if I had been able to spend very much, I should not attach any very serious value to my own judgment as to their efficiency. It takes an expert to judge a school accurately, but it was not possible to avoid receiving some general impression, and I give them for what they are worth.

I saw hardly anything of high school work, but while listening to a Latin lesson in the girls' high school at Sydney I could almost have imagined that I was in one of the American schools which I saw ten years ago. The work had the same merits and faults, in my humble opinion, the same faults. The book was Cicero's *de officiis*, and it was very plainly beyond the attainments of most of the girls in the class. The lady, however, taught admirably—too the teacher; the construction of sentence after sentence was made easy with their substantives, connected with their nominatives, the girls had to go over the adverbs with their verbs. In the afternoon, but nothing had been done at home and prepared for the next morning.

been left to exercise their ingenuity or to strain their attention. The lady was quite conscious that girls who learnt Latin in this style lost a great part of the discipline that should be derived from learning a language; but her plea was exactly the same that I heard from an American teacher—"we are obliged to teach in this way, for the girls have so many things to learn."

In an ordinary elementary school what most strikes a visitor from England as soon as he enters the building, is the bright and prosperous appearance of the children. All of them look well fed; nearly all are well clothed. In some of the schools I found the children of successful tradesmen and of professional men sitting side by side with the children of mechanics; and this mixture of classes stimulates the teacher and, on the whole, benefits the children. The discipline seemed to me excellent; the manners of the children, to use a happy phrase which I saw in a recent report of one of our own inspectors, are "easy and free" without being "free and easy." The teachers in South Australia and New South Wales appeared perfectly happy, and I heard of no grievances—except, by the way, that some of the teachers in South Australia found it troublesome to work a new method of teaching arithmetic recently introduced by the Inspector-General.* In Victoria, the teachers I met with complained in very strong terms of the mischief that had been done to education by the system of payment by results. I saw country schools as well as city schools, and in all of them, as far as I could judge, the work was generally excellent. It may have been an accident, but the best work of all that I happened to see was in a country school in the Blue Mountains. I was staying at the Carrington at Katoomba, and intended to visit the famous gorge called Govett's Leap; but fog and rain made the excursion impossible, and I therefore turned into the State school, which is a few hundred yards from the hotel. The average attendance is under eighty, and the school is therefore worked by a head-teacher and a pupil-teacher. The heavy rain reduced the attendance that morning to forty-nine. I heard the head-teacher—a master whose classification qualified him for a much larger school—give a lesson in arithmetic. It was as good a lesson as could well be given; it kept the intelligence of the class active and alert from first to last; and when I gave a few problems myself, I could see clearly that the class had not only been trained to work with mechanical accuracy, but to grasp and apply principles.

This paper has extended beyond the limits which I had prescribed

* The method is, in my judgment, an excellent one. In a pamphlet by Mr. Sonnenschein, the attention of the Royal Commission was specially called to the scheme of instruction drawn up by Mr. Hanley for the South Australian schools, and the scheme was contrasted with our own standards for all subjects—to the disadvantage of our standards.

for it, and yet I have omitted some things that I wanted to say. But the story which I have told, though very imperfectly, is a decisive demonstration that the Australian people have not been completely mastered by the passion for gold. For the splendid public and private munificence which has created and which continues to sustain their Universities, colleges, and schools, they deserve higher honour than for the courage and vigour which they have shown in their magnificent material achievements.

I was sitting at table a few weeks ago opposite to a lady who had been listening with interest to my stories about Australia. "But," she asked, "are there any gentle people there"—adding, after a moment's pause—"I mean people who care for anything besides making money?" If all people that care for something besides money-making are gentle people, the facts which I have recited in this article are an answer to the question.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

SIR HENRY MAINE AND HIS WORK.*

SIR HENRY MAINE preceded me in the office which it has pleased the University to confer upon me; he was its first holder; its conditions were framed for the purpose of giving scope to his peculiar genius in the lines of inquiry which he had himself opened. This imposes on me, and those who may come after me in this Chair, the duty, no facile one, but therefore the more honourable, of working, so far as our powers extend, in the spirit of the illustrious leader whom we have this year lost. It is a task that will not be soon exhausted. Through many years to come there will be new discoveries and new conquests to be made in the regions to which Maine pointed the way. For this reason alone it would be natural and fitting that some words should be said in this place and as at this time (though the time is not yet ripe for full judgment) of what we owe to Sir Henry Maine. But I have to speak of more than a predecessor, of more than a teacher; of one in whom, seeking the guidance of a master, I found not only a master but a friend. Now good advice is plentiful in the world; a young man who suffers for want of it must be singularly maladroit or unfortunate. But there is something much less common, the interest and sympathy which turn an older man's advice into a mere benevolent opinion, a more or less profitable direction, into a vital moving force. I know of no more sacred debts than these, and of nothing which goes so near to add to the relation of master and disciple, without abating anything of respect, a character as of the friendship of equals.

Thus I am bound by many ties to the memory to which I devote this hour; and I do so, not for the sake of a remembrance and fame which are of themselves amply secured, but rather for the sake of the

* A Public Lecture delivered in the University Hall, November 10, 1888.

example left to us here, and that we may not be defaulters in a pious and honourable duty. For this purpose it is not needful, as it would hardly be possible, to speak at large of Sir Henry Maine's career and public services. Only those who knew his work intimately can measure its value, and it will be proper to limit our testimony to that which we know, and which directly concerns our studies here. Our studies, I say, not merely legal or historical study. For we have here an admirable example of the effective connection of the Universities with the general life of the nation, and the intimate connection of that efficiency with those branches of their studies which pass for unpractical. It is not too much to say that England and India, so far as human reason can assign causes in this kind, owed Sir Henry Maine to the University of Cambridge. One cannot doubt that under any training, or without any systematic training, he would in some way, at some time, have produced work that would not have been forgotten. But it was Cambridge, and Cambridge alone, that in fact brought him into the light and placed him within reach of opportunities adequate to his power. He started without any advantage of birth, fortune, or interest. He entered the University an unknown young man; he left it marked as among the most brilliant scholars of his time; he returned to it for the last ten years of his life to fill a place of authority and dignity, the Mastership of Trinity Hall, where he had formerly taught—a place for which he was chosen, by a kind of acclamation, as being the one man whose acceptance of it would override all difficulties. Maine would have been singularly wanting in human affection if he had not loved Cambridge well; he would have been singularly above the usual partiality of our affections if he could have learnt to love Oxford so well. He could not pretend an attachment he did not feel; and a somewhat exclusive attachment to his University of origin was in his case, if in any, natural and all but inevitable. In and through Cambridge he won, along with his first crowns of fame, the gifts of life-long friendship without which fame is a light thing.

We may do well to remember that this was in an unreformed University, before even the first University Commission. Maine lived to see the activity, freedom, and healthy influences of the Universities greatly enlarged; but in the earlier days ^{he} they ^{they} ready did something to select and foster merit which otherwise ^{only} me happy accident could have brought forward. Let us ^{also} remember that Maine's academical distinctions were not of a ^{arrowly} specialized kind. He had taken his degree in Arts before ^{he} turned to the province which he afterwards made his own. Not ^{only} was he a humanist ^{before} he was a jurist, ^{but} he never ceased to be a humanist. In this, I venture to think, lay some part of the secret of his method. The value of our accustomed course of ~~classical~~ study, for men who do not profit by it

to the extent of becoming finished scholars, is disputable and disputed. In the case of those who can profit by it as Maine did, I conceive that no dispute is possible. He never made any display of scholarship in after-life. He quoted Greek as easily and naturally as French, when the Greek happened to be exactly to his purpose; but he never went out of his way for it. Having at his command wide and rich domains of literature, he took toll of them for his service, but did not levy nominal tributes for ostentation. Very little really extraneous ornament is to be found in his writings. And yet nothing ever came from his hand that was not visibly the work of an accomplished scholar. "Village Communities" and "Early Law and Custom" seem remote enough from the excellent Greek verses contributed by Maine to "*Arundines Cami*"; but as these might be taken (perhaps they sometimes still are) as models of the artistic transfusion of thought and style from one language into another, so his later and graver undertakings are models of the art—really a more difficult one—of clothing the higher generalizations of research, without apparent effort, in a form both accurate and lucid. In one word, they are themselves classics in their kind, and accordingly their standing and worth are little or not at all affected by the changes which the learning of posterity may bring to specific propositions contained or assumed in them. A book that is a work of art will survive many books of later and better informed authors which are mere storehouses of information. In the Faculties which demand a particular mechanism of learning, a particular intellectual habit, a particular set of terms not only strange but repugnant to the pure man of letters, we are too much tempted to forget the Humanities. There are even some who would counsel us to put them behind us. We may be thankful for Maine's witness that the Humanities are a living power, and the wisdom of the ancients is justified of her children even among the strange people. In this place, at all events, we shall not forget the words spoken by Maine to our sister University—words the more remarkable for their breadth and daring in a speaker usually so cautious: "Except the blind forces of Nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin."*

An author in scientific matter who works as an artist, and will not produce anything till he has made it complete as a work of art, is not likely to be voluminous. When he is also, like Maine, an active public servant during the best years of his life, we can still less expect a great show of literary production. One shelf, and not a long shelf, will easily hold everything to which Sir Henry Maine set his name.† But in these few volumes there is nothing ephemeral, nothing which is not in some way a pattern of style, of method, of exposition.

* Rede Lecture, 1875: in "Village Communities," 4th ed., 1894, p. 238.

† Six volumes, including the lectures on International Law delivered in the autumn of 1887, but not published in Sir Henry Maine's *Works*.

It was inevitable that Maine's works should become text-books; but whoever takes them merely as text-books condemns himself to lose the better half of their value. Thus "Ancient Law" is of permanent importance as a leading type of the comparative method which has in the present generation become familiar. Its principal instances are taken, and for good reasons, from the history of Roman law. Maine followed the best authorities then in existence in his presentment of that history, and also with good reason; for, even if his taste and inclination had been to controvert accepted views in detail, he still could not have done so without making his book a critical monograph on the historical problems of Roman Law, which it was expressly not meant to be. Few of these historical inferences or assumptions appear, at this day, quite so probable as they did in 1861. Some of them now appear decidedly improbable. It might be safe to say that one or two are finally disproved. Yet a student who should think he had nothing to learn from Maine's discussion, for instance, of the early history of Contract would commit a more dangerous error than one who should read the discussion and omit to inquire whether its data could still be trusted. He would err more dangerously, because omissions or mistakes in matters of information may be corrected at any time, but the discipline which comes of tracing the methods of great masters must be acquired while the mind is plastic, and, if omitted then, can hardly be supplied in later life. To Maine, who began his work in the mighty and still present shadow of Savigny, and might have seen Savigny alive, Savigny's historical deduction of the Roman Verbal Contract from an archaic Roman form of Conveyance appeared conclusive. At this day nearly a generation of active work and discussion has intervened, and the prevailing opinion is that the origin of the Stipulation must be sought in a wholly different quarter. But this in no wise affects the general interest of the phenomenon with which Maine was concerned, and for the sake of which the origin of the Roman Stipulation, whatever the true solution may be, is of more than technical importance: namely, the slowness with which the modern conception of Contract—the right and the duty of the civil magistrate to compel the fulfilment of promises made between citizens of the State—has everywhere been developed. And the final solution will be found, whenever it is found, by working with the instruments which Maine has left us.

Neither do such things affect the interest or the importance of studying Maine's method of work, his apparently simple and really subtle establishment of analogies between facts widely remote in time and place, his faculty of seizing upon the salient points in a mass of details, and the firm and swift strokes, not the less sure for their freedom and seeming ease, with which he completes his structure, and revives for us the ~~dawning of~~ man's political life in the express image,

not only of its habits and ordinances, but of its inner workings and struggles, its perplexities and superstitions, its evasions and its compromises. Maine can no more become obsolete through the industry and ingenuity of modern scholars than Montesquieu could be made obsolete by the legislation of Napoleon. Facts will be corrected, the order and proportion of ideas will vary, new difficulties will call for new ways of solution, useful knowledge will serve its turn and be forgotten; but in all true genius, perhaps, there is a touch of art; Maine's genius was not only touched with art, but eminently artistic; and art is immortal. Not only with sight but with spirit we watch the same stars that Job and Odysseus watched, the Pleiades and the bands of Orion, and the sleepless guardian of the Pole, "the Bear which men call the Wain for a by-name, which turns on itself as it keeps watch on Orion, and alone goes free of dipping in Ocean." We no longer think that Orion dips in the world-river beyond which there is no world, nor do we conceive the warrior God of Israel sitting above the vault of heaven and counting the treasures of his hail. But the Book of Job has outlived many systems of the universe and many departed gods, "*les apparitions des dieux qui ne sont plus.*" The song of the morning stars is as eternally new in the verse of Goethe and the vision of Blake as in the ancient words of that forerunner of Æschylus and Dante whose name and place remain a mystery. Homer has outlived many revolutions in warfare, and seems like to outlive gunpowder; but no change has abated the force or the truth of Homer's contrast between the silent march of the disciplined Achaian ranks and the clamorous onset of the Asiatic multitude. Yes, among things of human mould art is most surely divine and deathless:

οἷη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν ὠκεανοῖο.

Steadfast as the constellations themselves, the first poem of speculation and the first poem of adventure shine for us through the ages, and will shine for our children so long as the stars look down upon earth and men dwell on the earth to call the stars by their names.

And by this virtue, if it were by this virtue alone, I am bold to claim immortality for my master's work. Books with a greater show of learning, perhaps even more learned books, will be written; the Twelve Tables may be reconstructed over and over again; but "Ancient Law" does not depend on any particular reconstruction of the Twelve Tables, and, unless I am sorely mistaken, will survive many such.

Certain peculiarities in Maine's manner of work are probably due to his constant and exquisite sense of artistic form. He was averse to recasting what he had once put forth, and "Ancient Law" stands at this day as it was first written, with only a general warning to the reader. When Maine specially wished to ~~to~~ or qualify anything,

he found some separate occasion for doing so. He was exceedingly averse to direct controversy, and seldom allowed himself to be engaged in any discussion leading that way. There is also conspicuous, especially in his earlier writing, an avoidance of specific references and other critical apparatus which can hardly be accidental. It must be allowed that at times this is carried to an inconvenient extent; but it must be no less allowed that a book ceases to be literature, and becomes a mere tool of science or scholarship, when it is loaded with notes, extracts, and auxiliary discussions. Maine was determined, if I may borrow Bentham's expression in praise of Blackstone, that his science should speak the language of a scholar and a gentleman. He would not risk the literary distinction of his work to save a moderate amount of trouble to the small minority of critical readers. In the same way, probably, his objection to serious revision of new editions may be explained. He must have well known that the choice was, in many things, between leaving his former work alone and rewriting it. He may well have felt that the rewriting of chapters and paragraphs was more likely to spoil an original artistic whole than to leave it, as remodelled, an adequate expression of his later thoughts. To make such alterations, moreover, would have been to provoke a kind of minute criticism for which he had a constitutional dislike.

There is a known type of artistic temperament to which a piece of work once finally despatched into the world ceases almost to be interesting. It is no longer part of its maker's life; it is given to the world, and the world must take it as it will; for his part it is time for him to be about something else. I should not say that Maine looked on his works quite in this way; but I think his activity was of the kind that looks forward rather than backward, and seeks by preference new modes of expression along with new occasions.

So far I have spoken of Maine's work according to its form rather than its matter. The time has not come to sum up the full value of the gifts he has bequeathed not only to jurisprudence, but to history and politics. In his lifetime, however, evidence was already forthcoming that he exercised the kind of power which is perhaps the surest test of generalization on a great scale—the power of directing further inquiries in lines which prove to be the right ones. Sir A. Lyall's words leave no room for doubt on this point:—

"Sir Henry Maine's remarkable power of insight into the real meaning and connections of archaic customs so alien to modern ideas as to be ordinarily incomprehensible, and his luminous generalizations upon the materials found scattered over these obscure fields of research, have greatly influenced local inquiries in India. He surveys and marks out the whole line of penetration into difficult and entangled subjects, and workers in the field are constantly verifying the extraordinary precision of their chief engineer's rapid alignments." *

I am not aware that the maintainers of newer theories of primitive society can yet point to any similar verification. However, I am not concerned here to discuss any of the theories which have been set up in more or less pronounced opposition to Maine's opinions and method; and I purposely do not mention any name. It was observed by Maine himself that there was no necessary antagonism, within sufficiently large limits, between his own work and any of the definite results obtained by certain other inquirers.

For the present we may at least say, looking to our own science of law, that the impulse given by Maine to its intelligent study in England and America can hardly be overrated. Within living memory the Common Law was treated merely as a dogmatic and technical system. Historical explanation, beyond the dates and facts which were manifestly necessary, was regarded as at best an idle ornament, and all singularities and anomalies had to be taken as they stood, either without any reason or (perhaps oftener) with a bad one. It was an unheard-of process to show that they were really natural products in the development of legal conceptions. A superior moral sense was supposed to have been combined in the founders of the law with a strictly logical intellect and an almost infallible intuition of practical fitness, and on this more than doubtful assumption were built up phrases of amiable optimism which had not much difficulty in passing for philosophical reflection. A certain amount of awakening was no doubt effected by the analytical school, as Maine has taught us to call it. But the analysis of modern political and legal ideas in their latest form could not lead to any rational explanation of an actual historical system. Its immediate result was uncompromising and vehement criticism. This did, in its day, good service. It broke down prejudices and dissolved illusions which stood in the way of needful improvements. But the scientific study of legal phenomena, such as we really find them, had no place among us; at any rate there was no assured place for such study as distinct from the technical logic of a particular system on the one hand, and the classification of legal abstractions supposed common to all systems on the other. Maine not only showed that this was a possible study, but showed that it was not less interesting and fruitful than any in the whole range of the moral sciences. At one master-stroke he forged a new and lasting bond between law, history, and anthropology. Jurisprudence itself has become a study of the living growth of human society through all its stages, and it is no longer possible for law to be dealt with as a collection of rules imposed on societies as it were by accident, nor for the resemblances and differences of the laws of different societies to be regarded as casual.

Maine gave us an instalment, but only an instalment, of the application of his method to the ~~problem~~ of modern politics. I

shall not endeavour on this occasion either to confirm or to mitigate the rather sombre view of the political tendencies of our age which is set forth in "Popular Government." I have long thought that the general colour of a man's estimate of the greatest objects of human interest—the characters of his fellow-citizens, the affairs of his country, the nature of man and his relation to the universe—depends much more on temperament than on intellect. No very wide margin of debatable ground is required to enable two thinkers to draw from the same data, without manifest violence either to evidence or to logic, the one optimist and the other pessimist conclusions. Sir Henry Maine's temper was not a sanguine one, and he was not made sanguine by his own personal prosperity. No one, however, can read "Popular Government" without finding many familiar topics considered in ways that give fresh and striking matter for reflection. It is so far from being a partisan work that its detachment from the usual prepossessions and associations of English party government is positively startling. An author who not only points out that there is no necessary connection between popular government and moral or material progress, but sees in the unqualified rule of the majority the gravest danger of stagnation, will not fit into the usual divisions of parties. There is nothing new in telling a Liberal that he will be a Tory when he gets into office. But to tell Demos himself that he has it in him, without knowing it, to be a worse Tory than any Tories does not suit practical politicians on any side. These things can be said only by some one who, like Maine, is in the world of politics, but not of it. And in order that the saying of them by some one should be beneficial, it is by no means needful that they should be strictly accurate or should contain the whole truth. It is enough if they contain elements of wholesome truth which are likely to be overlooked. For the rest, Maine did not write as a believer in any particular form of government, but as not believing that any form of government is infallible; and he pointed out to his countrymen the besetting weaknesses of that form which they seemed to him most likely to accept without criticism. If he had been writing for Frenchmen under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, he would have been quite as ready to point out to them the dangers of acquiescing in a monarchical Restoration. I need hardly say that acquiescence in something one does not like may be uncritical though reluctant, and that for want of intelligent criticism reluctance may be impotent, or even worse than useless.

History, no doubt, had taught Maine, as it teaches most sober students, that many unknown quantities enter into the results of political experiments. Whoever has realized this must prefer to abide, so long as possible, by known results of experience, or at least to keep within their range. If it be conservative to have little faith

in political machinery for its own sake, and less than little in ready-made political systems on a grand scale, then was Maine a Conservative. But then he could on occasion give as emphatic warning against credulity based on unverified traditions of the past as against the credulity, now more common, which is based on unverified expectations of the future. I refer in particular to the addresses which he delivered as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta. Liberalism, in any case, has not yet been so defined by authority as to make the ignoring of obvious facts a necessary mark of it. We may or may not admire the decorative effect of trees of Liberty in public places. That is a matter of taste. It is matter of fact, nothing more and nothing less, that trees of Liberty, like other trees, have a way of not growing when they are planted at their full stature. Our old English oak is rugged and weather-beaten; its branches are not symmetrical; some limbs have spread abroad while others have been stunted; it savours of its own soil and knows of none other. But in that soil it is fast rooted, and from the deepest fibres that feed it in the secret places of the earth to the topmost leaves that leap to the air and glance in the sun, it still lives and grows. Our Constitution is popular in that the life of the English people, from the greatest to the least, has gone to make it what it is; and it has at almost all times combined the tenacity of tradition with a great power of assimilating fresh elements, and of adapting existing organs to new purposes. For some considerable time our national institutions and our national character have been confirming one another in this habit. One may ask whether Maine did not underrate the moderating virtues of such a habit in the body politic, and the extent to which it can subdue to good uses; or at least render tolerable, innovations that might be dangerous elsewhere. Some observers have found in the pliability of our Constitution, and the quick sensitiveness of our sovereign Legislature to public opinion, rather a safeguard than a danger. It may be asked, on the other hand, whether Maine did not exaggerate both the practical rigidity of the Constitutions of the United States and the several States of the Union, and the benefits which have flowed from the difficulty of making formal alterations. We have proof, at all events, in a much nearer country, that the revision of a written Constitution may itself become a handle for the agitator's uses. But again I have to point out that all fruitful criticism or correction of Maine's work will have to proceed on his own methods; and even then we shall be apt to find, for some time to come, that our criticism has been anticipated, and that some significant reservation lies in a few words overlooked on a first reading. Few great writers are so easy as Maine to criticize superficially, for he constantly seems to be laying himself open by wide assertions. Few are so hard to criticize thoroughly, for the more carefully one studies his language, and with

the greater knowledge of the subject-matter, the more real caution and the more subtle discrimination does one find, both in what he says and in what he abstains from saying.

If I may add anything of my own as to the immediate future of comparative historical research, I should say that it is now entering on a less brilliant, though not a less useful or interesting stage. We have to explore point by point the features which our leaders and masters were the first to discern in their general bearings. We have to disentangle the manifold causes of change in human institutions, and to beware of being satisfied with our explanation of any one effect until we have traced it not merely to a possible cause, but to a cause of which we can prove the existence and watch the operation. Similarity of laws, customs, procedure, even in minute particulars, is only a guide to inquiry; it is not conclusive evidence of dependence or of a common origin. Like needs are apt to be met, in a general way, by like expedients, but those expedients may turn out to have been arrived at by the modification in widely different ways of widely different materials. A given result may be produced in one community by straightforward development; in another by some highly artificial adaptation; and in a third by direct importation or imitation of a foreign model. And a series of apparently continuous forms may have no real historical connection at all. In man's visible handiwork, in his tools, weapons, and ornaments, this is matter of constant observation. Any one who will spend half an hour in the Pitt-Rivers Museum may convince himself that in these things development is far from always following that order which to us appears natural. Even in modern mechanics ideas are often discarded, after a short trial, as impracticable, only to reappear triumphant by the help of some small but vital improvement in the means of executing them. Such vicissitudes are not unknown in the mechanism of government and legislation; and the life or death of national customs may depend on conditions which only patient investigation can detect. If there be any safe general rule, it seems to be that, while the ways of change are seldom simple, and are often so complex as to be baffling, there is a strong presumption against anything being wholly new. *Homo non facit saltum.*

The latest work which Maine has left us is the one course of lectures delivered by him from the chair founded by Whewell. These lectures were not finally revised by the author, nor is it known how much further revision and recasting he might have given to them. It was thought better to print them as they stand than to withhold their substance from the public. They cannot, therefore, be fairly compared, in point of form, with the works issued under his own direction. And yet the comparison is profitable as showing how much compression and revision these works received before Maine judged

them fit to be issued. The subject is not one which affords much room for historical discoveries or speculation, the history and literature of International Law being altogether modern. I think, however, that Maine's freshness and largeness of view, his wealth of illustration, his felicity in comparison, and his sureness of judgment, will be sufficiently recognized in this volume. And there is at least one point of substance of more than academical importance. The weight of Maine's authority is added to the opinion, propounded several years ago by Mr. Seebohm, that England's true interest is to extend the principles of the Declaration of Paris to the total abolition of the capture of private property at sea.

We are met to-day, not only to do honour to Sir Henry Maine's memory, but to bethink ourselves how we may best keep it in due honour by following his example as he would have wished it to be followed. We ought not, I think, to have much difficulty in knowing what to aim at. Certainly we shall be very dull scholars if we do not know what to avoid. Never shall we increase our master's worship, nor gain any for ourselves, by repeating propositions from his books, or taking his conclusions as if they dispensed us from any further trouble of thinking. Wisdom is not in propositions which can be repeated. And, in the golden words of another wise scholar whom we lost not long ago, Mark Pattison, "The learning of true propositions, dogmatically delivered, is not science." For science is organized knowledge living and acting, and without change there is no action and no life. Whatever has ceased to change is dead. It was said by a great Frenchman whose work Maine knew and prized, that the essence of stupidity is the demand for final opinions. As Maine himself said, the principle of progress, which is the same thing as the law of healthy life, is a principle of "destruction tending to construction." The immortality of a man of genius is not only, nor chiefly, in the work which he leaves for posterity to contemplate, but in the activity which it inspires. There is only one way of paying our debts to the past; we must look to it that, when our time is done, we depart as creditors of the future. Maine's work has, as it already had in his lifetime, the assurance of long and fruitful survival. It is for us, his countrymen and his disciples, to claim and win the honour of being foremost in that continuance. And in the Universities, of all places, the name and example of Maine ought to be a constant encouragement. I know of no recent life which has more completely shown that learning is still a power in the civilized world. The steadfast veracity of Maine's intellect subdued to itself far more even of this world's goods than he could have attained by vulgar ambition; the reception and the spread of his ideas afford the strongest proof that studies which seem remote from the common interests of mankind may at any time be splendidly justified. ~~He~~ was fortunate, but most

justly fortunate, both in his career and in his influence. ~~He~~ did not court success, honours, and esteem; they came to him unsought, and he enjoyed them without pride and without affectation. The simplicity of the true scholar never left him. We cannot all emulate his fortune; we cannot all hope to achieve fame; but the gifts of wisdom are open here to all who will truly seek them, and in the true following of such a master as Maine we may all learn to make the dignity of knowledge our own.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

* * It may be convenient to subjoin the chief dates of Sir Henry Maine's life:—

Birth	1822
B.A. degree	1844
Regius Professor of Civil Law, Cambridge	1847
Call to the Bar	1850
"Ancient Law" published	1861
Legal Member of Governor-General's Council	1862
Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence, Oxford	1869
Member of Indian (Secretary of State's) Council	1871
Master of Trinity Hall	1877
Whewell Professor of International Law	1887
Death (February 3)	1888

CHRISTIAN UNION.

IF there had been any doubt that some action should be taken in this matter, Mr. Frederic Harrison's annual address to his Positivist friends should act as an immediate call. He allows that Christianity has a power over the moral life of individuals, but refuses to see in it any influences for good in dealing with the pressing social questions of the day, and then "in Heaven's name" he appeals to Christianity to remedy the evils at once, or at least to begin to deal with them, and he says that if we succeed in solving the problems he will be the first to welcome our success. There is no doubt that Mr. Harrison is one of those who take a pessimist view of things, and is too eager for an immediate remedy to wait for the leavening influences of Christianity to act, or to acknowledge the many proofs of a slow but steady progress.

We Christians are nearly as impatient as he is in this desire for a speedy remedy; but the existence of this desire is a proof that the leavening influence is truly at work among us still. Our leading statesmen have acknowledged that the old party cries have well-nigh gone out, and that the time is come when we must all seriously begin to seek remedies for the many social evils which are threatening to overwhelm us. There never was a time when such remedies for the evils which hinder the well-being of our people were more carefully considered; and, though we must all lament the large increase of continental armies, the very fact that, notwithstanding these great armies, peace has been preserved, witnesses to the existence of a power for good which would never have been able under similar conditions to ward off the threatened wars some 100 or even 50 years back.

Besides, Mr. Harrison's admission that Christianity has a power over the moral life of individual men ~~is a point in contention.~~ is a point in contention.

For it is a logical conclusion that, as the life of the nation is made up of individual lives, the power which can affect the moral life of individuals must in the long run influence the nation. It is no fault of the teaching of Christianity if the sources of its influence are clogged, so that it goes forth in a slender stream. The power for moving the nations is there; the imperfections of our corporate or individual action which check the flow must be sought for and removed.

There is no doubt that, in the present divided state of Christendom, the religious zeal stimulated by these very divisions has taken a *selfish* and *unloving* turn. We take more interest in our own individual salvation, and in the success of the Church or denomination to which we belong, than in the benefit of our fellows, and in the extension of the full flow of Christian benevolences, which, when rightly used, have an unbounded power for removing all social evils. Christianity is in no way bound by this world's principles of government, yet can work with and leaven all; but when we Christians, with a misdirected zeal, lose the first teachings, and forget the "new commandment, that we should have love one toward another," we look in vain for corporate action, and our individual witness for Christ among the nations from the loss of that loving, self-sacrificing principle which He came to teach by precept and example, loses its power and ceases to be full and true.

I quote from the unpublished words of a friend—

"Questions of Christian morality bring home to us with special force the necessity of corporate action and therefore of corporate union. It is not likely that any grave differences can arise among us in this province. On the other hand, social evils bring home to us, with peculiar power, the necessity of fellowship; they constrain us to confess that the Faith has not yet fulfilled its work for the world. None the less, Christianity alone, as we believe, can deal with the evils which are at present most oppressive, and which the influences of modern life tend to aggravate; e.g.—

"(a) *Domestic*.—Marriage; the responsibilities and the distribution of Wealth—material, intellectual, moral.

"(b) *Commercial*.—The conditions of Manufacture and Commerce; the tendency to the mechanical concentration of production, and to the acceptance of a material standard of profit.

"(c) *National*.—War—the assumption that the interests of peoples are antagonistic, and not identical.

"If we steadily face these human problems, how much that is personal shall we be prepared to sacrifice in the effort after unity when we see that our divisions blind, distract, paralyse us? *Faith* in the Incarnation obviously supplies a motive adequate to move us to exertion, and *the Promise* of the Holy Spirit supplies strength equal to our needs. But a sense of unity is required for the full realization of the Faith and of the Promise."

All Christians would, I believe, allow that it is a duty to consider in the light of the principles, motives, and promises of the Faith the problems of domestic, social, and national morality with a view to concerted action. The question arises how far our different views on Church government or ~~the~~ Sacraments, which are very great,

though capable of much modification, hinder this clear duty of united action against social evils.

We agree in the Foundation truths of the Christian religion; we agree that the good news that our Saviour brought to man, and Himself inaugurated by His personal ministrations among men, is, by His will, to be carried on by the Church, which is His body, and of which we are members, for the benefit of the world in which we live. This should be done by our personal work and example, and by the work and example of the whole body. We agree that Christianity alone is capable of removing the social evils which surround us, and that the good tidings not only embrace the promise of everlasting life, but the establishment of His kingdom of peace and good-will on this earth on which we live, and on which He was pleased to dwell.

There are many things which should urge us on to more complete co-operation. The Positivist actually challenges us to show the full powers of Christianity, while the Socialist and Red Republican have on many occasions given a foretaste of their solution of the problem on distinctly anti-Christian principles, seeking to overthrow all orderly government and all principles of justice, and to destroy that purity of family life which is the mainstay of social virtue. For fifteen centuries a practically united Church did bring these Christian influences to bear upon mankind. It was a mighty work to put an end to the cruelties of the amphitheatre, to raise the oppressed condition of the people, and to exalt again the status of woman in the world. It was a great thing to leaven the nations newly formed from the various tribes that overthrew the enervated Empire of Rome. The ambitions and evil lives of some Popes, and the corruptions that crept in, corroding the pure doctrines and holy lives generally professed by the religious, were as nothing compared with the social blessings brought to the people by the example of such holy followers of Christ as St. Francis or St. Bernard, and the many associations of men and women who fostered education and ministered to the suffering members of Christ, or when compared with the influence which the Church brought to bear against the tyranny of the kings and nobles under the feudal system. Against these things may be quoted the continual wars and the bitter persecutions on either side which formed a part of this past history; but this only shows that the influence of Christianity, though sure, is a leavening influence of slow growth, leaving to after-ages the blessed work of eradicating persecutions and slavery, and at last also the evils of war.

In considering how best, in the present divided state of Christendom, we can in any way effectually continue this leavening influence among the peoples, certain great principles must be clearly accepted, or we shall assuredly make shipwreck.

First, we must acknowledge that ~~the~~ way in which we can

fully carry out this Christian witness is a restoration of complete unity. To this end we must ever work, for until that is attained all our schemes, however perfectly organized, must fall short of the desired end, because they will lack that full witness of forbearance and brotherly love which true outward union can alone present to the world. The greatest incentive to such co-operation as I have ventured to propose is that it will be a practical means of uniting us more completely as One Body.

Secondly, I am perfectly convinced that we must leave outside our proposed co-operate action all which would in any way interfere with the distinctly *religious* work of the different denominations. We must not hamper it with the knotty question of interchange of pulpits or united missionary action, though these things may subsequently come about; and we must by no means endeavour to come nearer together by agreeing to sink, as unessential, truths which many would in their consciences consider to be of vital importance. The effect would only be to hinder the full and perfect witness for Christ, which, whether it comes from individuals or from different combinations of Christians, must be, to have any power over the world, *essentially real*.

Thirdly, we must desire to cultivate a truly loving spirit, and, while trying by personal intercourse to understand one another more, we must strive to check bitter attacks one against another, knowing that, however much we differ, we are sincere in our different beliefs so far as present lights lead us. Given that we hold the great Foundation truths of Christianity, why should we quarrel while we endeavour to justify any particular view as to the essential importance of certain systems of Church government or of the most effectual means of dispensing the gifts of the Holy Ghost to all members of the Church.

For instance, it is perfectly compatible with Christian love to hold strongly and to enforce earnestly our belief that some form of the Historic Episcopate with delegated powers from the Apostles is essential to unity, whilst, on the other hand, we are willing to allow that the evils of past times and the mistakes and abuses of those in authority may have justified many in breaking away from such government, and thus destroying outward unity for a time. It is equally compatible with Christian love to believe fully, and earnestly to teach, the doctrine of the Sacraments as the duly appointed means of obtaining spiritual blessings, while we in no way would seek to control the operations of the Holy Ghost outside the ordained forms or outside the duly organized body.

The acceptance of this catholic and charitable view need not check our earnest advocacy of what we believe to be the will of Christ in His ordinary workings; though it will enlarge our hearts to all who show the fruits of the Spirit, and prevent us from necessarily condemning those who do not ~~believe~~ particulars with our belief.

There are some examples of successful co-operation which should encourage us to further exertions. In England, under Wilberforce, Churchmen and Nonconformists did unite in putting down slavery, and now the Pope is himself proposing a congress of the nations in order to combine to save Africa from its demoralizing influences. Then a great deal has been done by united action against the drink traffic, and the Nonconformists, who began the work, have everywhere heartily welcomed the co-operation of the Church of England Temperance Society, though even here the demon of party has tried to set us apart by the over-zeal of the teetotaler against the partial abstainer. There is also some hope that we may join together with the Church of England Purity Society and the White Cross Army and other bodies in bringing Christian precept and example to check the growth and cruel consequences of the unlicensed indulgence of men's animal passions. Then there is the General Hospital Fund. In some districts Nonconformists and Churchmen have heartily joined in working the Charity Organization Society, which is of immense moment, not only for the relief of the real sufferer, but for putting an end to shams and impostures and checking the immoral practice of making almsgiving a system of bribery for gaining so-called converts to particular denominations. But there is much more to be done, and what has been already done in these particulars might be done in a much more *statesmanlike and systematic way*.

There are other works for good which are hindered from want of the *full, outspoken witness* of all Christendom upon them. The question of peace or war should not be left to the Quakers. The immoralities of trade can only be effectually dealt with by a united Christianity. The defence of the marriage laws, the security of sound religious education (even if obliged to be apart from denominational teaching), and the care of our criminal population after leaving prison, alike demand joint effort.

As a stepping-stone to improving the works in which we already co-operate, and extending such works of co-operation, the Lambeth Conference has done much by putting so prominently forward the duty of the Church to deal with these social evils; and if the different denominations at their annual conferences could endorse the Lambeth protests against intemperance and impurity, a good start would be made for more generally organized co-operation, and a voice would go forth from our English Christianity against these things.

I would ask, with Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, who is earnestly pressing this matter, whether a council could not be formed in every town or district, and, at some future time, a central council, to meet in London, of wise, sound, large-hearted men, chosen by each denomination as their representatives. These should meet regularly in friendly conference, studying earnestly, in ~~the~~ the revealed will of

God, the intricate problems of society ; exploring the accessible, but often remote and concealed, sources of human evil ; and then guiding and systematizing the various institutions for good, so that they could more effectually forward the common work in a co-ordinate way, and without any jealous interferences with each other, and thus bring, in the different towns or districts where such councils are established, the full power of united Christian effort and example to deal more effectually with our many social evils.

I do not believe in ready-made schemes, but I do believe that, if, on the lines I have ventured to lay down, a few tentative efforts are made, the matter will grow, and by this means many of the social problems which now unhinge us would be in a fair way of solution. And the common work, carried on in a true spirit of Christian love and forbearance, would inevitably help us on the way towards that more perfect unity for which all true Christians long.

NELSON.

THE DEFEAT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

THE great political contest so recently terminated in the United States cannot be well understood in all of its significant bearings without a somewhat careful study of the various forces that were at work. The election brought to the ballot-box more than eleven million voters; and these were so evenly divided between the two political parties that, decisive as the contest really was, a change of ten thousand votes—or one in eleven hundred—if made in New York and Indiana, would have re-elected President Cleveland. After so momentous a political contest it may be worth while to go over the battle-field, and ascertain, if possible, what the deciding causes of the result really were.

It is an oft-quoted remark of Napoleon that the result of a battle is frequently determined by the merest accident. Perhaps the saying would be nearly as true if uttered in regard to the slightly less exciting contest of an ardent political election. Mr. Grego, in his picturesque volume on "The History of Parliamentary Elections," has given abundant examples tending to show that an English election has often been decided by a mere grain of sand. It is very generally believed in the United States, by that class of people known as political managers, that Mr. Blaine was defeated four years ago by an unfortunate speech of an indiscreet advocate, in which, by referring to his opponents as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion," he offended multitudes of Irish voters and drove them over to Mr. Cleveland. But it is nevertheless true that the real potency of such an incident consists entirely in the antecedent fact that the beam is so nearly balanced that a feather's weight will turn it either way. And so it was in the recent election. While, therefore, we cannot afford to ignore the "incidents" which at ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~very~~ ^{the} moment of the canvass

exerted no little influence in determining the result, we do well to remember that there were after all certain great primary considerations which gave those "incidents" their force.

Everybody in the United States knows that the "Sackville incident" derived its significance—if not indeed its existence—from the presence of a large Irish population. The antipathies of the Irish to the English are just now so intense that they necessarily become an important element in any contest between the political parties. Every party manager knows that it is unsafe to allow a word to be said that will alienate the Irish; and, on the other hand, that it is prudent at least to encourage in every way legislation that will gratify the Irish. And even where this consideration is not a primary one, it is not without importance in helping to turn the scale in all doubtful cases. So, too, it may be said, that the Irish hate the Chinese even somewhat more intensely than they hate the English. It can hardly be considered accidental, therefore, that when the Chinese Exclusion Bill was presented to Congress, even before the fate of the treaty was known, it was rushed through both Houses with unprecedented haste, simply because nobody of either party had a word to say against it. Each of the two parties strove to show that it could say more in favour of the measure than the other, and that it could bring a larger number of votes to its support.

The same consideration had its influence, no doubt, in the matter of the Fisheries question. It is quite possible that, whatever the attitude of England toward the question after the Treaty was framed, the Senate would not have agreed to the concessions made by the Americans in the Treaty; but however that may be, it is certain that as soon as it became apparent that the English were pleased with the result, the Irish outcry was raised, and the ratification of the Treaty was made difficult, if not impossible. It is absurd to suppose that the President was moved by any other than patriotic motives in his dealings with the Treaty. But it is unquestionably true that the American Commissioners were very generally thought to have made too great concessions to England. This popular belief gave the Senate its opportunity. When the Treaty was rejected it was evident that the Administration had played a losing game. The defeat, moreover, was suffered in an effort to negotiate a treaty that was vigorously assailed as simply a bargain to barter away the rights of Americans to the English. Whether anything was really gained by the President through his vigorous retaliatory message may well be doubted. Certain it is that the vigour of his recommendations shook the faith of very many of those who had hitherto had confidence in what they deemed his good judgment. When, therefore, the Senate rejected the proposed retaliatory measures, declaring that he already had sufficient retaliatory authority, ~~and~~ only use it, everybody saw that

whatever the President's motive had been, in making the recommendations, it had not resulted in a recovery of the ground that had been lost.

It was the state of public opinion in regard to the President's attitude towards England that made the "Sackville incident" possible. The trap was set with full knowledge of this state of opinion. Lord Sackville's reply was, of course, just what was desired. It appeared to give a very definite assurance that the re-election of Mr. Cleveland would be very acceptable to England. That assurance was enough to turn the stream of Irish voters. There is abundant reason to believe that within three days after the publication of the letter, word was sent from all quarters by the party managers that the affair was having a prodigious influence on the canvass, and that nothing short of the most summary action would prevent an overwhelming disaster. The approach of the election within two weeks made delay impossible. If the English Government had seen its way clear to act at once and issue Lord Sackville's immediate recall, the influence of the Sackville letter would have been, in great part at least, neutralized. But the result of the course pursued was different. The sending of Lord Sackville's passports by President Cleveland was subject to the same interpretation that his retaliatory message had been. It was generally regarded by the people as simply an energetic move in a desperate political game. Though the move did not prevent defeat, it is safe to say that if the President had withheld his hand from the board, the defeat would have been far more disastrous.

Another of the very subordinate parts of the canvass was played by what long since came to be known as the Southern question. The Federal Government nearly twenty years ago gave up all active attempts to control domestic affairs in the South. Even President Grant saw that the task was impracticable. By the Constitution the control of local matters is left with the individual States. Under no circumstances, except when Republican institutions are in danger, has the Federal authority a right to interfere. In general, the South is prosperous. But there is one subject that is an endless source of disagreement. The negroes, even where they are in a majority, are not allowed to have the control of affairs. As individuals they may occasionally be elected to positions of responsibility; but as a class they are not allowed to govern. Wherever they are so numerous as to threaten the white man's ascendancy, they either are not allowed to vote or their votes are not allowed to be counted. The consequence is, that while socially the South is peaceful and prosperous, politically it is in the anomalous condition of having what is theoretically universal suffrage, while practically universal suffrage is not permitted whenever in any locality it seems to overthrow the complete political ascendancy of the white race. The situation is

unquestionably a deplorable one. It is not strange that the white people of the South are a unit in thinking that far less evil will result from the illogical course now pursued than would follow from the consistent logic of allowing the negro to exercise whatever power his ballot might be able to bring him. But in the North there is by no means the same unanimity. There are thousands of people that talk much of the purity of the ballot; and by means of this talk not a little influence has been exerted on the members of the Republican party to keep them in the ranks. They present no programme; but they are strongly averse to having anything to do with a party that, as they say, has not in good faith accepted the results of the war, and is now flagrantly violating one of the fundamental principles of Republican institutions. In every political contest the expression of this feeling plays a part.

In the campaign just closed this spirit manifested itself chiefly in two ways. The first found its opportunity in the stupendous blunder of the Democrats in committing the chief advocacy of the Tariff Bill to members from the South. Mr. Mills, who introduced the Bill, and who on the floor of the House had charge of it, was not only from Texas, but was known to be an out-and-out free-trader. The Bill, therefore, from the first moment of its existence, had the misfortune of being obliged to make its way against such sectional animosities as still exist. Unfortunately for its success in the North, it was the Southern brigadiers who advocated it with the most cogency and warmth. To very considerable numbers of the old veterans this simple fact was probably enough to turn their wavering minds.

This feeling was made all the stronger by the course of the President in regard to the Private Pension Bills. The plethoric condition of the Treasury was an irresistible temptation to a vast number of persons who had served in the War, and who, since the War, appear to have lost their consciences in losing their health. Congress had already shown both ingenuity and generosity in the matter of pensions; in fact it now costs the country annually about eight-elevenths as much to pay our pensioned veterans as it costs the German Empire to support the Imperial Army. But this was not enough; thousands of private Bills were introduced into Congress to bring relief where relief by the Pension Bureau had been refused. Hundreds of such Bills were passed without any careful scrutiny; and a very considerable number, when they came to the President for his signature, encountered his veto. This course by the President was entitled to the real gratitude of the country; for there was not a single veto that was not supported by ample reasons. But the simple fact that the President had refused to approve a number of Pension Bills was enough for an outcry, and this occasion was made the most of. There were not a

few who feared, or at least pretended to fear, that the country was forgetting the War, and that the South was coming back into control.

These several considerations were not without their influence. At the same time, it must be admitted, that the efforts to give them great prominence were unsuccessful. It is probably true that the Southern question played a smaller part than did the same question four years ago. This rôle has ceased to be a very important one, and, better still, it is growing less and less. It is coming very generally to be seen that, although the Southern question undoubtedly presents difficulties which as yet we have scarcely begun to fathom, yet the Republican party has not hitherto presented any outline of policy that does not threaten to increase the evil. It was for this reason that all attempts to bring the subject into prominence during the last canvass were, for the most part, unsuccessful. That they had no influence one could not affirm; that their influence was small is very certain.

Having thus cleared away the minor questions that vexed the campaign, we are ready to consider those greater subjects which gave to the contest its real significance and importance.

In studying the forces that go to determine the issue of an important election, it is well to remember that questions between parties are always decided by those considerations which appeal to the comparatively small number of persons who are in doubt. As a rule, more than nine-tenths of every party votes as its leaders or conventions direct. It is obvious, therefore, that in any canvass the question of all questions is how to move the hesitating one-tenth. This is as true now as it was when Mr. Lowell embodied so much political wisdom in the quaint provincialism of the "Bigelow Papers." We have to ask, therefore, what the considerations are that influence the one-tenth that hesitates. It is possible to give an answer that is at once correct and comprehensive. One can hardly be wrong in saying it was the condition of the Civil Service, the condition of the Tariff, and the prevalence of bribery. These are the three great subjects which, in one form or another, influenced and finally decided the great mass of the doubting voters. To understand the real political import of the campaign, therefore, these three subjects must be examined.

In the matter of the Civil Service, we are passing through the experience that England passed through under the Hanoverian kings. It has recently been well said that "the history of English liberty is the story of the restraint and regulation of patronage." What Macaulay, in one of the most noteworthy passages of his "History," described as the "saturnalia of corruption" was not an unmixed evil. It led the thinking people of England to see that the condition of affairs was well-nigh desperate, and that nothing but a thorough

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reform of the system of patronage would clear the atmosphere of a poison that threatened to pervade and paralyze all the activities of the State. At length, after half a century of more or less active agitation, the Civil Service Reform Bill of 1853 was adopted, and at the present time I suppose the English have very generally forgotten the real condition of affairs under the old *regime*. But those who can remember, will understand what I mean when I say that we in the United States are passing through the same phase of political evolution that England was passing through fifty years ago. In many respects the condition of the service is not so bad in America as it was in England. The prevalence of out-and-out corruption certainly is not so open or so general. The controlling officers are not so independent of public opinion, and consequently incapacity does not so often entrench itself in secure places. But notwithstanding the grosser forms of corruption in England, the English service, before the Reform of 1853, in one important respect was superior to ours. The term of office was not definitely limited, and, as a rule, there were no removals for the mere purpose of making place for others. The prodigious importance of this difference reveals itself in the statement that while in England the change of administration involved the change, at most, of a few hundred officials, the change that will take place in the United States on the 4th of March means, in the popular belief, the sweeping out of no less than a hundred thousand officers of one grade or another, and the putting in their places of a hundred thousand new and, for the most part, untried men. The President of the Senate, a Republican, is reported as having recently said: "If there be more than forty thousand Democrats in office on the 4th of March next, about which I know nothing, they should all be removed before the going down of the sun on that day, and more than forty thousand Republicans appointed in their stead."

The evil of such a state of things has long been recognized. It was introduced into Federal affairs as a method of partisan rule by President Jackson, in 1829. In 1841 President Harrison determined to revert to the methods that had prevailed before Jackson's time. Accordingly, he issued a warning letter to the office-holders; but the onset of the politicians was even then too strong to be resisted. The demands were so numerous and so loud that the President was borne down before it, and in the end the "sweep" was complete. In Lincoln's time the whole story was told in the President's saying to a sympathizing friend in one of the darkest periods of the War: "Oh, it isn't the war that is wearing me out; it is your blasted Syracuse Post Office." A little later he exclaimed: "I wish I could get time to attend to the Southern question . . . but the office-seekers demand all my time. I am like a man so busy in letting rooms in one end of his house that he cannot stop to put out a fire that is

burning the other." President Garfield, while he was yet in the House of Representatives, said: "We press appointments upon departments; we crowd the doors; we fill the corridors; Senators and Representatives throng the offices and bureaus, until the public business is obstructed." And a little later he added: "The present system impairs the efficiency of the legislators; it degrades the Civil Service; it repels from the service those high and manly qualities which are so necessary to a pure and efficient administration; and, finally, it debauches the public mind by holding up public office as the reward of mere party zeal. To reform this service is one of the highest and most imperative duties of statesmanship."

President Hayes not only saw the magnitude of the evil, but he pointed out the difficulties in the way of reform with great clearness. "The most serious obstacle," said he, "to an improvement in the Civil Service, and especially to a reform in the method of appointment and removal, has been found in the practice, under what is known as the Spoils System, by which the appointing power has been so largely encroached upon by the members of Congress. The first step in the reform of the Civil Service must be a complete divorce between Congress and the Executive in the matter of appointments. The corrupting doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils' is inseparable from Congressional patronage as the established rule and practice of parties in power. It comes to be understood by applicants for office, and by the people generally, that Representatives and Senators are entitled to disburse the patronage of their respective districts and States. Under the Constitution, the President and the heads of departments are to make nominations for office; the Senate is to advise and consent to appointments; and the House of Representatives is to accuse and prosecute faithless officers. The best interests of the public service demands that these distinctions be respected that Senators and Representatives, who may be judges and accusers, should not dictate appointments to office."

To this clear statement of the nature of the evil should be added the words of President Cleveland, who may be said to have been elected on the Civil Service reform issue. His words were: "There should be no mistake about this contest. It is an attempt to break down the barriers of the people of the United States and those who rule them. The people are bound down by a class of office-holders."

These quotations are perhaps enough to show that the nature of the evil was understood, that the difficulties were appreciated, and that the issue was clearly made. President Cleveland was pledged to do all in his power to cleanse the political system of this poison. The opportunity, if not all that could be desired, was all that could be reasonably hoped for. It is true, the Tenure of Office Act,

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giving a greater part of the commissions to four years, increased the magnitude of the evil because it increased the number of appointments to be made. No doubt it multiplied the importunities of office-seekers, and called for a larger courage on the part of the President. By as much, however, as it increased the evil it also increased the necessity. There is a sense, therefore, in which the Tenure of Office Act was the President's ally rather than his enemy. It is impossible to believe that the President's methods would have been different or his failure less complete, if the Tenure of Office Act had not been in existence.

What was the opportunity? The answer is easy. The Pendleton Bill, already in force when President Cleveland assumed office, contained two important provisions. The first was that some fifteen thousand of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand places in the gift of the Government were exempted from Congressional interference by the requirement that hereafter they shall be filled after the application of non-partisan tests. The second was much more important. It empowered the President to extend the reform at his will. In this provision it was that Mr. Cleveland had by far the greatest opportunity that has presented itself to any President since the close of the War. He had the entire moral support of the best elements in the country. He was known to have abundant courage. He was amply committed to the cause. Why did he fail? There can be but one answer. He became convinced that it would be impossible to press the matter of reform without imperilling, and probably losing, the ascendancy of the Democratic party. It is easy to conjecture what his reasoning may have been. It was not difficult to suppose from the flood of representations and petitions pouring in upon him that the party could not be kept together as a compact and enthusiastic unit, unless the general sentiment of the party was satisfied. It may also have been the President's belief that the defeat of his party would be a greater misfortune to the country than the defeat or the postponement of the Civil Service reform movement. At least he may have believed that a defeat of his party would be likely to carry with it the additional misfortune of a defeat, or at least a long postponement, of the reform. But, whatever his reasoning may have been, one is safe in saying that he sacrificed, or at least set aside the reform, in order to prolong his party in power. He threw away a great and tangible opportunity that was certainly within his hand, in order to grasp at a very different object that was intangible and uncertain. He is open to the charge of an unwarrantably selfish ambition in sacrificing the reform for the chances of his own re-election. But it is not necessary to believe this charge. One is bound to admit that a President may, without any selfish motive whatever, regard the success of his party as of more consequence than the

success of any individual measure. In judging President Cleveland it is but fair to give him the advantage of this possibility. But his course is still open to the charge of failure. He threw away a certainty for a chance; and in being willing to sacrifice the one he lost both. And this is a result for which, both in the narrower fields of politics and in the higher ranges of statesmanship, history has no pardon. Only one of the Presidents during this century has had an opportunity of working out results of such far-reaching and beneficent moment to the country; but his throwing away of the opportunity has made it inevitable that in the future his administration shall rank either with those which have been unsuccessful, or with those which have been commonplace.

Mr. Cleveland's *dicussus averno* did not begin immediately after his inauguration. For a time the friends of reform were not disappointed. But soon there came signs of weakening. A little later it became evident that the President did not have the courage or the strength to resist the demands of Congressmen. In a letter to Senator Beck, dated April 14, 1886, the President showed plainly that he had virtually surrendered. He had been waiting for an agreement between the Congressmen from Kentucky as to who should be appointed postmaster of Louisville. No agreement was reached; whereupon the representative from Louisville demanded the right to name the new officer. It was in answer to this that President Cleveland wrote to Senator Beck as follows:—

"I think I ought to say to you that Mr. Willis has to-day quite earnestly insisted, both to the Postmaster-General and myself, that Mrs. Thompson should be appointed postmistress at Louisville. This is his home office. There does not seem to be any chance of agreement between him and other members of Kentucky's representation in the two Houses of Congress, and I can't clearly see how, in existing circumstances, I can (or, at least, why I should) make an appointment in disregard of his expressed wishes."

Here was a concession of the whole question. Mr. Hayes had seen, if Mr. Cleveland did not, that there could be no genuine reform until the President was willing to take the ground that no Congressmen had a right to "insist" on any appointment whatever. How much this concession really meant soon came to be apparent. Every day came the news of a new list of appointments. It was simply a physical impossibility that so many appointments should be made in any other way than by Congressmen.

And as to what such appointments really meant the public were not long left in doubt. Among other precious items of information indicating the forces that were at work, there was published the contract entered into between General Bragg and Mr. Delaney. General Bragg desired a nomination and election to Congress. In order to

secure the support of the different factions of his party he thought it prudent to make certain bargains. To Mr. Delaney, whose help he could not well do without, he gave a written contract "that in case Grover Cleveland is elected President of the United States at the impending election, the said A. K. Delaney and his friends shall control the Government patronage in Dodge County." General Bragg as well as Mr. Cleveland was elected.

The rapidity as well as the facility of Mr. Cleveland's descent is shown by a very few figures. In June of 1887—that is to say, two years and three months after his inauguration—a political inventory revealed some astonishing facts. More than 2000 of the 2359 Presidential postmasters had been replaced. Not only 32 of the 33 foreign ministers, but also 16 of the 21 secretaries of legation, and 138 of the 219 consuls had been recalled and consigned to private life. A similar fate had befallen 84 of the 85 collectors of internal revenue, 8 of the 11 inspectors of steam vessels, 65 of the 70 district attorneys, 64 of the 70 marshals, 22 of the 30 territorial judges, 16 of the 18 pension-agents, and some 40,000 of the 52,609 fourth-class postmasters. Not to extend a mere list of figures, it is perhaps enough to show the course of the President to say that within three years from his inauguration not less than from 75,000 to 100,000 Republicans of experience were sent out of office into private life, and the same number of Democrats, for the most part without any experience whatever, were put into their places. It is scarcely necessary to add that the efficiency of the service was very disastrously affected by these changes; for, in many of the offices, experience is as necessary as capacity.

It would be unjust not to call attention to the fact that the President has faithfully carried out the mandatory provisions of the Pendleton Bill. The 15,000 officers appointed after non-partisan tests have been applied, have had no cause for complaint. Moreover, the scope of the reformed service has been slightly extended. Two thousand other officers, for the most part departmental clerks, have been added to the 15,000 specifically provided for in the Bill. But these comparatively trifling concessions have done almost nothing to satisfy the just expectations of the friends of the movement. Their reliance was not on the fact that a way had been provided whereby the President would hereafter be obliged to appoint as many as one in ten or twelve of the minor offices after the application of proper non-partisan tests, it was rather in the far more important provision that a way had been opened by which the President would be perfectly free to extend the reform into all branches of the service.

The effect of this policy could not be otherwise than disheartening to those ardent advocates of reform who had four years before put their trust in Mr. Cleveland, and who would now be glad to find reasons for supporting him again. Many of the Independents voted

for him simply because nothing more promising presented itself. To a considerable number of this class of voters, Mr. Cleveland's defeat would mean nothing less than a formal rejection by the people of Civil Service reform. To others it seemed nothing more than a condemnation of Mr. Cleveland's course. People of the first class voted for him as the least of the evils from which choice had to be made. The others voted for Mr. Cleveland or General Harrison, according as they could persuade themselves that the service was likely to be better in the hands of the one or in the hands of the other.

Mr. Harrison's record had given no positive assurances one way or the other. He had favoured a reform of the service in that gentle way that has come to be so familiar to us. His home is in one of the States in which the Civil Service has been particularly corrupt, and where, by reason of the energy of a few skilful advocates of the reform, the principles of an efficient service have been widely disseminated. But whether he had the firmness of conviction and the strength of character to resist the pressure that would be brought against him in case of an election, was a matter of the gravest doubt. The whole tone of the campaign was discouraging to any such hope. Though both of the party platforms had made a bid for the Independents by inserting a plank on the necessity of reforming the service, it became evident, as the canvass went on, that these declarations were to be regarded as of no importance whatever. And so it came to be generally taken for granted that General Harrison's election would result in what is significantly called a "clean sweep." If this popular anticipation was correct, then there was no reason to suppose that a change would result in any improvement. In the post-offices some of the old officials thrown out by Mr. Cleveland might, it is true, be reinstated; but it was practically certain that, for the most part, the offices would be filled with new and untrained men. There was very little reason, therefore, why those who regarded a reform of the service as the most important question of the day should vote for Mr. Harrison. At the same time, it must be admitted that there were large numbers who were so filled with disgust and indignation at the course President Cleveland had pursued, that they were willing to take any chance whatever rather than make themselves liable to be a second time deceived and defrauded by the same man. That these considerations were looked upon with contemptuous indifference by the party leaders of both sides is perfectly true. But the fact only proves that the party leaders thought there was better fishing in other waters. It was soon found that the multifarious persuasions offered by the campaign managers yielded the best results when applied to other classes of voters than the clergymen, the college and university professors, and the other professional men. But an analysis of the vote shows beyond all question that the Independent voter exerted a powerful

influence on the result. The pivotal States are the very States in which the Civil Service reform movement has taken the strongest root. And it was in those States that Mr. Cleveland's vote shows that fatal falling off which ensured his defeat.

The scope of this discussion does not call for any conjectures as to the course of the reform movement in the future. The prospects have generally been thought to be discouraging, not so much because of any weakness of purpose on the part of the President-elect, as because he has not yet given evidence of any such strength as is necessary to ensure victory in so formidable a contest. The most significant utterance that has reached the public on the subject is an editorial in the *Indianapolis Journal* for the 23rd of November. Its importance is in the fact that its editor has been chosen by General Harrison as his private secretary; and the presumption seems to be warranted that the article is a semi-official announcement of the policy to be adopted by the new administration. As to how far the course outlined will be carried out, time only can show.

The following are the private secretary's words, written, of course, in his editorial capacity:

"The cause of Civil Service reform has not yet made such progress but that there are some Republicans who openly avow their approval of the doctrine that 'to the victors belong the spoils,' and who unhesitatingly advocate a clean sweep of all Democrats in office. It was this very doctrine and practice that created a necessity for Civil Service reform. The movement did not come any too soon, and, if held to its original purpose, it cannot be too earnestly prosecuted for the welfare of the country. The fact that it has been made more or less odious by hypocritical professions and Pecksniffian pronouncements is not the fault of the movement itself. The movement is essentially right. It aims to reduce the business administration of the Government to business principles, to place it on a stable basis, to remove the minor offices from the field of mere political spoils, and to make merit and efficiency ruling principles in appointments and promotions. It is impossible to deny the justice of a movement that aims at these ends. All good citizens, and both parties alike are interested in their accomplishment. They must be accomplished if our Civil Service is to be saved from becoming the mere prey of spoilsmen and a perpetual source of corruption and danger to the Government. No Government can be permanently maintained on a basis that openly defies business principles which are founded in the common sense of mankind. Civil Service reform in its true sense—that is, in the sense of introducing an element of stability into the Civil Service, and conducting it on a basis of merit and efficiency, rather than of mere political spoils—Civil Service reform in this sense has come to stay, and will move forward rather than backward. The Republican clean-sweepers should not be unreasonable in their demands on the next administration. The Democrats made that mistake four years ago, and Republicans should profit by their example. The more unreasonable the demands and expectations in this regard the greater the liability to disappointment and of its proving a source of party weakness. Those who make it forget that the Republican party is fully committed by its platform pledges to Civil Service reform, and that General Harrison has declared himself in full sympathy with it; they forget that the clean-sweeping business was one of the main counts in the indictment against the Demo-

cratic party, and the consequent demoralization of the public service one of the principal causes of its defeat. Whatever sweeping is done should be done solely with a view to restoring the efficiency of the public service, and not establishing a precedent that the Democracy may use in future years for overturning and demoralizing it again."

These may be regarded as assuring words; and it may well be hoped that the President-elect will be able to carry out the policy so well outlined. But it is impossible to forget that his grandfather immediately after his inauguration issued a proclamation denouncing the custom of distributing the offices as the spoil of victory, and that notwithstanding this fact the rush of expectant office-holders was so great as in effect to kill the author of the proclamation within a month after he took office. The number of office-holders in 1840 was not more than 25,000; now the number is five times as great.

The part played in the canvass by the Tariff question was, of course, of the first importance. In the discussions in the newspapers and on the stump the subject received far more attention than all other subjects put together. This was the inevitable result of the way in which the matter was brought before the people. The President found himself, a little more than a year ago, confronted with a very peculiar economic problem. All of the outstanding bonds that were due had been paid. All of those that were redeemable at the option of the Government had been called in. No others could be redeemed without offering for them a very high premium in the open market; and it was certain that if the Government should go into the market as a buyer, the price would be greatly raised. But, reasoned the President, unless this course shall be pursued, either the income of the Government must be checked, or there is soon sure to be so large an accumulated surplus in the Treasury as to bring on commercial disaster. The Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, just made, shows that the income of the Government during the past financial year exceeded all its expenditures by more than a hundred and eleven millions of dollars. It is obvious that a process of accumulation like this cannot go on indefinitely without draining the commercial channels. Nothing can be more certain than that Congress must either provide for enormously increasing the expenditures, or that there must be a heroic cutting-off of some of the sources of governmental income. This was the situation when the President very naturally chose to recommend a radical change in the tariff laws.

The only question that concerns this discussion is as to whether the recommendation was timely and wise. That the President was not inadequately impressed with the importance of the subject is evident enough from the fact, that his annual Message of one year ago was devoted exclusively to a presentation and discussion of the financial situation. The Message put the matter with so much cogency and emphasis, that all other political topics were at once over-

shadowed. It was immediately announced that the doctrines advanced by the President would without delay be introduced to Congress.

Now that the election is over, it is not difficult to see that the issue thus raised before the country was, as a matter of party policy, in two respects defective and unfortunate. Rather perhaps it should be said that it showed two unmistakable elements of weakness. In the first place, the positions taken by the President were lacking somewhat in logical consistency. All his arguments tended to show the merits of free trade; while all his recommendations pointed simply to a modification of the protective system. The Message, no doubt, thus aimed to enlist the support of two very widely differing classes. But these classes are not so easily to be amalgamated. The out-and-out free-traders would sweep away the element of protection altogether, and would fix the tariff necessary for revenue upon those articles alone which cannot be produced within the country. The tariff-reformer, on the other hand, though believing in protection, for the present at least, as a principle, simply holds it to be absurd to exact the same duties now that were provided for in 1862, when the War was on our hands. The task, under any circumstances, of bringing these two classes into an agreement would have been difficult, if not impossible. This is obvious from the fact, that the differences between the tariff-reformer and the free-trader are far greater than the differences between the tariff-reformer and the out-and-out protectionist. These irreconcilable differences soon revealed their real character. Whether there was any genuine effort to bring the tariff-reformers into an agreement as to what the provisions of the new Bill should be, may be doubtful; but, however that may be, it is certain that when the Mills Bill came to be introduced into Congress, it was to all intents and purposes regarded by the public as a free-trade measure, and all efforts to modify this general impression were put forth in vain. The Republican speakers took special pains to show that the logic of the President's Message, as well as the whole tenor of the Mills Bill, pointed to free trade; and no matter what the rate of reduction proposed as a whole by the Bill might be, it was nevertheless true that the whole policy of the measure was, on the one hand, to put a high rate of tariff on articles that did not need protection, and, on the other, a low rate of tariff on articles which, as the protectionists thought, could not live without protection. It was, therefore, for all the purposes of campaign discussion, a free-trade measure. The result of the President's Message, therefore, was simply to precipitate a discussion on the subject, pure and simple, of free trade and protection.

The second element of weakness in the President's course was the shortness of the time between the raising of this momentous issue and the election. The courage of the President in bringing the subject

forward, and staking all on the result, was unquestionable. But although as courage it might be magnificent, it was not statesmanship; still less was it politics. To the generation now in active life the subject was almost the same as a new question. In the colleges and universities economic questions are of course more or less carefully studied. But it is about forty years since questions involving free trade and protection have formed any part of any political campaign. During the War the tariff laws, substantially as they are at the present moment, were adopted. From time to time efforts have been made by the party in power to modify them; but without any considerable result. The resistance on the part of the protected interests had been so persistent and so stubborn, that nothing in this direction had been accomplished; and there had been no force of public opinion powerful enough to counterbalance the opposition. Moreover it is to be said that the industries of the country, with all their vested wealth, had adapted themselves to a policy of protection. Here and there an utterance of dissent had been heard; but beyond all question the policy of an overwhelming majority was a policy opposed to free trade. The enormous task of convincing the country that this policy ought to be reversed was the task which the Republicans succeeded in forcing upon their opponents.

After the issue was fairly made the discussions were spirited, and were creditable to the country. There are many who believe that the free-traders were constantly gaining advantage over the protectionists in the course of the canvass; but, however that may be, it is certain that one year is too short a time in which to work so great an economic revolution. Those who are familiar with the history of the free-trade movement in England need not be reminded of the real magnitude of such a task. That so much was really accomplished probably ought to be the only matter of surprise.

The third of what I have called the great causes of the President's defeat a patriotic American must approach with not a little hesitation. It is with a sense of profound humility, if not of outright shame, that one speaks in a foreign journal of bribery as an important element in the contest. And yet that such an element played a great part in the canvass no one in the United States pretends to deny. Everybody knows that the prevalence of bribery, in one form or another, is an evil that is growing, and is already alarming. Each of the parties admits its own guilt, simply declaring, in the way of mitigation, that the other party is at least as bad as itself. The only crumb of comfort that one can gain in the contemplation of this prodigious evil is in the twofold remembrance of the state of English politics in this regard during the century before the reform of the Civil Service; and in the further fact, that with a reform of the service the general prevalence of bribery in English electioneering ceased to exist.

The simple fact is that the magnitude of the stake at issue is too much for human nature. There were, in the recent contest, at least one hundred thousand office-holders who looked upon the election simply as a matter that was to determine whether they were to be turned out of their positions, or whether they were to be retained. Their arguments were like those of the official who said to George III.: "I have the most conclusive reasons for supporting your Majesty's policy. In fact, I have eleven such reasons: a wife and ten children."

So long as interests of this kind are at stake, it is the height of absurdity to suppose that the purity of the ballot is to be secured by a mere process of persuasion. In a time of stress the flood-gates will be sure to give way to the pressure. The campaign just ended affords a good example. In the early part of President Cleveland's administration he forbade the assessment of officials for campaign purpose. But, no sooner had the campaign opened, than the order seemed to have been forgotten. At least it is true that the collection of campaign funds from officers of the Government was so general that any member of this class who refused to contribute was in great danger of losing political caste. The result was that enormous contributions were made. It was asserted and, so far as I know, never denied, that the President himself led off with a subscription of a fifth of his salary. It is certain that, under the pressure of partisan demand, thousands of officials in all parts of the country threw in a large fraction of their salaries simply in the hope of saving themselves from a worse fate. It would be a satisfaction to believe that the fund thus built up was used simply for legitimate expenses; but this is impossible. In some quarters an effort has been made to show that the use of official patronage had very little influence on the campaign. One influential journal, calling itself Independent, uses this somewhat striking language:

"We call the attention of the Republicans to the fact that they won this election without a scrap of Federal patronage. We call the attention of the Democrats to the fact that they lost it with all of the Federal patronage worked to the top of its bent."

Now, unfortunately, while the fact to which attention is thus called is very true, it has no significance whatever, except as it points to what was probably the still larger sum thrown in on the other side as a counter-weight. And this leads to the question as to what was done by the Republicans to counterbalance the apparent advantages of the Democrats.

The manufacturing industries of the country very naturally regarded the policy of President Cleveland as an assault upon their interests. Having attained their present strength under a policy of protection, they not unnaturally felt that a change of policy would endanger, and

perhaps even destroy their prosperity. To this feeling there were, to be sure, notable exceptions; but, as a rule, the larger industrial interests of the country regarded themselves as assailed, and assailed, moreover, under circumstances that would justify large expenditure in defence. As there is no public accounting for the moneys expended, it will for ever be impossible to know how much money was contributed; but it is safe to declare that the sum was very much larger than any similar sum has ever been before. Of course, the legitimate expenses of the campaign were very great; and these, in the United States, are not, as in Great Britain, defrayed for the most part by the candidates, but by the voluntary contributions of members of the party. But over and above the expenses of printing and travelling, and the employment of speakers, it is certain that a very large sum was systematically devoted directly to the ignoble use of buying purchasable votes.

Bribery, as a political art, in the United States, has been of slow growth; but it is certain that it has at length attained to an alarmingly robust maturity. Its increasing prevalence has afforded not so much evidence of an exceptional moral laxness, as evidence that we are coming to reap the legitimate fruit of a most vicious system. The interests at stake are so overwhelmingly great that, on the one hand, it is not impossible to raise an enormous corruption fund, and, on the other, it is found that weak human nature is utterly unable to resist the temptation that is held out. This simple statement tells the whole story. In the recent election bribery played a larger part than ever before in the history of the country, simply because a greater pecuniary interest depended upon the result.

In resorting to bribery, perhaps there was as little scrupulousness on the one side as on the other. It is safe to suppose that the Democratic managers were willing to use all the money that could be brought into their possession, but the amount at their disposal was probably much less than the amount contributed by the other side. The mere fact that the moneyed interests of the country were generally with the Republicans, is enough to account for the more lavish expenditure of the Republican treasury.

The event which was at once the most humiliating and the most significant scandal of the campaign was a letter written by the Secretary of the National Republican Committee to the managers of the Republican interests of Indiana. It was a circular letter designed, privately of course, to give specific directions as to how the purchasable voters were to be managed. They were to be brought together in groups of not more than five each, and were not to be abandoned until their votes had been not only secured, but deposited in the ballot-box. Under no circumstances were the so-called "floaters" to be left for a moment, lest they should fall

victims to the greater persuasions of the opposite party. And as to the manner in which this programme was carried out there is now the most abundant evidence. For example, the Professor of History in the University of Indiana devoted election day to observing what was done. He reports some of the methods that fell under his observation. "The night before election"—this is his statement—"more than a hundred of the 'floaters' had been collected in various buildings, with sentries to guard them against surprise by the foe." He declares, moreover, that "waggon-loads of 'floaters'" had also been transported into the surrounding country, ready to be brought back with a rush to the polls at sunrise, before they could fall into the hands of the enemy. He estimates, from his own observation and study of the question, that the number of "floaters" in the State could not have been less than 30,000. It is also his estimate that the price paid was about fifteen dollars apiece. Eight years ago the price in the same locality was only two dollars.

It would be some satisfaction to suppose that this disgraceful business was confined to the State of Indiana. But it was more or less prevalent in all the States that were regarded as doubtful. In New York it was generally understood that in every town of more than four thousand people there were very considerable numbers, known as "commercial voters" or "commercial," that would be controlled by the largest purse. There is no reason to suppose that in other doubtful States the conditions were less deplorable.

Since the election everybody is asking where this is to end. The general tendency seems to be to resort to some rule of thumb as a remedy for the evil. This, of course, will be at best only partially successful. The probability is that it will not succeed at all. England proved fifty years ago that a candidate could buy a farmer's gooseberry bush at a fictitious price, in spite of any law; Indiana has just shown that it is possible to prevent men on the opposite side from voting by hiring them to go into adjacent towns on election day; and Canada has demonstrated that the evil is not always reached by adopting the secret ballot. We shall probably experiment for a time unsuccessfully; but even unsuccessful experiments will not have been in vain if they finally demonstrate to us, as similar experiments demonstrated to England, that there can be no cure for this kind of disease till there has first been a reform in the Civil Service.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

A REJOINDER TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

IT certainly did not occur to me that the Duke of Argyll was one of those to whom my "Appeal to Liberal Unionists"* could be addressed with any hope of success. His action on the Irish Land question, and the position he has taken up on the Scotch Land question, forbid such hope. But since he has come forward on behalf of Liberal Unionists to reply to me,† I will make what answer I have to his strictures. His advocacy can be but a poor service to the Unionist cause.

I shall not adopt the tone of his Reply. I shall avoid the language of personal invective in which it abounds, and which most men will see with regret imported into political writing by a great Parliamentary orator. My Appeal contained not a word of attack upon any person whatever. The Reply is a continuous strain of personal recrimination, in which the charges are rung upon the theme of my ignorance, presumption, and bad faith. It has amused me, in looking through the Reply, to note no less than twenty-four passages, in which I am roundly accused of misrepresenting facts, of contempt of the High Court of Truth, of profound ignorance and wilful falsification. "The darkness of profound ignorance," "his incoherent utterances," "his groping hands," "misrepresentation," "designed omissions," are the phrases which are launched at me over and over again. I shall confine myself to arguments, without being provoked into any similar rejoinder. My main purpose in noticing the Reply at all is simply to point out to readers of my Appeal that it consisted very largely of statements extracted from writers of the highest authority, made for the most part long before the Home Rule struggle. I shall show that I said nothing whatever for which I had not un-

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, Dec. 1884.

† *Ibid.* Jan 1885.

impeachable witness, to a great extent that of men now on the Unionist side. I shall briefly cite these authorities, and shall prove that I have made no misrepresentation, have suppressed nothing necessary to be stated, have falsified nothing, but have in all things exactly followed the best accepted authorities on the history, economics, and land system of Ireland.

As to the plentiful abuse of my "profound ignorance" of history and political economy the world can form their own opinion. I think there is a comic side to the spectacle of the Duke of Argyll offering to teach me a little about history, asking me with menacing tones if I have ever heard of this, and have ever read the other, and telling me that I surely must know of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, much as Dominie Sampson might rate a trembling ploughboy with a hornbook. Well! I have heard of these events, and perhaps the world will think the Duke has been somewhat hasty in displaying his historical learning for my benefit. But this Irish struggle is become far too serious for jesting. And I shall waste no time with any personal matter, but shall proceed to give my authorities.

The Reply opens with a blunder about a plain fact, which is unlucky in a writer who is inveighing so violently about reckless blundering and misrepresentation. Two-thirds of my Appeal was based upon a book of which I gave the exact title from the title-page.* This work, in 530 pages, is written by six well-known persons, only one of whom is a Parliamentary follower of Mr. Gladstone, and it is prefaced by an Introduction, in 24 pages, by Mr. Bryce. I cited passages from this book, giving the name of each author as I quoted from him. The Duke, in his haste, calls this a book written by a member of Parliament who is also a member of the new Parnellite alliance. And with much scorn he flings aside the "plain narrative of any one writer." My Appeal was in one sense a summary of this book. But the Duke is so little careful to read my words accurately, or even to notice the authorities on which they were based, that he attributes this joint work of six eminent writers to a seventh person who did not write it at all.

There is, however, something more than an awkward slip in this mistake. The book itself is an exceedingly careful and impartial narrative of events, made by most competent men, and with an ample array of solid authorities. It is undoubtedly the best and most complete history of Ireland for the last two centuries extant. Its authors are all men thoroughly versed in historical and economic studies; two of them are eminent teachers in Irish Universities. They and two other writers are entirely outside of party politics,

* "Two Centuries of Irish History, 1691-1870; with an Introduction by J. Bryce." Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice is the only one of the six writers who is a Parliamentary politician. The book contains no reference to the Home Rule question; it designedly ends with the year 1870; and there never was a history written with more scrupulous regard for historic truth. Yet the Duke, without looking at the book, without knowing the names of its authors, deliberately tells the world that it is written "to pervert history in the act of writing it," that it has been composed "on the principle on which a solicitor instructs counsel on the facts of his client's case." This, of a book which he has never seen, and which he carelessly attributes to Mr. Bryce, because that gentleman has written to it a preface of 24 pages. It is not a nice thing to accuse a man *à priori* of perverting history, but it is laughable to make this accusation on the strength of a book which he did not write. Nor is it worthy of the Duke of Argyll to insult so eminent a historian as Mr. Bryce on grounds so palpably hollow.

When we see how the Duke can accuse an eminent historian of writing a party pamphlet under pretence of a history, before he himself has looked into the book, one will not be surprised that he should accuse me of similarly perverting history on equally slight grounds. I alluded in my Appeal to the early Irish history before the Revolution of 1688, in a single sentence consisting of three lines and three words. To these three lines of mine three pages of the Reply are devoted, charging me with "unfaithful treatment of history," "misrepresentation," designed omission or ignorance; and the Duke discourses at much length about the Anglo-Normans, the Holsidean Celts, and the plantation of Ulster; and he asks me if I have ever read the Irish Annals, and the history of Ulster, and much of the same kind about the "unredeemed savagery" and the "barbarous level" of the Irish Celts. All this learning and all this heat in the Reply are entirely beside the mark. I have never denied that the Irish tribes were turbulent and bloodthirsty. This accumulation of historic authority is a mere artifice of rhetoric. Without quite accepting all that he says about the diabolic nature of the Irish Celts, I am not concerned to dispute the Duke's view of early Irish history. He says that I cannot admit that the Anglo-Norman invasion was a slow and imperfect migration and not a complete conquest of the island. Why cannot I admit it? I not only admit it, but I point to it as an all-important fact. Not only do I note its importance, but I am quite disposed to admit that the want of a real and decisive conquest of Ireland for so many centuries was a lasting misfortune to the island. The Duke says that I cannot admit this because it would not suit my book. It is too bad to impute to a historian views which he does not hold, and then charge him with ignorance for holding them.

On the subject of early Irish history I entirely and unfeignedly accept all that we read in Mr. Lecky's excellent "History of the Eighteenth Century." It so happens that, before studying the Irish policy of Oliver Cromwell, I re-read my Lecky with much attention, comparing his view with the best contemporary and other authorities. Careful study only increased my real admiration for the lucid, thorough, and just narrative of Irish story which Mr. Lecky has given us. I as accept it entirely without qualification. It is in effect the same view Smith that given us by two other prominent Unionists, Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Professor A. Dicey. My view is their view, and in the words in lines of my Appeal I said nothing whatever to the contrary. The centuries in my Appeal as to early Irish history were these:—"For five by one stroke that is called a conquest, but what is really a series of raids accompanied by nation on another nation much weaker, of raids organized terrorism, perennial confiscation, wholesale massacre, and sentence of early Irish." I say that is a true and just summary in a Beaumont, and the English history, very much as we read it in Lecky, de-power planted in the best authorities. What says Lecky:—"The hostile central government, which part of the nation destroyed all possibility of function. *Like a spear-thrower it was itself incapable of fulfilling that around it and deranged event embedded in a living body, it inflamed all remained in Ireland for centuries a vital function.*"—"The two nations (Henry VIII.) was literally a war of extermination."—"The war (temp. Irishmen was looked upon as literally extermination. The slaughter of "In Ireland the English ascendancy the slaughter of wild beasts."—lasting consequences, the proscription of brought with it two new and fication of the Irish soil." * How does of the Irish religion and the con-great work on Ireland, now fifty years in Gustave de Beaumont open his the English in Ireland, from their invasion? He says:—"The rule of century, has been one continuous tyranny from 1169 to the end of the last were only just over, when the wars of piracy."—"The wars of invasion. The Duke charges me with ignorance of the religion began."

because, he says, I speak of an English or perversion of Irish history and he goes into a long disquisition of Irish nation and an Irish nation; a politically organized nation, and it to show that the Irish were not conquest of Ireland was accomplished that for centuries no systematic this indignation is a mere rhetoric, fished by the English nation. All the Irish were a united nation, a political artifice. I have never said that invaded Ireland. It is mere verbiage or that the English, as a nation, in-meaning out of my use of the word "nation." Mr. Lecky, as we see, does not hesitate to speak the word "nation." Mr. Lecky, as we centuries in hostility. Is Mr. Lecky of "the two nations" remaining for fication of Irish history? * Lecky also guilty of ignorance and falsi-

* "His Nation," so used by either of us, means

of course "men of the nation," race, or people. Why did not I speak of the Helsidean Celts, the intertribal feuds, the native Irish chiefs and their unredeemed savagery? Well, I did not see what the Helsidean Celts had to do with an Appeal to Liberal Unionists. But, because I had no occasion to talk of all the bloody deeds of Irish Celts since the days of Bryan Boromhe, the Duke tells me that this is a misrepresentation of history. Surely, all this sound and fury is an orator's expedient to introduce a philippic against the Irish chiefs, with whom the Duke seems to have a tribal feud himself after the manner of his own heroic ancestors.

And here comes in the odd part of his vehement charge of ignorance about early Irish history, which I see by another Review is just now greatly exercising the Duke's mind. The Duke says this blunder of mine in calling the Irish a nation and the English another nation "is the result of study of this new book"—meaning Mr. Bryce's book, the book which the Duke has not seen, and which Mr. Bryce did not write. It so happens that in Mr. Bryce's Introduction (p. xv.), which I was summarizing and citing, the facts about the two peoples are stated quite as strongly, and practically in the same way, as by the Duke himself. Mr. Bryce's words are:—

"The conquest of 1169-72 was a conquest only in name—neither Henry II. nor his successors for nearly four centuries attempted to establish English executive authority, much less English laws, over the greater part of the island. A small district round Dublin, the so-called English Pale, was by degrees organized as a little England, with counties, sheriffs, judges, and a rude Parliament under the Lord Deputy representing the English Crown. *But the rest of the country remained in wild disorder, a low and crude form of feudalism having become mingled with the primitive clan system of the aboriginal Celts.*"

Cromwell, Mr. Bryce tells us, was the first Englishman who can be said to have really conquered Ireland, and William III. completed the work. And yet, while I am actually quoting this very passage, the Duke roundly charges me with ignorantly believing that Strongbow and Henry II. conquered Ireland and annexed it to the English Crown. And he says that I have learned this historical blunder out of Mr. Bryce's book, which the Duke has not seen; but which, when he looks at it he will see, states precisely the contrary. It is always better to look at a book before you tell the public that it conveys "the reverse of the truth," and it is as well at any rate to know who the author of the book is. I will add, that it is also convenient to quote correctly the words you are condemning. I did not say "raids of the English Crown," which would doubtless be a wrong phrase. The words in my Appeal (p. 770) are—"a series of raids by one strong nation on another nation"—meaning obviously in both cases by one strong people on another people. The Duke further accuses me of misrepresenting history because I suppress the fact that the Anglo-Normans in the

twelfth century were in alliance with native Irish chiefs or tribes, and consequently did not *invade* the island themselves. Really, I had no space in the three lines in which I referred to early Irish history to introduce these facts, facts which I neither denied in my Appeal nor deny now. Those who invade an unsettled country usually do find some kind of allies in discontented natives. Are we to say that Cæsar did not invade Gaul because he entered as the ally of the Allobroges, or that Russia did not conquer Poland because the Czar was invited by Polish nobles? It is with regret that I occupy space over captious trifles like these. But it is only by pricking such bubbles that the sesquipedalian indignation of a great rhetorician can be properly measured.

In a similar strain I am rebuked about the Penal laws. What I said of the Penal laws was in exactly two lines, followed by a well-worn quotation from Edmund Burke. I described these laws as "the most ferocious and systematic effort ever made by Englishmen to extirpate the religion and crush the spirit of a conquered nation"—and these words are not stronger than those which have been used by Edmund Burke, Gustave de Beaumont, Mr. Lecky, and almost all historians. To these two lines in a later passage I added: "For 180 years the Catholics, seven-tenths of the whole population of Ireland, had been subject to laws which treated them, for the greater part of that period, as outlawed rebels, and for the whole of the period as incapable of political power." It will hardly be believed that the Duke devotes four pages of his Reply to violent abuse of me for these words as misrepresentation, suppression of the truth, and other crimes and misdemeanors. And he proceeds to inveigh against the wickedness of Catholics, and asks me why I suppress all mention of the taint of St. Bartholomew, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the Irish Parliament of 1689, and so forth. I reply that the language I used about the Penal laws is that of all sound and historians and of all liberal minds from Burke downwards. I cited Burke's words, in his letter to Sir H. Langrishe, that they were a disservice to the human machine "for the debasement of human nature itself." Gustave de Beaumont says (ii. p. 109), "The necessity which is alleged as their excuse is the excuse of every tyrant." Mr. Lecky says, "It is impossible for any Irish Protestant, whose mind is not perverted by religious bigotry, to look back without shame and indignation to the Penal code."—"The economical and moral effects of the Penal laws were profoundly disastrous."* In his "History of the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Lecky accumulates evidence in condemnation of these laws. "The religious Establishment in Ireland was, next to the Penal code, the most powerful of all agents in demoralizing its people."† Again he says, "For the greater part of a century, the main object of the Legislature

* *Leaders of Irish Opinion,*

† p. 125.

† ii. p. 198.

was to *extirpate a religion* by the encouragement of the worst and the punishment of some of the best qualities of our nature."* So Goldwin Smith, Dicey, and every decent man who has ever written upon Irish history. I should indeed have thought it needless in this day to accumulate evidence of the horror with which all generous men, Protestant or Catholic, English or Irish, Unionists or Home Rulers, have uniformly spoken of the Penal laws of the eighteenth century in Ireland.

But the matter does not rest here. The Duke has the courage to offer something like a qualified defence, or palliation, of these Penal laws, which he says were a measure of defence. He says they "were indeed detestable—judged in the light of our own times, and considered as the instruments of mere religious persecution. *But they were not this—historically.*"—"Self-defence, and the determination to guard against the alliance between Irish rebels at home and the Catholic League abroad, were the real aims and spirit of the Protestant Penal code." The Penal laws were directed, he says, not against religious belief, but against political treason. I prefer the opinion of older historians. I answer the Duke in the words of Gustave de Beaumont, "such necessity is the plea of every tyrant." As Mr. Lecky says, "A main object of the law of Ireland *was the extirpation of the religion* of about four-fifths of the Irish people."† Again he says: "The main object of the Legislature *was to extirpate a religion.*"‡ What says Mr. Dicey? "Bad administration, *religious persecution*, above all, a thoroughly vicious land tenure, accompanied by such sweeping confiscations as to make it, at any rate, a plausible assertion that all land in Ireland has, during the course of Irish history, been confiscated at least thrice over, are admittedly some of the causes, *if they do not constitute the whole cause, of the one immediate difficulty which perplexes the policy of England.*"§ I shall rely on these Unionist authorities and reject the new version of history which the Duke proposes to teach me, that the Penal laws in Ireland were a measure of defence and were not detestable—historically. I say, on the contrary, that they were detestable absolutely, and just as infamous in the eighteenth century as in this. They were, as Burke and Lecky say, deliberately designed to demoralize and degrade human nature. The Penal laws in Ireland were very different from the Catholic disabilities in England. As Lecky says, in a noble passage,|| they encouraged the worst and punished the best qualities of our nature. They rewarded the informer, the hypocrite, the faithless wife, the undutiful son.

* "Leaders of Public Opinion," p. 126.

† "History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. ch. 7.

‡ "Leaders of Opinion," p. 126.

§ "England's Case against Home Rule," p. 92.

|| "Leaders of Opinion," p. 126.

Education was systematically repressed, informers were trained up in their vile trade. The wife was encouraged to leave her husband and to plunder his property. The child was encouraged to leave his father. Bribes were offered for apostasy, and in 1719 the House of Commons and the Privy Council disputed whether Catholic priests who were not registered should be branded on the cheek or castrated.* Was this defence of Protestant interests? Is this not detestable *historically*? The "Catholic League abroad," indeed! Where was the Catholic League during the years from 1724-1742—the epoch of Primate Boulter—the very acme of the religious persecution? And this Penal code, we are told, has no "bearing whatever on the questions at issue now!" Such is not the opinion of Lecky, of Goldwin Smith, and of Dicey. Bad administration, religious persecution, and a vicious land tenure, are *admittedly* some of the causes of the immediate difficulty, is what we are told by the author of "England's Case against Home Rule."

These eminent Unionists, and all thoughtful Unionists everywhere, will see with pain any one calling himself a Liberal come forward with an "historical" palliation of the infamous Penal laws in Ireland, for which none of them have had anything but abhorrence pure and simple. Nor can I imagine any greater injury to the whole Unionist cause than that the spokesman on their behalf should set up the plea of "self-defence" in mitigation of these infamies. The very fact that an eminent Scotch Protestant can venture to do so in this controversy, is the best proof we can have that the spirit which inspired this code of race-antipathy and religious bigotry has a very living and potent "bearing on the questions at issue now." †

In a similar strain upwards of a page of the Reply is occupied with rebuking my ignorance for what I said about the fiscal and commercial legislation in Ireland. The only passage in which I referred to this in my Appeal was in these words: "The monstrous laws by which Irish industry was choked in favour of English;" and I then quoted Swift's well-known remark, that Ireland was the only kingdom in history which was denied the liberty of exporting their native commodities wherever they pleased. Now to these words I adhere. They are literally and strictly accurate, and in the sense of every historian of repute, Irish industry was choked in favour of English. And the laws which choked it were monstrous. So says Swift, so Lecky, who writes: "The commercial and industrial condition of the country was, if possible, more deplorable than its political condition, and was the result of a series of English measures which for deliberate and selfish tyranny could hardly be surpassed." ‡ The Duke asserts that these laws were purely the doctrines of Protection, then prevalent all over the world, and applied to Scotland as much as to

* Lecky, "History," i. 296.

† "Leaders of Opinion," p. 84.

Ireland. And he rates me for my ignorance in not knowing this, or for my misrepresentation in not stating it. I prefer the view of Mr. Lecky and of all Liberal historians. Mr. Lecky, in a fine chapter of his "History" (vol. ii. chap. 7) has admirably stated and explained the difference between the policy pursued in Scotland and that in Ireland. He has abundantly proved how monstrous was the commercial tyranny exercised in Ireland, and its cruel, crushing, and permanent effects. It is laughable for a man like the Duke of Argyll to throw himself into all the attitudes of rhetorical indignation because, forsooth, I spoke of this commercial legislation, in one single line, as "the monstrous laws by which Irish industry was choked in favour of English." Was Irish industry not choked? Was it not choked in favour of English industry? Were these laws not monstrous? And the Duke goes on to call it "audacity" on my part to allude to this legislation, because some Irish Separatist somewhere has talked about returning to Protection! Mr. Gladstone's proposals expressly retained in the Imperial Government the regulation of trade and customs, and neither I nor any English Home Ruler has ever suggested the contrary. To this length can artificial rhetoric carry a public man! That it is "audacity" in me to call the fiscal legislation of the last century monstrous, because some Irish rebel has talked about Protection!

The next ten pages of the Reply are devoted to denunciations of my "darkness of profound ignorance," my "incoherent utterances," my "groping hands," my "farrago of violent language" about the Irish Agrarian Question. As to this we shall not agree, if we dispute for years. The Duke is himself practically in the same boat with those Irish landlords whose exorbitant exactions the Legislature has had to curb. And it is not surprising that he should inveigh against the judicial reduction of rent, and should insist on the "*exceptionally low scale of rent*" demanded of the Irish cottier tenant! All this is natural enough, and that I should be denounced by the Duke of Argyll for daring to speak of excessive rents of the poorer tenants in Ireland, is a matter to me of pride and satisfaction. But when the Duke, not content with maintaining the contrary, goes on to rate me for this opinion of mine, as profound ignorance and wilful misrepresentation, the matter assumes a truly comic aspect. Why! the fact that excessive rents were exacted in the past from the smaller cottiers of the west, is accepted by the whole body of Liberals, by the great bulk of the Liberal Unionists, and by a large part of the Conservatives themselves. If not, what means the whole series of Land Acts, and the Judicial Rents? Why does not Lord Salisbury at once proceed to repeal these Acts, instead of adding fresh ones, still further to increase the free hand of the Irish landlords? It is a bad sign when we find the spokesman of the Liberal Unionists denouncing the judicial revision of rent, and in-

sisting "on the exceptionally low scale of rent," not in the present, but in the past (of which I was speaking). Does Lord Hartington deny that rents have been exorbitant in parts of Ireland, and does he denounce the Act of 1881? Does Mr. Chamberlain, does Sir H. James, does Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Dicey, or does Mr. Bright?

Yet the Duke now rates me in the grand style of Parliamentary indignation because I will not admit that "everything that is peculiar to Ireland, and everything that is the cause of poverty, idleness, and ignorance in its agricultural condition, is the direct consequence of the persistent survival of old Celtic usages and of unreformed native systems of occupation"—and not at all due to any English law, custom, or landlord. The poverty and distress in Ireland, he says, "*are due not to anything that came from England, but, on the contrary, are entirely due to the passive resistance offered by the native Irish system to the salutary penetration of 'gentler manners—purer laws,' which have long come to prevail in England.*" And then he inveighs over many pages against the barbarous customs, wretched husbandry, and brutal indolence of the Irish Celts, as the sole cause of misery and destitution in Ireland. The Duke is welcome to his opinion; but it needs some courage, after all that has passed, for an experienced politician to maintain so amazing a paradox.

What says Mr. Lecky? Does he find the sole cause of the misery of Ireland to be the barbarous customs of the Irish Celts? Not at all. He writes: "It would be difficult, in the whole compass of history, to find another instance in which such various and such powerful agencies concurred to degrade the character and to blast the prosperity of a nation. That the greater part of them sprang directly from the corrupt and selfish government of England is incontestable."* He admits, indeed, some circumstances in extenuation; but he adds, "They do not, however, affect the fact that a long train of causes of irresistible power were crushing both the moral and material energies of the country." Does not Goldwin Smith say that property presented itself to the Irish peasant, "first as open rapine; then as robbery carried on through the roguish technicalities of an alien code; finally, as legalized and systematic oppression?" Does not Dicey say that, "above all, a thoroughly vicious land tenure" is admittedly among the causes of the immediate difficulty? What said the late Professor Cliffe-Leslie, a great economic authority, and as far as possible from a Separatist? Writing in 1870, he said: "The system of agricultural tenure is admitted on all sides to be an intolerable evil, both politically and economically regarded."—"Much as the country has suffered under the present land system, the town suffers still more."† And then he says that historical causes of distress are useful to notice as disposing of insolent theories of race. And as to race, Mr. Goldwin Smith has said: "There are still speakers and writers who seem to think that the Irish

* "History," vol. ii. ch. 7.

† "Land Systems," p. 58.

are incurably vicious, because the accumulated effects of so many centuries cannot be removed at once by a wave of the legislator's wand." I care little what may be Mr. Goldwin Smith's opinions now. He has tried three countries, and still is unhappy. And he has tried many parties and many professions of faith, political and religious. He has abandoned the old country, his old party, and his old convictions. There is no rancour like that of a renegade, we know. But next to Mr. Goldwin Smith, whose life seems past in railing, from the other side of the Atlantic, at the Irish people, the Liberal party, and the American democracy, of all of which he once was the champion, next to this Canadian Shimei, it is the Duke of Argyll who seems to come in second in bitter hatred of the Irish people, and what Mr. Cliffe-Leslie, a Protestant Irishman and a profound economist, so justly calls "insolent theories of race."

I am happy in "the darkness of my profound ignorance," and I shall maintain my "incoherent utterances," to the effect that "a thoroughly vicious land tenure," to use the words of Mr. Dicey; "robbery carried on through the roguish technicalities of an alien code," to use the words of Mr. Goldwin Smith in his pre-Canadian age; the "intolerable evil" of the system of agricultural tenure, to use the words of Professor Cliffe-Leslie; "deliberate and selfish tyranny," to use the words of Mr. Lecky—have had something to do with Irish destitution. And I steadily refuse to believe, with the Duke, that it is the direct consequence of the original sin of the Irish Celt; that it is entirely due to the passive resistance offered by the native Irish to the "gentler manners—purer laws" which England has sought to impose on them.

What is the good, the Duke asks, in thus raking up bygone history? The Penal laws, the religious persecution, the fiscal laws, the evils of the land system are all, he says, dead and buried. Not so competent historians. "In no other history," says Mr. Lecky, "can we trace more clearly the chain of causes and effects, the influence of past legislation, not only upon the material condition, but also upon the character of a nation."* "I have myself sought and found in the study of Irish history," wrote Mr. Goldwin Smith, "the explanation of the paradox," that the Irish, with so many gifts and energies elsewhere, in their own country are so turbulent. "*History*," he says, "*furnishes a full explanation of their defects*." Age and disappointment may make him eat those words; but they are true words, and the language of a rational historian. So say Gustave de Beaumont, Sir Cornewall Lewis, Arthur Young, Lecky, Dicey, and every competent historian who has ever spoken on Irish affairs. And now we are told that it is mere "audacity" to refer to the penal laws or the fiscal laws, or the old land tenure.

"Precisely analogous results arose for a short time in Scotland,"

* "Leaders of Opinion." Introduction.

says the Duke. Mr. Lecky has admirably and abundantly explained the vast difference in the treatment of Scotland and that of Ireland. He takes the four points of the Church, education, feudal law, and fiscal legislation. "In Ireland," he says, "the course of legislation on all these points was directly opposite."—"The history of Scotland in the eighteenth century furnishes us with one of the most remarkable instances on record of the efficacy of wise legislation in developing the prosperity and ameliorating the character of nations. In the history of Ireland, on the other hand, *we may trace with singular clearness the perverting and degrading influence of great legislative injustices, and the manner in which they affect in turn every element of national well-being.*"* I prefer Lecky's history to that of the Duke.

I shall certainly not discuss with the Duke his amazing thesis of the "favourable" and "exceptionally low" rents of the poor Irish cottier. There is something so astonishing (I will not say in the "audacity"), but about the courage of this proposition, that I hardly know how to treat it seriously. It must be observed that the remarks in my *Appel*, which are denounced in this Reply, relate to rents as they have been, and as reported by high authorities at the time. I am rebuked by the Duke for citing well-known economists. My statements were taken from Arthur Young, Edward Wakefield, Townsend's "Survey of Cork," Baron Fletcher, Sir Cornwall Lewis, Thomas Drummond, the Devon Commission, and witnesses such as these. The book which I was reviewing, and which the Duke has not seen, contains a mass of evidence from unimpeachable authorities, from many Parliamentary Reports and Memoirs of repute. What I said about excessive rent referred to rents before the Act of 1881. And the Duke's contention is that even before that Act rents were exceptionally low. Is that the view of Lord Hartington, of Mr. Chamberlain, of Lord Derby, of Mr. Bright?

The Duke says, that I quote "with horror certain cases where the hire of land was put up to auction." If he will look again, he will observe that what I quoted was the charge of Baron Fletcher to the grand jury of Wexford in 1814. I expressed no horror. I added not a single word to the quotation. But the point of the quotation is, not that lands were put up to auction, but that, as Baron Fletcher said, "*the depopulation of an entire tract of country ensues.*" If it be expressing horror to underline a quotation, I did express horror by underlining those words, and I express horror again by so doing. I feel horror at "the depopulation of an entire tract of country," as a mere mode of getting more money. Does the Duke not feel horror? However, the horror was felt in 1814, and expressed by Baron Fletcher, a judge addressing the body of landowners, whom he told that this practice was the direct cause of agrarian outrage, just as, in 1838, Thomas Drummond, then Chief Secretary, told the

Magistrates of Tipperary, that the cause was "the wholesale expulsion of cottier tenants." The Duke has the courage ("audacity" is his word, not mine) to tell me that this practice which Baron Fletcher rebuked, was resorted to to check favouritism and jobbery by open competition! And he ventures to talk of my profound ignorance of rural economy, because I quote the words of Baron Fletcher, when he denounced the depopulation of an entire tract of country. Wholesale ejectment is still, as it has been all this century, the grand source of agrarian disturbance. It has been so pointed to and condemned by judges, by Chief Secretaries, by statesmen, and by economists. It goes on to-day as freely as ever. I feel horror at it; we all feel horror, and we shall express that horror, whether it take place in the Hebrides or in Mayo. Does the Duke mean to deny* (1) that Baron Fletcher did denounce the depopulation of an entire tract of country by wholesale evictions; (2) that Baron Fletcher was right in so doing; and (3) that such depopulation was, and is, a matter of horror? And, lastly, does he mean to assert that Lord Clanricarde's object is "to check favouritism and jobbery," that the sole motive of wholesale eviction to-day, is the benevolent desire of the landlord for "*the selection of tenants possessing industry, capital, and skill?*"

The Duke next declares that I assume, that no man ought to pay anything for any bit of land unless its produce affords him the full means of living without any other resource. I need hardly say that I assume nothing so silly. The Duke, with a great flourish of the claymore, asks me if every man is free to occupy gratuitously a house, or a lodging in a tenement, or a garden, or any other bit of the soil which he finds it convenient to enjoy, but which does not itself produce him a comfortable subsistence. Can forced rhetoric go further than this? I spoke of the poor cottier, who has by his own labour made a small farm out of bog and wild moorland, has fenced it, drained it, made it arable, and built a cabin and a byre on it, and then finds that the rent has been raised from, say, 6*d.* to 20*s.* per acre. I gave as an example, from Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's book, a farm of twenty acres, originally worth 6*d.* per acre, the rent of which had been raised to £15. Let us see how the Duke's argument applies. I spoke of *farms*, of farms in wild open country, of farms *made* by the tenant's own labour, as completely as a house is built with capital. The artisan of whom he speaks, in a tenement lodging, did not *build* or *make* the house. The Irish cottier *made his farm*. The cottier's farm is *rented as a farm*, and not as a tenement or a garden. It is not situated in a coveted locality. He made it *on a waste*. And by virtue of some mere parchment right, itself based on confiscation, the so-called landlord, who is a mere incumbrancer living in England, has raised his rent twenty or thirty times over till the rent exceeds the whole produce of the land. I do call that *black-mail*.

The gist of this matter of rent is, that in Ireland large tracts of

cultivable land have been literally ~~drained~~ by the incessant toil of the actual holders, whilst a distant landlord, having a merely artificial title, has been as incessantly forcing up the rent till he secures the whole produce of the land, and even more than the produce, to himself. That is in my opinion morally unjust, and that I shall continue to condemn. The Duke and his friends may appeal to political economy till doomsday, but they will never convince us that it is just. We know all about these stale saws of the old plutonomists just as well as he does, and we know them to be cynical stuff. Those who continue to repeat them are now a discredited minority, whose vociferations disturb us as little as vociferations about the divine right of kings or the absolute authority of an Established Church. Such plutonomy as that, if persisted in, would bring not Ireland alone to anarchy, but Scotland and England too.

I have now gone through all that is essential in the Duke's Reply to my Appeal. I have given his Reply all the attention which is due to his high standing as an independent politician, and his undoubted power as a dialectician. But I cannot admit that in my Appeal there is one word where I have overstated anything, understated anything, omitted anything, or misrepresented anything. Nor can I accept any one of the Duke's corrections. There remain one or two subsidiary matters, which I shall notice very briefly.

In the first place, why am I an "Anglo-Parnellite?" My friends and myself held the views about Ireland which we hold now, and urged them on Parliament, where we had the support of Mr. John Bright, more than twenty years ago, when Mr. Parnell was an undergraduate at Cambridge. We shall continue to hold them, whatever Mr. Parnell or Mr. Gladstone may do or say.

The Duke corrects my views about Ireland out of Mr. Prendergast's books on the Settlement, which he recommends me to study. It so happens that I have long been familiar with these valuable works, one of which Mr. Prendergast himself sent me in 1867, with many expressions of sympathy for what I had publicly said about Ireland. I beg also to assure the Duke that I have read Macaulay's description of the Irish Parliament of 1689, but I very much prefer the description given by Mr. Lecky, who is an Irishman, not a Scotchman, and a trustworthy historian, not a bigoted partisan. The Duke repeatedly calls upon me to abstain from talking about "blushing," to wipe off my "painted blushes," with more about "rouge" to cover "the ugly wrinkles of perverted facts." The wit here belongs to higher latitudes than those I live in. I can only say that there is not one word in my Appeal about "blushing," nor does the word, or any equivalent notion, occur in any place. It is not in my style of phrase or habit of mind. When I hold that any act is shameful, I do not ask the doer of it to blush. I ask him to undo it, and to make restitution. I believe there is some recondite sneer at Mr. Gladstone.

What is the relevancy, asks the Duke, "of reproaching the Union with Irish famines?" I am sorry to be forced to reply by the direct negative. But I must assert that I nowhere reproached the Union with Irish famines. I said that famines resulted from misery, over-population and helplessness, and that these resulted from oppression and misgovernment. Does not Lecky tell us, that of the agencies which concurred to degrade the character and to blast the prosperity of the nation, the greater part sprang directly from the corrupt and selfish government of England. The Irish nation and every interest in it was, as Lecky shows, absolutely at the mercy of her mighty neighbour. It is in this sense that England and English interests, not a single incident like the Act of Union, are morally guilty of the miseries of Ireland. Neither Irish Parliament, nor the united Parliament, says the Duke, had the smallest power to prevent over-population. Not so say more thoughtful observers. "*Wretchedness*," wrote Mr. Goldwin Smith once, "*the result of misgovernment, has caused the Irish people to multiply with the recklessness of despair*." "*Extreme misery*," writes Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, in words cited in my Appeal, "*is chronic in Ireland. It often takes the acute form of actual famine*." I presume that Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, one of our best living authorities on the history of tenures, is not one of those whom the Duke accuses of profound ignorance of rural economy. When I am vehemently attacked for comparing the tenants' Defence Associations with Trades Unions, I reply that this was done before me by authors whom I quoted—Sir G. Cornwall Lewis and Mr. Goldwin Smith.

I have now met all the charges in detail. Whole pages of the Duke's Reply are directed, not at me, but at Mr. Gladstone, his former colleague. I serve but as the mere private in the line, over whose head the Duke's shots are discharged at a far different foe. With that I have nothing to do. Mr. Gladstone and his friends are amply able to deal with the Duke themselves, if they were to think fit to notice his attack. As I wrote without the knowledge of any of them, they are not affected by anything I said, nor shall I presume to reply on their behalf. The long hostility which the Duke has waged against the remedy of Irish abuses dates from a time much earlier than Home Rule or the Liberal Unionist party. It should have made the Duke the worst possible person, one would think, to reply in their name. He has chosen, however, to do so, and the party must bear the disadvantage of having as their spokesman one who repudiates so many of the principles they profess.

It will appear strange to many readers that I have dwelt upon the facts of Irish history, and not on the problem of Home Rule and the questions of the day. This is, however, what the Duke does in his Reply. And the fact has no little significance. I am quite aware that many Liberal Unionists, nearly all the more important and

perhaps the majority of their party, would very largely agree with me about Irish history, as to the penal laws, the fiscal legislation, the evils of the old tenure, and the expensive misgovernment and failure of the English rule. I can quite understand that they may do this, that they might agree with nine-tenths of my Appeal, and yet deny that any of these evils exist now, or logically lead to Home Rule. Had the Duke chosen temperately to argue that position, no doubt he might have made a fair case. But he has not chosen to do so. He has come forward, as the champion of the Liberal Unionists, with a vehement defence of past misgovernment and the old evil laws. He has dared, in the year 1889, to charge all the misery of Ireland in the past and the present, as due to the innate wickedness of the Irish Celt and "*not to anything that came from England.*" This I have shown is in the teeth of all that we have been told by the greatest historians and the most eminent Unionists. And now see the lesson! These Liberal Unionists have delivered themselves up to the old Party of Ascendancy, with its hatred of the native Irish, with its old Protestant bigotry, its land system, and its landlord wilfulness and selfishness in full cry. When it has to defend itself there comes to the front as its champion a man filled with the worst temper of the dominant order, who, in hatred for the native Irish, and contempt for the poor cottier, hardly yields to Dr. Patton of Dublin, or to Goldwin Smith of Canada.

As to the Duke's personal treatment of myself, I can bear it with a smile and pass on. The notion of his treating me as an ignoramus in history, and a wild blunderer in social economy, is a sorry bit of Parliamentary bounce. The old Parliamentary hand, I am aware, gets a trick of rising in his place with a snort of defiance, amidst the cheers of his party backers, and then deals out grand stock-phrases about the "profound ignorance" of all on the other side, and the reckless misstatements and blunders they have made. We know it all by heart; but to succeed, the plan needs a heated Party assembly and the sonorous cheers of angry partisans. It does not answer in the cooler atmosphere of written argument, and I do not think it answers with me. The Duke is not the first person who has imagined that, because I have expressed opinions which are not those of the general public either in Church or in State, and have often expressed them with great strength of conviction, therefore I am a man who may be assumed to use his authorities without care, to assert what he cannot prove, and to talk about what he does not understand. The idea has before now tempted others who did not know me into saying what they have since lived to regret. And I am not without hope that the Duke of Argyll, whom as orator, as a scholar, as an original observer, I myself so sincerely honour, may yet live to think that his Reply to me was written with true haste and unbecoming heat.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

THE mode in which the House of Commons controls the expenditure of the State involves the waste of public time, and does not prevent the waste of public money.

The theory of the procedure is elaborate and apparently well calculated to secure perfect supervision.

Under the existing system the House of Commons has always four, and sometimes five, separate opportunities of annually discussing the public expenditure—(1) On the ordinary Votes in Committee of Supply; (2) on Votes on Account; (3) on the approval of every Vote as reported to the House; (4) on the Appropriation Bill; and (5) on Supplementary Estimates whenever such Estimates are necessary. Each of these financial stages occupies a considerable amount of time, and so far as efficient or economical outlay is concerned the result is most unsatisfactory.

Immediately after the debate on the Address is concluded, the House, by Standing Order, resolves itself into "a Committee to consider of the Supply to be granted to her Majesty."

In 1881 a resolution was passed directing that, whenever Parliament should be assembled before Christmas, the Estimates for the Army, Navy, and Ordnance Departments should be presented to the House before the 15th of January then next following, and that such Estimates should be presented within ten days after the opening of Committee of Supply when Parliament should not be assembled until after Christmas. This resolution does not extend to the Civil Service Estimates: but within a few days after the Committee of Supply has opened, the Government lay upon the table of the House of the Estimates—viz, the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, including in the Civil Service the Post Office and the collection of the Revenue.

These Estimates are by resolution of the House referred to the Committee of Supply. They contain the detailed expenditure for the whole of the public services for the financial year commencing on the 1st of April then next.

The old rule that the consideration of grievances must precede the granting of Supply enabled debate to arise on questions of public policy on every occasion that the House went into Committee of Supply. This has now been altered. Subject to the rule that a motion to go into Supply must be made every Friday, and that on that motion general questions can be raised, debate on going into Supply can only arise on the first occasion when the House goes into Committee on the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates, and the debate on these occasions must be relevant to the Estimates.

The technical motion that the Speaker leave the chair, and on which discussion of policy or administration may arise, has therefore to be carried three times before the regular work of Supply commences. This limitation of debate at this stage increases the discussions on policy in the Committee, as members have no other opportunity for such discussions.

The Army Estimates are not divided into classes, but they contain twenty-five separate Votes; each Vote has many items, but is complete in itself. The Navy Estimates are similarly composed of seventeen Votes. The Civil Service Estimates (exclusive of the Post Office and Revenue Estimates) are divided into seven classes, and each class contains a large number of Votes, and each Vote again comprises various items. The aggregate number of Votes in the Civil Service is 144, and in the Post Office and Revenue Departments, 5. Each item and each Vote can be separately discussed, and there is practically an unlimited power of moving amendments in Committee of Supply.

After the Votes have been passed in Committee they are reported to the House. Each Vote is put to the House separately, and an amendment can then be moved for reducing the amount of any Vote. When the Committee of Supply is closed and all the Votes have been taken in all the Departments, and all reported to, and confirmed by, the House, a Bill is introduced, called the Appropriation Bill, for legally appropriating the whole of these grants.

There are three other descriptions of Votes which are submitted to the Committee of Supply, and which do not form part of the ordinary procedure of the year:—

(d) *Supplementary Votes.*—If, before the close of the financial year, it is ascertained that the expenditure in any Department has exceeded the sum voted for that Department, or any new item of expenditure is necessary, a Supplementary Estimate is submitted, and such sum is voted and appropriated before the end of the financial year in which it is expended.

(b) In case of any unexpected military or naval expenditure, a Vote of Credit is granted to meet such expenditure.

(c) Votes on Account.—The commencement of the financial year on the 1st of April, and the prohibition of any payments from the Exchequer without Parliamentary authority, necessitate Votes on Account in order to carry on the service of the country.

Before the 31st of March the Votes in the Army and Navy Estimates, which grant the number and pay of the soldiers and sailors, are taken. These sums provide funds for army and navy expenditure until progress is made with their Estimates.

As no specific Vote under the Civil Service Estimates can be applied to the general Civil expenditure, a Vote on services already sanctioned by Parliament, accompanied by a schedule assigning to each Department the sum that it needs, is granted, and this is called a Vote on Account. A second Vote on Account is also generally taken, and sometimes a third.

All these details and formalities show that in theory the House of Commons has very complete control over the public expenditure, and that the consideration of Supply affords the amplest opportunities for revising that expenditure.

What has been the practical result? During the last twenty-one years the number of days on which Estimates have been taken or discussed in Committee of Supply have been gradually increasing, until in 1887 and 1888 they reached the unprecedented figure of thirty-eight. The reductions made by the Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates proposed by the Government during the last twenty-one years are as follows:—

- 1868. £52 for a gatekeeper in one of the parks.
- 1869. £300 salary of the chaplain at Paris.
- 1869. £3000 for marble columns in the Central Hall of the Palace at Westminster.
- 1871. An item of £15,000 for a new prison was omitted, because the site was not fixed nor the cost ascertained.
- 1871. £21,483 for Alderney Harbour.
- 1872. The Government agreed to the reduction of an item of £2000 for revising barristers.
- 1872. £500 for painting a panel in fresco in the Central Hall.
- 1877. The Government withdrew a sum of £46,907 asked for diplomatic buildings, and substituted for it £38,907.
- 1877. £500 for the Privy Seal Office.
- 1880. £80 for food for pheasants in Richmond Park.
- 1880. A nominal reduction of £1600 was made by striking out the salary of an office which had been vacant for some time.
- 1886. The Vote for the Parks was struck out by Committee, but restored on the Report. But the charge for the parks other than the royal parks was in the ensuing year imposed upon the Metropolitan rates.
- 1887. £2000 in respect of the Wellington Monument.
- 1887. The item for the Embassy House, Ojoro (£500) was withdrawn.

No one can contend that these trivial reductions in an annual expenditure of scores of millions represent the economies that could have been made, and that ought to have been made if anything approaching to an effective review of that expenditure had taken place. It is, however, fair to say that actual reductions in the Votes do not represent the extent of economical influence exercised upon the Government. The reduction may be small, but if the Government see that the House is unfavourable to a particular line of expenditure, the Government will be influenced in its future conduct by this indication of the opinion of the House, and a wholesome dread of having to offer explanations in Committee of Supply of new expenditure naturally tends to restrain the spending tendencies of the Department.

The duty of the Committee of Supply is twofold, and the annual consideration by Parliament of the public expenditure enables members to raise many questions of policy which might not be of sufficient general interest to obtain separate and special attention. The opportunity thus afforded to bring the Home, Foreign, and Colonial administration of the Government under the attention of the House of Commons is of the greatest value.

Three reforms have been suggested for the amendment of procedure in granting Supply:—(1) That, in addition to the two Grand Committees on Law and Trade, a third Grand Committee should be appointed for the consideration of the Estimates; that this Committee should, in respect to the Estimates referred to it, take the place of the Committee of Supply so far as financial criticism and examination are concerned, and that their judgment, as in the case of Bills referred to a Grand Committee, should be reviewed by the House upon the Report stage, which would also be the occasion for dealing with questions of departmental administration and policy. The objection to this course is, that Grand Committees, as at present constituted and at present attended, would be too large to secure the financial criticism which a smaller Committee would be able to make, and not large enough to carry with it the weight of a substitute for the House. The non-attendance of members on Grand Committees will be fatal to their efficiency, and it is evident that, if the work of devolution is to be carried out successfully, some plan must be adopted for ensuring that the members appointed on those Committees shall attend their meetings. There would also be the difficulty of a Minister in charge of a Department maintaining his Votes. He would not be able to rely on a certain majority under the control of the Government Whips, and there might be considerable embarrassment if the Government were frequently in a minority with respect to casual Votes, necessitating an appeal to the House to reverse the decision of the Grand Committee.

(2) That a Select Committee should be appointed to consider the Civil Service Estimates, to consist of twenty-one members; that this Committee should go through the Estimates and report on all changes of whatever kind they might think worthy of consideration by the Committee of Supply, and that they should report that the other Votes were in accordance with previous decisions of Parliament, and that those Votes should, as a rule, go at once to Report. This proposal does not extend to the Army and Navy Estimates, which it is contended should continue to be considered as at present.

The effect of this would be that all Votes which were in harmony with Votes previously sanctioned and approved, or had been authorized by Parliament, and with respect to which no question had arisen, would not be considered in Committee of Supply; but that all Votes which the Select Committee thought worthy of special attention would be re-committed to the Committee of Supply, and would be discussed and decided in the usual way.

It is alleged that this procedure would save from ten to fifteen nights of the Session, and that by a strong Committee having the power, not only of examining the Civil Service Estimates in detail, but of calling upon the permanent officers of the Treasury and of the other Departments to explain the grounds of any Vote and to elucidate any point of difficulty, a much more effective financial control would be secured. This alteration might be subject to a proviso that any member might give notice of a motion to re-commit any Vote to the Committee of Supply, and, provided such motion were supported by a definite number of members, it should stand referred accordingly.

(3) That three Committees should be annually appointed to whom the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates should be respectively referred as soon as they are presented; that members of the House not on these Committees should be at liberty to propose amendments, and that the attention of the Committee should be specially drawn to, and its decision taken on, every item to which any member by notice to the Chairman had objected; that the Reports of the Committees should show where and why expenditure was increased or decreased, and should specify any Vote which, in the opinion of the Committee, required omission, reduction, or further investigation; that the Committee of Supply should in the first instance consider these Reports and decide on the special points raised, and that, subject to this consideration, the Civil Service Estimates should be voted in classes and the Army and Navy Estimates grouped into a limited number of Votes corresponding to the classes of the Civil Service.

Experience has shown that there is very little financial discussion in Committee of Supply. The discussions are mainly as to the policy of the objects for which the Votes are asked.

In the present divided state of opinion amongst those members and

officers of the House who are the best qualified to express a judgment upon this question it is impossible to arrive at a final conclusion. Every change must be tentative and temporary, and nothing but the test of experience will secure that consensus of opinion which is necessary to effect any material change in this important branch of the duties of the House of Commons.

It is desirable that any experiment should be confined, in the first instance, to the Civil Service Estimates, and I think that a more thorough consideration would be secured by a small Select Committee than by a large Grand Committee.

If such a Committee were appointed, the Civil Service Estimates should be referred to it immediately on their presentation to the House, and they should be instructed to examine and report on each Vote.

This experiment would leave the functions of the Committee of Supply intact, and would, so to speak, provide a Committee in aid to assist in the economical details of the Votes.

Votes on Account for the Civil Service should be so framed as not to include any item of expenditure which has not previously received the sanction of the House, and discussion on the first Vote on Account should be limited to the question of the time for which it should be granted.

The present Chairman of Ways and Means has laid down a rule that debate on Supplementary Votes is to be kept to the precise object of the grant, and is not to extend to what may be termed the general policy of the original grant.

What the House of Commons needs, and what the public requires, is an effective, business-like examination of the public expenditure, reasonable opportunity for subjecting every department of the public service to the criticism of the House, and a stern and determined resistance to allowing the machinery devised for financial control to be abused for the purpose of preventing or delaying the business of Parliament.

HENRY H. FOWLER.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

"N'ayant rien à cacher, je veux un débat public, où la véritable situation de l'entreprise sera exposée."—M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS, *Bulletin du Canal interocéanique*, February 2, 1888.

THE suspension of payments by the Panama Canal Company presents an occasion upon which some remarks may be offered without, it is to be hoped, necessarily incurring a charge of hostility to the enterprise or to the *ex-Président-Directeur*. Adherents to his scheme seem, too commonly, to regard every one as an enemy who will not associate himself with it, and to think that those who are not with *them* must be against *him*. Not many persons, perhaps, are actuated by active hostility to M. de Lesseps at the present time, though the simple truth is that he is a disturber of the peace. He has enriched, and proposes still further to enrich, his supporters by interfering with existing interests, and by revolutionizing trade routes. His clients are numerous, and in the aggregate form a very important body. They shout enthusiastically, "What a great man!" The persons whose fortunes are threatened, though naturally less filled with ardour for a gentleman who proposes to skin and dissect them, are not necessarily inimical to the ex-President and his schemes, and probably, just now, take rather more interest than usual in the history and progress of his Great Bubble on the Isthmus.

The initiative in this enterprise is due to an association which was formed under the presidency of General E. Turr, called the *Société internationale du Canal interocéanique*, with the objects of discovering a route for a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and of obtaining a concession. Under the auspices of this association several expeditions were sent out in 1876 and 1877. Various routes which had at one or another time been proposed for a canal between Nicaragua and the River Atrato were examined more or less carefully by MM. Wyse and Réclus, two naval lieutenants, who led the expeditions. These may be passed over, as our concern is with the Panama route alone.

Until close to the end of their journey they seem to have paid little or no attention to a route between Colon and Panama. It is not clear whether they had previously regarded this as the most promising route, or whether it was purposely left to the last in order to conceal their real intentions. As stated by themselves,* the time which they bestowed upon the actual examination of the ground between Colon and Panama extended from April 2 to April 16, 1878, added to two or three odd days which were devoted to the Pacific side. Somewhere about three weeks in all were given to the study of the line, levels, sections, and soil of a work of unprecedented magnitude, which has already involved the expenditure of seventy millions sterling!

Lieut. Wyse had been ordered by his committee to proceed to Bogota to obtain modifications in a concession which had been granted by the Colombian Government in 1876, and, it is curious to note, he was expressly directed to observe the "necessity" of getting rid of the restrictive conditions about locks;† and during his absence upon this mission, the work in the field (April 2-16) was performed by Lieut. Réclus and M. Sosa‡. The details of the scheme which was presented to the Congress of Paris in 1879 were matured from the labours of these gentlemen, who frankly admit, amongst other things, in their Report, that their "work was reduced to taking some cross-sections in the *probable* direction of the canal, and to levels at the ends of the tunnel which was contemplated, and at such other points as seemed to them to be necessary;" but they made no cross-sections in the upper valley of the Obispo (the highest part of the route to be traversed), or at the summit-ridge which they proposed to pierce with a tunnel 7000 mètres long, having an interior height of 34 mètres above the level of the water;§ nor did they apparently consider it necessary, either here or at any other part, to make borings to assist them in forming an estimate of cost. Their personal observations, moreover, were almost entirely dependent upon a plan and longitudinal section of the Panama Railway, which was supplied to them by the company. Their distances were calculated from the mile-stones!

When Lieut Wyse returned from Bogota with the concession, signed, sealed, and delivered, in his pocket, he found that Réclus had already returned to Europe, and he himself quitted the Isthmus immediately. The concession is a lengthy document, consisting of 26 articles, and is given *in extenso* in the two works, *Rapports* and *Le Canal de Panama*. Some of the more important passages for the

* *Rapports sur les Etudes*, Paris, 4to, 1879, pp 126-141, 241.

† It is interesting to compare this with the subsequent declaration that the canal was to be without locks.

‡ Part of this time, moreover, M. Sosa was disabled by illness.

§ The depth of water in the canal was to be 9 mètres. The height, consequently, from the bottom of the canal to its roof would be 43 mètres = 141 feet.

present moment are given below. Many of the articles, hostile with points which may give rise to disputes.

Article 1 gives the exclusive privilege of making a canal through Colombian territory, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the concession to last for 99 years from the date of opening the canal; provided that the canal is finished and opened for public use within 12 years of the date of formation of the company, though this period of 12 years may be extended for a further term of not exceeding 6 years if, after the construction of more than one-third of the canal, it is found impossible to finish it within 12 years.

Article 2 requires the concessionaires to deposit £30,000 in cash (on no account paper-money) in the Bank or Banks of London. This sum, with interest, to be forfeited to the Colombian Government if the canal is not navigable within the time fixed above.

Article 15 provides that the Colombian Government shall receive 5 per cent. of the gross receipts for 25 years, 6 per cent. for the 26th to the 50th year, 7 per cent. for the 51st to the 75th year, and 8 per cent. for the remainder of the term. These amounts are in no case to be less than £48,000 per annum.

Article 18 allows the head office of the company to be fixed at Bogota, if the concessionaires like!

Article 20. "The concessionaires, or those who in the future may succeed to their rights, may transmit them to other capitalists or financial associations; but they are absolutely forbidden to make them over to any foreign nation or Government."

At the beginning of 1879 Lieut. Wyse went to New York and concluded a treaty with the directors of the Panama Railway, by which the latter bound themselves to help the Canal Company (if it should be formed), and the Canal Company, on the completion of its works, was to buy the railway and its rolling stock for the sum of £1,400,000.* "These practical men," said M. Wyse, "understood immediately that it was to their interest to work harmoniously with us, who held in our hands the threads of this complicated business," and he frightened them by the suggestion of having a canal elsewhere. He then returned home joyfully, and the next thing to do was to get the project well advertised, and this was accomplished by means of the Congress of Paris.

This Congress was convoked by the Geographical Society of Paris. M. Wyse says "un peu sur mes instances répétées;" while M. de Lesseps takes the credit of the Congress to himself. With some of his friends, he says, upon their own initiative, "they circularized the most famous engineers of the whole world to assemble at Paris to examine all the plans, all the projects, and all the materials gathered by explorers concerning an inter-oceanic canal. About three hundred circulars were sent out, and one hundred most eminent persons accepted the invitation, some of their own motion, and some by direction of their Governments." This is one of the boldest advertising strokes that has ever been attempted in this advertising age, and it succeeded

* Equal to about £29,500 per mile. The Panama Railway is 47½ miles long, and has only a single track.

perfectly. The Congress ultimately voted exactly as the promoters desired, and its members must now feel much flattered at the use to which they were put. By 74 votes to 8 the following resolution was carried :—

“Le Congrès estime que le percement d'un canal interocéanique à niveau constant, si désirable dans l'intérêt du commerce et de la navigation, est possible ; et que ce canal maritime, pour répondre aux facilités indispensables d'accès et d'utilisation que doit offrir avant tout un passage de ce genre, devra être dirigé de la baie de Limon à la rade de Panama.”

M. Wyse terms this “a crushing success.” M. de Lesseps says “he had gained a great battle.” All the other schemes were driven from the field, and the whole civilized world was shortly deluged with announcements that the Congress of Paris, by a decisive majority, had voted for the Panama Canal.

If, however, this too cleverly drawn resolution is examined, it will be seen that the Congress did nothing of the kind. It only expressed an opinion that a level inter-oceanic canal was possible, and that it would be most advantageous to have such a canal between Limon Bay (Colon) and Panama. It is inconceivable that men of the eminence of those who formed this assembly, men who had reputations to lose, would or could have voted in favour of a project for which no proper plans or sections were presented, and of which, consequently, neither could the expense be estimated nor the feasibility discussed. They seem, rather, to have meant to say, “Having paid attention to the various schemes which have been placed before us, we are of opinion that a canal from Colon to Panama would be the most advantageous ; and that a level canal is to be preferred to one with locks.” And this, no doubt, is the opinion of the most eminent experts at the present time.

The Congress sat for a fortnight, and during that time sat heavily upon the tunnel of 7000 mètres length, and 41 feet internal height. The tunnel project may be said to have caved in. It disappeared, and was replaced by an open cutting, which will not be referred to presently.

The syndicate of promoters now held the key to the situation. M. de Lesseps could do nothing without them, and he calculated very shortly offered to buy them up ; and on July 5, 1879 (just five weeks after the dispersal of the Congress), they signed an agreement with him, yielding up the concession, &c., on the condition of receiving as payment, if he floated a company, £200,000 in hard cash and £200,000 in shares. Considering that these present times are notoriously hard, this seems a pretty good bargain. “Our expenses,” says M. Wyse, amounted to about £40,000.* Thus far, therefore, all went happily. The explorers accomplished what was expected of them, and were pleased with themselves ; the syndicate of promoters saw its way to multiplying

* M. Wyse says that up to this time M. de Lesseps had nothing to do with them, and that he had neither taken any share in the work nor in its expenses.

£40,000 by ten, and was pleased accordingly; the Congress had voted the right way, and had gone home; and M. de Lesseps, having obtained possession of the concession by a simple promise to pay £400,000 of other people's money, had every reason to be satisfied with himself.

Unfortunately, just at this point, a hitch occurred. The syndicate did not immediately realize its golden vision, for *the company would not float*.* This want of buoyancy is explained in two ways, by two different persons—who ought to know. M. Wyse attributed it to M. de Lesseps, who, he said, “expected to achieve success by giving a series of lectures throughout France, bearing for the most part on subjects foreign to an American canal. His principal argument consisted in dissembling [*dissimuler*] as to the work which had been done, and the difficulties that there were to conquer, which he ill-understood. . . . When his age was objected to, he answered by referring to his numerous progeny, and exhibiting his little daughter [*Tototte*], who accompanied him on all his journeys.” M. de Lesseps said, however, that one of the causes of the failure was “*l’allégation accréditée que les travaux d’étude étaient insuffisants*.”

A new departure had to be made. More advertising was necessary, and a journal was founded† to propagate the true faith, under the title *Bulletin du Canal interocéanique*. It is the organ of the ex-*Président-Directeur*, chronicling his movements and his words; and, extending as it now does to more than 2000 pages, it affords a large fund of material for the future historian of his Great Bubble. M. de Lesseps then paid his first visit to the Isthmus, accompanied by several persons, grandiloquently termed “*La Commission technique pour préparer les études d’exécution du Canal maritime interocéanique*.” The names of the principal members of this company were: M. Dirks (Dutch), General Wright and Colonel Totten (U.S.); MM. Sosa and Ortega (Colombians), MM. Boutan, Dauzats, Cuvreux, and Blanchet (French).

Before continuing this history let us look back to the month of November 1879. Just prior to the first visit of M. de Lesseps to the Isthmus, there occurred an unusual downpour of rain, which flooded the interior by an almost unprecedented rise of the Rio Chagres, and totally stopped traffic on the railway. Steamer after steamer landed passengers at Colon for the Pacific, until the place was crammed to overflowing. Telegraphic communication with Panama was interrupted, and no information as to the prospects of transit could be obtained. I happened to arrive at Colon just at this time,

* The launch was attempted August 6-7, 1879, just one month after obtaining possession of the concession.

† The first number appeared September 1, 1879, and opened with the following sentence: “L’émission de 800,000 actions, qui a eu lieu le 6 et le 7 août, en Europe et en Amérique, n’a pas été couverte.”

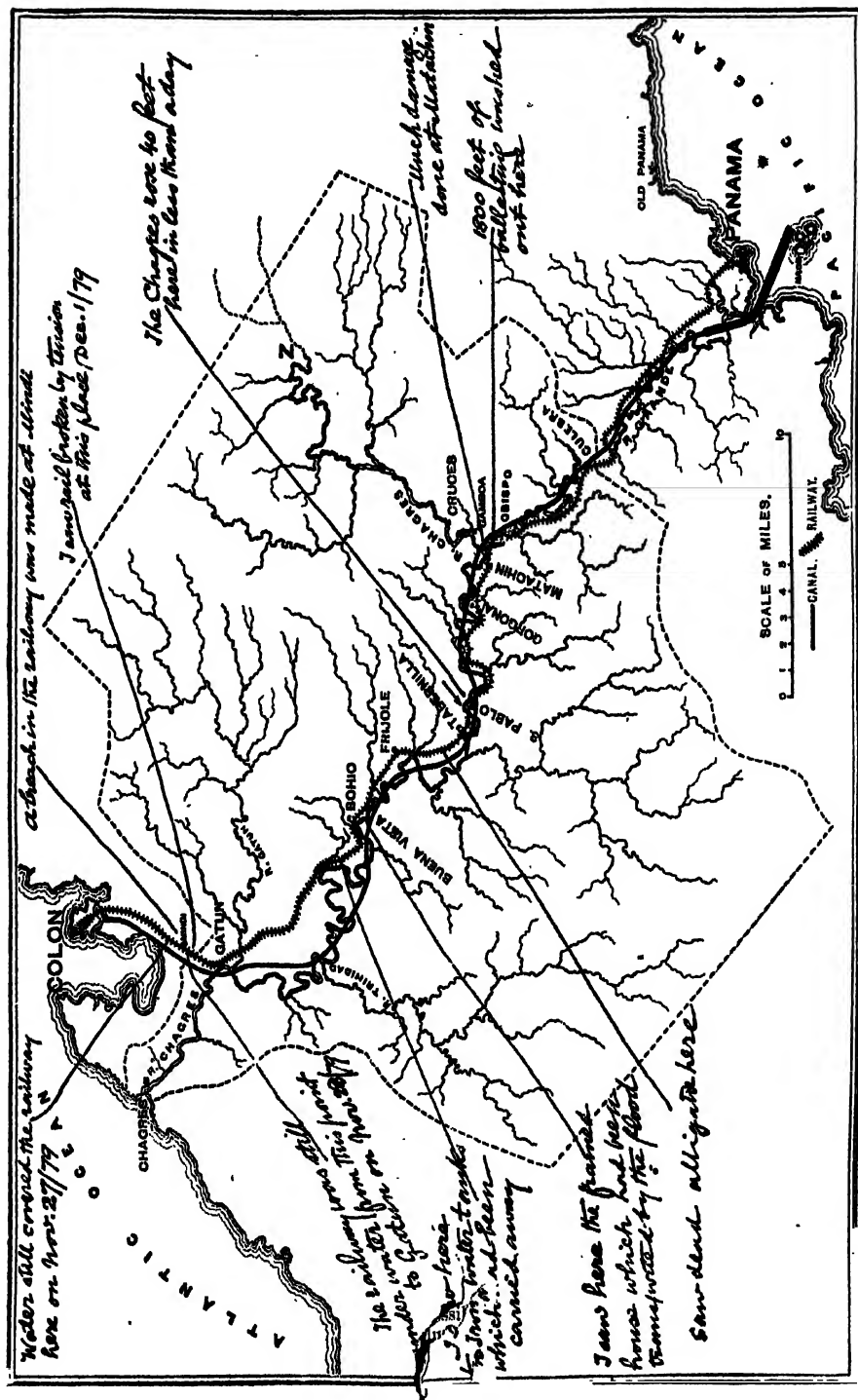
and particular circumstances caused the general manager of the railway, Captain Dow, to read a letter to me that he was about to forward to his directors, in which it was stated that this "fresnet" was the worst the line had experienced, and it gave such details of the damage which had been sustained as showed that the attention of the railway authorities was more than occupied. I had the opportunity subsequently of fully verifying his statements; but, before proceeding, a few remarks upon the topography of the Isthmus will render the extracts from my notes more readily understood.

By reference to the accompanying map (which is drawn from the current Admiralty Chart), it will be seen that the distance from Colon to Panama, as the crow flies, is about 37 miles. The whole of the intervening country is hilly. The highest points (about 1000 feet above the level of the sea) are situated towards the Pacific side, and the dividing ridge (or water-parting) of the streams with which we are concerned—the Rio Chagres and the Rio Grande—is only $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Panama and about $28\frac{1}{2}$ from Colon. The basins of these rivers are alone represented upon the map, and it will be seen immediately that the basin of the former is much larger than that of the latter. The part of the basin of the Chagres which is enclosed by the dotted lines exceeds 640 square miles,* and this does not include the area drained by the Upper Chagres, which is known to extend far beyond our terminal point Z. The railway, starting from Colon, nearly on a level, touches the Chagres first at Gatun, and thence, on the whole, it follows the valley of the river as far as Matachin. It then keeps close to the branch of the Chagres called the Obispo, almost as far as the summit (Culebra), which used to be 260 feet above the sea †. From the summit it descends rather sharply upon Panama, following, generally, the valley of the Rio Grande.

The railway, whilst more or less following the Rio Chagres, keeps at what has been found to be a safe height above it, generally as much as 30 to 40 feet; and it was no doubt laid out in this manner in consequence of the traditions which prevailed on the Isthmus before the line was constructed, that the river was liable to abrupt rises of as much as 40 feet. This amount was equalled, or surpassed, in November 1879. On the 21st of that month rain fell torrentially over the whole of the Atlantic side of the Isthmus. In less than a day the Chagres covered the railway, over a great part of its course, with 10 to 15 feet of water; and it certainly rose 40 feet, perhaps considerably more. On the 25th it was reported by natives, who came down in canoes, that there was still 15 feet of water over the line at several places between Gatun and San Pablo. Until the 28th, rain

* The French estimate that the entire basin contains about 2650 square kilometres. The Upper Chagres has not yet been thoroughly surveyed.

† In consequence of the canal work, the railway summit has, I believe, been altered.



fell at intervals, in Colon, at the rate of several inches per hour, but, as there was no rain-gauge, accurate records were unattainable. Not being sure how many inches per hour was considered first-class raining in America, I asked the United States Consul if the showers which were falling would be called "a good square rain" in his country, and he replied with emphasis, "Yes, sir, this is a good square rain."

In the immediate vicinity of Colon the line was not inundated, as the water had ready access to the sea, but damage was done directly the railway was in any degree closed in. On the 27th, at 4 miles from Colon, I found the line still covered with water. On the 28th it was nearly clear of water as far as Mindi, and I saw numerous stretches of rails, with ballast washed out, floating on the sleepers. At Mindi there was a breach in the railway about 150 feet wide, and beyond this place, it was apparent from the telegraph posts, the line was still submerged 6 feet or thereabouts. On December 1 the rails were exposed beyond Mindi, and in course of walking along I came upon a rail which had been broken by tension. It appeared that the water, running down the track in the direction of Colon, scoured out the ballast, and pressed against the sleepers with such extraordinary power as to break this rail.*

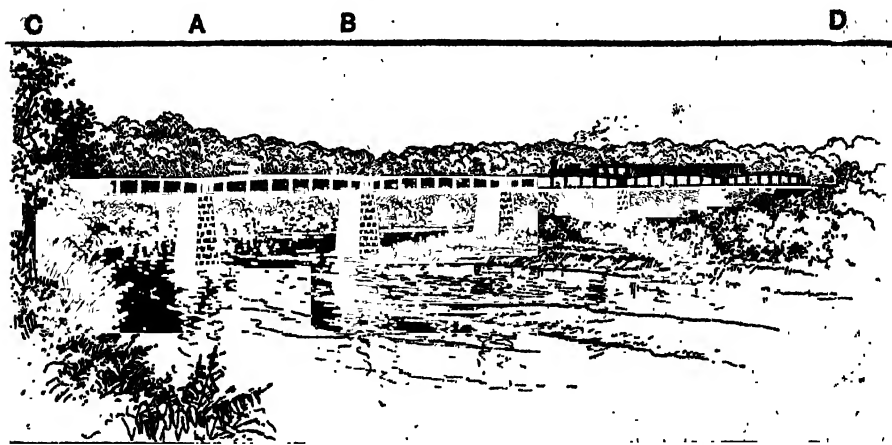
On the 4th the line was sufficiently repaired to allow the starting of a train from Colon with the overdue mails, and I accompanied them, by permission of the managers.† The flood had by this time subsided, and at Gatun, where we first sighted the Chagres, the river was fully 25 feet *below* us, though a week previously it had covered the line with 10 feet of water. Near Buena Vista, a framed wooden house was pointed out, about 25 feet long, by 18 wide, and 15 high, which had stood a little above the railway, that had been transported bodily by the flood, and been deposited in a rather twisted condition half a mile away from its original site, on the opposite side of the line. The rest of this village was almost entirely destroyed. A little farther on, two large, iron water-tanks, which had been erected on piers of masonry, and which had stood about 12 feet above the rails, and 40 feet or so above the ordinary level of the Chagres, were lifted from their supports by the flood. One had dropped down close to the line, and the other was carried some hundreds of yards towards the Atlantic. As these tanks could not have floated off unless they had been nearly submerged, they afforded clear evidence that the river at this point rose more than 40 feet above its usual level. Proceeding onwards, a dead alligator was pointed out, lying alongside the railway, which was said to have been drowned by the violence of the "freshet." I do not depend much upon the evidence of this reptile, and therefore

* I understood the engineers of the line to say (in 1850) that this was an unprecedented occurrence, so far as they knew. Possibly the rail was faulty.

† Our transit from Colon to Panama (including nine hours' detention at the Barba-coas Bridge) occupied thirteen hours.

will not dwell upon its carcase. As there was no *post-mortem*, it may be alleged to have died from natural causes. The conductor of the train remarked, drily, that "it certainly takes *some* water to drown alligators."

Near the centre of the Isthmus the train could go no farther, for the Barbacoas Bridge,* which crosses the Chagres, was dislocated. This is the largest structure on the Panama Railway, and is in six spans 625 feet long in all, supported by five piers of masonry. The two piers nearest to Colon had settled down, and were each about 6 feet out of the perpendicular (see Fig. 5 on the folding plate). Looking from Colon, the nearest pier A had settled up stream, and B in the contrary direction. The superstructure held well together, but the track was twisted into a double curve, and was impassable for



The Barbacoas Bridge over the Rio Chagres (looking up the river).

trains. The line had evidently been covered right over by the flood, for it was encumbered with masses of twigs and branches, and it was further clear that the water had risen well above the rails; but, as there was no distinctly marked water-line, one could not say how much. Some of our party thought the entire structure had been submerged. The river had fallen to nearly its ordinary level, and I found (with a measuring tape) that its surface was 36 clear feet below the rails. Captain S. Griffen, who was with us (formerly of the U.S. Navy), commanding the mail steamer *Colon*, found with a sounding-line that there was $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 feet of water at the same point.† There was distinct evidence that the river had risen 40 feet, and possibly much more, at this place.

The situation of the bridge, at a sharp bend of the Chagres, is seen in the accompanying outline view. The railway comes out of a small

* Its position on the map is indicated by the arrow between Tavernilla and S. Pablo. It is sometimes called the S. Pablo Bridge.

† According to Wagner's *Geographisches Jahrbuch*, 1888, Captain Griffen died at Colon, July 4, 1887.

cutting from the side of the Atlantic on to the bridge, and, after crossing it, passes on to the top of a bluff, on which the village of S. Pablo is built. In order to rise to the level of the rails, the river had not only to fill its entire bed (C to D), but necessarily extended over the bluff; and the interior of the Isthmus, when the flood was at its highest, must have resembled a vast lake. The mere statement that the river rose 40 feet and upwards gives no idea whatever of the height to which the flood would have mounted had the bounding walls been sufficient to contain it. The settling of the piers is to be attributed to the scouring of their foundations, and is evidence that the water at the bottom of the river ran down with considerable velocity.

Some seven miles farther on, near Matachin, a length of 1800 feet of ballasting was washed out, and the village suffered considerably. There was abundant evidence that the rainfall which caused the "freshet" was widely distributed. The branch of the Chagres called the Obispo rose to a great height, as well as the Upper Chagres River, and it was certain that the first great and rapid rise of the river was due to a sudden and excessive rainfall over a large area, and that it was maintained by more or less torrential rain which fell intermittently in the succeeding week. While this happened on the side of the Atlantic, scarcely any rain fell on the other side of the divide, and the railway in the vicinity of Panama was uninjured.

Inundations of a very destructive character are rare in Great Britain. They occur more frequently on the other side of the Channel, and upon two occasions in quite recent times have caused losses estimated at *four millions sterling per occasion*. In 1846 Western France was devastated through a rise of the Loire of only 20 feet in one night; and in 1875 the elevation of the Garonne 26 feet above its ordinary level almost annihilated a large quarter of Toulouse, and did immense damage elsewhere. Yet, although the rise of the Chagres in 1879 considerably exceeded the above-quoted amounts,* and produced unfortunate effects, it did not cause very heavy pecuniary loss, for the natives of the interior are both few in number and sensibly place their dwellings at such a height above the ordinary level of the river as they are taught by experience is safe. But if such an inundation had occurred in the valley of the Thames, most of South London would have been drowned, and a large part of the left bank of the river would have been submerged. Inundations of the character referred to above are caused by heavy rainfall which occurs over a considerable area being concentrated into a limited area of drainage, and the floods of 1879 came opportunely for the French engineers, as they indicated the maximum which would have to be dealt with.

Those who have been engaged in the construction of the canal do

* Wyse, in *Le Canal de Panama*, Paris, 1880, calls it "the most terrible on record."

not appear to appreciate the situation, and have paid little attention to the rainfall of the Isthmus. They have established rain-gauges at Colon, Gamboa, and Naos (an island about three miles to the south of Panama), and their *Bulletin* exults over the fact that the fall at Naos is less than at Gamboa, less at Gamboa than at Colon, and that there are more rainy places in the world than Colon. It is indeed true that there are more rainy localities than Colon. There is one very damp place in Assam which is said* to have enjoyed a fall of 391 inches in one year, or more than an inch for every day in the year, and has been known to receive 40 inches in 24 hours.† But two blacks do not make one white. The thing to be learnt is the rainfall at a number of points in the interior of the Isthmus, especially in the basin of the Chagres; and this, it appears, is still unknown.‡ The annual rainfall at Gamboa and in the interior generally may be less than at Colon, and yet be much more dangerous, through the severity of individual showers.

M. de Lesseps, with the *Commission technique*, landed upon the Isthmus at the end of December 1879; and, after enjoying festivities, they got to business on January 5. Mdlle. de Lesseps (Tototte) gave the first blow with the pick-axe, and the Bishop of Panama blessed the undertaking. The Committee of the Commission commenced to prepare its Report on February 1, and the document as finally settled was dated February 14—just forty days after the commencement of the work. M. de Lesseps was enchanted. "I consider success assured." "I declare, on my word of honour, that our work will be much easier upon the Isthmus of Panama than in the desert of Suez." "The

* *Report on the Meteorology of India in 1882.* By Henry F. Blanford, F.R.S. Calcutta, 1884.

† *The Pioneer Mail* (Allahabad), July 5, 1885.

‡ The *Bulletin* makes frequent comparisons between the Isthmus of Suez and that of Panama to the advantage of the latter. To gain some idea of the relative rainfalls of the two, the following data have been brought together by the kindness of Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S., of the Meteorological Office—

A	Alexandria, mean annual fall (14 years)	205 mm.
B	Suez " " (5 ")	23 "
C	Colon " " (9 ")	2883 "
D	Naos (near Panama), mean annual fall (3 years)	918 "

From the above it appears that the mean annual rainfall at Colon is 14 times greater than that of Alexandria, and 125 times greater than that of Suez.

A	Alexandria, greatest recorded amount in any one month	140 mm.
B	Suez " " " " " "	26 "
C	Colon " " " " " "	646 "
D	Naos " " " " " "	210 "

From the above it is seen that a month's rainfall at Colon is sometimes more than 3 times greater than the mean annual rainfall at Alexandria, and nearly 80 times greater than the mean annual rainfall at Suez. If records could be produced of the greatest daily falls, the contrast would become the more striking.

- A. Extracted from *Zeitschrift der Österreichischen Gesellschaft für Meteorologie.*
- B. " *Atlas météorologique de l'Observatoire impérial, and Annales du Bureau central météorologique de France.*
- C. " *Ann. Bureau cent. météor. de France, and Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.*
- D. " *Ann. Bureau cent. météor. de France.*

rock is much softer and easier to work than was thought by MM. Wyse and Récus, whose scheme, on the whole, was adopted by the Commissioners. The axis of the canal, as settled by them, cuts the dangerous Rio Chagres in twenty-five different places, and M. de Lesseps approved this plan—it saved excavation, by utilizing the river-bed. But the river had to go somewhere, and it was therefore proposed to construct side canals or trenches (called *rigoles de dérivation*) outside the canal itself, to connect the bends of the streams. These, they estimated, would cost three millions sterling. M. de Lesseps struck the entire cost out of the estimates (*Bull.*, pp. 116, 332). The Upper Chagres, which, it will be seen on the map, meets the axis of the canal nearly at right angles at Matachin, had still to be dealt with, and it was proposed (following a scheme broached by MM. Wyse and Récus) to hold the river back, and to form a large lake, by the creation of an immense dam at Gamboa, near the village of Cruces. This they proposed to be 40 mètres high and 1600 long, and they estimated its cost at four millions sterling. M. de Lesseps highly approved this project (which he himself had told the Commission not to stint), and then cut the estimate down by £800,000, subsequently reducing it by two millions sterling more (*Bull.*, p. 170). Some of the *dérivations* have been made, but the dam has no existence,* and the whole of the canal works which are at a lower level than the village of Cruces, are liable to be drowned, perhaps almost annihilated, whenever the Chagres shall rise to an equal height again.

M. de Lesseps, therefore, deliberately approved, as a route for the canal, what may be termed "the line of the Chagres," after having received an impressive warning by the events of November 1879, what that line was likely to prove; and he did so for the sake of economy, economy which his Commissioners advised him would, in the first instance, cost seven millions sterling for protective works. He located his canal at the bottom of a great, natural line of drainage, which has been fashioned in the course of ages by tropical rains; and, this being so, it is not difficult to understand the slow progress of the works and their enormous cost.† The rest of the story is equally extraordinary. The Commission estimated that the total excavations would amount to 75 million cubic mètres. M. de Lesseps reduced this by a stroke of the pen to 73 millions, though the only way of

* Mr. Melton Prior, the special correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, visited the Isthmus in March 1888, in order to obtain views of the chief and most striking works on the canal, and was taken about by the resident engineers. Mr. Prior tells me that he did not see the great dam, and is not aware that any material progress was made with it at the time of his visit. In a recently taken photograph of the river at Cruces there is no trace of it.

† M. de Lesseps was severely catechized on the subject of the Rio Chagres at San Francisco, by persons who understood the subject (*Bull.*, pp. 154-58) and had pointed out to him that by American engineers the river was considered to be a fatal obstacle to a level canal, without locks. They said they considered it the "key to the situation," and M. de Lesseps said that he and his engineers considered the barrage of the Chagres the most important point of all.

arriving at the larger figures is by pinching the excavations, and by imagining the sides of the cuttings to have slopes which will not stand. He sanctioned a calculation that all and every one of the slopes were safe at 45° ,* though a large part had to be made in loose soil, and all was to be well baked and cracked by a tropical sun, and well scoured by tropical rain. In the Summit (or Culebra) cutting, the calculation was that the slopes would stand at 75° , and this cutting is worthy of a paragraph to itself.

It was natural, in constructing the railway, and also for the canal, to seek the most depressed part of the Isthmus, and the lowest point anywhere near the line Colon-Panama appears to be at the foot of a hill called Culebra (the snake). The summit of this hill is said to be 190 mètres above the sea, and of the part crossed by the canal 109 mètres (= 358 feet). The surface of the water in the cutting was to be 91 feet from side to side. The cliffs, rising at an angle of 75° for a height of 358 feet, would be crowned at the top by slopes extending some hundreds of feet higher. This section is represented by the lines connecting A B C D in Fig. 4. It was never contemplated to face these cliffs with masonry, and nice, lively times passengers and crews would have enjoyed whilst passing them, through cascades of water or bombardments by falling rocks. Fortunately for humanity, should this cutting ever be opened, its slopes will be of a different character. MM. Wyse and Réclus did not think it necessary to take borings here, and leaped to the conclusion that there was solid rock. The *Commission technique* made only nine borings in the line of the canal, one of which was near the summit, and it was concluded and estimated on the strength of a boring not more than 40 feet deep (*Bull.*, p. 421), that this would be a rock cutting; but in 1881, pushing borings to a little greater depth, they came to loose soil, clays, and sand,† and the Culebra cutting, though apparently not very rocky, is one of the rocks which bids fair to wreck the enterprise. It has been found necessary to work back, and to clear away a great part of the hill. The operations are conducted on stages, rising in tiers one above the other. Of these there were fourteen at the time of Mr. Melton Prior's visit, and they are shown in his striking view which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* on June 16, 1888. Instead of 75° , the general angle of the work is less than 45° ; and, if this slope should be maintained to the bottom, the result would be that the opening at the top would be about 800 feet wide; in short, it would be as broad as the Thames

* Fig. 3 on the folding plate gives a section of the canal as it is to be where excavated in earthy soil; and Fig. 4 as it is to be in the rocky parts. These figures are taken from *Bull.*, pp. 340-41. In the former figure, the slopes of the banks are discreetly projected at a possible angle, but they do not agree with the calculations, which, as stated above, were that all were to be

† The secretary of the company was overjoyed at this (!) that he gave a banquet at the top of the Culebra.

at Schwark Bridge, and St. Paul's Cathedral, if placed inside it, ~~could~~ not reach to the top! This is shown in Fig. 4 by the lines connecting E B A F.

The tides of the two oceans received just about the same amount of consideration from M. de Lesseps as the floods of the interior. They were inconvenient matters, which had better be put aside, at least for a time. It was known long before the canal scheme was entertained that the tides in Limon Bay (Colon) were very small, and at Panama were moderately large. At the Atlantic end one may walk round the shore without troubling about the state of the tide, which seldom rises as much as 18 inches. At the Pacific end spring tides may rise 22 feet. It was pointed out at the Congress of Paris (I think by Sir J. Hawkshaw) that such differences of level as were inevitable would produce currents in the canal of several knots per hour. The *Commission technique* recognized the fact, and proposed to meet it by the creation of a tidal lock at the Panama end, at a cost of £800,000. M. de Lesseps praised the idea, and *struck the entire cost out of the estimates*. This was not, however, allowed to pass entirely unchallenged. In the United States, persistent inquiries were made how the tidal question was to be solved; and at San Francisco (where he was a good deal cross-examined) they elicited from the Great Engineer the following remarkable statement:—"It will be the same thing as at the Suez Canal. On one side there is a rise and fall of 2 mètres, and upon the other of a few centimètres only. This creates naturally a kind of current. . . . The water will flow from the Pacific towards the Atlantic over a part of the canal, as at Suez,* and when the tide goes down, it will flow in the other direction." Or, inasmuch as the Suez Canal, length 87 nautical miles (having large lakes which neutralize its currents), is not embarrassed by a difference in the mean tides of the two ends amounting to $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet, I anticipate that the Panama Canal, length about 40 nautical miles (having no lakes to help to neutralize the currents), will not be inconvenienced by a difference in the mean tides of the two ends amounting to $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. In an imperious manner, M. de Lesseps put the tidal lock on one side, and would have none of it. But this question must come to the front when the Panama Canal is treated seriously, for tides are most uncompromising things, which pay no respect to individuals, and even very superior personages—Canute, for example—have found them inexorable.

Upon quitting the Isthmus, M. de Lesseps proceeded to the United States, and said, amongst other things, with a view of captivating Americans,

* The Admiralty Chart of the Suez Canal states the tide at Port Said rises 6 to 18 inches, and at Suez 4 to 7 feet; and that at spring tides there is a $2\frac{1}{2}$ knot current between Suez and the Bitter Lakes.

"that he had long been struck with the immense advantages which and by accrue to the United States by the opening of an inter-oceanic canal. The first and most indisputable would be the restoration, in a very short time, of the supremacy to the American mercantile marine which it possessed before the war. . . . Then, the United States was the first maritime nation in the world; its flag covered a third of the whole tonnage; England had a little less, and the remainder was divided between the other Powers. A canal giving Americans free intercourse over their whole littoral would promptly restore this supremacy."

The fact and policy of publicly announcing that he aimed at destroying the maritime commercial supremacy of his best customer,* just at the time that he was about to ask her to subscribe to his project, makes this one of the noteworthy utterances of M. de Lesseps. He said many other interesting things besides. Curiosity apparently being expressed as to the source whence the money came for his *Commission technique*, he told his hearers (the Society of Civil Engineers of New York) that "*in the most disinterested manner the sum of £80,000 had been given him to help the progress of a work which was so seductive to great minds. Out of this sum, £28,000 [? £30,000] had been turned over to the Colombian Government. The rest was employed for the expenses of the expedition. For these expenses are not at my cost; as my life has been consecrated to great works, I am not rich, and my disinterestedness can't go beyond that which is possible.*" The next paragraph is a commentary on this beautiful passage.

Shortly afterwards, the company was again brought out, and this time it floated. The subscription list closed on December 10, 1880, twice the amount offered, it is stated, having been applied for; and at a general meeting of the shareholders held on March 3, 1881, certain gentlemen who had been appointed to examine and report upon the expenses which had been incurred made the following statement:—

"It remains, gentlemen, to let you know what are the expenses which M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has found himself under the necessity of incurring in order to float your company.

"Firstly, there is the expense of his failure to float a company in 1879; the 'propaganda' which preceded the formation of the syndicate for the second subscription; the expenses of the different expeditions to inaugurate the earliest work; and then there are stamps and postages, and personal expenses, besides commissions to bankers and promoters, both in France and abroad

"The total of this batch, which includes the use of the £80,000 '*versés*' by the founders, amounts to £432,000.

"To this sum we must add the remuneration stipulated for the profit of the members of the syndicate, which was good enough to advance considerable sums. This remuneration amounts to £472,000.

"If we put these two little items together, you will see that, after all, they amount to only 3½ per cent. on your capital.

* The importance of that customer M. de Lesseps may be seen from the fact that out of the entire number of the ships which passed through the Suez Canal in 1887—namely, 3137—no less than 2330 were British, while only 2 were American.

task would now be finished, if we had nothing more to say; but, as you have already heard, M. de Lesseps entered into certain engagements in the United States [with whom not stated] whereby you will have to pay the following annuities:—£124,000 on the formation of your company, £56,000 one year afterwards, and five others of \$60,000 payable at the end of five years.*

To a simple mind, these huge sums may seem to include the £400,000 promised for the use of £40,000, but this is not the case. In the balance-sheet which was presented on June 30, 1881, the following items appear:—

Prix de la concession	10,000,000 frs.
Cautionnement au Gouvernement colombien	750,000
Dépenses ratifiées par l'assemblée constitutive du 8 Mars 1881	25,893,605

so that the total of the amount admitted up to this stage of the proceedings as having been spent in preliminary expenses and promotion-money amounted to 36,143,605 francs, or nearly a million and a half sterling.* The financial parts of the history of the canal, the payment of these preposterous sums in promotion-money, interest during construction, the raising of loans at large discounts, and the desperate lottery expedient, have received more attention than the other initial errors of the enterprise, and must be passed over here, as there is still to be considered the present condition of the works, and, before that, some statements by M. de Lesseps regarding the salubrity of the Isthmus.

To the continued declarations respecting the easiness of the work and the facilities for its execution as compared with the Suez Canal, M. de Lesseps added many spontaneous assurances respecting the salubrity of the Isthmus of Panama. He asserted that it was "a very much calumniated climate—in reality, temperate and healthy." He declared that "the Isthmus was perfectly healthy;" and these repeated affirmations as to the ease and facility of the work and the salubrity of the country must have produced an effect upon the minds of his too credulous subscribers. But M. de Lesseps, though his own personal experiences may have been fortunate when living in the Grand Hotel at Panama, must be assumed to have been acquainted with the following passages in the semi-official *Handbook to the Panama Railroad*†:—

At the very beginning of the railroad, when the first few miles were being constructed between Colon and Gatun, they found that "sickness, caused by exposure to the incessant rains and in an atmosphere saturated with malarious poison, soon made such sad inroads amongst the workmen that in a few weeks more than half their number were on the hospital records," and a little later, at the Barrocas Bridge, the labourers "were soon

* They become lost sight of in course of time. In the balance sheet of June 30, 1882, they figure in "expenses of construction of the canal."

† And also with the saying, "Only poor men come to the Isthmus."

so thinned by sickness and death that the contractor found himself unable to accomplish any part of the contract for the price agreed upon." Subsequently, as many as 7000 labourers were at work at one time, drawn from all parts of the world. "The Chinamen, one thousand in number, had been brought to the Isthmus by the company, and every possible care taken which could conduce to their health and comfort. . . . But they had been engaged upon the work scarcely a month before almost the entire body became affected with a melancholic, suicidal tendency, and scores of them ended their unhappy existence by their own hands. Disease broke out among them, and raged so fiercely that in a few weeks scarcely two hundred remained. The freshly imported Irishmen and Frenchmen also suffered severely."—*Handbook of the Panama Railroad*, New York, 1861, pp. 31, 34–36.

He was, anyhow, speedily undeceived. Admonitions poured down sharply upon him. One of the first to perish was Henri Bionné, his secretary, "the right-hand man," who died after twenty-four days in "this healthy Panama." Then Blanchet, the vivacious and indefatigable, "the life of the enterprise," succumbed after a few weeks. The same number of the *Bulletin* announced the decease of M. Etienne (*sous-chef des travaux*) after a similar period, and in a week or two more that of M. Sharpe (superintendent at Gatun). After that, the *Bulletin* became more guarded in its necrology, though in a couple of years it was admitted that an hospital had to be established at Panama with 250 beds—a fact which speaks for itself. No more reliance can be placed in his professions about the climate than in his declarations about the date at which the canal will be finished. One fiction after another has exploded; the manifold deceits and wiles have ceased to draw money;* the company is in liquidation, and the unfortunate shareholders, who still seem to be far from disillusionized, must nevertheless be aware that the time is close at hand when their Great Bubble will collapse. What is the situation of the works?

In a communication made by Mr. W. Brandsma on November 8, 1887, to the Royal Institute of Engineers at the Hague, it was stated that the condition of the works on June 1, 1887, from his own personal examination, was that shown in Fig. 1 of the accompanying folding plate.† The solid black portions show the work which has been done, and the white indicates the amount which has still to be excavated. The scale at the bottom gives the length of the canal in kilometres. The dotted line marks the mean level of the ocean, and the firm line, below, indicates the bottom of the canal, where it should be when finished—that is to say, when it gets down to the level which M. de Lesseps said (*Bull.*, p. 332) would require the excavation of 72,986,000 cubic mètres, at a cost of 512,000,000 francs (£20,480,000).

* In the *Bulletin*, p. 2118, publicity is given to the statement that the subscription at the city of Panama to the obligations *à lots* amounted to 1,841,720 francs, subscribed by 1405 persons! This statement should be compared with the population of Panama.

† This longitudinal section by Mr. Brandsma, in its contour, follows the section which appears from time to time in the *Bulletin*; and, as is usual in sections of this nature, it has the height much exaggerated.

It will seem incredible that this should be the condition of affairs after more than 70 millions sterling of indebtedness has been incurred, and seven years have been consumed on the work. Mr. Brandsma's section is, however, confirmed in various ways, not only by the sketches by Mr. Prior, taken nine months later, and by numerous photographs of still more recent date,* but also from the reports issued officially by the company.

The only length of the canal which is in an advanced state (though still far from completion) is that comprised between the entrance at Colon (kil. 0) and kilomètre 22.5. Upon this division a good deal has been done since the date of Mr. Brandsma's section, and amongst other things the uncleared portion at Mindi has been cut. This was accomplished upon February 22, 1888. But it is admitted in the *Bulletin* that in this, which is by far the most advanced portion, there still remained on August 1, 1888, no less than 4,276,000 cubic mètres to be excavated.

The whole length of the canal is divided into five sections, and the official statement, issued a few months ago, as to the condition of the works (in a pamphlet entitled *Situation des Travaux au 25 Août 1888*), gives the following particulars:—

Section	Extending over	Total Excavation necessary (in cubic mètres).	Excavation still to be performed (in cubic mètres).
1 . . .	Kilomètre 0.000—22.514 ...	23,750,000 ...	4,276,000
2 . . .	" 22.514—44.000 ...	10,000,000 ...	5,458,000
3 . . .	" 44.000—53.600 ...	10,560,000 ...	3,289,200
4 . . .	" 53.600—62.200 ...	7,330,000 ...	4,323,000
5 . . .	" 62.200—74.500 ...	10,920,000 ...	3,519,000
Locks (10) . . .	"	1,247,000 ...	765,300
Totals		63,807,000 ...	21,625,500

If this official statement is examined, it will be found that the work to be executed per kilomètre in each section is as follows:—

1st . . .	190,000 cubic mètres per kilomètre
2nd . . .	250,000 " " "
3rd . . .	342,000 " " "
4th . . .	500,000 " " "
5th . . .	386,000 " " "

—that is to say, there is by far the largest amount per kilomètre to be done in the most difficult section, namely in No. 4, comprising the Culebra cutting. But let no one suppose that the excavation of 21 millions of cubic mètres will give that which M. de Lesseps promised his subscribers—a *level* canal. After declaiming for seven years against the employment of locks, and declaring that his scheme (*i.e.*, the project of Wyse and Rénoult) was the only one which could satisfy the requirements of the world, by giving a *level* canal, and pouring

* Notably by those taken by M. Blanc, 112 Rue de Sévres, Paris.

out endless jeers and ridicule upon the Nicaraguan route, because it must have *obstacles* (locks), the *ex-Président-Directeur* had to confess that the only way of *finishing* the Panama Canal was by making it *with* locks. In the *Bulletin* for March 2, 1888 (p. 1990), he explained that the manner in which it would be opened, "*à la grande navigation en 1890*," would be by the construction of ten locks, five on each side, the uppermost being 170·6 feet above the sea. These locks are to be situated at kilomètres 22·5, 30·75, 43·5, &c., as shown upon Fig. 2 of the folding plate; and this result will be attained, so it is stated, *after* the excavation of 21 million cubic mètres more, at a further estimated outlay of 16 millions sterling. From A to B (Fig. 2) represents 170·6 feet. The average lift of the five locks is therefore about 34·1 feet.* Should this scheme be carried out, the Panama Canal will then have a summit about 60 feet higher than the level of Lake Nicaragua! There is not, however, much prospect of the passage of ships through the locks, should they ever be constructed; for the Great Engineer proposes to supply his top lock from the waters of the Obispo and Rio Grande, insignificant streams at that altitude; and he is in the dilemma of having a great deal too much water below, and not nearly enough above.

A *dénouement* cannot be long delayed. The recent declarations of the Colombian Government are significant, and the concentration of vessels of war at Colon and Panama shows that the authorities are alive to the situation. Some apologies may be made for the shortcomings of MM. Wyse and Réclus; less can be said in favour of the calculations of the *Commission technique*; and very little indeed in defence of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. He has caused the loss of a sum greatly exceeding the capital of the Suez Canal and the whole of the earnings of that enterprise since its completion. He has promised his clients fortunes, and he has given them beggary. He says that he has nothing to conceal. This may be so; but the question is, "Has he anything to *show* at all commensurate with the enormous expenditure for which he is responsible?" and unless a satisfactory answer can be given to that question there can be little expectation of extracting more from the pockets of the public; for those who have money to invest will probably entertain the opinion that they will be able to get rid of it with equal certainty, and with greater facility, by dropping it into the middle of the Atlantic.

EDWARD WHYMPER.

* According to the *Bulletin*, p. 1900, three locks will have lifts of 11 mètres each, and two others of 18 mètres each.

ERRORS OF THE EXPERTS.

LORD WOLSELEY, in one of his interesting contributions on military topics to recent numbers of the *Fortnightly Review*, terms it "the wildest fallacy that his innate powers have made a man a great general." It is only, he says emphatically, by a deep study of military history, of military arts and sciences in all their phases, that the heaven-born genius can be converted into the successful commander." "Can it be supposed for a moment," he asks, "that our greatest of artists, instinct though he was with artistic genius from his birth, could ever have produced any great picture had chance made him in early life a vicar or a doctor?" "Had even Napoleon," he lays it down, "been employed for the first forty years of his life at some civil occupation, and then been suddenly given the command of an army, it is tolerably certain he would have failed."

It is obvious that the earliest military genius who developed into a successful commander must have got along somehow without the study which Lord Wolseley pronounces indispensable; and numerous great conquerors, from Joshua to Nadir Shah, must, in the nature of things, have attained their successes unaided by a "deep study of military history and of the military arts and sciences in all their phases." Lord Wolseley may be justified in his claim that the clerical and medical professions debar those who have belonged to them in early life from the ability to paint a great picture, however instinct from his birth with artistic genius the hapless vicar or doctor may be; but it is certain that men who have lived civilians until mature middle age have subsequently attained eminent distinction as soldiers. Cæsar, one of Lord Wolseley's military paragons, was not a vicar indeed, but a priest, a man of fashion, an orator, a statesman, up to

the age of forty-three—"late in life for him," as Mr. Froude remarks, "to begin the trade of a soldier." Cromwell had attained the same age when he drew the sword and entered on the memorable career punctuated by Marston Moor, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester. Lord Lyndoch, one of Wellington's most trusted lieutenants, was a Perthshire laird till late in middle life. Polk, a brilliant corps commander in the Confederate service in the American Civil War, was a vicar before he was a bishop, and a bishop before he was a general.

Although pronounced by Lord Wolseley incapable of painting a great picture, a vicar or a doctor, his lordship cannot well deny, may have devoted considerable attention to a study of the history of art; and may even after a fashion "paint, too," as Mr. Whistler incidentally remarked of the President of the Royal Academy. Personally, although for the best part of my more than forty years of life I have been employed in a civilian occupation, and am destitute of any pretension to the command of a corporal's guard, I have given some time to the study of military history. I do not claim on that account any fitness to be a critic of the publications on military subjects given to the world from time to time by such masters of the craft as Lord Wolseley, Colonel Maurice, and other writers who wield indifferently the sword and the pen; but I may venture humbly to express my unfeigned admiration of the copiousness and range of detailed information comprised within the dark red covers of "The Soldier's Pocket Book;" and of the broad views, close reasoning, and effective condensation characterizing Colonel Maurice's paper on "War," in the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Yet the writings of both the distinguished military authors named are pervaded with an inconsistency which can scarcely fail to weaken their influence, and which is charged with a grave danger. The inconsistency I will first point out, and will then indicate the danger.

The quotations from Lord Wolseley's writings cited above are convincing evidence of the importance which he attaches to a deep and wide study of military history on the part of the soldier ambitious to shine in his profession. Elsewhere* he lays it down as "*a sine quâ non*" that a deep and minute study of the history of all great wars, especially of the most recent wars, is essential to the education of every staff officer and every general." Colonel Maurice is yet more emphatic. "There does not exist," he asserts,† "never has existed, and never, except by pedants, has there been supposed to exist, an 'art of war' which was something other than a methodic study of military history." "It is not," he adds, "from writers on war, but from the greatest generals that the most emphatic statements have come as to the paramount importance to the soldier of

* Article "War," *Fortnightly Review*, January 1889, p. 9.

† Article "War," "Encyclopædia Britannica."

the careful study of past campaigns. Appreciation of "the value of large knowledge of the accumulated experience of the past" emanates appropriately from the pen of the Professor of Military History in the Staff College.

But both the Professor of Military History and the soldier whom he designates as "the most brilliant and successful general in the British Army of to-day," afford in their writings no infrequent evidence that they are not always instant in practising what they preach. In the citations they take from military history to illustrate their postulates or to strengthen their positions, they fall into errors of fact with a facility which is simply bewildering, and which seems right in the teeth of their compliance with their own strenuous desideratum of a careful study of past campaigns. The danger I have referred to lies here: that the student who, following the counsel quoted, has betaken himself to even a perfunctory study of military history, and has discovered, as he could not well fail to do, the lapses therein of his distinguished mentors, may rise from the particular to the general, and conceive a distrust of the soundness of the arguments and the dicta which he recognizes to be illustrated by and perhaps based upon inaccurate history. And this distrust is saddening; for "The Soldier's Pocket Book" should be, and might be, in the soldier's eyes his military Bible. Again, historical inaccuracies committed by our military writers, whom we hold in most esteem cannot escape detection by professional critics abroad; and, to put the matter on its least serious footing, it is unpleasant to listen in fancy to the strident laugh and the guttural sneer of the Kaiser-platz, over the errors that stud the pages of the Adjutant-General of the British Army and of the author of the Wellington Prize Essay.

The following comments are on the article by the latter writer, entitled "War," printed in the recently published final volume of the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Colonel Maurice writes:—

"Suppose, as often happens, that two allied armies, or two parts of the same army, are moving to unite against an enemy. It may happen that, by skilful dispositions or the chance of war, the general engaged against them is able to interpose between them while they are still several marches apart one from the other. Suppose that, in a country favourable to such an operation, he employs a small portion of his own force to delay the march of one of his opponents whilst he throws the bulk of his forces against the other. In attempting to defeat this body before it can receive support (from the other), he holds a position of very great advantage. This is the situation which is commonly described by the saying that the general in question is acting 'on interior lines' against the two armies opposed to him. Thus, when Napoleon, in the Waterloo campaign, had broken in at Charleroi upon the intended point of concentration of the allied armies, he, with Ney opposing Wellington at Quatre Bras long before the English army was concentrated, and himself able to act with the

bulk of his force against Blücher at Ligny before the Prussian army was fully concentrated, was acting in the most perfect manner on "interior lines."

The author's felicity and accuracy in the abstract definition of "interior lines" are unquestionable; but I venture to assert that the illustration he adduces is inapposite, and that it fulfils no condition of the definition he has laid down. To be in the enjoyment of the interior lines a commander must be on the chord of a circle, his adversaries wide apart on its arc; he must be within striking distance of one adversary, while the other, to quote Colonel Maurice, is yet "several marches" distant, and constrained to a circuitous route (following the arc), before he can accomplish a junction with his comrade. Napoleon's position at Charleroi, while a commanding strategic one, had no such relation to the allied armies as that which Colonel Maurice postulates. He was not on the chord; they were not far apart on the arc; he was not, as a question of distance, near enough to defeat one before the other could reinforce it, since they were not "several marches" apart; in a word, he was not on the "interior lines." So far was this from being the case that, as he must be aware, when Wellington, soon after noon on the day of Ligny, met Blücher at the windmill between Bry and Ligny—Napoleon did not commence his attack on Blücher until after half-past two—he proposed to assist the Prussian commander by concentrating a body of his own troops at Quatre Bras, and marching them straight forward so as to strike Napoleon on his flank and rear. A calculation of the possibilities showed that Blücher might be defeated before Wellington should be in a position to carry out this project; so it was agreed that the latter should march his supporting force straight on Ligny, and so come directly to the aid of his colleague.* Ney's subsequent attack on Quatre Bras upset this latter arrangement, but at Quatre Bras Wellington fought virtually aligned with Blücher; and Napoleon was never on the "interior lines" relatively to the allies until the day of Waterloo, when he was so in that untoward sense which the Prussian military writers aptly describe as "in der taktischen Mitte."

Colonel Maurice states that "when letters from the seat of war in 1866 brought home to Europe the effect which the breechloader was producing in determining the contest, the first impression was that of simple consternation." The context shows that he is referring, not to excitable civilian communities, but to military Europe. Consternation carries in its meaning the element of surprise; and to the "thoughtful soldier" of 1866 the deadliness of the needle-gun could have been no surprise. Letters from the seat of war in 1864 had told him of the ghastly slaughter that weapon had made among the gallant Danes

* Hamley's "Operations of War, third edition, pp. 187-188,

defending the lines of Duppel, and of the effect it had produced in determining the final contest on the opposite shore of the narrow sound. Discussing the possibilities offering to a body of cavalry passing round the front of an opposing army and interfering with his line of communications, Colonel Maurice writes:—"To some extent during the American Civil War this was actually done by the great leaders of horsemen on either side—Sheridan and Longstreet." Longstreet never was a cavalry leader; he commanded, from the Peninsula to Appomattox, the famous First Corps of General Lee's army. The Confederate "leader of horsemen" was General J. E. B. Stuart, whose name twenty-five years ago was familiar to every English newspaper, and can scarcely yet be forgotten. "To some extent"! Surely, again and again, to the utmost conceivable extent. When McClellan lay on the Chickahominy in the Peninsula campaign, Stuart rode completely round his army, broke up his base on the Pamunkey, burned his transports, waggons, and stores to the value of seven million dollars, interrupted the Federal line of communication by burning a railway bridge, and rejoined Lee with a great booty of prisoners, arms, and beasts of burden. Again, after Antietam he made a full circle round McClellan's army as it lay supine on the Potomac, destroying supplies, capturing a thousand remounts, and creating a panic that extended to Philadelphia. Sheridan, again, when he cut loose from the Wilderness fighting and passed behind Lee, broke up that General's railway communications, destroyed the supply depôts accumulated in his rear, defeated Stuart's cavalry, killed that gallant prop of the South, and penetrated the exterior defences of Richmond. In his subsequent expeditions, he so wrecked the Confederate communications that Richmond and Lee's army in the Petersburg lines had available but one precarious railroad. To work of this character the parsimonious expression, "to some extent," is scarcely applicable.

"The Germans in the campaign of 1870," writes Colonel Maurice, "after first breaking up comparatively small portions of the French army at Weissenburg, Wörth, and Spicheren, succeeded in separating the great mass of the French army under Bazaine from the other under MacMahon, and in separately crushing them." At Wörth MacMahon was no doubt very thoroughly broken up; it is a matter of language whether a force 45,000 strong can be termed either positively or comparatively small. But it is certainly inaccurate to speak of Douay's force as having been "broken up," which, after a stubborn defence against overwhelming numbers, evacuated its position with orderly deliberation, marched away unpursued, and the following day saw one take its fair share in the hard fighting of Wörth. As little are the hard words justifiable in regard to Frossard's corps, which fought so stubbornly on the Spicheren. Having maintained the com-

bat till long after nightfall, having inflicted greater loss than it sustained. it withdrew from the field steadily and in unimpaired cohesion, covered by the fire of its own artillery. Ten days later it bore the worst brunt of the Viouville struggle; it foiled Steinmetz's fiercest efforts on the afternoon of Gravelotte; and it alone of all Bazaine's army stood fast in its position throughout the lurid night that followed that bloody day. This is hardly the record of a "broken up" force.

Colonel Maurice cites the movement of Osman Pasha from Widdin on Plevna in the summer of 1877, and his subsequent experiences, as "illustrating very happily several points in the relation between strategy and tactics." This is his version of the sequence of events:—

"In the first place Osman's move was obviously in its general character—in what we call its strategical aspect—an offensive one, directed on the most vital point of the Russian field of campaign, the bridge by which they had passed the Danube at Sistova. The threatening character of the position he took up obliged the Russians in some way to dispose of his force. Very unwisely they engaged in a series of ill-prepared and ill-directed assaults upon him. The result was so completely to shatter their forces that, had Osman advanced, after his final success, against Sistova, the small Russian remnant between him and the Danube must have been driven into the river, and in all probability all the forces that had crossed it would have been destroyed. But as he remained obstinately within his field fortress at Plevna, the Russians in their turn gradually succeeded in cutting off his communications, and obliging him to surrender what they could not take."

In this statement there are but two sentences which do not contain an error of fact. Whether in its strategical or in any other aspect, Osman's march could not have had for its objective the bridge by which the Russians had crossed the Danube, for the reason that he had his orders to undertake it before that bridge was built. Osman's "final success" was the repulse of the Russian attempt in September. That effort the Russians commenced with 90,000 men, 24 siege guns, and 420 field guns. When it ended they had still 74,000 men, and all their guns except the seven which Skobelev had left dismounted in the "middle redoubt." This was the force which Colonel Maurice styles "the small Russian remnant." To accomplish the task that writer regards as assuredly successful had it been attempted, Osman had, all told, certainly not more than 45,000 men and 80 field guns; and that much only on the assumption that he abandoned Plevna and cut loose from any base. It is not to be wondered at that under those conditions Osman should have been shy of the operation regarding the results of which, if undertaken, Colonel Maurice is so positive. But Osman did not "remain obstinately within his field fortress." A month after his intermediate success over Krüdener and Schakoskoy on July 30, he moved out of Plevna with about 30,000 men, his face set toward Sistova, leaving about 25,000 to hold the Plevna position. He had marched some eight miles before he encountered any opposition; he got no farther. "Shattered" the

Russians may have been reduced to a "small remnant" as Colonel Maurice asserts: it remains that the Russian force which Osman found calmly holding the lightly entrenched position in front of the villages of Pelishat and Zgealevitza, without resorting to a concentration and without a heavy draught on its reserve, inflicted a bloody repulse on Osman, and enforced his prompt retirement behind the works of his "field fortress."

Colonel Maurice is unhappy in all his allusions to the Russo-Turkish campaign in Europe in 1877. He writes:—

"Both in the German army and the French an immense impression was created by the incidents of the attack on Plevna. There is no doubt that the certainly unaimed fire of the Turks produced an enormous effect. Skobelev, when he had at last succeeded in reaching the Green Hill in one of his most brilliant efforts, found that there were no troops behind the slender line of skirmishers which he actually had with him. All his reserves had melted away under the storm of bullets."

The spectacle of ground strewn with dead and wounded Russians, as well as the frank list of casualties published by authority, proved with awful truth the enormous effect of the close hail of death that swept the front of the Turkish positions. Colonel Maurice says "it would be madness altogether to reject such an experience" as that which he attributes to Skobelev. But it has to be said that no such experience befell General Skobelev as that which Colonel Maurice narrates—and does so, not as a reported circumstance, but as an incontrovertible fact. In support of this contradiction, personal observation and personal knowledge are not adduced. Nor is stress laid on the contemporary narratives of the war correspondents of the period—"that race of drones," to quote Lord Wolseley, "who eat the rations of fighting men and do not work at all." Skobelev's share in the attack on Plevna is minutely detailed in the history of the campaign written by Lieutenant Greene, the United States' military attaché with the Russian headquarters—an officer who was on the spot, subsequently had all the events of the long-sustained fighting from Skobelev's own lips, and had fullest access to official reports. I repeat the averment that the incident told by Colonel Maurice did not occur; and assert my conviction that he can point to no trustworthy evidence in support of his statement.

"The Soldier's Pocket Book" is delightful reading. - The civilian may shun it, finding no interest in being informed of the proper load for a camel, the details of camp equipment, the method of retreat through a defile, the locality of a magazine in a field-work, or the correct organization of a baggage escort. But he stands in his own light. Its author is endowed with the rare gift of relieving the driest details with bright flashes of quaint fresh originality. Every page is suffused with his racy individuality. Mark Twain is not in it

with him for quiet easy humour. "The sanitary officer on campaign," he writes, "is a very useless functionary. I can conscientiously state I have never heard him make any useful suggestions, whereas I have known him make very silly ones. But this is not wholly his fault, for with an army moving it is impossible to drain a town, or carry out any great sanitary measure." An unconscious humour nestles in the folds of sentences intended to be quite serious. The author is inoculating, for instance, the cultivation of the military spirit; and he writes: "The better you dress the soldier, the more highly will he be thought of by women, and consequently by himself." Irony is perhaps his forte: there is a charming passage in which he points out the danger to troops, harassed and fatigued by an ill-executed march, of a sudden attack—when "nothing but the individual physical superiority of the Briton over all other nations can save the honour of her Majesty's army." The pages of "The Soldier's Pocket Book" are not cumbered with involved ambiguities or circumlocutory expressions. There is a fine direct frankness in its occasional cynicism, of which this is a characteristic specimen: "As a nation we are bred up to feel it a success even to succeed by falsehood; we keep hammering along with the conviction that 'Honesty is the best policy,' and that 'Truth always wins in the long run.' These pretty little sentences do well for a child's copybook, but the man who acts on them in war had better sheathe his sword for ever." The commander who would succeed must lie like a Russian diplomat; and Lord Wolseley suggests to him that, *inter alia*, "he can, by spreading false news among the gentlemen of the press, use them as a medium by which to deceive the enemy." Occasionally he is truculent, but even then—the question of good taste may be left in abeyance—he does not cease to be amusing. The spirit of the following extract is the spirit of Boulanger, but Boulanger has not the faculty of expressing himself at once menacingly and jocularly. "Do not," says Lord Wolseley, who is thus endowed—"do not be contented with any but the best officers and the best men for these small wars of ours; and if some old Adjutant-General Pipeclay refuses to let you have them, be assured the English people will support you; their sound common-sense will be too powerful even for the opposition of poor Lieutenant-General Sir Regulation Routine." Strewn over the pages of "The Soldier's Pocket Book" will be found instance on instance of its author's singular power of dashing in, with a few strokes of his pen, a picture that speaks, and lives, and remains in the memory. Once at least he accomplishes the feat—and that without an effort—of sketching in a single sentence, not one such picture, but two. Let the reader judge of their vividness: he need not have been in a battle to realize their vigorous truth. The subject is the conduct of the Staff officer in action.

"A Staff officer, galloping in a high state of excitement to a column, may play 'old Harry' with the spirits of the men, and cause them to think that there is some unknown danger, or that things in other parts of the field are not going on as they should; it gives rise to a hundred speculations of a gloomy nature. Whereas the man who gallops up, no matter how quickly, but with a smiling face, and gives his orders precisely without any flurry, having a nod for his acquaintances in the ranks, and perhaps a flying remark for them, spreads abroad a feeling of security and success which soon reaches the smallest bugler, making all think that they are on the winning side."

In fine, for the non-professional reader, there are many pleasant hours in the close-packed pages of "The Soldier's Pocket Book." He will not know, and if he did he need not care, that although the latest edition bears the recent date of 1886, it is to a great extent as obsolete as the dodo; nor will it concern him, except as adding to his amusement if he detects them, that errors of military history occur throughout it with a strange frequency. Some of these errors may be assumed to be inadvertences, obstinate survivals of the revision claimed on its title-page for this latest edition: such as the allusion to an attack made by the Prussian Guard on "16th August, 1870" (p. 192)—the day of Vionville, in which battle the Prussian Guard did not participate; and to Sherman's march to the sea "in 1866" (p. 149)—the American Civil War having ended early in 1865. But there are others which must be described as not inadvertent but inexplicable, to which latter category surely the following example belongs. One of the uses of a rearguard is, Lord Wolseley writes, "to cover the retreat of an army during a retrograde movement made in order to take up a position in rear, like that made by the English on Quatre Bras, and by the Prussian force under Ziethen on Charleroi, in 1815;" and he adds: "The great object is to retard the enemy, which, with a well-disciplined army that has not yet been engaged—as for instance the Allies previous to Waterloo—is comparatively easy" (p. 347). But in front of Quatre Bras there was nothing of Wellington's army except outposts and the detachment in Frasné of Perponcher's Dutch-Belgians, which Ney pushed before him as he moved on Quatre Bras. The terms of the quotation render it impossible to imagine that the retirement of that outlying handful on its main body is the illustration intended. Again, Ziethen, when Napoleon struck him on the morning of June 13, was already in Charleroi, and had only posts on the line of the Sambre beyond; no more than the English on Quatre Bras could he retreat on a place he was not and had never been in advance of. Not less unfortunate is Lord Wolseley's instance of "the Allies previous to Waterloo" as an army that "had not yet been engaged." The terms would include the Prussians, who had been engaged with a vengeance at Ligny; but the indications are that Lord Wolseley had in his mind Wellington's skilfully covered

retirement from Quatre Bras into the Waterloo position. But that retirement was made by a force which on the previous day had lost one-sixth of its strength in a combat fought with exceptional fury.

The references to Wellington in "The Soldier's Pocket Book" are uniformly disparaging; but that soldier's reputation can take care of itself. It is not in impertinent vindication of it that I venture, simply on issues of fact, to traverse certain of Lord Wolseley's strictures. Vigorously advocating pursuits he writes (p. 372): "Many a well-planned and successfully carried out action has led to no result because the general commanding thinks his men are too tired. . . . Without a keenly followed up pursuit you may be successful, but you will never be victorious." And, again (p. 351), "Wellington won many battles, but he never delivered any very crushing blow, *because he failed to pursue.*" The precise distinction, in the military sense, between the terms "successful" and "victorious" is difficult to define; the latter may be the stronger expression, but both are restricted to their strictly military results. For example, Kambula was quite as great a victory as Ulundi, if not a greater, although the latter had the more important consequence of terminating a campaign. But, granting to the expression a strength of significance to which it is not entitled, a number of battles occur to the memory which, although clinched by a "keenly followed up pursuit," were all decisive of a campaign, and some of much more. A week after Plassey Clive was in Moorsheadabad. Austerlitz brought Francis into Napoleon's camp, and enforced on Alexander the acceptance of terms. Friedland was the vestibule to the Tilsit pavilion. Sobraon ended the first Sikh war. When Robert Lee rode away from the bloody field of Gettysburg, the South's chance for independence died the death. Amoaful opened the way to Coomassie, and gave to the Ashantee expedition its creditable issue. Lord Wolseley asserts that Wellington "never delivered any crushing blows." Well, he scooped the French out of Spain in a single campaign; he must be a light-hearted antagonist who would not regard that performance as at least within measurable distance of a crushing blow. But Lord Wolseley is referring to an isolated battle, rather than to a campaign. He appears to have forgotten the famous summary of Vittoria: "Never was defeat so decisive: the French were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town." Wellington "*failed to pursue.*" A pursuit, Lord Wolseley will admit, is rather a liberty to take with a strong adversary, even if you have been fortunate enough to beat him; it is adding insult to injury; and there is nothing good troops resent more stubbornly. Wellington pursued when he dared. He was hindered at Assaye by the utter exhaustion of his cavalry; he pursued to some purpose after Argannum. His antagonists in the Peninsula were not of the stamp of the creatures who ran like sheep from Tel-el-Kebir. Burrard throttled the victory of Vimeira; and so, in Wellington's own words,

"there was nothing to do but to go and shoot red-legged partridges." But after Salamanca the Duke led the Light Division so hotly in pursuit that he was hit by a pistol-shot fired by a French dragoon. After Vittoria his cavalry and horse artillery thundered after the fugitives along the Pamplona road, till the masses were so disintegrated that there were only individuals to chase.

Treating of fortresses, "The Soldier's Pocket Book" informs its readers (p. 397) that "a fortress may be effectively blockaded by troops occupying positions all round it, as Metz and Paris were in 1870, so that its garrison can have no influence upon the progress of the war beyond occupying the attention of the troops blockading it. A fortress may, however, block your best line of advance, especially with regard to railway communications, as Metz, for example, in 1870." It is surely an inconsistency, not to say a contradiction in terms, to instance one and the same fortress as having no influence on the progress of the war and as blocking the invaders' best line of advance. As a matter of fact, the line which Metz is claimed as having blocked was not a chief line of supply—the term "line of advance" is scarcely applicable in regard to railway communication; nor can Metz be said to have blocked that line, since the loop from Remilly to Pont-à-Mousson, which discounted the Metz hindrance, was completed previous to the removal, by the capitulation of Toul, of a less amenable obstacle. What limitation of influence on the war Lord Wolseley ascribes to Metz and Paris was not true even of such minor fortresses as Montmédy and Mézières, Soissons and La Fère, since they blocked important railway lines; it applies only to Bitche and Phalsburg, which alone affected no communications. As for the siege of Paris, it is of course superfluous to point out that its influence as well on the progress as the duration of the war was paramount. "The Soldier's Pocket Book" is again in error in stating that the armies blockading Paris and Metz were of about the same numerical strength as the invested garrisons (p. 397).

There is a certain *naïveté* in the remark (p. 149) that, "had Moscow been connected by a railway with the Niemen in 1812, Napoleon's expedition to Russia would not have ended as it did." The Russians of that period could not indeed profit by the directions given in "The Soldier's Pocket Book" for the destruction of railways, but nevertheless it is extremely improbable that Napoleon would have been allowed to utilize to any great extent such a line had it existed; at all events, after he had reached Moscow. The assertion (p. 71) that "traction engines have never yet been effectively tried for transport purposes during war" is quite a mistake. They were freely used by the Russians in 1877 to drag supplies across the Wallachian plain from the railway at Fratesti to the bridge-head at Simnizta, and to a less extent in Bulgaria; the machines used were made by Aveling & Porter. That (p. 322) "the electric telegraph is a new element in war," is an observation which is perhaps scarcely

up to date in a publication of the year 1886; especially when read in connection with the statement on another page, "that we used it in the Crimea, and in the Indian Mutiny ran it forward even into canister fire." Lord Wolseley holds (p. 268) that "there is no doubt the bivouac is healthier than the tent in fine weather." The German axiom—and the Germans have much experience of the bivouac—is that the worst quarter is infinitely superior to the best bivouac.

"I do not believe," writes Lord Wolseley (p. 39), "in any camel being able to do hard work over a desert country, where he will have very little food and water, with two men on his back." The issue here is between Lord Wolseley's belief and history. In the camel corps which Sir Charles Napier* organized in Scinde, every camel carried a *sirwan* (native driver) armed for self-defence, and a fully armed British infantryman, chosen for his light weight. The corps could march eighty or ninety miles through desert without a halt. Once, starting in the evening, Fitzgerald marched it seventy miles to surprise a hill robber, caught his man next morning, and was back at his starting-point on that evening, having covered 140 miles in twenty-four hours. Napier's dash of eight forced marches into the great sandy desert to take and destroy the fortress of Emaum Ghur, the great stronghold of the Ameers, was made with 350 men of the 22nd Regiment on camels, "*two soldiers on each camel*." It was this exploit which Wellington pronounced "one of the most extraordinary military feats I have ever known to be performed, or ever perused an account of, in my life." But then Napier did not have his "camelry" consist of ponderous heavy cavalry and big-framed guardsmen, but of linesmen "picked for their light wiry figures."

One of the pleasantest traits of "The Soldier's Pocket Book" is the kindly feeling evinced throughout for the private soldier. It is in his interest that the author sedulously strives to minimize the man-killing effect of artillery fire. He admits (p. 121), not without a flicker of grim humour, that "its appalling noise, the way it tears down trees, knocks houses into small pieces, and mutilates the human frame when it does hit, strikes terror into all but the stoutest hearts." But he adds—and insists that the fact should be impressed on the mind of the soldier—that "its effect is more moral than actual; it kills but few;" and to endorse this assertion he tells how, of the shot and shell casualties among the Prussians in the Franco-German War, 91 per cent. were caused by rifle fire, and only 9 per cent. by artillery. By a stretch of fancy one might imagine Dr. Ogle, seriously ill of fever, placidly calculating from the bills of mortality his chances of pulling through, as the crisis of his disorder approached. But Tommy Atkins, in the vortex of a cyclone of bursting shells, philosophically bracing his nervous system by recalling statistics proving the effect of artillery fire to be more moral than actual, is a spectacle somewhat difficult to

* Bruce's "Life of Sir Charles Napier," pp. 185, 255.

realize. The author's genial intention nevertheless so appeals to the sympathies, as to create a reluctance to point out that his statistics are misleading. In the war of 1870 the French artillery was notoriously defective and wretchedly handled. In 1866 the Prussian casualties caused by Austrian artillery fire were 16 per cent. In 1870, of the total French losses, 25 per cent. were wrought by the German shell fire, and this notwithstanding that in that war the Prussians did not use shrapnel, directed against the hostile guns an exceptional proportion of their artillery fire, and were all but invariably firing at an enemy who, standing on the defensive, was more or less under cover. Lord Wolseley, although, no doubt in genial regard for 'Tommy Atkins' interest, he is silent on the subject, can scarcely be unaware of the immense addition to the man-killing power of artillery obtained since the Franco-German war by the improvements effected in the shrapnel shell. And in a work published in 1886 statistics were scarcely to be expected to be paraded, which are utterly vitiated by the practical experiments of which details were published in 1880 in General Brialmont's "*Formations du Combat.*" But it must be said that Lord Wolseley is seldom happy in statistics. He puts the number of German troops (p. 120) "present" at the combat of Wiessenburg at 106,928—not even the French count makes the number exceed 80,000; and between his figure of 167,000 as the number "present" at Vionville, and 80,000,* the outside actual number, the discrepancy is colossal. These errors of course utterly destroy the value of the calculation the basis of which they form.

I end with this strange quotation (p. 388): "From the experience of recent wars we learn that fire cannot be maintained from a battery exposed to infantry fire, so guns should not be placed within 900 yards of the enemy's infantry, and if the latter succeeds in reaching within that distance, they"—the guns—"should retire beyond that range." From what recent war has Lord Wolseley learned this lesson? Certainly not from the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, since guns, other than those of position, never approached or were approached within close range. Certainly not from the Franco-German war of 1870, in almost every battle of which German batteries were in action within 800 yards of hostile infantry fire and closer for offensive purposes; at Vionville and Gravelotte within 300 to 400 yards, and firing case, on the defence; and this with never a murmur of repentance on the part of the gunners, and never a hint of reprehension on the part of the critics. Certainly not from the Anglo-Egyptian campaign of 1882, in which, at Kassassin, the horse artillery came into action with the cavalry skirmishers, and where, at Tel-el-Kebir, field artillery cleared the Egyptian parapets and swept the trenches in line with the infantry at the closest of close quarters with the enemy.

ARCH. FORBES.

* Hooper's "*Sedan*" reckons 77,000.

CANON GREGORY'S EDUCATIONAL POLICY.

IT is an open secret that Lord Cross, the chairman of the Royal Commission on Education, prepared a draft report of a more moderate character than that finally adopted by the majority of the Commissioners. Canon Gregory was one of the principal authors of the manifesto which has re-opened the education question. It is, therefore, equally interesting and instructive to read Canon Gregory's defence of the new clerical programme.* He begins with the pleasant assurance that "on matters purely educational" the two sections of the Commission are in "very substantial agreement." I wish that were more evident in the Blue Book. I am afraid that the more carefully the Blue Book is pondered the more evident it becomes that the majority propose, it may be unconsciously, to sacrifice educational efficiency to certain cherished sectarian ends. I shall be compelled to give too ample proof of that before I have done.

It seems almost impossible for opponents to understand one another on this question. Canon Gregory actually states the religious difficulty in the following terms: "The majority are anxious to preserve the definitely religious character which now distinguishes the voluntary schools, and to secure real liberty for those who have religious convictions as well as for those who have not." "Definite religious teaching" is the favourite phrase in this article, and recurs again and again. It is a very clever euphemism for sectarian teaching of an intensely pugilistic type. I will presently give ample illustrations of what "definite religious teaching" means in the small towns and villages of England. But for the moment I simply call attention to the way in which the sentence just quoted assumes that the majority represent "those who have religious convictions." As a matter of fact, patent to the whole

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, November 1888.

world, those whom the Minority Commissioners represent have "religious convictions," for which they have made sacrifices, such as Canon Gregory and his friends have never even had the opportunity of making. It is on the highest and holiest religious grounds that they strenuously resist the ecclesiastical policy of the Majority Report. Neither are they, as the Canon assumes, "indifferent to the wants and requirements of those who wish for" what he means by "definite religious teaching." All they demand is that "definite religious teaching" of that sort should be taught at the expense of those who desire it, and to the children whose parents believe in it. At present it is taught at the public expense to tens of thousands of children whose parents do not believe in it.

It is impossible for any student of the educational history of this century to accept the statement that "all the earlier efforts to further elementary education in the country were made by religious bodies, and especially by the Church." It is not a fact that "the Church" deserves this pre-eminent credit. Joseph Lancaster, a Dissenter, established elementary schools; and the British and Foreign School Society was formed and rapidly spreading in 1808. The so-called "National" Society did not come into existence until 1814, and was created because then, as now, "the Church" refused to co-operate with the other "religious bodies." The religious difficulty would never have arisen, and an efficient national system of primary education might have been established fifty years ago, if the Canon Gregorys of that day had not refused to co-operate with their fellow Christians on the broad and catholic basis proposed by Joseph Lancaster. Then, as now, the fight was not for the Bible or for Christianity, but for a "distinctive" catechism, and for "definite teaching"—in other words, for sectarian and controversial theology; and also, it should be added, for the clerical control of the schools. In 1839 the Government tried to establish a National Training College on an unsectarian but distinctly Christian basis. The representatives of the Established Church offered a determined resistance. Nothing would satisfy them except what is now called "definite" teaching—that is to say, those speculative and controversial dogmas which divide Christians, together with sectarian control and management. In consequence of this opposition the training of the schoolmasters of England and Wales remains to this day almost entirely in private and sectarian hands. In 1864 Mr. Lingen (now Lord Lingen), then the Secretary of the Education Department, asked the National Society to accept a clause in the trust deed of their schools allowing children of Non-conformists to attend Church of England day schools without being compelled to receive the "definite teaching" given in them, and to attend the parish church on Sundays. This request was made because there were numerous country parishes in which the only school was a

Church of England school. The Education Department did not propose to interfere in the slightest degree with the "definite religious teaching." It only asked that the children of Nonconformists should not be compelled to learn a catechism their parents did not believe, and that they should not be compelled to go to the parish church or remain entirely uneducated. The Committee of the National Society definitively refused to make this small concession to the rights of conscience. So late as 1870 it was with the greatest reluctance that the National Society consented to accept a time-table conscience-clause. Even then this tardy concession was made only because public opinion had been so far enlightened that any further resistance might have involved the loss of the grants from the Consolidated Fund. As a sincere lover of the Church of England, and as one much indebted to her theologians and devotional writers, it is most painful to me to publish these facts. But when Canon Gregory poses as the champion of the Bible and of religious liberty, bare justice compels a summary reference to the fact that, from the beginning of the century until now, it is the party he champions that has persistently imperilled the Christian character of our elementary education, by demanding too much, and by refusing at every turn to co-operate with religious Nonconformists. The demand for a purely secular system would never have arisen if the exclusiveness and intolerance of Canon Gregory's party had not driven catholic-minded Christians to despair. Even now—although almost irreparable mischief has been wrought by this uncatholic temper—even now, as the Rev. Charles Williams, of Accrington, stated before the Commission, if there was a school with unsectarian Christian teaching within reach of every child, it would "very likely silence altogether the demand for purely secular schools" (44,644). The only persons who have it in their power to drive this country into what is called "a godless system" are those clerical extremists who, by their extravagant demands and irreconcilable attitude, obstruct the progress of a reasonable, moderate, and conciliatory policy.

There never was a more desperate abuse of language than that which labels the sectarian schools with the word "voluntary." "Voluntary" they were until 1833, when Parliament began to endow them. But they have long lost all just claim to that designation. At the recent Education Conference, the Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P., who speaks as an expert on financial questions, said:—

"Last year the elementary education of the country cost as nearly as possible £7,000,000. Where did that money come from? £3,100,000 came from the Consolidated Fund, to which all classes of the community contributed, and £1,200,000 came from rates; so that out of nearly seven millions £4,300,000 was the result of taxation. The next great figure came from the pence of the children—namely, £1,800,000. He did not think that any nomenclature, however ecclesiastical it might be, would call rates, taxes,

and fees, 'voluntary contributions.' The aggregate of rates, taxes, and pence, was £6,100,000, and the voluntary contributions £744,000, making a gross total of £6,844,000."

That is to say, out of a total of nearly seven millions, three-quarters of a million is all that by any ingenuity can be called "voluntary." Moreover this fraction is a continually decreasing one. While grants and fees are going up, up, up, voluntary subscriptions are going down, down, down. As Mr. Fowler went on to show, between 1870 and 1887 the grant per head in "voluntary" schools has gone up from 9s. 9½d. to 17s. 0½d., and the average amount of school pence per child has gone up from 8s. 4½d. to 11s. 1½d. In the meantime the voluntary contribution has gone down from 6s. 11½d. to 6s. 7½d. To take that particular section of the Universal Church which Canon Gregory distinguishes from other "religious bodies," and designates "the Church," she contributed in 1877 £620,000 for her educational monopoly. But in 1887 she contributed only £580,872, thirty-nine thousand pounds less than ten years ago, although in 1887 her schools contained 349,000 more children than in 1877. One would have thought that those who enjoyed so lucrative a bargain would not have been particularly anxious to call public attention to it. But "the Church" is apparently so accustomed to pocket millions of public money, that she has come at last to resent the doctrine that she ought to find any part of the money to maintain her "voluntary" schools. In many of her day schools voluntary contributions have already ceased altogether, or have fallen to the lowest point. And that seems to be regarded as quite reasonable and proper. When the Rev. James Duncan, the secretary to the National Society, was asked whether the owners of "voluntary" schools ought not to pay something towards the maintenance of their day schools, he replied, "I do not see that they are under any obligation to do so" (11,055). Pressed on this point he declared that he did not see "why Parliament should not admit voluntary schools to grants without any voluntary contributions at all" (11,056). To pocket millions of public money and of children's pence, to have an educational monopoly in two-thirds of the parishes of England and Wales, and not to pay one penny for these magnificent proselytizing facilities—that is the ideal of the Rev. James Duncan, M.A., secretary to the National Society since 1870. No wonder that he is "entirely opposed" (10,577) to the universal establishment of school boards. He is to be congratulated by his friends that his policy has advanced so many great strides towards realization since the memorable educational year in which he entered upon his important office. As we have already said the voluntary contributions are rapidly dwindling in proportion to the amount of public money pocketed. While "the Church" subscriptions have fallen, as we have seen, to the extent of more than £39,000 during the last ten years, the State grants to sectarian schools

have leaped up, between 1870 and 1887, from £562,611 to £1,844,000. In 1877 the voluntary contributions were 8s. 8½d. per child towards a cost of 33s. 9d., but in 1887 they had fallen to 6s. 7½d. towards a cost of 36s. 4½d. That ought to satisfy Mr. Duncan and his friends. But they are really rather difficult to please. They now demand the abolition of the 17s. 6d. grant-limit, the increase of special grants to small schools, a fixed attendance grant, a partial revisal of building grants, and new capitation grants from the local rates. All these ingenious proposals would, it is calculated, ultimately double the amount received from public sources, and produce about £4,000,000. This, with the existing uncontrolled power to raise the school fees as high as 9d., would enable Mr. Duncan to realize his ideal, and the vast sectarian system would be maintained entirely by Parliament, the ratepayers, and the parents of the children, although neither the ratepayers nor the parents would have any voice whatever in the management of the schools. It used to be said that he who pays the piper should call the tune. But the doctrine advocated by the new champions of "religious liberty" is that the taxpayer and the ratepayer should pay the piper, but that the Rev. James Duncan should call the tune, and that the tune should be the "definite teaching" of the Church Catechism and the Athanasian Creed.

But it may perhaps be said by those friends of education who are profoundly indifferent to the conscientious difficulties of other men—that it really does not matter who educates the children so long as the secular teaching is efficient. Postponing for the moment all consideration of the grievances of Nonconformists, let us accept this purely educational test. Even from this point of view the sectarian system is utterly indefensible. No result of the prolonged and patient investigations of the Royal Commission is more startling or more worthy of universal attention than the light which these gentlemen have unwittingly thrown upon the educational condition of the small towns and villages. Even if it were right to trample upon the consciences of rural Nonconformists, Canon Gregory's system is a dismal educational failure. Our system of primary education is the worst in Europe; and the neglect of technical education is even undermining our industrial prosperity. Now the inferiority of the English educational system reaches its lowest depths where the sectarian schools hold undisputed sway. Unsuitable buildings, incapable teachers, low exemption standards, and lax inspection are all tolerated, because requirements which aimed only at the educational well-being of the children of the poor would condemn hundreds of sectarian schools to extinction. The most unjust favouritism is shown to the petted and pampered clerical schools. The Department allows the managers of so-called "voluntary" schools to reckon eight square feet as sufficient for each unit of average attendance. But school boards are compelled

to allow ten square feet. What a tremendous difference that is will be shown by the following illustration from Birmingham. If the sectarian schools of Birmingham are judged by the ten feet scale, they have only 531 vacant places, but by the eight feet scale they have 5592 vacant places (30,795). In that one city the sectarian managers are allowed by law to cram in 5000 more children than would be tolerated in board schools of similar dimensions. In consequence of this illusory measurement of the sectarian schools, the Birmingham board schools are overcrowded, and the accommodation is lamentably insufficient. What, then, must be the state of things in other localities, especially where there is a ceaseless attempt to prevent the establishment of a school board and board schools; and where no one calls attention to the deficiency of the school supply? The Inspectors have pointed out again and again and again that eight square feet per child is "inadequate for discipline and instruction." But as the sectarian managers cannot afford to give more, the children must continue to suffer until the working-classes awake to their own interests. In the meantime sectarian interests flourish, and each Inspector, like a pelican of the wilderness, or a sparrow alone upon the housetop, utters his loud lament in vain. "The Blue Books," says the Final Report, "are full of complaints by the inspectors of the unsatisfactory character of the school buildings and furniture in too many schools" (p. 260). Mr. Blakiston, Chief Inspector for the North-Eastern Division, calls attention to "the deficiency in many schools otherwise satisfactory, as to cloak-room arrangements, means of washing, and facilities for drying wet boots, &c.; he calls attention to the bad lighting, and to the general want of pictures in the schools; he further complains of inconvenient desks and bad lighting." Mr. Vertue speaks of "badly lighted, badly ventilated, and dirty rooms." Mr. Greene laments "the want of desks for infants, and the deficiency of local maps and of globes." Mr. Williams, Chief Inspector for Wales, says the ventilation of schools is seldom good, and also finds fault with the heating. Mr. Morgan Owen complains of class-rooms unsuitably furnished. Even the Training Colleges at Bangor and Norwich are not satisfactory. Mr. Barry, Chief Inspector for the West Central Division, complains of want of class-rooms and cloak-rooms and playgrounds, of unsatisfactory offices, of bad light, and of bad desks. Mr. Oakley, the Chief Inspector for the North-Western Division, complains of the defective ventilation of the schools in the suburbs of Manchester. Mr. Coward makes the important statement that "what is called over-pressure is greatly due to over-crowded rooms." Mr. Milman has great difficulty in getting rid of stone floors in the Leamington District. Mr. Stokes reports that all through the South-Eastern Division the school premises are inadequate in size and inferior in condition. He says that in Rochester and Chatham the

school buildings are old-fashioned and ill-arranged, and at least two of them are "distinctly bad." Mr. Routledge actually objects "to the sacrifice of day-schools to the interest of Sunday-schools, or other parochial purposes." Canon Gregory should give him a little elementary instruction on the subject of "religious liberty." What does it matter, though ventilation be bad, and light dim, and offices foul, so long as "definite" religious teaching is given? Mr. Rooper speaks of "the rough unplastered interior of St. Luke's," which "resembles a stable more than a school-room." This is your reward, workmen of England, for allowing the education of your children to be controlled by those whose chief concern is to give them "definite" religious instruction. Some of your children are taught in buildings which many a rich man would deem unworthy of his horses. At Westgate so limited is the accommodation that "the reading lesson" is driven "into the open-air." No doubt in mild weather the open-air is far preferable to some of the dark and foul buildings in which the sectarian system condemns many of the poor children of England to acquire their scanty knowledge. Mr. Ewen states only too truly "that defective ventilation causes many headaches that are put down to long hours, anxiety, or hard study." Of the wealthy City of London the Inspector writes that, "there are really only four good school buildings in the City." If these things are done in the green tree, what is done in the dry? If the sectarian system is so defective even under Canon Gregory's nose and in the midst of wealth, what must be the condition of affairs in country parishes? I need scarcely say that all these loud complaints, and many more which it would be wearisome to quote, refer exclusively to sectarian schools. No school board would be allowed for a moment to erect such buildings or to use appliances so defective. But there is one law for the school board and another law for Canon Gregory and his friends. They teach the same kind of human beings with the same needs. But the school boards exist for the sake of the children. The other system exists for the sake of "religious freedom" and "definite distinctive religious teaching."

This distinction in the primary motive of existence produces the gravest practical differences, not only in school buildings and school appliances, but also in the teaching staff and in the curriculum. There are hundreds of country schools in which nothing is taught except the three "R's," and a little needlework to girls. In 1886-7 there were 117,540 scholars in such schools, who took no English, no Elementary Science, no Geography, no History! In addition to these there were 141,173 children who attempted one class subject—English—and failed! In not a few country parishes the head-teachers are so incompetent that they have failed even to pass the entrance examination of the Training Colleges. In some cases the inspectors positively discourage the taking of class subjects (*i.e.*, English, Geography, Elemen-

tary Science, and History) on the ground that the staff is insufficient even for this humble addition to the three "R's." Take a typical case. Miss Castle, the head-mistress of Duncton Church School, near Petworth, let a great deal of light into the educational condition of parishes where Canon Gregory's system reigns without a rival. It appeared from her evidence that she was the sole teacher in a school of 68 children, "mostly" the children of "labourers on the farms." These hapless boys and girls are crowded into nine classes, with seven standards, and with infants from four years of age. Well might she say, "It is utterly impossible to teach those children together" (19,606). When asked by Lord Cross what standard she would like as the standard of total exemption, Miss Castle made the sensible and significant answer: "It does not matter what standard it is, so long as the children are able to understand. But children who leave at the fourth standard are so hurried through from one standard to another, that when they pass out from the fourth standard they cannot do the second standard work. It is no good to say that they can, because I know that in nine cases out of ten they cannot" (19,618). Well done, Miss Castle! Tell the truth, however inconvenient it may be to your employers. This is what the sectarian system offers the peasantry of England. The "definite religious teaching" is carefully provided. Miss Castle marks every child "late" who does not attend the religious instruction; she teaches everybody "the Church catechism," and takes "the children to church on holy days." So far so good; but, on the other hand, the secular education, notwithstanding the heroic efforts of such admirable teachers as Miss Castle, is worthless. The children are ruthlessly bundled off to work before they are eleven years of age, as soon as they can be "hurried" somehow through the fourth standard, at which time, as Miss Castle says, "they cannot do the second standard work." It is a curious illustration of the working of the clerical mind upon this question, that the Rev. T. D. C. Morse did his utmost to induce Miss Castle to say that it would be no advantage to these village children, "who have to earn their living," to be kept longer in the day-school. The object of Mr. Morse's pertinacious cross-examination was to break the force of a statement which Miss Castle had made a few minutes before, in reply to Dr. Dale; a statement to the effect that "the children in the villages might, with advantage, receive a much higher education than they are receiving at present." Miss Castle had lamented that village children are "only required to stay at school for four years." The Rev. T. D. C. Morse laboured hard to convince Miss Castle that such children could not "with advantage" remain any longer at school. Another Royal Commissioner, Mr. Talbot, was much exercised by the opinion which Dr. Dale had elicited, and he took up the strain after Mr. T. D. C. Morse had done his best. "Is that higher education "

(which Dr. Dale suggested), exclaimed Mr. Talbot, "an education which will fit them for the work which they will have to do in life when they grow up?" "No," replied Miss Castle, "it is not necessary to them." "Is it not only not necessary," repeated Mr. Talbot, "but is it an education which will make them better in the vocation of life to which they will naturally be called?" "I think," once more answered Miss Castle, "a good many things are not necessary to be forced to be learned in the school; but my opinion is that every one should learn as much as he possibly can." "Do you think," asked her pertinacious examiner once more, "that what is called the higher education in rural schools is an education which will fit those boys and girls for the work in life which they will have to do?" "No," answered the brave village schoolmistress, "but everything must improve them. I dare not say that it would not do them some good, because everything must do them good that they learn" (20,057-59). Beyond that point these gentlemen could not force her.

How significant this persistent cross-examination is. What a flood of light it throws upon the secret conviction of those who moulded the Majority Report. Not very many years ago it was the custom in one of our southern villages to draw up the school-children on the village green on Sunday morning, in order that—as the carriages from the Hall swept past to church—they might sing the following verse:—

"God bless the Squire,
And all his rich relations;
And teach us poor folk
To keep our stations."

The Rev. T. D. C. Morse and Mr. Talbot exhibited a touching solicitude that "the poor folk" in Duncton and other villages should "keep their stations," and not learn more than was proper for such folk to know. On the other hand these "poor folk" themselves evidently share Miss Castle's conviction that they might "with advantage" have a few more crumbs from the richly furnished table of modern European education. What could be more beautiful or more pathetic than the revelation of the village mind which comes out in the following fragment from Miss Castle's lengthy and important evidence:—

"20,067. You said, I think, that the mothers sometimes put off washing-day because of the elementary science; and yet you said that the girls were not directly taught elementary science; is it what they overhear that interests them?—Yes. When I speak of elementary science I mean anything that branches out of a lesson that is not reading, writing, and arithmetic.

"20,068. The philosophy of subjects generally?—Yes.

"20,069. But they were not directly taught this, as I understand, but only overheard what was being taught to the boys?—Yes.

"20,070. They were otherwise occupied while this lesson was going on; but so highly did they value what they caught, that the mothers were induced to alter the washing-day, in order that the girls might have the privilege of overhearing it; was that what you wished to convey to us?—Yes."

How can we properly describe those gifted and privileged persons who use all their influence and authority to prevent such village girls as these from enjoying a better education? How much longer will the people of England tolerate a system of compulsory ignorance for the majority of our rural population?

Before we leave this phase of the question, it will be instructive to dwell briefly upon the significant evidence of Mr. William Muscott, headmaster of the Church of England School, Garsington, near Oxford. His "school of about 100 has been worked by" himself "and an assistant mistress during the last four years" (18,011). On this point it is important to remember, as Mr. Muscott reminds us, "that a teacher supervising (as is common in village schools) seven standards will have to teach twenty-one rules of arithmetic, seven portions of English, and at least five portions of geography; and he will also have to wade through at least 580 chapters of reading, besides the various spellings, compositions, &c." Discipline, too, in such schools is harder to maintain than in large schools" (18,013). Well might he complain, poor fellow; that he himself was the victim of "over-pressure," and also that "the mistresses of village schools are terribly over-worked." He stated that children generally leave school at ten. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, to learn that he is "very much disappointed" with the results of their education in after-life. Even in "two or three months" they "have forgotten very much of the knowledge that they had." The fact is that this sectarian educational system, like many other apparently cheap things, is really costly and extravagant in the extreme: Vast sums of public money are spent in giving these village children a wretched smattering of knowledge which they lose long before they become men and women. Under these circumstances we learn with less regret that the bucolic magistrates in Mr. Muscott's neighbourhood refuse to enforce attendance at school. The squirearchy have a traditional dislike and dread of educated villagers; but in this instance it is really a question whether the boys and girls do not get more good from playing truant in the fields and lanes of Oxfordshire than from cramming a few bits of elementary knowledge which they forget "in two or three months." Mr. Muscott further stated that village teachers are so much over-worked, and have so inadequate a staff, that they positively encourage the children to leave school after they have passed the Fourth Standard—that is to say, after they have a very elementary acquaintance with the three R's and nothing more. This is probably the most appalling statement we have yet unearthed. Before we dismiss Mr. Muscott we ought to add that it came out during his examination that it was a part of his duty to conduct the musical part of the service in church, where he played the harmonium. His salary as schoolmaster covered his duties as organist. This fact illustrates

the position of dependence upon the village clergyman in which the rural schoolmasters are placed. The position of dignity, independence, and authority, essential to the complete fulfilment of the duties of their profession, is impossible so long as they are the Gibeonites of the country clergy. Neither can they properly serve their country while they continue to be so badly paid. In 1886 eleven thousand and seventy-nine head-mistresses in Church of England schools received less than £50 a-year.

In the rural districts, as we have already seen, the children are totally exempted from school attendance at lower standards than are enforced in the urban districts where school boards exist. In 9303 country parishes, with a population of 7,331,995, the children finish their education at the Fourth Standard. Mr. A. P. Graves, Her Majesty's Inspector for West Somerset, stated that there were cases of "farmers, who were anxious to get children to work early, raising the fee in the Fourth and Upper Standards. The parents have not been able to pay it, and consequently the children have left school" (57,271). Thus, partly by fixing a low exemption standard, and partly by deliberately raising the fee to a prohibitive sum, the poor village children are deprived of the education which we spend millions to secure for them.

When a comparison is instituted between board schools and sectarian schools, the board schools are proved to be superior in every respect. • The real superiority is much greater even than appears in the returns, because the sectarian schools are more leniently inspected. Mr. Johnstone, the chief inspector of the South-Western Division of England, speaks of "the struggling village school, with only the clergyman to care for it; with no funds, and often an indifferent teacher, and an irregular attendance of indifferent scholars. The inspector who arrives is in a dilemma. He must either refuse the grant, and perhaps crush the school, or he must recommend the grant for work which he knows falls infinitely short of the standard laid down for him in the Code. He chooses, probably, the more merciful part, and from that hour he perpetuates bad teaching by rewarding imperfect effort." As the same inspector says in another place, "where all around is low the inspector's standard becomes low also. In fear of too great sternness he errs on the side of leniency, and lets all through." Other inspectors make similar frank confessions. The hasty and tender-hearted reader may be tempted to pity and admire the village clergyman struggling in the midst of poverty to keep his feeble school alive. But such sympathy is entirely misplaced. It would be as easy for the village clergyman to stop all this struggling and failure as it is to lift up his finger. He may have a school board and a rate any day he likes. He afflicts himself, and what is much worse, he does his helpless parishioners irreparable and life-long injury, simply because

he is determined to be the absolute, irresponsible, educational autocrat of the parish. No one objects to his exerting a legitimate educational influence. But that is not enough. Rather than tolerate the authoritative co-operation of any of his neighbours, he perpetuates the most defective educational system in Europe. When we institute a comparison between the sectarian and the board school systems, not in the lower standards and in the necessary work, but in the extra subjects—subjects which lift the curriculum above the low level of the three “R’s”—the superiority of the board school system is yet more strikingly manifested. For example, in 1886-7, out of 2,600,000 scholars inspected in sectarian schools, only 4300 were taught cookery. But out of 1,500,000 in board schools—a much smaller total—the number of girls taught cookery—a most important practical subject—was not 4300, but 26,000. Again, out of 1,600,000 scholars in average attendance in Church of England schools, 13,464 were taught algebra, mechanics, French, animal physiology, botany, domestic economy, &c. But in the board schools, with an average attendance of only 1,200,000—400,000 less than in the Church schools—the number taught these extra subjects was 35,247.

Why is it that the much older and more experienced sectarian system fails so utterly and universally in comparison with the board school system? The answer was given by Mr. Alderson, a chief inspector, who served as one of the Royal Commissioners. In a Report he says: “The board school has the advantage of being entirely detached from the machinery of the parish. It can be conducted with a more single eye to learning.” Exactly. The school “being entirely detached from the machinery of the parish,” its headmaster is not a hewer of wood and drawer of water to the parish priest. He is under no obligation, “as a part of his salary,” to play the harmonium at church, and do other little odd jobs for the vicar, who holds his fate in the hollow of his hand, who can dismiss him with a word as easily as he dismisses his under-nurse.* The board school has a “single eye to learning.” It has not “one eye askew” in a very different direction. We know on the highest authority that “a man cannot serve two masters;” cannot be equally and simultaneously zealous for the aggrandizement of a sect and for the education of the poor. There is no attempt to conceal the primary object for which these sectarian schools exist. In a recent issue the *Record* exclaimed with ingenious frankness: “How long would Church schools be worth retaining if they existed under restrictions which might effectually cramp and fetter their usefulness for all Church purposes?” “Church purposes”—every village Nonconformist knows what that phrase means. “Church purposes,” not educational efficiency, is the phrase which expresses the controlling policy of the sectarian school. In one of the remarkable and astute

articles which have recently appeared in the *Guardian*, the following significant sentence occurs: "The question which Churchmen ought to ask themselves now is not how they can best keep a board school off, or counteract its influence, but how they can best *use* the board school." *Ex pede Herculem*. If it is openly proposed to capture and "use" even the board schools, what must be the state of things in the ten thousand parishes where the only school is the private school, in which the clergyman is "the monarch of all he surveys," and a monarch without either a Parliament or a Cabinet? The weekly organ of the National Society says plainly that "it is more than ever necessary that Church schools should be made nurseries for Church principles." There is the explanation of the dismal educational story which the Commission relates. These schools are "the nurseries for Church principles"—not for efficient popular education. School board schools have no *raison d'être* except the educational well-being of the people. But the National Society has other³ fish to fry, and, as we have seen, the educational fish of the poor villagers are consequently badly cooked. When two ride on horseback one must ride behind, and the question which this country must very soon settle is whether Canon Gregory or the English child shall ride behind on the horse of education. So long as the horse belongs to Canon Gregory, lives in Canon Gregory's stable, and receives through Canon Gregory the hay for which the nation pays, I fear the village child will continue to have a very uncomfortable seat behind. But as the greater part of the cost both of the stable and of the hay, and all the cost of the horse, are provided by the public for the sake of the child, I think the child ought to have a front seat. Indeed, I am so unreasonable as not to see why Canon Gregory should ride at all upon this horse. He has several which legitimately belong to him. But this horse ought to have no other object except the health and happiness of the village child.

This, however, I am bound to confess, is not by any means the opinion of the majority of the Education Commissioners.* They cheerfully accept a low educational standard rather than imperil the clerical monopoly in the villages of England and Wales. They accept without a murmur, and with apparent assent, the statement in the Instructions to Inspectors (1886-7) that "the curriculum of an elementary school may be considered complete without the addition of *any* specific subjects." They actually suggest that the English people should permanently continue to accept a type of popular education inferior to that which exists in Scotland. They call upon Parliament to define and limit the subjects which may be taken in public elementary schools, in order that schools which pursue a larger curriculum may be marked off as "secondary schools." They complain that languages and advanced science may be taught in elementary

schools. How shocking it is that the children of the poor should be taught such things! After referring to the splendid Higher-Grade board schools which have been established in Sheffield, Manchester, and Birmingham, the majority exclaim in terror, "If, indeed, the system of which we have given examples were developed, we foresee that there would be a temptation to enlarge the curriculum!" Mark the word—"temptation." Their blood runs cold at the bare idea that Englishmen might some day actually wish to be as highly educated as the Scotch.

So far, in this review of the sectarian system, as it is disclosed in the Blue Books of the Education Commission, we have limited ourselves to the secular education which it provides. But I promised at the outset to explain what "definite religious teaching" means in the vocabulary of its advocates; and also to point out the grounds on which all the Evangelical Nonconformists—the Wesleyan and other Methodists, the Congregationalists, the Baptists, the Presbyterians, &c.—are now agreed in demanding that there should be at least an alternative system everywhere. At present the educational arrangements of England and Wales stand thus:—School boards exist among 16,313,997 of the population of England and Wales; and they do not exist among 9,665,442. The millions who do not enjoy the beneficent protection and stimulus of the board school system live chiefly in the rural districts. This will appear when the facts are stated in the following way:—In 1886 there were 108 boroughs, 73 urban sanitary districts, and over 10,230 parishes without a school board or a board school. In two-thirds of the parishes of England and Wales, inhabited by nearly ten millions of people, the only schools are sectarian. These are the private property of the clergyman, who is subject to no control, who appoints and dismisses the teachers just as he would any domestic servant in his employ. The taxpayers and the parents of the school-children have no vote and no voice whatever in the management and control of the school which is mainly supported with their money, and which could not be maintained without their money. There is no other country in the civilized world which tolerates such a violation of one of the fundamental principles of representative government. Public schools, maintained by public money, without public control—is a unique peculiarity of Old England. But I am concerned more about principles of equality and justice that touch much higher considerations even than the great principle that taxation and representation should go together.

I appeal to the Parliament and people of this country in the name of a vast number of loyal Nonconformist citizens who will no longer consent to suffer in silence. There are to-day ten thousand parishes in which the children of Nonconformists are driven by the direct compulsion of Mr. Mundella's Education Act into the private and

uncontrolled day schools of the sectarian party. Dwellers in great cities have little idea what is going on day by day in the villages of England. Some persons have just caught sight of a Church Catechism with which many of us have been painfully familiar for a quarter of a century. During that time it has passed through ten editions, and is still produced "for the use of families and parochial schools." I enter upon this phase of the question, as I entered upon that just dismissed, with unfeigned reluctance and pain. I gladly assert that there are multitudes of clergymen and lay members of the Church of England who deplore the facts I am about to name as sincerely as any Nonconformist. I will give some proof of that as I proceed. But it is high time that the public should know what sort of person the autocrat of the village school too often is. A few extracts from the popular and widely circulated "Church Catechism" of the Rev. F. A. Gace, M.A., vicar of Great Barling, Essex, will give valuable information on that point:—

"85. We have amongst us various sects and denominations, who go by the general name of Dissenters. In what light are we to consider them? *A.* As heretics, and in our Litany we expressly pray to be delivered from the sins of 'false doctrine, heresy, and schism.'

"86. Is, then, their worship a laudable service? *A.* No; because they worship God according to their own evil and corrupt imaginations, and not according to His revealed will, and therefore their worship is idolatrous.

"87. Is Dissent a great sin? *A.* Yes; it is in direct opposition to our duty towards God.

"88. How comes it, then, in the present day, that it is thought so lightly of? *A.* Partly from ignorance of its great sinfulness, and partly from men being more zealous for the things of this perishing world than for the Lord of Hosts. . . .

"92. But do we not find among Dissenters many good men? *A.* Many doubtless are unexceptionable characters in a moral point of view, but they are not *holy* men. . . .

"94. But why have not Dissenters been excommunicated? *A.* Because the law of the land does not allow the wholesome law of the Church to be acted upon; but Dissenters have virtually excommunicated themselves by setting up a religion of their own, and leaving the ark of God's Church.

"98. Is it wicked, then, to enter a meeting-house at all? *A.* Most assuredly. . . .

"99. But is language such as this consistent with charity? *A.* Quite so; . . . it is our duty to declare in express terms to those who are without that they are living separate from Christ's body, and consequently out of the pale of salvation, so far, at least, as God has thought fit to reveal."

Those who would like to pursue the study of this little book any further can obtain it for threepence from Walter Smith & Innes, 31 and 32 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C. No Nonconformist questions the right and duty of Mr. Gace, and all who agree with him, to teach these tenets in their churches and Sunday schools. But we do contend that such things should be taught at the expense of those who believe them; and that it is a monstrous injustice that such dogmas

should be taught in hundreds of parishes, at the public expense, and in the name of England, to the children of Dissenters. The "Church Catechism," from which I have just made some remarkable excerpts, is only one of a numerous brood of similar publications which are flying all over England, and are vigorously used in country parishes. I happen at this moment to have another on my desk. It is entitled, "The Plain Guide." The cover states that my copy is from the "seventy-first thousand." Among the various breaches of the Second Commandment specified by the writer, one is "going to places of worship other than the Church of England." In another place the reader is informed that he will be "trifling with his soul" if he goes anywhere except to the Church, "even once, for the sake of friend or companion." I do not venture to argue with such theologians. I only ask whether they constitute the precise class of men who ought to have the absolute, uncontrolled management of thousands of schools to which Nonconformist children are compelled to go, because there is no alternative school.

But perhaps some reader may say, like Jeremiah, "Surely these are poor; they are foolish; for they know not the way of the Lord, nor the judgment of their God." They are obscure and ignorant men, and nobody will attach any importance to their words. Very well. "I will get me unto the great men." Let one of the dignified clergy speak. Dean Gott, formerly vicar of Leeds, he surely speaks with authority, and with a sense of responsibility. In his "Parish Priest of the Town," he writes calmly and deliberately, "I hold the Political Dissenter as an enemy of God and the country." John Bright, the late Samuel Morley, and the present Lord Mayor of London must henceforth be regarded as enemies of God and of their country. Has not the pen of a Dean written it? But if this is written by a Dean, what shall be done by an ordinary country parson in his own school, when the children of Political Dissenters, the enemies of God, &c., are at his mercy? Dean Gott goes so far in his aforesaid book of instructions to the parochial clergy as to say that it is "wrong in principle" to join Dissenters on "religious platforms." His description of the parish day-school is worthy of careful study. "In your day-school," writes the Dean, "you have your parish in its fictile condition; through it you have an agent, an ambassador, in most of your houses; it gives you a living key to all its parents." Like the *Record*, the *Guardian*, and the weekly organ of the National Society, Dean Gott of course regards the day-school mainly as a "nursery of Church principles." How delicious it must be to have that "living key" to every home provided by a compulsory law, and to a considerable extent at the expense of the Political Dissenter, who is "an enemy of God, &c." At this moment thousands and thousands of little Nonconformist boys and girls are driven into the day-

schools of the parish priest by Mr. Mundella's Act. In two-thirds of the parishes of England and Wales they have no alternative. Suppose the process was reversed. Suppose that in ten thousand out of the fifteen thousand parishes of England and Wales the only day-school was a Baptist day-school, and that in these schools thousands of Episcopalian children were taught that the vicar of the parish was an impostor, that it was a sin to go to Church, and that every Churchman was an enemy of God and of his country. How long would Dean Gott, Mr. F. A. Gace, and the majority of the Royal Commissioners submit to that? Would Canon Gregory advocate fresh endowments for the Baptist schools, and a lowering of the educational standard, in order to prolong their precarious existence?

A village rector recently issued a pastoral letter, in which he informed the public in general, and his parishioners in particular, that men will be asked on the Day of Judgment, whether they have attended church or chapel, and he added the very important fact that "Political Dissent is hateful to me, and I believe it is hateful to the Almighty." Did he learn that, I wonder, from Dean Gott, or by direct inspiration? Is this just the kind of person to be the autocrat of a school into which "hateful" Dissenters are driven by law?

A short time ago the Christian daughter of a Wesleyan local preacher died in a rural parish, and, as the spot was somewhat remote from the town in which the Wesleyan minister lived, the afflicted father asked the clergyman of the parish to bury the dead. When that gentleman discovered that the girl, although baptized, had not been baptized by an Anglican priest, he said that he must read over the body of the sainted Christian girl the abridged service used at the burial of suicides. That was of course distinctly illegal, and "the gentleman" of the parish received a severe wiggling from his bishop. But, I again ask, ought a man of that temper and animus to have the absolute control of a public day-school which the children of Dissenters are compelled to attend?

Many persons, some for obvious reasons, try to explain any such incidents as these by saying that they are very rare and exceptional. Dr. Conder, of Leeds, speaking with the authority of one of the most respected and experienced Nonconformist ministers, recently stated in the *Leeds Mercury* that "there is throughout our land a powerful conspiracy for the extermination of Nonconformity." I also have some special sources of information on this point. I have lived for years in country districts. I have travelled about England a great deal. As the editor of a newspaper, and in other official relations, I am in constant communication with persons in every county in England and Wales. Moreover, my own Church is more numerously represented in rural England than any other Nonconformist community. I emphatically endorse the statement of Dr. Conder. Cases have occurred again

and again under my own eyes. I think at this moment of a humble village carpenter who was deliberately starved out of the village in which both he and his father were born, because, being a member of my Church, he allowed me to baptize his child. Canon Gregory's party on the Royal Commission tried to pooh-pooh these facts. But the President of the Primitive Methodist Church, the President of the Congregational Union, the President of the Baptist Union, a distinguished representative of the Methodist Free Churches, and a working-man selected by the London Trades Council to represent the artisans of London bore emphatic testimony on this point. If those who represent the views of Wesleyan Methodism had been permitted to give evidence before the Royal Commission, they would have agreed entirely with the other Nonconformist witnesses. Of course, the persecutors are quite ignorant that there is any persecution. The man who steps on my corns feels no pain, but that does not prove that I feel none. This is a question in which the unanimous evidence of Nonconformists must outweigh the *ipse dixit* of interested parties anxious to prove a negative. But we are not limited to Nonconformist evidence. Mr. Fitch, one of Her Majesty's Inspectors, who was appointed Chief Inspector in 1877, said, "I have heard a great many complaints" (57, 798). In reply to the next question, "From what class of persons have these complaints come?" Mr. Fitch answered: "Specially from Nonconformists, who have said that in a village where there is only a church school, their children went to the school and received instruction in the Catechism and in the Liturgy, which they did not care about, and that they themselves were too much afraid of the influence of the squire and the parson to exercise their undoubted right of withdrawing their children. That is very often said, and one knows enough of human nature to believe that that is a very likely thing to happen." Once more his examiner said: "Are the persons from whom you hear this persons who are personally acquainted with the working of the school, or do they merely repeat the current opinion of their own body?" "That sort of thing," answered Mr. Fitch, "has often been told to me by very trustworthy people who have lived in small country places where there is only one school, or who in other ways have been cognizant of the working of the denominational school in their neighbourhood" (57, 800). But I need not produce any further evidence. Enough has been said to convince all except those who are deaf to our bitter cry because they will not hear. The Nonconformists of England and Wales have a deep and deepening sense of the cruel and tyrannous injustice from which they suffer; and they will never rest until they enjoy at least the irreducible minimum of justice demanded by the Wesleyan Conference in 1873. That conservative and moderate assembly recorded "its deliberate conviction that, in justice to the interests of national

education in the broadest sense, and to the different religious denominations of the country, *School Boards should be established everywhere, and an undenominational school placed within reasonable distance of every family*" (Minutes of Conference, 1873, p. 237). This demand is more fully stated in the Report of the Special Committee on Primary Education; which Report, expressly adopted by the Conference of 1873, recommended "the division of the whole country into school districts, and the formation of school boards in every district, and that in every school district one or two board schools, under undenominational management and Government inspection, should be so placed as that, as far as possible, at least one such school should not be further distant than three miles from any family in the district" (43, 626). The first resolution of the Special Committee, which, like all the rest, was heartily adopted by the Conference, expressed the opinion "that due regard being had to existing interests, future legislation for primary education at the public cost should provide for such education *only* on the principle of unsectarian schools under the School Board" (43, 624). I have italicized the word "*only*" to emphasize the fact that, as long ago as 1873, the Wesleyan Methodists were resolutely opposed to any extension of the sectarian system; that is to say, to the very policy which the recent Royal Commission was appointed to promote. Advocates of sectarian education who know little or nothing about the present generation of Wesleyan Methodists, may try to persuade themselves that we have changed our educational opinions since 1873. But we have just given a decisive proof that we are now more opposed to sectarian education even than we were in 1873. In view of the proceedings of the Royal Commission, some of us took steps at the last Conference to secure that the main issue should be submitted afresh, and in the plainest terms, to the recent September District Committees. These committees are what would be called, in Episcopalian communities, diocesan synods. They consist, however, not only of all our ministers, but also of all our leading lay representatives. We have, therefore, just had a sort of General Election among ourselves on the education question. The result has astounded even the most sanguine friends of national unsectarian education. Every District Committee in England, Wales, and Scotland—without a single exception—has condemned the Majority Report. In the great majority of the Districts, the representatives of the rapidly dwindling sectarian party did not dare even to make a nomination. Whenever they ventured to nominate a supporter of the Majority Report, he was rejected by an overwhelming vote. The ministers and laymen specially elected to deal with this question, if the Government bring forward any educational proposals, will be found in a body on the side of the Minority Report. Never before has Wesleyan Methodism been so unanimous on a great religious

and political issue. We now stand shoulder to shoulder with all the Nonconformist Churches in demanding that the rights of conscience shall be respected even in villages; that public money shall be subject to public control; and that the education of the children of the poor shall be no longer hindered or impoverished for the sake of any sect.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has attacked the present moderate Nonconformist demand on the ground that it is an aggressive interference with the *status quo*, and an attempt from our side to disturb the compromise of 1870. This is a complete mistake, and I am much surprised that the *Pall Mall Gazette* should be so ill-informed of what took place in the *annus mirabilis* of elementary education. The Act of 1870 requires that accommodation shall be provided for all those children "for whose elementary education efficient and *suitable* provision is not otherwise made." When Mr. Forster introduced his Bill he defined "suitable" to mean "such as parents could not reasonably object to on religious grounds."* Now we Nonconformists have a reasonable objection to sectarian schools in which our children are taught that their pastors are impostors, and that it is "a sin" to worship God in the sanctuary which their parents attend. Those who hold such views must have liberty to teach them—but not in the name of England, and not at our expense. We are simply asking for the elementary justice which Mr. Forster promised us, and which the Act of 1870 guaranteed us. Like the importunate widow, we shall continue to ask until we prevail.

Even Canon Gregory may be called as a strong witness on our side. In the closing paragraph of his article in this REVIEW, he says that "perfect equity in the application of principles which the nation professes to have accepted, would seek some plan by which the rates of all might be applied to schools of which all could approve, and, in some form, a *choice* given to the ratepayers as to the schools to which their money should be applied." Exactly. But in ten thousand—that is to say, in two-thirds of the parishes of England and Wales—we have no choice at all. In all these parishes the only existing school is the private sectarian school of Canon Gregory's co-religionists, into which school, to borrow his own phrase, "our poor co-religionists" are driven, *nolens volens*, by all the pains and penalties of compulsory law. We do not suggest that a public school should be established in every country parish. But by a system of grouping an efficient and unsectarian school ought to be placed within two or three miles, at the outside, of every child in the kingdom. Canon Gregory would doubtless argue that in the ten thousand parishes where his private sectarian schools have an absolute monopoly, we are in a minority. That is far from being the case, especially in Wales. But he would further contend that, whether we are in a minority or a majority in

* Mr. Forster's Speech, February 17, 1870.

such parishes, our "liberty" is "safeguarded by a conscience clause." But our demand is for justice, not for "liberty." Moreover, a conscience clause does not meet the difficulty at all. In the majority of cases it is a farce. In the rest it compels our children to receive a purely secular education. It deprives us of religious teaching altogether, unless we are prepared to swallow Canon Gregory's creeds and catechisms. As the Majority Report states truly, without realizing what their ingenuous statement involves, the conscience clause "provides for the case of a parent who objects to religious teaching for his child;" but "no parent is able to claim for his child that instruction in the Bible which is the basis of the Christianity of the nation." The Majority add, "This grievance, we are of opinion, might be met." But they completely forget that this is precisely the grievance which now prevails in the grossest form in the ten thousand parishes which Canon Gregory and his party are permitted to monopolize. We ask for the Bible of God, and they give us the catechism of man. We ask for the Christianity of Christ, and they mock us with a conscience clause.

Canon Gregory states that "the Education Act of 1870 practically establishes a new religion, 'undenominationalism,' for the elementary schools of the country, which has the singular merit of being a religion which nobody who cares for religion (whatever his faith or denomination may be) would teach his own children." The religious teaching of which Canon Gregory speaks so bitterly brought the Roman Empire to the feet of Christ, and was the true Catholic Faith of the Undivided Church. Canon Gregory is quite mistaken in his assumption that the Christian religion was invented in the fourth century. Long before the creeds and catechisms for which Canon Gregory fights had been formulated by Greek metaphysicians, the Divine Person who is the real object of rational faith had living churches in every part of the ancient world. "I was appointed," writes the holy and blessed St. Paul, "a preacher, and an apostle, and a teacher." Surely he can tell us what Christianity is; and he immediately adds, "I know *Him* whom I have believed" (2 Tim. i. 12)—*Him*, not it; a living Person, not a catechism. The same fundamental truth is taught by the ablest and most learned prelate of Canon Gregory's communion. Dr. Lightfoot, in the preface to his incomparable Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians, says: "Though the Gospel is capable of doctrinal exposition, though it is eminently fertile in moral results, yet its substance is neither a dogmatic system nor an ethical code, but a Person and a Life." Another great luminary of the Universal as well as of the Anglican Church—Canon Westcott—declares in his Commentary on the Epistles of St. John, that "the ultimate object of faith is not a fact or a dogma, but a Person." What do the sectarian schools teach about that Person? A relative of mine went a short time ago into one of them during the time reserved for what

Canon Gregory calls "definite distinctive religious teaching," and found a very youthful curate trying to ram the Athanasian Creed down the throat of a child under twelve years of age! This is the method which has driven the manhood of Europe into fierce and aggressive atheism. Let us turn away from that dreadful spectacle to the hated and persecuted Board school.

What do we find there? I have before me the careful and devout arrangements of several of our most important School Boards. But it will suffice to describe what is done by the London School Board. Their syllabus of religious instruction for the year 1885 is printed among the appendices of the Final Report of the Royal Commission. The children, in Standard I., are taught the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, a brief account of the early lives of Samuel and David, and the leading facts in the life of Christ, told in simple language. In Standard II. they add the Beatitudes in Matt. v. 1-12, our Lord's answer to the lawyer respecting the two greatest commandments (Matt. xxii. 35-40), the life of Abraham, and a simple outline of the life of Christ. In Standard III. they add the 23rd Psalm, the life of Joseph, and a fuller outline of the life of Christ, with lessons drawn from the following parables: the two debtors, the good Samaritan, the prodigal son, the merciless servant, the lost sheep, and the Pharisee and the publican. In Standard IV. they learn a part of St. John xiv., the life of Moses, more of the life of Christ, and lessons from the following parables: the sower, the mustard seed, the wheat and the tares, and the pearl of great price. They also have a brief account of Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Bethany, and Jerusalem. In Standard V. they learn Eph. vi. 1-18, the lives of Samuel, Saul, and David, more of the life of Christ, and the first two chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. In Standard VI. they add Isaiah liii. and Ephesians iv. 25-32, the lives of Elijah and Daniel, more of the life of Christ, and the first eight chapters of the Acts of the Apostles. In Standard VII. they recapitulate all their work, complete their study of the Acts, with especial reference to the life and missionary journeys of St. Paul, and learn 1 Corinthians xiii. The teachers are instructed to give "such instructions in the principles of morality and religion as are suited to the capacities of the children," "to make the lessons as practical as possible, and not to give attention to unnecessary details." Could anything be more healthy, more wise, or more truly Christian than this careful syllabus? And yet Canon Gregory has the temerity to speak of schools using such a syllabus as "schools whose religious teaching we strongly condemn." If Canon Gregory and his friends do indeed "condemn" such teaching, they "condemn" Jesus Christ and all his Apostles. Under these circumstances, "nobody" will be "a penny the worse" for their strong condemnation.

The only possible pretext of the sectarian party is their favourite

argument that we tolerate Bible teaching in Board schools for the present, but that our ultimate aim is a purely secular system. There never was a more unjust accusation. It is true that the intolerance and irreconcilable attitude of Canon Gregory's party in 1870 forced the Birmingham League to accept a purely secular platform; but the Birmingham League, as Canon Gregory's party intended, committed suicide when it took that step. The new education party is not prepared to oblige Canon Gregory by a similar act of self-destruction. It has been made abundantly plain, since 1870, that the country at large will not consent to evict the Bible from the day-schools. Since 1870, every school district in the kingdom has been at liberty to adopt a purely secular system, if it thought fit to do so. What is the result? Out of 2225 School Boards, representing the judgment of more than 16,000,000 of the population, only seven in England and fifty in Wales are secular. I may be permitted as a Welshman to say in parenthesis that my fellow-countrymen have to some extent accepted a secular policy, not because they prefer it, but because they have been driven to that extreme by a peculiarly aggravated form of ecclesiastical oppression which we Welshmen believe will not last much longer. I have good reason to assert that an unsectarian system would be heartily welcomed in Wales.

The opponents of Canon Gregory's policy emphatically declare that they have no wish to impose a secular system upon this country. Some of them would prefer such a system, not because they are opposed to Christianity, but for exactly the opposite reason. Christianity is so precious to them that they believe no one except a true Christian can teach Christianity; and they think the State cannot secure Christian teachers. I do not share that opinion; and it is evident that the country at large does not share it. This is so obvious, that even those who in the abstract, on the highest religious grounds, prefer a secular system, have declared their willingness to leave the compromise or settlement of 1870 undisturbed. Their views were fully and powerfully represented among the Minority of the Royal Commission, but that Minority say explicitly in their Report, "We do not propose that religious instruction should be excluded from Board schools" (p. 387). They sum up their suggestions on the Religious Question in the following weighty paragraphs:—

"Our evidence shows that there are many who think that 'undenominational' religious instruction is neither desirable nor possible, but it also shows that there are many who believe that children in public elementary schools should be instructed in the contents of the Bible—in its biographies, its parables, its miracles, its moral precepts, and the large outlines of its religious teaching; and that instruction of this kind may be given without any bias in favour of any definite ecclesiastical or doctrinal system. They believe that such instruction is acceptable to the majority of the parents, and that it is the ministers of religion, rather than the parents, who desire that the religious instruction given in day-schools should be more definite.

They also believe that the knowledge which the children receive from instruction of this kind is, in itself, of great value; that it exerts a powerful influence on character and conduct; and that it is of the highest importance as a preparation for the work of the Sunday-school and the churches" (p. 293).

The Minority Report finally reaches the following important conclusion:—

"We think it unnecessary to discuss whether it would be possible now, or desirable at any time, for Parliament to determine that all schools should be secular. The witnesses to whose evidence we are now directing attention, believe that the religious instruction and education of the children might safely be left to other agencies than the day-school; but while they are all anxious that elementary schools receiving Parliamentary aid should be under the management of the representatives of the ratepayers, and should not be exclusively connected with particular churches, they are willing that the school board of every district should *determine for itself* whether or not it will make provision for religious teaching; and the Rev. C. Williams, of Accrington, informed us that he believed that the system of 'unsectarian' teaching adopted by most of the great school boards has been generally accepted by his friends as a working compromise" (p. 297).

Those religious Nonconformists who feel an insuperable objection to an Imperial law compelling all School Boards to teach the Bible are, as the Minority Commissioners say, "willing" to accept a principle which has become very popular in the solution of other thorny questions—namely, the principle of *local option*. Let the majority of the ratepayers—that is to say, of the *parents*—in each locality, decide for themselves whether their children shall or shall not be taught Christianity in the day-school. They have enjoyed that right since 1870. It has worked very well. Why interfere with it? Like many other compromises, which do not look logical and symmetrical on paper, it just suits the English people in practice. The friends of unsectarian Christian teaching need not fear the result of submitting this issue to the judgment of local option—that is to say, of those who have most right to decide—the parents of the children.

"We recognize," says the Minority Report, "that for the great mass of the people of this country, religious and moral teaching are most intimately connected, and that, in their judgment, the value and effectiveness of the latter depend to a very great extent upon religious sanctions. We think that the present liberty of religious teaching, recognized by the law for local managers, is an ample security, that so long as the prevalent opinion of the country remains unchanged, the education of the children and the formation of their character will be based upon those principles which are dear to the mass of the people" (p. 244).

The policy of the Minority Commissioners is so equitable, so moderate, and so conciliatory, that it at once received the adhesion of every branch of the Methodists, of the Baptists, of the Congregationalists, and practically of all the Nonconformist churches of England and Wales. It has also been adopted by the National Education

Conference, which recently assembled in London; and now forms the basis of the National Education Association, which grew out of that Conference, and which will never rest until this country enjoys a national, efficient, and unsectarian system of primary education. The advocates of clerical reaction are already so conscious that their private, sectional system is inconsistent with national efficiency and religious freedom, that in all the recent School Board contests their one argument has been that the friends of the School Board system are secularists in disguise who wish to exclude the Bible from the schools. In face of the facts I have just enumerated, that argument is palpably untrue and monstrously unjust.

It would be a waste of time to examine in detail the series of fifty ingenious sophisms with which Cardinal Manning has tried in the *Pall Mall Gazette* to prove that sectarian schools ought to receive aid from the rates. I am surprised that he did not produce five hundred such arguments when he was about it. On the same principle, every ratepayer who objects to the local administration of his town council or vestry has a right to demand a grant in aid for a private police corps appointed and controlled by himself; every Liberal who objects to the Irish policy of the present Government has a right to demand a share of the Imperial revenue to keep up a private Irish administration of his own, the rival of Dublin Castle; every opponent of the foreign policy of the Cabinet has a claim upon the income-tax for the maintenance of a private army, organized and commanded by himself: and, so on *ad infinitum*. In the days of the Judges, when "there was no king in Israel, every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Until now this was always considered the *ne plus ultra* of anarchy. But the Cardinal has invented a form of anarchy yet more anarchic. He demands that every man shall have the right to public money and public support in carrying out his own private convictions. But perhaps the seriousness of my Welsh mind has prevented me from seeing that this is an English joke, and that the Cardinal is poking fun at Canon Gregory's unheard-of proposal. It must be so. These are fifty "crackers for Christmas," with which a witty prelate thought he could give the smart readers of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a little seasonable amusement.

But to return to the serious aspects of the controversy. I cannot conclude without once more expressing my deep distress at the controversy which Canon Gregory and his friends have forced on us. Why do they yield to this schismatical temper? Why do they refuse to co-operate with their fellow-Christians? How delightful it is to turn from the Majority Report and Canon Gregory's article to Lord Nelson's "Home Reunion Notes," in *Church Bells* for the 4th of last January. In that issue this patient and persistent apostle of peace proposes a method of Christian union which every Christian ought to

ponder and pray over. After pointing out how fearfully our divisions "blind, distract, paralyze us," Lord Nelson proceeds to state that—

"it remains for us to see how we in our divided state can in any way unite effectually to continue the leavening influence of Christianity. Religious animosities, which witness directly against that love which is at the root of all Christian work, are of course the great hindrance; and anything that is done for co-operation in works of Christian morality, should be accompanied by an earnest endeavour to check party exaggerations, and to make a sincere effort to reconcile differences and to understand one another more. But there is no doubt that one of the greatest helps to this end would be united action in moral and social reforms. There are some examples of past work which should encourage us in this effort."

Lord Nelson mentions, in illustration, the anti-slavery movement, the Temperance movement, the general Hospital Fund, the Charity Organization Society, and, in some degree, the Purity movement. He urges united action on such questions as peace and war, the immoralities of trade, the marriage laws, the care of discharged prisoners, and "the security of sound religious education, *even if obliged to be apart from denominational teaching.*" We have italicized that vital saving clause. Lord Nelson felt instinctively that this concession must be made, if we are to unite our forces. And after all, what a comparatively small concession it is? In a series of extremely moderate and sagacious articles which have just appeared in the *Guardian*, the leading Anglican organ has argued that Church principles would be safe, even if day-school education were purely secular. In Sunday-schools, and catechetical services, and Confirmation classes, and guilds, and pastoral visitation, the most "definite" teaching could be given. Much more could this be secured on such an admirable basis of Christian instruction as I have shown is used without difficulty by the London School Board. Indeed, it is very doubtful whether children of tender years could grasp more difficult teaching than that sanctioned by the Act of 1870. Canon Gregory's fierce strife is "much ado about nothing." For the shadow of sectarian ascendancy he is sacrificing the substance of vital and loving Christianity. Lord Nelson, in the true and catholic spirit of Jesus Christ, proposes that all sections of the Universal Church should co-operate in a regular systematic and organized way. A universal education system, wisely and heartily worked, is a ready-made and complete organization by which sectarian strife, and its shadow Atheism, might be banished from this island.

HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

A SOUTHERN OBSERVATORY.

ON Tuesday, August 21, 1888, the Union steam-ship, *Mexican*, crossed the Line outward-bound for the Cape, and a certain proportion of her passengers, amongst whom was the present writer, found themselves for the first time in the southern hemisphere. A few nights later, half an hour's darkness before moon-rise gave time for a splendid display of unfamiliar stars. The Southern Cross lay prone towards the west; Alpha and Beta Centauri shone triumphantly above it; Achernar was climbing the sky on the other side of a pole singularly denuded of bright companionship; the lucid streams and knots of the Milky Way were reflected in a pearly shimmer from gently heaving waves, the brilliant effect of the entire sidereal landscape being enhanced by the presence of Jupiter and Mars close together in Scorpio, while the dim cone of the Zodiacal Light, tapering upward from the sun's place, faded out above them on the black background of the sky.

The "four stars,"

"Non viste mai fuor ch' alla prima gente,"

appealed to mediæval imagination as a symbol and a prophecy of the uplifting of the Cross in the waste places of the earth. Modern travellers regard them from a more prosaic point of view, and are apt to be "disappointed" at their unequal lustre and slightly unsymmetrical arrangement. The firmament they help to adorn, however, is of a splendour at first sight absolutely startling, and at all times peculiarly suggestive. The dullest mind can hardly fail to be roused to wonder by the appearance of the galaxy as it extends past Sirius amidst the grand procession of the stars in Argo, or where the great rift in its structure spans the heavens from the Centaur to the Swan. The intricacy of its branches, the *curdled* texture of its surface, the

stupendous collection of distant suns, almost palpably rounded out from the void of space in Sagittarius; the abrupt vacuity of the "Coal-sack," recalling the dark "lanes" tunnelling certain nebulae and star-clusters, invite, only to baffle, speculations, which the tempting analogues presented by the never-setting Magellanic Clouds, with their mixed contents of stars and nebulae, help further to stimulate.

"What is the Milky Way?" may be called the question of questions for future astronomers; but it has only of late been brought to some extent within the range of available methods. More feasible aims prompted the foundation of southern observatories. English official astronomy in particular took its rise directly from the requirements of English seamen. Flamsteed was commissioned to determine the places of the stars, not because any speculative interest attached to them, but simply in order that they might serve for divisions (as it were) of the great dial-plate of the heavens, upon which the moon marked Greenwich time, and might hence be got to tell the longitude in every part of the world.

But English astronomy was incomplete, even from a strictly utilitarian point of view, so long as it failed to embrace the whole of the celestial sphere; and in proportion as England's colonial empire became consolidated, the need of a supplementary establishment to that at Greenwich was rendered more and more imperative.

In the choice of its situation, there was scarcely room for a doubt. The Cape of Good Hope was already distinguished as the scene of Lacaille's labours in 1751-3; and these furnished the virtual starting-point of austral astronomy. As their result, ten thousand southern stars and forty-two nebulae were *known* at the beginning of this century; and an indication of a somewhat anomalous character (yet the only one of any kind at hand) had been procured regarding the figure of our globe south of the equator. It seemed to show that the earth *bulged the wrong way*—in other words, was prolate instead of oblate. Its correction or verification was hence of extreme interest, and the re-measurement of Lacaille's arc of the meridian came to be recognized as a prime necessity of geodetic science. By an Order in Council, dated October 20, 1820, the establishment of a permanent observatory at the Cape was accordingly decreed, and the first Royal Astronomer was immediately afterwards appointed, in the person of the Rev. Fearon Fallows, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

A Cumbrian weaver's son, he had contrived, while still a boy working at the loom, to attain a notable proficiency in mathematics; and, his talents attracting attention, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood subscribed to procure him a suitable education. He graduated in 1813, as third wrangler to Herschel's and Peacock's first and second, and was elected on the earliest opportunity a Fellow of his college. The prosperity and happiness of his life culminated when he found himself

as His Majesty's Astronomer at the Cape, in a position to marry the eldest daughter of his first patron, the Rev. Mr. Hervey, of Bridekirk.

This, however, was the last fortunate event of his life. Disappointment and chagrin presided over the entire series of poor Fallows' experiences in South Africa. Suspense through circumlocutory proceedings at home, anxiety due to the misconduct or lawlessness of those employed by him in the colony, vexation indescribable at the defects of the instrument he had chiefly relied upon, personal illness, the deaths of all the children successively born to him, at last exhausted his vital energies, and he died of dropsy supervening upon sunstroke and scarlet fever, July 25, 1831, at the age of forty-two. His grave is in a spot of ground consecrated by himself within a stone's-throw of the broken pier of his transit-instrument; and the syringa-trees he planted now lean their blossom-laden branches towards the upper windows of the dwelling-house where he might have hoped to spend many useful and happy years.

But his work at the Cape was not thrown away. The buildings of the new observatory were well planned and solidly executed; its site was judiciously chosen on a slightly rising ground three miles south-east of Cape Town, almost islanded by the converging sinuosities of the Liesbeck and the Salt River. A desolate spot enough it must indeed have been when Fallows took his first survey of it. Wolves were then still common in the neighbourhood; the cries of jackals mingled at night with the metallic chirping of the Cape frogs; the last Salt River hippopotamus had, not long before, met an untimely death by drowning in its marshes; the mole-burrowed hill-side was bare of almost every form of vegetation save a luxuriant crop of thistles.

Now the smiling culture everywhere apparent indicates the neighbourhood of a refined English home. The slopes are in spring all a-bloom with lilies, asters, and gladioli, delicately striped and shaded with pink and mauve, or flaunting gaudily in purple and orange; Australian willows—the Cape substitute for laburnums—make golden patches against the dark foliage of thick-growing pines planted half a century ago by Lady Maclear on the simple plan of inserting a cone into every molehill; clumps of aloes and eucalyptus recall the vicinity of the tropics; a grove of oaks and cypresses, due to Professor Piazzzi Smyth's skill in forestry, brings memories of England; white arums, irrepressible and all-diffusive, nestle round tree-roots, strain upwards to the light through the midst of tall shrubs and hedges, fling themselves in lavish profusion amidst the lush grass, marching processionally (so to speak) or halting in dense clusters, and making milky ways of blossom along every marsh and meadow. Here, indeed, are lilies, enough and to spare, to strew, "with full hands," the graves of a hundred young Marcelluses.

In succession to the weaver's lad from Cockermonth, there was

appointed to direct the new South African observatory a solicitor's clerk from Dundee. Thomas Henderson began, at the age of fifteen, to devote his leisure hours to astronomy. His instinct, however, was for the mathematical part of the science; and he had probably never seen a transit-instrument, or handled a telescope, until after he came to reside at Edinburgh in 1819. His twofold life prospered. In his legal capacity he became secretary to Lord Advocate Jeffrey; his astronomical calculations brought him to the notice of Dr. Thomas Young, Sir John Herschel, Captain Basil Hall, and other eminent men. In the summer of 1829, Dr. Young gave in charge to Professor Rigaud a memorandum urging Henderson's superior qualifications for the post of Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac, vacated by his own death a fortnight later; and the recommendation was doubtless influential in procuring for him after three years the offer of the Cape observatory.

Assuming the chief command there in April 1832, he accumulated, in thirteen months, a surprising number of valuable observations, still in part unpublished. One of the results derived from them was, however, of so striking a character as to attract instant and universal attention. It was nothing less than the first authentic determination of the distance of a fixed star.

After Sirius and Canopus, the brightest star in the heavens is Alpha Centauri. This beautiful object is easily resolved into two: one fully three times brighter than the other. And those two circulate round each other, or rather round their common centre of gravity, in a period of about eighty-eight years. The system thus formed was discovered by Henderson to have an "annual parallax" of just one second of arc. That is to say, the apparent places of the component stars as viewed from opposite sides of the earth's orbit, differed, through a familiar effect of perspective, by $\frac{1}{112000}$ of the distance from the horizon to the zenith. The more refined determinations of Drs. Gill and Elkin, while establishing its reality, have since shown that Henderson's parallax was somewhat too large. The actual distance of Alpha Centauri from the earth is, in round numbers, twenty-five and a half billions of miles. Even the ethereal vibrations of light occupy four years and four months in spanning this huge interval; yet Alpha Centauri (so far as is at present known) is the nearest neighbour of our sun in space!

The attractive power of each of these coupled stars appears to be about equal; but while one is nearly twice, the other is only half as luminous, in proportion to the amount of matter it contains, as our own sun. Hence, according to our present notions, the darker, more condensed body must be considerably more advanced on the road towards extinction than its brilliant companion, and an attentive study of its spectrum ought to give interesting results.

Henderson returned to Europe in 1833, unable, in the uncertain state of his health, to support the discomforts—long since banished with the wolves and jackals—of a residence at Observatory Hill. He became Astronomer Royal for Scotland in 1834, and died suddenly, of heart disease ten years later.

The third astronomer at the Cape, and the first whose term of activity there was prolonged to a fitting conclusion, was an Irishman. Sir Thomas Maclear was born at Newtown Stewart, in county Tyrone, March 17, 1794. His career, like those of his predecessors, swerved insensibly towards the stars. He was a physician practising at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire, whose astronomical proclivities had been fostered by the genial influence of Admiral Smyth, when summoned, as one may say, to the celestial charge of the southern hemisphere.

The Royal Observatories at Greenwich and the Cape of Good Hope form together an astronomical establishment such as no other nation besides our own can boast of possessing. It fitly represents the world-wide dominion of which it is the corollary. British empire on the seas led directly to British empire over the skies, the one gaining completeness as the inevitable consequence of the expansion of the other. Southern astronomy seems the proper appanage of the Anglo-Saxon race. Originating with Halley's expedition to St. Helena in 1677, Lacaille's work at the Cape formed the only exception worth mentioning to the rule of its prosecution by our fellow-countrymen on either side of the Atlantic. So far, indeed, as *geometrical* astronomy is concerned, it would survive, without vital injury, the destruction of all results except those obtained at Greenwich and the Cape. Geometrical astronomy is now, however, only one, though the most important, branch of the science.

Sir Thomas Maclear proved an indefatigable and skilful observer. He co-operated energetically with Sir John Herschel, whose memorable stay at Feldhausen, three miles from the Royal Observatory, coincided with the first four years of his tenure of office. He re-measured and extended Lacaille's arc, thereby not only removing all doubt as to the conformity to scientific prediction of the earth's figure, but providing an invaluable groundwork for the survey of the entire colony, now in active course of prosecution by Major Morris, R.E. The long list of comets observed by Maclear includes Halley's, Donati's, Biela's, Encke's at four returns, and the great "southern" one of 1843. He accumulated materials for three star-catalogues, prepared for the press and published by his successors, Mr. Stone, the present Radcliffe Observer, and Dr. Gill. And so completely had his interests become identified with those of his adopted home that he continued, after retiring from the Observatory in 1870, to reside in its vicinity; and on his death, July 14, 1879, was laid to rest within its grounds.

His son, Mr. George Maclear, retains charge of the transit-circle procured by his father in 1855. It is an exact copy of that erected by Sir George Airy at Greenwich.

Mr. Stone was chief assistant at Greenwich when induced to accept the appointment to the Cape by the opportunity it offered for the preparation of an extensive star-catalogue, by the comparison of which with the earlier Madras and Brisbane catalogues something might be learned about the movements of southern stars. This object was most satisfactorily attained by the publication of the "Cape Catalogue for 1880," containing nearly 12,500 accurately determined star-places. By a pure coincidence, Dr. Gould's simultaneous work at Cordoba had the same scope. Its brilliant results are familiar to all astronomers.

Mr. Stone surrendered the direction of the Observatory, in June 1879, to the present Royal Astronomer. Dr. Gill is one of a long line of distinguished Aberdonians. An astronomer by "irresistible impulse," he, like Bessel, exchanged lucrative mercantile pursuits for the comparatively scanty emoluments awaiting the votaries of the stars. The "patines of bright gold," with which Urania's treasure-chests overflow, are not of terrestrial coinage.

The distance of the sun was the first problem upon which Dr. Gill delivered a substantial attack; and his solution of it still remains the best obtained by celestial trigonometry, corresponding so closely with Newcomb's value of the same great unit, derived from direct measurement of the velocity of light, as to reduce within reassuringly narrow limits the uncomfortable margin of uncertainty left by the transits of Venus. In the observations of Mars made for this purpose at Ascension in 1877,* Dr. Gill employed the instrument of his predilection, called—on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle—a "heliometer."

A heliometer is a telescope of which the object-glass has been sawn in two. This does not sound like, nor would it be, an improvement for purposes of simple star-gazing; but the end in view is different. It is that of *precisely* determining the angular distances between adjacent stars, or between a planet and stars near it, though in many cases beyond the range of the ordinary micrometer. The following is the way in which this end is compassed.

The half-lenses of the object-glass are separable by a very fine screw-motion, and they form independent and separable images of any object upon which the telescope is pointed. These images unite into one when the two segments unite to complete one circle; as they are made to slide apart, the images too slip sideways asunder to an extent which can be measured with the minutest accuracy by exquisitely divided scales read with a powerful microscope. In the actual process

* For a popular account of the expedition, see Mrs. Gill's charming "Six Months in Ascension." Murray. Second edition, 1880.

of observation, the telescope is fixed upon a point midway between the stars under scrutiny, so that the field of view is, to begin with, empty. Neither star can be seen. Then the segments of the object-glass are moved oppositely along a line brought beforehand to agree with the line of direction between the stars, until the more westerly (say) of the pair as imaged by one segment, and the more easterly as imaged by the other, begin simultaneously to appear, and are at last carefully made to coincide in the middle of the field. After the scales have been read, the motion is reversed, and a similar coincidence is brought about between the oppositely corresponding stars—that is, between the easterly member of the pair shown by segment No. 1, and the westerly member of the pair shown by segment No. 2. The total distance traversed is, of course, equal to twice the distance between the stars.

The refinements, however (which cannot here be explained), attendant upon these operations are what make their results valuable, and the process of educing them laborious. With the Copernican “triquetrum,” the measured apparent intervals between any two of the heavenly bodies could be depended upon to within ten minutes; with the new Repsold heliometer, the error of a single observation is less than one-tenth of a second of arc. So that accuracy has been increased, in the course of three and a half centuries, some six thousand times! At what cost of patience and expenditure of the counted moments of individual human lives, as the fruit of what illuminations of genius, throes of invention, failures and disappointments in some quarters, compensatory triumphs in others, can never rightly be told. The progress achieved was by “leaps and bounds;” it must henceforth be by slow and painful foot-lengths, as the limit of possible accuracy is brought imperceptibly nearer. It is not likely that the astronomical data of three and a half centuries hence will be six thousand times more accurate than those at our disposal.

The heliometer is, of all others, the instrument best adapted for the work (exceedingly simple in principle, yet delicate to an almost inconceivable degree in the details of its execution) of determining stellar parallaxes. The diameter of the earth's orbit affords a base-line 186,000 miles in length, from opposite extremities of which—that is, at opposite seasons of the year—the distances between the object to be examined and two “comparison-stars” are measured. The infinitesimal alternate shift of the star nearest the earth to and from those with which it is compared (assumed, with little risk of error, to be indefinitely remote) is called its “parallax.” From its angular amount the distance in miles of the star from the earth can be at once derived.

The minuteness of this little parallactic *see-saw* is difficult to be realized by those unpractised in such matters. A displacement of

one second on the sphere is equivalent to a shifting across the width of a human hair placed seventy feet from the eye. But no known star has so large a parallax as one second, which is as much as to say that no known star is so near to us as 200,000 times the distance of the sun. Positive results might, under these circumstances, well have been despaired of; yet they have, in a number of cases, been attained, and form the surest groundwork so far provided for investigations into the mechanism of the skies.

Dr. Gill's observations for stellar parallax were begun at the Cape, July 5, 1881, with the Dunécht heliometer, of which he had become the possessor by private purchase from the Earl of Crawford. He had as a coadjutor Dr. W. L. Elkin, who is now in very effective charge, at Yale College, of the only heliometer yet erected on any part of the American continent. Nine stars in all were measured, of which two gave no indications of possessing *any* sensible parallax. Both, remarkably enough, are brilliant stars of the first magnitude—Canopus and Beta Centauri—which, to shine as they do, from unfathomable depths of space, must be objects of astounding splendour. Canopus, especially, cannot emit less, and may emit a great deal more, than fifteen hundred times the light of our sun—unless, indeed, Dr. Elkin's "comparison-stars" should turn out to be physically connected, consequently at nearly the same distance from ourselves with the giant luminary they attend. This doubt will shortly be set at rest by Dr. Gill's measures, now being carried out with a different pair of stars.

Sirius was shown by the observations of 1881–3 to be at a distance such that its light occupies nearly nine years in reaching us. Its real brightness is that of sixty-three suns, while it attracts the semi-obscure body circulating round it in forty-nine years, with no more than thrice the solar power. This extraordinary lustre relative to mass seems to belong to all stars of the Sirian pattern as to spectrum, and is due most likely in part to their elevated temperatures, in part to the scantiness of their vaporous surroundings.

The success of the Cape investigations in this difficult branch of astronomy invited their continuation on a larger scale, and with more powerful instrumental means. The Government was accordingly induced to sanction the construction, by Messrs. Repsold of Hamburg, of a new heliometer of above seven inches aperture, mounted last year in a building erected for its reception on the summit of the sunny slopes of Observatory Hill. The first view of this great star-measuring machine has, it must be admitted, a somewhat bewildering effect upon the uninitiated onlooker. The eye-end literally bristles with steel rods, handles, and screw-heads, almost as numerous as the stops of an organ, and requiring no less skill and knowledge for their proper use. The revolving "head" is armed with a

strange-looking, radiated head-gear, like the sails of a windmill, or a *nimbus* of tin sectors surviving from a barbarous age.

Everything here has, however, a definite purpose. These surprising "flappers" are, in fact, screens of wire-gauze of graduated closeness, used for equalizing the brightness of the stars in the field of view, and so enabling the eye to hold the balance, as it were, even between them. The complex apparatus close to the observer's hand furnishes him with the means of easy control over the whole of the sky-gauging mechanism provided for him. None more perfect has been devised, yet the study of its "errors" is the indispensable preliminary to its use.

Only the sublime end in view could render tolerable the process of arriving at a complete "theory" of such an instrument. The patient laboriousness so readily commended in the heroes of science costs more than the readers of their biographies are apt to imagine. Interminable readings of scale-divisions, interminable castings-up of the columns of decimals expressing the differences of the successive readings, are not in themselves exciting occupations. But they must be pursued during some hours a day for a whole year before the "division-errors" of the new heliometer can be regarded as completely abolished because perfectly known. Nor is this all. Elaborate corrections and interpretations of other kinds have to be added; to say nothing of endless and anxious precautions in the observations themselves—precautions against personal and physiological, as well as against atmospheric and instrumental, causes of error. Accuracy is indeed arduous; and the astronomer who is not what the old Romans used, in their grand way, to look down upon as a *cumini sector*, had better learn another profession.

Twenty-seven stars in the southern hemisphere are now being, or are about to be, measured for parallax with the Cape heliometer. Their selection was governed by the ultimate object of gathering information as to the scale and plan of the marvellous aggregation of suns to which our sun belongs, and amidst which it is moving, in an unknown orbit, to meet unknown destinies. For this purpose, facts of two kinds are urgently needed—facts relative to the real distribution, and facts relative to the real movements of the stars in space. Dr. Gill's operations, when completed, cannot fail to bring important reinforcements to our present small store of each.

Ten stars of the first magnitude lie to the south of the celestial equator, of which nine (Alpha Centauri being already safely disposed of) are in course of measurement at intervals of six months. The upshot will be to give the average distance corresponding to the first order of stellar brightness in the southern hemisphere. An analogous result has lately been published by Dr. Elkin for the ten chief northern luminaries. Their distance, "all round," proves to be

thirty-six "light-years." That is to say, light from their photospheres affects our senses only after our planet has revolved, on an average, thirty-six times in its orbit round the sun. So that all our knowledge, even of the stars presumably nearest to the earth, refers, in this year 1889, to the "mean epoch" 1853. We shall learn presently whether the "mean epoch" for the southern bright stars corresponds approximately to this date; or whether a marked disparity may countenance the surmise of our eccentric situation in the group of luminaries to which our sun more especially belongs.

Dr. Gill's list includes five second magnitude stars, the annual perspective displacements of which (if large enough to be measurable) will give something like a definite scale of increasing distance with decreasing lustre. A conclusion will then be feasible as to the rate of movement of the sun in space. The elder Struve made it about five miles a second; but on the supposition of the brightest stars being between two and three times nearer to us than they seem really to be. We can now see that the actual speed of the solar system can scarcely fall short of twelve, or exceed twenty miles, a second. By a moderate estimate, then, our position in space is changing to the extent of five hundred millions of miles annually, and a collision between our sun and the nearest fixed star would be inevitable (were our course directed in a straight line towards it) after the lapse of 50,000 years!

The old problem of "how the heavens move," successfully attacked in the solar system, has retreated to a stronghold among the stars, from which it will be difficult to dislodge it. In the stupendous mechanism of the sidereal universe, the acting forces can only betray themselves to us by the varying time-configurations of its parts. But as yet our knowledge of stellar movements is miserably scanty. They are *apparently* so minute as to become perceptible, in general, only through observations of great precision extending over a number of years. Even the quickest-moving star would spend 257 years in crossing an arc of the heavens equal to the disc of the full moon. Yet all the time (owing to the inconceivable distances of the objects in motion) these almost evanescent displacements represent velocities in many cases so enormous as to baffle every attempt to account for them. "Runaway stars" are no longer of extreme rarity. One in the Great Bear, known as "Groombridge 1830," invisible to the naked eye, but sweeping over *at least* two hundred miles each second, long led the van of stellar speed; Professor Pritchard's photographic determination of the parallax of μ Cassiopeia shows, however, that inconspicuous object not only to be a sun about forty times as luminous as our own, but to be travelling at the prodigious rate of three hundred miles—while Dr. Elkin's result for Arcturus gives it a velocity of little less than four hundred miles—a second!

The "express" star of the southern hemisphere, so far, is one of the fourth magnitude situated in Toucan. Its speed of about two hundred miles a second may, however, soon turn out to be surpassed by some of the rapidly moving stars picked out for measurement at the Cape. Among them are some pairs "drifting" together, and presumed therefore to be connected by a special physical bond, and to lie at nearly the same distance from ourselves. This presumption will now be brought to the test.

A remarkable and typical change has affected the aims pursued at our southern national observatory since Dr. Gill assumed its direction. There has been a widening of purpose matching the widened scope of astronomical science due to the development of new methods. The practical usefulness of the establishment was never more conspicuous than at present. The shipping interests, railway service, and surveying operations of South Africa are in immediate dependence upon it. The whole fabric of the "old astronomy"—so far as one hemisphere is concerned—is held together by the re-determinations of "fundamental" and "standard" stars continually in progress at it. But while nothing of what was previously held in view has been relinquished, much of incalculable value has been added. Above all, the ideal, or purely intellectual, side of astronomy has obtained recognition, and in a form likely to be memorable in the history of the science.

The celestial-photographic Paris Congress of April 1887 might be called "epoch-making," for this reason alone—that it marked, officially and for ever, investigations into the structure of the sidereal universe as part of the proper duty of astronomers. These inquiries, the most sublime, of the physical kind, with which the mind of man can be occupied, will not henceforth be abandoned to individual caprice, to be prosecuted by necessarily inadequate means, and neglected when those means (as they could not fail to do) should collapse under the strain put upon them. They will be pursued gravely, systematically, by the concerted efforts of successive generations, through the toil of innumerable unpretending workers guided to effectiveness by the highest intelligence of the times. A measure of success is, under these circumstances, certain; and even a small measure of success in this direction will suffice to broaden and deepen the channels of all future human thought.

Hence the profound significance of the decisions of the Paris Congress, by which an international scheme for photographically charting the heavens, and cataloguing a large proportion of their contents, was set on foot. Fortunately for its own reputation, our Government, after long delay, has adopted what might have seemed the foregone conclusion that a share in this work is England's right and duty, and has authorized the construction of the requisite

instruments for Greenwich and the Cape. Before another year has elapsed, they will be mounted in their respective places, and the recording process, to be carried on simultaneously at fourteen or fifteen observatories in every part of the world, will have begun.

Meanwhile, Dr. Gill, to whose initiatory energy the approaching realization of this great plan is due, has almost completed a preliminary task of vital importance to its due accomplishment, as well as to sidereal science in general. One of the most famous achievements of recent astronomy is the "Bonn Durchmusterung," a list of 324,000 stars from the North Pole to two degrees south of the equator, observed by Argelander at Bonn. Until it was compiled, the smaller stars were a nameless crowd with no recognized identity. For the purposes of science, they could scarcely be said to exist. But once

"Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,"

their changes could no longer elude notice; and detected change leads commonly to increased knowledge. A solid foundation was, moreover, laid for the study of sidereal statistics, destined, perhaps, to lead to momentous results at no distant future.

An extension of the "Durchmusterung" to the southern hemisphere was contemplated from the first, but was more easy to contemplate than to execute. No southern observatory was in a condition to undertake a task so colossal. Dr. Schönfeld, Argelander's successor at Bonn, carried, however, the enumeration as far as the southern tropic, where it seemed likely to stop, when some surprising photographs of the great comet of 1882, projected on wide fields of stars, taken at the Royal Observatory with the help of Mr. Allis of Mowbray, opened to Dr. Gill the possibility of completing Argelander's stellar review by this relatively unlaborious method. And the possibility is rapidly being converted into an accomplished fact. Two assistants, Mr. C. Ray Woods and Mr. Sawerthal, are employed every fine night in exposing plates with instruments, each consisting virtually of two telescopes, one for concentrating upon the plates the rays of the multitudinous stars within a field of thirty-six square degrees, the other for enabling the operator to keep them steadily there until their self-portraiture is finished. The whole heavens, south of the tropic of Capricorn, will have been covered in duplicate by next April, after which only some supplementary exposures will remain to be made.

Professor Kapteyn, of Leyden, is meanwhile busy measuring the plates successively transmitted to him from the Cape, and the resulting catalogue—the first derived from photographs—will probably be in the hands of astronomers by the year 1891. All stars down to the ninth magnitude, and many fainter, will be included in it, to the number of fully two hundred thousand. This important enterprise is a private and personal one. The entire responsibility for it, financial and other, is borne by Dr. Gill.

There is a prospect that, before another year has elapsed, the vexed question of the sun's distance will have been definitively set at rest. The immediate objects of measurement for the purpose with the Cape heliometer, in combination with some other instruments of the same class in Germany and America, are three of the minor planets—Iris, in October and November 1888; Sappho and Victoria during the summer of 1889. The position of the planet between successive pairs of stars distributed along its path during the favourable period when it culminates near midnight will be determined simultaneously from opposite sides of the equator according to a method devised by Dr. Gill, so stringent and *insistent* for accuracy that the errors admitted by it must be minute indeed. While celestial surveyors have 270 asteroids at their disposal to mark the apexes of their triangles, the long gaps of time between the transits of Venus need be of little concern to them.

To describe the whole of the tasks in progress at the Royal Observatory—the cometary work chiefly in the hands of Mr. Finlay, the first assistant, the lunar and planetary observations, the laborious corrections of star-places and star-motions—would demand more space than is at our command. What has here been aimed at is merely to indicate the directions in which the activity of the establishment tends to expand, and to show that these directions are representative of the present, and must be decisive as to the future, of astronomy. There is room indeed, were the material means at hand, for further expansion. In the spectroscopic department the Cape record is still a blank. Yet the wise outlay of a few hundred pounds would suffice to set on foot, under exceptionally favourable circumstances as to climate and situation, inquiries into the physical condition of southern stars of extreme interest and inevitable necessity.

There is much to be learned, as well as enjoyed, from a visit to the Cape Observatory. Not only the work done there, but the manner in which it is done, is impressive. Lessons of earnestness of purpose, stability of aim, and cheerful self-devotion can scarcely be missed by the itinerant lover of astronomy, in whose mind they will be tempered and illuminated by reminiscences of the beauty of flowers by day, and of the glory of stars at night.

A. M. CLERKE.

RECENT LITERATURE RELATING TO THE OLD TESTAMENT.

1. "Judae Harizii Macamae Hebralce" (Göttingen, 1883).
2. "Petri Hispani de lingua Arabica, libri duo" (Göttingen, 1883).
3. "Aegyptiaca" [containing De morte Josephi; De dormitione Mariae; Sapientia Salomonis; Ecclesiasticus; Psalmus 121; Canones Apostolorum; Canones ecclesiastici] (Göttingen, 1883).
4. "Librorum Vet. Test. canonicorum pars prior [Genesis to Esther] Graece" (Göttingen, 1883).
5. "Mittheilungen," Bde. I.-II. (Göttingen, 1884, 1887).
6. "Persische Studien" (Göttingen, 1884).
7. "Probe einer neuen Ausgabe der lateinischen Uebersetzungen des alten Testaments" (Göttingen, 1885).
8. "Catenae in Evangelia Aegyptiacae quae supersunt Pauli de Lagarde, studio et sumptibus edita" (Göttingen, 1886).
9. "Neu-griechisches aus klein Asien" (Göttingen, 1886).
10. "Novae Psalterii Graeci, editionis specimen" (Göttingen, 1887).
11. "Purim, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Religion" (Göttingen, 1887).
12. "Onomastica Sacra Pauli de Lagarde, studio et sumptibus alterum edita" (Göttingen, 1887).
13. "Jüdische Gelehrsamkeit. Eine Erwiderung" (Leipzig, 1887).
14. "Agathangelus und die Akten Gregors von Armenien, neu Herausgegeben" (Göttingen, 1887).

SUCH, in Germany, are the works which a single man can produce in five years, more and better than most Englishmen could produce in a lifetime. Certainly such productivity is phenomenal even in Germany: if we mistake not, Theodor Mommsen (who is, however, an older man) is Lagarde's only superior, perhaps even his only equal. But in the comprehensiveness of his learning Lagarde stands absolutely alone; others may be more conversant with particular departments—for instance, Dillmann with Ethiopic,* Delitzsch with Jewish learning—none, not even Nöldeke, can compete with him all round. As a master of the Semitic languages, Nöldeke is now *facile princeps* on the Continent: but even on this ground Lagarde has shown that he can worthily maintain his own against him; and Lagarde, while an accomplished Semitic scholar, is also master of many other languages and many other subjects as well. His studies range

* Lagarde himself, though ready enough, when he deems it necessary, to break a lance with Dillmann, owns ("Ankündigung," &c., p. 28) that the Berlin Professor "knows Ethiopic better than a native Ethiopian priest."

mostly round Biblical and Patristic literature. From the beginning he has devoted himself by preference to the task of editing texts, chiefly, though not quite exclusively, of versions of the Bible and Patristic treatises—Greek, Latin, Syriac, “Chaldee,” Arabic, sometimes also Coptic and Persian—always in the most scholarly, exact, and finished fashion that can be imagined. Lagarde is, moreover, an Armenian scholar, and has written much bearing on the elucidation of this little known language. But the versatility of his genius is seen most impressively in the many articles, discussions, papers, reviews, which flow in almost uninterrupted succession from his pen; and collections of which have been republished from time to time in separate volumes. It is here that the great wealth of his learning amazes the reader, and impels the reviewer to despair. Whatever be the subject under discussion—the meaning of some recondite word, the sense of a passage from the Fathers, the reading of a manuscript, the explanation of a passage of the LXX. or other version—he illustrates it from every source and every side with a brilliancy, an acuteness, and an originality which may truly be said to be unsurpassed.

We have confined ourselves to the publications of the last five years, though we should have been glad to notice, at least briefly, those of previous years, but the mere enumeration would have occupied here an undue amount of space—they are upwards of forty in number! All those engaged in any department of these studies know how indispensable any work of the Göttingen Professor's bearing upon it is, and what help and guidance they are sure to find in it.

We proceed to describe briefly the publications enumerated above.

1. Judah Harizi was a celebrated Jewish man of letters, theologian, philosopher, and poet, who flourished at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The “*Makamae*”—a term of Arabic origin, signifying properly *assembly*, but applied in particular to the *jeux d'esprit* produced at a literary *réunion*—are written in imitation of an Arabic work bearing the same title by Al Hariri, and consist of a series of narratives, anecdotes, criticisms, &c., constituting one of the most important literary monuments of the age. The style is artificial, being that of a mosaic, consisting largely of reminiscences from the Old Testament. Hence, besides its intrinsic value, it is well adapted to be read by those who have already some acquaintance with Hebrew, as it furnishes new illustrations of the usage of the language, and especially through the quotations and allusions, helps to familiarize them with the language of the Old Testament itself. The existing editions being old and difficult to procure, Lagarde, with the view of thus promoting the study of Hebrew, edits the text in this convenient and inexpensive form. The MS. on which the edition is based is, however (as indeed the editor remarks in the Preface), not one of the best; and perhaps in this instance it is matter of regret that more were

not collated for the purpose. In the Preface, references are given to the books most likely to be serviceable to a reader commencing the "Assemblies."

2. A glossary of Arabic words, with their Spanish equivalents, which had been printed originally in 1505, but had become exceedingly rare and expensive. In 1851 Lagarde, having occasion, in connection with his lectures, to study the early history of Spain, noticed certain peculiarities in some of the Arabic proper names, and other words which had passed into Spanish, which deserved, in his opinion, to be more generally known to Semitic philologists. He was hence led to publish the present reprint, which may be regarded as a contribution to Semitic philology, intended to facilitate the comparison of the dialect spoken at Granada with the Arabic of Mecca.

3. A collection of Coptic texts, of which further particulars may be found in the "Mittheilungen," i. 176. The two collections of Canons are from a MS. of the year 1006, in the British Museum, to which attention was first publicly directed by the Bishop of Durham in his edition of "Clemens of Rome." Lagarde hopes by this publication to contribute to the knowledge "der mir sehr lieben . . . höchst geistreichen und tiefsinnigen ägyptischen Sprache," but his final aim, he adds, was a theological one: the Canons are intended for the illustration of his contemplated edition of Clemens; and the translation of Wisdom he commends to the "careful study" of the future commentator upon that book. The recommendation, we observe with regret, appears to have passed unheeded by the author of the notes on Wisdom, in the recently published "Speaker's Commentary" on the Apocrypha. The version of Ecclesiasticus has not, however, escaped the notice of Mr. D. S. Margoliouth in the same Commentary, who states that it sometimes affords corrections of the Greek (vol. ii. p. 33). It is no secret, we may add, that Mr. Margoliouth, who is an accomplished Semitic scholar, besides being thoroughly conversant with many other ancient languages, has devoted great attention to the versions of this book, and we sincerely hope that the results which he has reached may before long be made public.

4. According to a well-known passage of Jerome's Preface to the Chronicles (printed at the beginning of ordinary editions of the Vulgate), three great recensions of the LXX. were current in the fourth century—the recension of Lucian in Antioch and Constantinople, of Hesychius in Egypt, of Eusebius and Pamphilus in Palestine. "Here also," writes Cornill, in his noteworthy edition of Ezekiel* (p. 63), "it is again Lagarde who has pointed the way to all labourers on this fruitful field."† The principal MSS. containing this recension

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, October 1886, p. 594.

† Since this article was in type words to the same effect have reached us from Holland. See J. Z. Schuurmans Stekhoven, "De Alexandrijnsche Vertaling van het Dodekapropheten" (1887), pp. 21, 27.

had been pointed out previously by Dr. Field, in the Preface (p. lxxxvii. f.) of his edition of the Hexapla; but they had not been edited: Lagarde here edits them as far as Esther. We learn from the Preface how he was enabled to do this. Through the liberality of some English friends of learning, notably of the Bishop of Durham, Prof. W. Wright, and the late Hon. Keith-Falconer of Cambridge, he was enabled in 1881 to visit Rome, where two of the most important MSS. are. Here, working ten hours a day for three and a half months, he collated both the Chisian MS. of the recension and the MS. belonging to the Vatican Library (330), one of the two which, 370 years ago, had been sent by Leo X. to Spain for the use of the editors of the Complutensian Polyglot. And so, he writes, "I returned home, having with me what were to be the foundation; of the present edition." The Preface exemplifies incidentally the solidity of Lagarde's labour. Having long ago constructed an index of the Biblical passages cited by Chrysostom, he now makes use of it to demonstrate, by a comparison of texts, that it was Lucian's recension which that Father regularly employed. The recension of Lucian is valuable for the purposes of textual criticism; and it has been used to advantage by Klostermann in his recent commentary on the Books of Samuel and Kings (Nördlingen, 1887). It is noticeable that some of the cleverest of modern conjectural emendations have proved to be confirmed by it: as those of Wellhausen, noted on pp. 221-4 of his "Text der Bücher Samuelis," and בִּיבְלֵעַם, for the unintelligible קְבִלְיָעַם in 2 Kings xv. 10 made (independently?) by Grätz* and Stade,† apparently without reference to any reading of the versions. "Let him who would himself investigate and advance knowledge, together with other ancient versions accustom himself above all things to the use of Field's Hexapla and Lagarde's edition of the 'Recension of Lucian'" (Klostermann, p. xl.).

5. Two substantial octavo volumes, which we may expect shortly† to see augmented by a third, of 772 pages, full of recondite knowledge on miscellaneous topics, set forth often with a raciness and point which only Lagarde can command. Many of the articles are reprints of reviews; but it is impossible to give a description of the contents: those interested in these subjects must explore its treasures for themselves. The first volume contains, among other things, the famous review of Mühlaus and Volck's edition of Gesenius' Hebrew Lexicon, exposing the many delinquencies of its editors; it contains also the philologically valuable article (written in English) on "the question whether marriage with a deceased wife's sister is or is not prohibited in the Pentateuch;" the next but one is on a very different subject, the origin of the mathematical symbol x —which, observing

* "Gesch. der Juden," ii. 1 (1871), p. 99. † "Z.A.T.W." (1886), p. 159.

† "Agathangelus," p. 159.

that old Italian algebraic writers speak of an unknown quantity as *cosa*, "thing," Lagarde connects plausibly through *Spanish*, which represented Arabic *sh* by *x*, with the Arabic *shāi*, "thing." The same volume contains also the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, edited from the Amiatine MS. of the Vulgate, in the preface to which the editor apologizes for not being able to do more than add variants from a single Father—viz., Augustine. The second volume (among much besides) contains Jerome's translation of the LXX. Version of Job, from two MSS. in Tours and Oxford.

6. A Persian translation of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel i.-x. 4, from a MS. of Paris, with an Introduction containing a sketch of the history of Persian studies in Europe, and a bibliographical description of not less than sixty-one Persian Lexicons, in different languages! Lagarde's attention, we learn, was re-directed to the Persian versions of the Old Testament by the publication of the extract in the Catena of Jewish interpretations of Isa. liii., published in 1877 by Dr. Neubauer, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, at the instance of the late Dr. Pusey.

8. This is edited from a MS. of A.D. 888-9, in the possession of Lord Zouche, whose courtesy in permitting the editor the use of it is duly acknowledged ("Mittheilungen," ii. 373). It consists of extracts from the Coptic (Bohairian) version of the Gospels, with comments in the same language selected from the writings of Chrysostom, Cyril, Severus of Antioch, and other Fathers.

9. Attracted by Lagarde's discussions on the names of the Cappadocian months,* Mr. Paul Kalonides, διδάκτωρ τῆς φιλοσοφίας and καθηγήτης in Smyrna, opened a correspondence with him on the question whether old Cappadocian words might be preserved in the modern Greek dialects of Asia Minor. In reply, Lagarde urged the importance of publishing specimens of the language. The result is the present publication, containing forty-four specimens of the modern Greek spoken at Pharasa, Telmessos, Sinasos, and other places, with an alphabetical list (twenty-eight pages) of the Cappadocio-Hellenic words occurring in a Glossary,† printed recently by Kalonides. But the editor does not himself pretend in the present instance to have arrived at definite conclusions on the obscure questions involved: his aim has been the more modest one of supplying the future investigator with materials for his use.

10. In what style Lagarde conceived that the LXX. version of the Old Testament ought to be edited was illustrated by him some years since in his "Ankündigung einer neuen Ausgabe der griechischen Uebersetzung des alten Testaments" (1882), in which he gave two specimens, one of an *ideal* edition of Gen. i.; the other of an edition, the best which circumstances and means permit, of Gen. i.-xiv. The present

* "Gesammelte Abhandlungen" (1866), p. 258 ff.

† Γλωσσάριον συγκριτικὸν ἑλληνοκαππαδοκικῶν γένεων.—Smyrna, 1885.

specimen may be regarded as another example of the ideal method, but carried out on a scale of still more remarkable completeness. Underneath the text stands the critical apparatus, consisting of the readings of MSS. and the citations of the Fathers; at the foot of the page are annotations on the Hebrew text of the Psalms, with reference to Semitic philology and the renderings of the versions. As stated in the Preface, the MSS. and editions of versions on which the text is constructed are upwards of sixty in number, besides the quotations from the Fathers! The Greek text of Psa. i.-v., with the notes, occupies nearly forty pages. The notes, whether critical or philological, may be said without exaggeration to differ in kind from those of ordinary books; no one who has not seen them can have any conception of their extraordinary ἀκρίβεια, or of the marvellous erudition with which words or renderings—in whatever language—are elucidated. It is painful to think that, though this great edition of the Greek Psalter is in type as far as Psa. xlviii., the editor should be unable to publish it through want of the necessary means.*

11. "In † none of Lagarde's labours is there such a wealth as in this of philological matter of which none of his readers is master. What does the present reviewer, for example, know about Avestian, Neo-Persian, Sogdian, Cappadocian, Armenian, and Chorasmian calendars? Nevertheless, no Old Testament theologian can afford to pass it by. It develops the view, indicated already elsewhere by the author, that the old Iranian festival called *Farvard*, celebrated in honour of the dead, passed under the Arsacidae to the Armenians, became afterwards a Persian New Year's festival, and that *Purim*, in the LXX. φρουραι (φρουραια, φρουρωμ, φρουριμ), agrees with this word linguistically, though otherwise applied, and used to denote a feast of a different kind." That there is no Persian word resembling *Pur*, with the meaning "lôt," seems to be shown conclusively, pp. 18-28.

12. Contains (1) the Life of Gregory the Illuminator (published already by the Bollandists, 1762, Sept., vol. viii.) from a Barberini MS.; (2) Jerome's treatises on the interpretation of Hebrew names, and on the sites and names of Hebrew places; (3) a series of Onomastica derived from particular MSS.; (4) Eusebius' treatise on the names of places mentioned in the Bible. The admirable completeness which this volume displays must have cost its editor an amount of labour which cannot be estimated; not only are the foot-notes filled with various readings, but on the margin the passages in which every word cited occurs are noted; and there are besides indices occupying more than seventy pages, and containing upwards of 10,000 references! "To write a commentary on the philology and subject-matter of this volume would be a task as difficult as it would be thankworthy; the volume contains the beginnings of both Hebrew lexicography and

* "Agathangelus," p. 157. † Nestle, "Theol. Literaturzeitung," 1888, col. 298 (June 16).

Biblical geography."* For the treatise of Eusebius, the archetype of all known MSS., belonging to the Vatican Library, has been collated.

14. A reprint of the text of Agathangelus on the conversion of Armenia (published in the *Acta Sanctorum* in 1762), collated with the original MS. at Florence, and followed by a series of explanatory annotations (pp. 121-149). At the end follows a note on the Persian *dāta*, "law," which suggests some emendations on Deut. xxxiii., and a discussion (not wholly conclusive) of the foreign words in Dan. iii. 2, 3.

Lagarde's works form truly a *monumentum aere perennius*; of the greater part of them it is impossible even to imagine the day when they will become antiquated. Our survey, we are aware, has been an imperfect one; we shall be satisfied if it succeeds in teaching students in this country what the industry of one man, rightly directed, can accomplish, and introducing them to some of the most remarkable of recent contributions to Biblical and Patristic study.

"Modern Science in Bible Lands." By Sir J. William Dawson, C.M.G., LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London, 1888.

Sir J. W. Dawson's "Modern Science in Bible Lands" would have been improved had all references to Biblical matters been omitted from it. The reader would then have had before him a lucid, and we do not doubt accurate, explanation of the geology of the Mediterranean Sea and neighbouring countries, Egypt, the Sinaitic Peninsula, and Palestine, with an account (chap. ii.) of some of the remains of primitive man that have been discovered in Europe and other parts of the globe. For Sir J. Dawson is eminent as a geologist: he is not equally distinguished as a Biblical critic or as a theologian. And thus, when he touches upon Biblical subjects, he falls readily into misstatements and mistakes. His first chapter is an attempt, by the use of violent means, to force the cosmogony of Genesis into harmony with the teachings of modern science. The word *deshe*, translated "grass" in Gen. i., should be rendered, he tells us (page 17), *cryptogams* (i.e., flowerless plants—ferns, seaweeds, mosses, lichens, fungi). A reference to other passages where the same word occurs will show how impossible this rendering is. Psa. xxiii. 2: "He maketh me to lie down in pastures of *cryptogams*" (the figure, let it be remembered, is that of a sheep); Jeremiah xiv. 5 (with reference to a drought): "Yea, the hind also in the field calveth, and forsaketh her young because there are no *cryptogams*." The common rendering *grass* is clearly the only one which the word will bear. Page 28, *remcs*, "creeping things" (assigned to the sixth day, verse 26), "is applied" we read, "in a very indiscriminate way to all small quadrupeds, whether mammalian

* Nestle, "Theol. Literaturzeitung," 1888, col. 297.

or reptilian, and may here be taken to represent the smaller quadrupeds of the land." This limitation is quite arbitrary. *Remes* denotes "reptiles": it *may* (though there is no proof of it) have been extended so as to embrace smaller quadrupeds as well; but, used generally, it must include reptiles. Reptiles, however, as Sir J. Dawson is well aware, appeared on the earth long before mammals, in the Carboniferous Period: in order, accordingly, to maintain the harmony with geology, he fastens upon the Hebrew word a limitation which it will not bear. The table on page 2 is most deceptive; the agreement between Gen. i. and the teachings of science is very far from being as complete as is here represented. One most serious discrepancy is, indeed, not even hinted at—the "making" of the sun on the fourth day, implying (if the nebular theory be accepted) the appearance of vegetation (third day) upon the earth, before the substance of the solar system had yet been condensed! Readers of Sir J. Dawson's "Origin of the World" will indeed be aware that he interprets "made" in verse 16 to mean *appointed*; if they are fortunate enough to be Hebrew scholars as well, they will know also that this meaning is an illegitimate one; that the word employed can only be rendered "appoint" where the "*appointing*" involves also a "*making*," and that it is the same word which is used in verse 26 with reference to the "making" of man. Pages 13, 15: the "days of God" are nowhere in the Bible identified with *olamim*, or ages. Pages 33, 244, the theory that Gen. ii. is not contradictory to Gen. i., but refers to a special local creation of "certain other animals made, like man himself, on the final creative day," is inconsistent with the express terms of the text. To say nothing of the fact that in verse 5 it is said that "no plant of the field was yet on the earth, and no herb of the field had yet grown," before the creation of man, we read in verse 19 that "all beasts of the field, and all fowl of the heaven," without limitation, were formed after man. And has Sir J. Dawson forgotten that in chapter i. the creation of birds is assigned to the *fifth* day—i.e., *ex hypothesi*, a whole geological period prior to that of man, and by no means "contemporary" with him, as in chapter ii.? The inference (page 34) that in Eden man had no acquaintance with "the larger carnivora" is entirely unwarranted: the expression "beast of the field," used in verses 19, 20, includes carnivorous creatures at any rate large enough to devour cattle (Lev. xxvi. 22) and sheep (Ezek. xxxiv. 5, 8), and to rend human beings (Hosea xiii. 8). Sir J. Dawson is not so skilled in the use of the Hebrew concordance as he would fain have his readers believe (page 27); and the "ignorant misconception" (page 34) does not in the present instance reside with the commentators.

Not to dwell too long on one chapter, the speculation on the site of Eden in chapter iv. is an interesting one: but it is vitiated by the fact that it does not accord with the representation of Genesis.

Sir J. Dawson regards the garden in Eden as situated at the *confluence* of the four rivers named; but the text (Gen. ii. 10) says: "And a river came forth from Eden to water it; and from there it was divided, and became four heads"—i.e., the river was a single stream in the upper part of its course, but when it reached the garden it divided, and pursued its course in four separate branches. This is the all but universally accepted interpretation of the verse, and it is alone consistent with the terms of the description, which evidently follows the *downward* course of the stream;* and it cannot be doubted that it is the correct one. If so, however, the whole of Sir J. Dawson's ingenious theory at once collapses, and the chart on page 178 is no correct representation of the topography of Gen. ii. Page 213, the proposed interpretation of the "sons of God" in Gen. vi. 2 is opposed to Hebrew usage. Page 239, the sentence Gen. iv. 1 is neither "undeveloped" in its grammar, nor "scarcely translatable by us." Construed as Sir J. Dawson construes it, "I have gotten a man—the Jahveh," it is perfectly normal and regular, being in form exactly parallel to Isa. viii. 2: "And I will take me faithful witnesses—the Uriah and the Zechariah," and many other passages.† (The particle rendered *the* is prefixed habitually to proper names, and of course should not be translated at all, being simply the mark of the accusative case.) Page 227, *El* does not occur in the first verse of Genesis; and the theory that "it is interjectional, expressing awe or wonder," is entirely destitute of foundation. But Sir J. Dawson's ideas on philological matters are remarkably crude, and he generalizes evidently from very insufficient linguistic knowledge. He apparently holds the opinion that all languages are connected, and misquotes Hebrew words to support it (pages 163, 234, 353 f. [Egyptian and American !]). No doubt *some* words in most languages are framed in imitation of sounds (onomatopoeitic), but not to the extent represented on pages 227–9. On page 228 we even read: "*Bara*, 'to create,' is certainly onomatopoeitic." It is interesting to learn that Sir J. Dawson not only knows that a sound accompanies the process of creation, but is able to tell us what it is like! A more cogent *reductio ad absurdum* of the onomatopoeitic theory of language than the examples adduced in this volume in support of it could scarcely be desired. The conclusions, pages 302, 304, do not follow from the premisses contained in the preceding chapter. No doubt the "Egyptian stones" indicate that the early inhabitants of Egypt were observant and cultivated men; but *they* do not show that this civilization was not attained by a long and slow ascent from a state of savagery. The reader should further be aware that on other matters also—e.g., Egyptology and the topography

* Observe, in particular, that the word rendered *came forth* is applied specifically to a stream issuing from its source (Deut. viii. 7; Joel iii. 18; Zech. xiv. 8); if Sir J. Dawson's interpretation be correct, it would be used, most unnaturally, of the *upward* course of the river from its mouth.

† Judges iii. 15: "Raised up to them a saviour—the Ehud"; Isa. vii. 6; 1 Kings xi. 4, 19; xvi. 31, &c.

of Jerusalem—excellent authorities have been led to very different conclusions from some of those adopted by Sir J. Dawson.

Sir J. Dawson is strongly impressed by the "ignorance" of commentators, and seldom refers to Biblical critics without some undignified expression of disparagement.* The foregoing quotations will have shown how far he is entitled to speak as an authority upon non-geological questions. The endeavour to reconcile the narratives of Genesis with each other and with science is prompted by laudable motives; but if it does not succeed by the use of honest and legitimate methods, it must be abandoned; and unlearned readers should not be told that Hebrew words mean what they do not mean. Sir J. Dawson's allusions to Biblical criticism (*e.g.*, p. 11 *f.*, 436 note) show that he views it entirely from the outside, and that he is unacquainted equally with the grounds upon which it rests and with the results that have been obtained, and accepted *unanimously* (in spite of p. 11 *f.*), by those engaged in it. Among those who fall (implicitly) under his gratuitous censure are Dillmann and Delitzsch, men who (to say the least) are not inferior in ability to himself, and who have written works which it is probable will outlive his. These scholars agree, without material difference of view, in maintaining that composite structure of the Pentateuch which is so obnoxious to Sir J. Dawson. They have grounds for their opinion, which are not in the smallest degree affected by the scientific observations upon which Sir J. Dawson apparently relies to refute them. Not a page that they have written has as yet been "reduced to waste paper." Sir J. Dawson appears to imagine that no one before himself had observed the Egyptian references in the Pentateuch; we can assure him, if he will read the commentaries of these scholars, that he will find them all noted, with copious references for those who desire further particulars to the writings of travellers and Egyptologists. M. Naville's researches, which were made after Dillmann's commentary on Exodus was published, were discussed by him in a most comprehensive manner, in a special paper published in the "Transactions" of the Berlin Academy. Men such as those we have named are as painstaking, as patient, as single-minded in their own department of study, as Sir J. Dawson, we presume, is in his; and the tone of superciliousness and contempt in which he alludes to their work is as little justified by his qualifications to deal with subjects which (p. viii.) he has not studied, as it is consistent with the respect that is due from one man of science to another.

S. R. DRIVER.

* *E.g.* p. 411: "Volumes of learned criticism reduced to waste paper;" p. 412: "bookworms and pedants," &c.

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

IV.—POLITICS.

THE prevailing political spirit and temper of a community may, perhaps, be most safely inferred from its newspapers. At public meetings people are not quite their ordinary selves; for public meetings are seldom held except in times of popular excitement, or, if held, are seldom largely attended; and in times of excitement people show themselves at their best or at their worst. But the intellectual quality and the "tone" of the newspapers which secure and retain a great circulation in any community are a fair index of some of the most important elements of its political life. People may continue to support a newspaper which on some important questions does not represent their political opinions, but they will soon discontinue it if it rises far above their intellectual and moral level or sinks far below it.

Speaking generally, it seemed to me that the principal newspapers in all the three colonies in which I spent most of my time are distinguished by political seriousness and a sincere regard for public and private morality. Some of them are extremely able. To whatever extent they may be accepted as representing their readers, they justify a high estimate of the political intelligence and political morality of the Australian people.

The least satisfactory columns in the great newspapers are those which contain the English and other European cablegrams. Correspondents on this side of the world, in their eagerness to transmit interesting news at the earliest possible moment, sometimes forget the difference between prophecy and history. The cost of transmission is very high, and the cablegrams are therefore necessarily brief—in many cases too brief to be accurate. But they are supplemented by the letters of correspondents in England and in the different

continental capitals, and these are in some cases written with fulness of knowledge and with conspicuous ability.

Australians take a keen interest in English politics and English politicians; this is only natural; it comes from that loyal affection for the old country which finds expression in many different forms; but, while they are interested in our domestic affairs, what they really care for is our foreign policy. This they follow with a vigilance which never sleeps, and they discuss it with eagerness and excitement. The Secretary for the Colonies is, of course, an important personage in Sydney and Melbourne; but most of the people I met with regarded the Secretary for Foreign Affairs as a more important personage still. Cultivated men have a remarkable knowledge of European politics, and on lonely "stations" they meditate and speculate on the personal qualities and on the policy of the leading statesmen of Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, and France, and on the real military strength of these great European States. They read books on these subjects, and form an independent judgment on the opinions of newspaper correspondents in Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg about the prospects of peace and war. As an old Liberal, it troubled me to find that large numbers of men who have strong sympathy with English Liberalism in its domestic policy regard its foreign policy with distrust and dissatisfaction. Not that they are any better satisfied with the actual conduct of foreign affairs by the Conservatives; but they think that if it were not for the Liberals the Conservatives would do very much better. Men of all descriptions complained bitterly of the action of the Home Government in relation to New Guinea, and insisted that we had given to the Germans the best part of the island. In this judgment I think they are wrong; I believe that the best part of New Guinea is ours. I also found that there was a general conviction that the settlement with France about the New Hebrides has no elements of permanence in it.

I suppose that most Australians really believe that no European Power should be allowed to take possession of any new territory within a thousand miles of the Australian coasts. More than once I suggested this as a "form of sound words," which might find a place in their political creed; and, though my friends hesitated about accepting the formula, I came to the conclusion that it expressed with a fair amount of accuracy their real political faith—the faith by which they live. Forty or fifty years ago such a policy might have been possible. Though France was already in the South Pacific, I imagine that we might have planted our flag in New Guinea, and on a score of smaller islands, without giving any offence to our neighbours in Europe. But in those days we were so indifferent to the value of our Australasian territories, that we almost missed the chance of occupying New

Zealand ; and now the policy of surrounding Australia with a wide belt of British possessions is too late.

With regard to colonial policy and the conduct of colonial business, the people I saw had not very much to say in praise of either Conservatives or Liberals ; though they acknowledged that in recent years both parties had shown signs of improvement. It was a source of satisfaction that English statesmen were beginning to visit Australia, and to learn for themselves, at first-hand, the real value of the country, the real resources and achievements of the people, the present condition of Australian politics, and the present drift of Australian political feeling. But during the last twenty years there have been enormous changes ; and leading politicians at home, who paid a flying visit to the colonies thirty years ago, have probably retained impressions which mislead their judgment.

I heard the question of Imperial Federation discussed in the course of very many conversations with men of very different descriptions. Some expressed a strong belief that in the course of time the visions of those who plead for the complete and effective political organization of the English nation, scattered over many remote lands, will be fulfilled. Many expressed the hope that it might be fulfilled. There was universal agreement in condemnation of the theory, still held by some English politicians, that separation sooner or later should be regarded as inevitable. There was also universal agreement in the opinion that, if we are to hold together, there must be some readjustment of the political relations between the colonies and the mother country. But no one had a scheme ; and it was generally admitted that any serious attempt to construct a scheme would, at present, be mischievous. Like the British Constitution, it must " grow."

Some contended that, in the first instance, there should be a complete confederation of the Australasian colonies among themselves. It is hardly necessary to state that an Act of the Imperial Parliament, passed in 1885, provided for the constitution of a " Federal Council of Australasia." Among the matters on which the Council may legislate are—the relations of Australasia with the islands of the Pacific ; the prevention of the influx of criminals ; fisheries in Australian waters beyond territorial limits ; the increase of facilities for the enforcement of the law—*e.g.*, by providing for the service in South Australia of civil process issued by a court in Victoria, and for the enforcement of criminal process beyond the bounds of the colony in which it is issued. Further, on the reference of any two or more colonies, the Council may legislate on such matters as general defences, quarantine, patents, bills of exchange, marriage and divorce ; in such cases the Acts of the Council are to extend only to the colonies by whose Legislatures the matters have been referred to it. Acts dealing

with the relations between Australasia and the islands of the Pacific, with the prevention of the influx of criminals, and with fisheries beyond territorial limits are to be reserved for the signification of her Majesty's pleasure. Other Acts may be assented to by the Governor of the colony in which the Council is held, subject, as is usual in the case of the Acts of the Colonial Legislatures, to subsequent disallowance by her Majesty.

The Acts of the Council are to have force only in those colonies which consent to federate. Victoria, Queensland, Tasmania, Western Australia, and Fiji were represented at the two meetings of the Council held in Hobart in January 1886 and January 1888. South Australia did not resolve to enter the Federation till December 1888. New South Wales and New Zealand still remain outside. At the meeting in 1886 a Bill was passed authorizing the service of civil process out of the jurisdiction of the colony in which it is issued; and another providing for the enforcement throughout the federated colonies of judgments of the Supreme Court in any one of them. At the meeting in 1888 a Bill was passed regulating fisheries in Queensland waters, and an Address to the Queen was adopted in reference to French convict settlements in the Pacific.*

While, as I have said, some persons, whose judgment deserves great consideration, believe that the federation of the Australasian colonies is the first step towards the federation of the Empire,† there are men of equal authority on the other side. The most sagacious politicians with whom I met in New South Wales said: "We want some day to have a closer and more effective connection with the mother country than we have now; but it must be directly with the mother country—not through a central Australasian authority. If all the colonies send representatives to the Federal Council, the Council will very soon become the organ and channel of communication between the whole of Australasia and England, and the relations between England and the individual colonies will become less intimate. Further, if all the Australasian colonies are drawn into one powerful political organization, the chances of a 'Declaration of Independence,' whenever there is any serious disagreement with the mother country, will be indefinitely increased."

It can hardly be questioned that there is great force in these con-

* Another meeting was held in January 1889.

† I have already pointed out in the pages of this REVIEW (June 1886) that the term Federation carries with it misleading associations when applied to a scheme under which the Imperial Parliament should delegate to local assemblies in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland large legislative and administrative powers in local affairs. Under a federation scheme existing and independent States create a central authority and determine its powers. But under such a scheme for Great Britain and Ireland, as I have described, the central authority would create the subordinate authorities and determine their powers. The term Imperial Federation is equally misleading. The "omnipotence" of the Imperial Parliament, however constituted, would be preserved; but fresh powers would be granted to the colonies.

siderations; and there would be still greater if any executive and administrative powers were granted to the Federal Council. But at present it is a Council—nothing more; its powers are limited to legislation—and to legislation on definite subjects; it has no permanent president—the president is elected at each meeting. The practical advantages which the action of the Council may secure for the Federating colonies are immediate and certain; and the perils which are dreaded, if real, seem remote.

I found a general concurrence of opinion as to the value of the Colonial Conference held in London in April 1887; and the cordial friendliness shown to the representatives of the colonies, both in London and by the great municipalities, had made a great impression throughout Australia. Mistakes were inevitable. Some men were treated with great consideration in England who are not very considerable in the colonies; and, even in the distribution of honours by the Crown, it was thought that some men were overlooked whose claims should have been recognized. But everything was well meant; and to the Australians the enthusiasm with which our colonial visitors were received was a pleasant surprise.

The most important result of the Conference was the arrangement, subject to the approval of the several colonial Legislatures, under which the several colonies are to contribute, in the proportion of their respective populations, towards the original cost and the maintenance of the Imperial men-of-war on the Australasian station. The Legislatures of all the colonies except Queensland confirmed the Agreement either before the close of 1887 or early in 1888. Out of this much may grow.

But nothing will grow out of it unless we frankly recognize the present strength of the colonies, and dismiss from our minds—dismiss wholly—the traditional conception of their relation to the mother country. The British colonies, or plantations—according to the legal definition of them—“are remote possessions of this realm, occupied for the purposes of trade or cultivation.” Mr. Seeley is wholly in the right when he insists that to speak of the colonies as “possessions” of the realm, or “possessions” of the Crown, is misleading and mischievous; and yet the popular conception of them is identical with the legal definition. They are regarded as “possessions” of the realm—not parts of the realm. And because in our hearts we regard the Australian colonies as “possessions,” we treat them in a way which irritates the colonists. They do not claim to be any better than Englishmen at home; but they claim to be no worse.

Some of the powers which are exercised by ourselves cannot, for the present at least, be theirs: they share the Imperial fortunes, but cannot control Imperial policy. The poorest agricultural labourer in Dorsetshire, and the roughest scavenger in the streets of London,

may assist to determine whether the Empire shall declare war or make peace; but the richest squatter in New South Wales and the richest merchant in Melbourne—though war may menace them with the loss of all their wealth—are powerless; they can only look anxiously across twelve thousand miles of ocean to learn their fate from the decision of the home constituencies. It may be that no scheme for extending to those members of the English nation living beyond the seas all the responsibilities and powers of the English nation living in the mother country is possible; and that Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane must continue to be excluded from all direct control of the foreign policy of the realm. If so—and in any case as long as their exclusion from Imperial power remains—the English people at home and the Imperial Government should make an effort to remember that the exclusion implies no inferiority. The Colonial Office, especially, should take care to avoid whatever might provoke the colonists to suspect that we attribute to them any inferiority. Or, to use language which I have used already, the colonies should be treated as parts of the realm—not as “possessions” of the realm; and the colonists as members—not as subjects—of the English nation.

In past times the action of the authorities at home in the selection of Governors has occasioned great irritation; and the promptness with which the Legislatures of New South Wales and of South Australia sustained the protest of Queensland against the appointment of Sir H. Blake indicates that this is a subject on which the colonies are still extremely sensitive. A few years ago there was an agitation in support of the demand that Governors should be elected by popular vote, and elected from among men who were resident in the colonies. It was largely the result of the resentment occasioned by unwise appointments, and was strengthened by the tendency of a democratic people to suppose that they ought to be ruled by men of their own choice. This agitation, I was told, had wholly subsided. It is seen that the Governor is the representative of Imperial interests, and of Imperial authority; that he has to consider, not merely the isolated interests of the particular colony of which he is the temporary ruler, but the mutual relations between that colony and the rest of the Empire; his appointment, therefore, should be made by the Crown. It is also seen that the kind of position which is held by a Colonial Governor requires that he should be wholly free from entanglements with colonial parties and colonial politicians. And further, recent appointments have been, on the whole, satisfactory, and some of the Governors have won great popularity.

But there is still a considerable amount of sensitiveness and uneasiness. Bad appointments have been made before, and may be

made again. My impression is that those with whom I discussed the subject were anxious, first of all, that the authorities at home should have a better understanding of the position and duties of the Governor of a colony with representative institutions; and, secondly, that they should endeavour to learn, through unofficial channels, whether a proposed appointment was likely to be acceptable. No formal communication, even of a "confidential" kind, with colonial Ministers was suggested; but it was thought that there are informal methods of discovering whether in a particular colony a particular man is likely to be regarded with confidence.

The contention of the Legislative Assembly of New South Wales, as set out in its recent Address to the Queen, that future Governors should be confined to persons who have served in some high office or in the Imperial Parliament, or, as Sir Henry Parkes put it, that the Governors should be limited to that class of public men who had indicated that they possessed qualifications fitting them to assist in the government of the Empire, cannot, I think, be sustained. For a mere visitor to the colonies to differ from a man of such robust sense and such large experience of colonial affairs as Sir Henry Parkes is presumptuous, and I am half disposed to think that Reuter's summary of his speech has not given his real meaning. But if Sir Henry believes that only those men should be sent to govern the great colonies who are in the running for Cabinet appointments at home, the reply is obvious:—If a politician with Cabinet office in sight were to accept a colonial Governorship, he would find, when he came home after his six years' absence, that he had lost his position in the country, that his party had learnt to do without him, that some other man had stepped into his vacant place, and that he had sacrificed a political position which it had taken him ten or twenty years to win. His political career would be ruined.

To this an Australian may answer: "Yes, his political career might be ruined at home; but if he proves himself a successful Governor he will be sent at the end of his term to govern some other great colony; and to represent the Crown as Governor of Victoria or New South Wales is surely enough to satisfy any man's ambition." Hardly. To be *Prime Minister* of Victoria or of New South Wales is to hold a very great position, for in the solution of the political problems which arise from the new and unprecedented conditions of national life in the colonies there are opportunities for the exercise of political sagacity and political genius of the very highest kind. But the Governor does not govern. He has to look on while other men do the real work. Now and then, when there is a Ministerial crisis, for example, something—perhaps very much—may depend on his good temper, his good sense, his courage, and his knowledge of human

nature. Now and then, if he has an intimate knowledge of the great Government offices at home, his suggestions may assist a Minister in reorganizing a department. Now and then, his private and unofficial counsel may save a Minister from grave mistakes of policy on great questions; but such occasions as these are likely, I think, to be very rare, for it is not to be assumed that even a very able politician who has spent his life in the House of Commons at home will be able to master, in the course of three or four years, the political questions with which Colonial Legislatures have to deal, and the conditions under which these questions have to be dealt with.

My point is this—an English politician who has in him the making of a great administrator, or a brilliant Chancellor of the Exchequer, would have no chance of using his powers as a Colonial Governor. If he completely accepted the limitations of his position and restrained himself from interference with colonial politics he would soon find his position irksome; if he broke through these limitations there would be trouble. He would be miserable if he did nothing; and if he attempted to do anything he would do mischief. Imagine Mr. Gladstone, thirty or forty years younger, with his zeal at fever heat for the reform of the tariff and for a sound financial policy—send him out to Victoria, shut him up in Government House while Mr. Gillies is expounding and defending the doctrines of Protection in the Legislative Assembly—how long would the Governor be able to hold himself in and to prevent himself from rushing on the Prime Minister in a volcanic torrent of argument, figures, and passionate rhetoric? Or imagine an administrator like Mr. Chamberlain reigning in Sydney, but with no department to administer. If in the course of his official duty he discovered that one of the Government departments was badly organized, his fingers would itch to pull it to pieces and put it together again; or, if he found that the head of an important department was ineffective, I have a strong impression, from what I know of Mr. Chamberlain, that the unfortunate man would very soon learn the Governor's opinion of him, and would become very unhappy himself, and do his best to make the Governor unhappy too.

When I was in Hobart I had the honour of lunching with Sir Robert Hamilton, and of spending an hour or two with him afterwards in his library. The Government House at Hobart is the most charming of all the Government Houses in the colonies which I visited. It is surrounded with lawns and flowers, and through the windows there are the loveliest views—below, the silver Derwent flowing between picturesque banks, and above, hills covered with forest trees. He made no complaint. But, as I sat and looked at his vigorous form, in the very maturity of its strength; as I listened to him, and discovered in all that he said the indications of a most masculine intellect, a large and varied knowledge of affairs, and a delight in administrative work, I could not

resist the conviction that as Governor of Tasmania he was a wasted force. Had he been in Parliament, I suppose that he would have been certain before this time to have risen to Cabinet rank. At Hobart he had nothing to do—nothing, at least, of the kind that he could do best.

The character and resources necessary for the Governor of a colony having representative institutions are not the same as those required for a successful member of Parliament or a successful Minister at home. Neither in his temperament nor in his intellectual habits should he have the qualities which make a good party politician; and yet he must be free from that tendency to take up "crotchets" which usually distinguishes the "independent" member. He should be a stranger to that combative spirit—that joy in battle—which compels men to strike their hardest at opinions which they regard as false and pernicious; and he should be capable of maintaining without effort the most agreeable relations with men that hold such opinions—and yet, intellectual cynicism will be fatal to him. He should have personal dignity, reticence, firmness, but should be genial and buoyant, and should not take politics too seriously. He should have a genius for what might be called a strenuous idleness: should be willing and able to spend his time on a thousand small duties, none of which seem very important, none of which make any severe demands on him, but which leave him with little leisure and little strength for graver pursuits. He should have a hospitable mind, capable of giving entertainment to a very great variety of human interests. He should be a sagacious man—not necessarily a scholar, certainly not a recluse—but with a knowledge of the world, and a gentleman's knowledge of books. He should be familiar with the habits and pleasures of people of many descriptions. He should be not only a man of integrity, but a man of honour. No scandals about him should be in the air; no debts should embarrass him. Last of all, if not first of all, he should have for a wife a woman with abounding good sense, generous sympathies, high character, and charming manners. For the Governor and his lady exert an influence on the Society of the colony which can hardly be measured, and they may contribute animation and vigour to every scheme for the moral and intellectual cultivation of the community. Lady Carrington at Sydney, Lady Loch at Melbourne, and Lady Hamilton at Hobart are perhaps quite as important personages as their husbands.

Each of the colonies I visited has its responsible Ministers, and is completely equipped with high officials charged with the various departments of administration. Even Tasmania, with a population of about 140,000, has its Prime Minister, its Attorney-General, its Treasurer, and its Minister of Lands and Works and Mines; these form the Cabinet. It has also its Chief Justice, its puisne Judges,

and its Solicitor-General; its Postmaster-General, its Collector of Customs, its Government Statistician, and other officers besides. In each of these colonies there is an Upper and a Lower House, or, to use the colonial terms, a Legislative Council, which is the Upper House, and a Legislative Assembly or House of Assembly, which is the Lower House. In New South Wales the members of the Council are appointed for life by the Crown, which means that they are appointed on the nomination of the Prime Minister of the day. The number of members is not fixed; there must be twenty-one, but there may be as many more as the Governor thinks fit to appoint. This elasticity, while permitting very obvious abuses, has one obvious merit: if a majority of the Council—consisting, as it does, of life-members—brought the business of the colony to a stand by refusing persistently to pass Bills sent up to it by the Assembly and supported by a great strength of public feeling, the Governor could change the majority into a minority, by adding fresh members. This power, like the power of the Crown at home to create peers when the peers are unwilling to come to terms with the Commons, answers its purpose without being exerted. It is enough that the obstructives know of its existence.

In Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania the Council is elected. In Victoria there is a property qualification, both for members of the Council and for voters; members must own freehold property worth £100 a-year, or possess a capital of £1000; voters must hold a freehold rated at not less than £10 a-year, or a leasehold rated at not less than £25. In South Australia there is no property qualification for *membership* of the Council, but the *voters* must own a freehold worth £50, or a leasehold worth £20 a-year; or must occupy a dwelling-house rented at £25 a-year. In Tasmania, as in South Australia, there is no property qualification for membership of the Council, but the voters must own a freehold worth £20 a-year, or a leasehold worth £80 a-year; or must be graduates in Arts of some university in the British dominions, or have passed an examination in Arts conducted by the Tasmanian Council of Education. The franchise is also given to members of the learned professions, and to retired military and naval officers.

The electoral area for the Council is in all the colonies much larger than that for the Assembly, and the Council has a much smaller number of members.

In Sydney the nomination of members of the Council by the Crown was regarded with satisfaction by the people with whom I happened to meet, and in their judgment it secured for the public service many excellent men who would be unwilling, perhaps unable, to go through the excitement of a contest. In Melbourne, on the other hand, the general opinion seemed to be altogether in favour of popular election.

Some useful men might perhaps accept nomination who would not stand for a constituency, or who, if they stood, might have no chance of being elected; but popular election increased the authority of the Council. "When we were nominated," said a member of the Council with whom I was discussing the two systems, "we could offer no effective resistance to unwise measures passed by the Lower House; we had no moral authority; we were told that the Lower House represented the people, and that we were resisting the people's will; but now we are able to say that, if the members of the Assembly represent the people, so do we, and that we have just as good a right to our opinion as they have to theirs."

In all the colonies the election to the Lower House is practically by universal suffrage. In Tasmania the electors must have their names on the Assessment Roll—corresponding to our Rate-book—as owners or occupiers of property within the electoral district, or they must have an income from some source, it may be from weekly wages, amounting to £60 per annum; in computing wages, "rations" and other allowances are included. But these restrictions do not, I imagine, disfranchise any considerable number of the adult male population.

Between the proceedings of the two Houses there is the same kind of difference as between the proceedings of our two Houses at home: the proceedings of the Council are generally decorous and even dull; the proceedings of the Assembly are now and then extremely animated—not to use a more forcible word—and the Speaker does not always find it easy to keep the wilder members of his team on the safe and well-beaten road of parliamentary propriety.

The three most picturesque personalities that I met with among active politicians were Sir Henry Parkes, Mr. Playford, and Sir Alfred Stephen. Sir Henry Parkes, who is now Prime Minister of New South Wales for the fourth time,* has been for more than forty years a conspicuous figure in Australian politics. His rugged strength, his vigorous understanding, his courage, his audacity, have appealed very powerfully to the popular imagination, and given him a unique political position. He has passed through many vicissitudes, and in the management of his private affairs has not been fortunate, but there is unmeasured confidence in his public integrity. Those who heard him speak when he was in England a few years ago are not likely to have formed a true estimate of his power. He is not a speaker for show occasions; he is at his best when he has real business on hand and is smiting his enemies in the Assembly. Mr. Playford—"honest Tom"—the Prime Minister of South Australia, is a man of a

* After this paragraph was written, his Ministry resigned in consequence of a defeat on some railway appointment. Parliament was dissolved by his successor; but the elections, which are being reported while this article is passing through the press, seem to show that Sir Henry will have a majority in the new House, and will be Premier a fifth time.

different type, but he, too, has the qualities which command popular confidence. He is a strong man, but less rugged and less volcanic than Sir Henry. I was impressed and attracted by the felicitous union of modesty and manly dignity in his bearing, and by his transparent simplicity. He is a market-gardener, and seemed quite as much interested in his vegetables and his fruit as in politics; and when he was induced to talk of his early history and of his father, who was a private soldier, promoted to the office of regimental school-master, he was charming. Sir Alfred Stephen, unlike Sir Henry Parkes and Mr. Playford, has the cultivation of a scholar. He belongs to a family which has produced many brilliant men, and though he is now a very old man he is brilliant still, as a Stephen should be. I ventured to ask him what was the very earliest thing that he remembered; and he said, "I remember being whipped in the year 1807." He knew Hannah More; and, as he said, Hannah More saw Dr. Johnson, and Dr. Johnson saw Queen Anne, so that there are only two persons between him and the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sir Alfred was formerly Chief Justice of New South Wales; he is now a member of the Legislative Council; and when I was in Sydney he had a Divorce Bill in hand, which he subsequently passed, but which has been vetoed at home—and vetoed, I imagine, through the influence brought to bear upon the Home Government by the Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian Churches. When I suggested that some of the provisions of his Bill appeared to make divorces extremely easy, he showed, with great animation, that the conditions of life in the colony are so different from the conditions of life at home, that if the colonial law were governed by the English law the greatest injustice would be inflicted on innocent people. The courtesy of the old man, and the vivacity and force with which he talked on this subject, and on every other that came in his way, made him a most delightful host; the little luncheon party to which he was good enough to invite me is one of the most vivid and agreeable of my Australian reminiscences.

Of the other politicians whom I met I can give no personal description. Some of them were lawyers, some squatters, some merchants, some manufacturers, some farmers; some of them had begun life as mechanics, a few as ministers of religion; some of the cleverest and ablest had been journalists. Some were members of English or Scotch universities, some had graduated at Melbourne or Sydney; some had had the kind of education that used to be given in England to the sons of fairly successful tradesmen, others had left elementary schools when they were ten or eleven years of age, and had fought their way to their honourable positions by sheer force of ability, industry, and courage. They differed from each other very greatly. Some of them gave me the impression of being men of great soundness of judgment

and great capacity for labour. Some were brilliant and keen. Some—or was it my fault? would they have shown their power had they seen anything in me to induce them to exert it?—some seemed very dull, as dull as any of the members of our own House of Commons. Some were men who, in addition to their political knowledge, had wide and varied intellectual interests; some seemed to have a considerable knowledge of politics, but knew nothing else; in some I discovered few signs of serious knowledge of any kind, but, as I have suggested, perhaps this was to my discredit rather than theirs. In private I could see no difference between the members belonging to the two Houses, except that the members of Council were generally older than the members of Assembly, and were reputed to be richer.

The history of the colonies is the best proof of the ability and integrity of colonial politicians. For they have shown themselves equal to the tasks of government. They have maintained public order. As far as I know, the only serious disturbance of the public peace in any of the colonies occurred at Ballarat in the early stages of the gold fever, and before Victoria had responsible government. Property and life are as secure in Australia as in Yorkshire or Kent. The decisions of the Courts at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide command as much confidence as the decisions of the Courts at Westminster. Since the Imperial troops were withdrawn, nearly twenty years ago, each colony has raised a military and naval force of its own, consisting partly of "Regulars" and partly of Volunteers; has fortified its harbours; has maintained—and, in addition to its annual contribution to the cost of the Imperial Australian squadron, will continue to maintain—ships of war and torpedo-boats for the protection of its own waters.*

But, in addition to discharging the primary duties of government—the maintenance of order, the protection of life and property, the administration of justice, and providing for the public defence—they have undertaken duties which in older countries are discharged by municipal or other local authorities. In New South Wales there are large districts in which at present no local authorities have been created; roads, bridges, and other public works are constructed and maintained by the State. In Melbourne the water supply is in the hands of the Government; for Melbourne is really a group of independent cities, and until they are federated under one municipal

* I hoped to introduce in this place an account of the Volunteer Odet Corps which has been created both in Victoria and New South Wales, and about which in Victoria I was able to collect a considerable amount of information by the assistance of my friend Colonel Sargood formerly Minister of Defence, and the most active and influential promoter of the movement. I feel a very deep interest in it on educational grounds, and think that we have something to learn from it. But I could not do justice to the subject within the limits of this article, and I must find some other opportunity of discussing it.

board, with rating powers extending over the whole area, or with power to levy contributions from the separate municipalities included in it, the State is the most effective authority for constructing and administering those public works in which the whole of "greater Melbourne" is interested.

As with ourselves, the Post Office and Telegraphs are in charge of a public department. The railways, with the exception of a short line in New South Wales, are also in the hands of the Governments of the several colonies. Nearly all of them were constructed by the Governments; in one or two cases they have been taken over from private companies. I know nothing of the internal organization of the Railway Department, but the express service between Sydney and Melbourne and between Melbourne and Adelaide is a very fine one; and the sleeping cars between Melbourne and Adelaide are by far the most comfortable that I have ever travelled in. The suburban service, both in Sydney and Melbourne, is also admirable.*

In a previous number of this REVIEW† I have shown that they have constructed and maintained admirable systems of elementary schools, and have contributed generously towards the founding and support of universities. They have shown their care for the intellectual life of the community in other ways. They have established in the great cities public libraries, museums, and galleries of art. In South Australia nearly every small town has its institute, with its lecture-hall; news-room, and library. In the morning and afternoon the reading-room and news-room are reserved for the use of the members, whose annual subscriptions provide the expense of maintenance; after five or six o'clock in the evening they are open to everybody. For many years the Government contributed half the cost of erecting the buildings, the other half being provided from local sources. I believe that recently the proportion contributed by the Government has been diminished.

The Governments of all the colonies have shown that they are following with keen interest the development of technical education in America and Europe. There are Agricultural Colleges and State Experimental Farms in Victoria and South Australia. Sydney has a great Technical College, with branch schools and classes in suburban and country districts. The number of individual students who entered the Sydney classes in 1887 was 1930; the number that

* In New South Wales the extension of railway communication into sparsely populated districts has during the last few years greatly diminished the interest on capital expended in construction. In 1881 the railways paid considerably over 5 per cent. on capital, in 1886 a little under 3 per cent. The loss comes out of the public revenue. In Victoria, on the other hand, which has about the same population, occupying an area which is considerably less than a third as large, the railways are now paying more than 4 per cent. on capital, although the cost of construction per mile was considerably higher than in New South Wales.

† February: article on "Education."

entered the suburban and country schools was 765—a total of 2695. Towards the cost of maintenance the Government contributed in that year nearly £17,000; the fees received from students amounted to a little over £2000. The management of the college is in the hands of a board responsible to the Minister of Public Instruction. The classes appear to cover every subject that can be included under the title of Technical Education.

Victoria has a School of Mines at Ballarat and another at Sandhurst; it is supposed to be a great advantage to the students that they can go down into the mines, which are within half a mile of their lecture-rooms and laboratories, and examine for themselves the methods of working them and the manner in which engineering difficulties have been met and mastered. In Melbourne there has been recently founded a Working Men's College. The buildings were unfinished when I was in the city, but excellent work was going on, and there seemed to me to be a vigorous democratic spirit in the institution which promised large success. The total number of individual students at the time I visited the college was just under 1000. I obtained from the secretary the numbers attending the various classes: there were 66 working at carpentry, 17 at staircase building, 35 at carriage drafting, 28 at photography, 57 at book-keeping, 69 at shorthand. The origin and constitution of the college and the sources from which it derives support are interesting. Mr. Ormond, of whose magnificent generosity a visitor to Melbourne is continually reminded, contributed £5000 towards the building; the rest was raised by public subscription, and the Government gave the site. The Council of 22 includes nominees (1) of the Government, (2) of the University, (3) of the Public Library, (4) of the Founder, (5) of the Trades Hall, which belongs to the trade societies, (6) of annual subscribers of over £1, and (7) of annual subscribers of less than £1. Towards maintenance the Government contributed in 1887 £1000; fees yielded just under £450; and the carpenters and joiners', the painters', the brewers', the coachmakers', and one or two other trade societies contributed between £20 and £30—a sum hardly large enough for the societies which united in contributing it.

The extent to which the Governments grant subsidies to stimulate and support local effort, both municipal and voluntary, is one of the characteristics of Australian policy which most strikes a visitor. In South Australia local authorities receive from the Treasury a pound for every pound expended out of the rates for public works. In Victoria the subsidy is paid on the amount of the general revenue from rates, and subject to conditions which limit the total amount of the annual subsidy to one municipality to £2000, and which diminish the subsidy in the same proportion that the local rate exceeds 1s. in

the pound; the urban municipalities receive £1 for every £1 raised by rates, and the rural municipalities £2 for every £1.*

Subsidies are also granted to charitable institutions of all descriptions—to hospitals, orphan asylums, blind asylums, asylums for the deaf and dumb, and asylums for the destitute. These institutions are under the management of committees elected by subscribers, the Government contributing, as a rule, an amount equal to that raised by voluntary subscriptions.

The population of New South Wales—the most populous of the Australian colonies—is considerably less than double the population of Liverpool; the population of South Australia, with its 900,000 square miles of territory, is considerably less than the population of Sheffield; the population of Tasmania is not as large as the population of Portsmouth. At a distance, inconsiderate Englishmen may imagine that the duties resting on colonial Legislatures are very much like the duties discharged in this country by town councils; and that the office of a colonial Minister is as easy to fill as the chairmanship of a watch committee or an estates committee in connection with an English municipality. Before I visited Australia I had formed a much more adequate conception than this of the kind of work that has to be done by colonial statesmen, and of the kind of men required to do it; but I confess that it was not till I saw something of the actual organization of the Governments of the several colonies that I visited, talked to judges about the suits which had to be settled in their courts, to Ministers about the infinite variety of serious duties which had to be discharged in their offices, and to members of Legislative Councils and Houses of Assembly of the large and difficult questions which had to be determined by Parliament, that I began to appreciate the real powers and resources of the men engaged in Australian politics.

That in communities, which, when compared with our own, are so small, and in which there are so few men who in early life have had the leisure for those grave studies which we think—and, as I believe, rightly think—are generally necessary for the discipline of the statesman, there are so large a number of men who have shown capacity for legislation and government, is greatly to the honour of our race. The proof of their capacity lies in what they have achieved. They have made mistakes, but their mistakes are not more flagrant than the mistakes which have been made by the trained statesmen of the old countries of Europe. Had their mistakes been much more serious there would have been no occasion for

* The urban municipal districts in Victoria must contain at least 300 resident householders, and, as a rule, must not exceed nine square miles in area. The rural districts are districts which do not fulfil these conditions; most of them extend over more than 100 square miles, some extend over 4000, one extends over 10,000. The local authorities in both descriptions of districts have substantially the same powers.

surprise. In the old countries statesmen inherit traditions and precedents which save them from many blunders; in the colonies the economic and social condition of the people is new and strange, and the traditions and precedents of the mother country are in some cases misleading and pernicious.

Whether in their land legislation Australian statesmen have done wisely or unwisely in allowing themselves to be largely controlled by English traditions is a question on which there must be wide differences of opinion. When the colonies received representative institutions the Crown had already established methods of treating the land which, in their spirit and aims, were intensely English, and although during the last thirty years there have been frequent and great changes in the terms on which the unoccupied lands can be purchased, or leased, or occupied from year to year, all the changes have been controlled by English ideas. In early years the territory seemed inexhaustible. Land was sold freely, and even given freely, for agricultural purposes; but farms of a few hundred acres, or a few thousand acres, made no impression upon the boundless bush. Large facilities were afforded to squatters to cover immense tracts of country with sheep and cattle. For a time there seemed to be room enough, more than room enough, for both farmer and squatter. But thirty years ago it became apparent that the squatters were rapidly taking possession of all the land within reach of the towns and of the coast. There were vast districts of bush in the interior of the country, but the accessible land was held by a few men, who were becoming enormously rich by feeding their flocks and herds on land that might grow wheat. And even where unoccupied land was accessible, the conditions of sale did not make it easy for poor men to purchase. The problem to be solved was how to get men on to the land instead of sheep—how to grow wheat instead of wool—how to settle a hundred farmers on an area which, under the old law, might be held by one squatter. This, in substance, was the problem which was raised in all the colonies.* In New South Wales Sir John Robertson attempted to deal with it in the Crown Lands Act of 1861. The Act allowed a man who wanted to settle on the land to travel over a run already in the occupation of a squatter, and select a block which he thought would suit him. There was a fixed price for the land, and he was at liberty to pay for it by instalments or to pay down as much as he could and to pay interest on the balance. What happened in New South Wales might have been foreseen. Free selectors "picked out the eyes" of the runs, to use the Australian phrase. They selected the most valuable parts of a run; sometimes they selected those parts which gave value to all the rest—for example, the parts where the sheep or the cattle found water. Then came a protracted fight between the free

* In South Australia it seems to have been complicated by other aims.

selectors and the squatters. The squatters bought out the selectors or they anticipated them by purchasing themselves, but not in their own names, those parts of their runs which it was necessary for them to keep. Sir John Robertson's Act remained in force till the end of 1884. In that year an Act was passed which, while maintaining what is technically called the principle of "selection before survey" gave a substantial measure of protection to the tenants of Crown lands, and at the same time secured a larger rental. When I was in New South Wales the new Act had been in operation less than three years. There was a general opinion among the people whom I met that it had worked beneficially, but further amendments of the law were thought to be necessary, and the Government had introduced an Amending Bill into the Lower House.

There are men of wide experience who doubt whether any legislation will permanently increase to any considerable extent the number of small holdings. Economic laws—so they believe—work in the other direction: they say that where land can be sold freely small estates will be bought up by large proprietors; that the farmer who owns 640 or 1000 acres cannot, in the long run, live side by side with the great land-owner who owns two or three hundred thousand. But, whether this is so or not, the Australians have to face the fact that the great public estate is rapidly passing into private hands. The prices at which land was originally sold by the State were absolutely insignificant compared with its present value; and the increased value has been derived—not merely from improvements made by the purchasers—nor chiefly from these improvements—but from the rapid development of the prosperity of the colonies.

Further, it has been the general custom to run the revenue received from the land sales into the ordinary revenue of the several colonies. In Victoria, since 1869, there has been a special appropriation of £200,000 of the revenue annually derived from this source to a trust account for the extension of railways and the re-purchase of debentures; since 1884 all money arising from the sale by auction of public lands has been appropriated to the trust. In the other colonies I heard of no attempt to protect the income arising from the sale of the public estate from being used for the ordinary purposes of government. It would, however, be contended that, even in the absence of any such provision, the whole or a large part of the revenue derived from the sale of the land has been spent on railways and other permanent public works which contribute to the development of the colony and the increase of the general wealth; that, as the revenue received from the land sales diminishes, the increase of the general wealth will yield a corresponding increase from taxation; and that, though the State has parted with the fee simple of the land, the land remains, and may always be taxed.

In South Australia, an Act passed in 1884 levies a tax on land of a halfpenny in the pound; the tax is to be levied on its "unimproved value;" but the same Act levies an income tax of threepence in the pound on income derived from "personal exertion," and of sixpence in the pound on income consisting of "the produce of property." The Trades Unions Congress, which met at Brisbane in March 1888, struck a bolder stroke. It resolved, "That it is advisable, in order to increase wages, to give employment to all, to abolish poverty, to lessen crime, to elevate the moral taste and intelligence of the people, to purify Governments, and to carry civilization to a noble height, to abolish all taxation save that on land value." This glowing resolution would have had much greater significance, and would have produced a much deeper impression, but for the fact that, as a rule, the trades unionists are in favour of Protective duties—and Protective duties are nothing more than taxes on the consumers of dutiable articles. Mr. Henry George, from whom the Unionists learnt the formula of "the single tax," is an ardent Free Trader.

The fact remains that the public estate is passing rapidly into the hands of private persons, and that the development of the several colonies by means of the revenue derived from land sales has gone to the advantage of the men to whom the lands were sold. They paid very little for the land they bought; what they paid has been expended in improving its value.

I asked a leading politician in Victoria how it was that in a great city like Melbourne, with tens of thousands of working-men in it, there was not a vigorous agitation for keeping the public estate in the hands of the public, and securing to the whole community the profit arising from its constantly increasing value. He answered, with a laugh, that every thrifty working-man in Melbourne either owns already the freehold on which his house stands or hopes to own it soon.* I am not sure that my friend meant this for a serious reply to my question, and I very much regretted that I missed the opportunity of learning from some of the active politicians among the working people what they really think of allowing all that remains of the great estate, which is the priceless inheritance of the whole community, to become the property for ever of private holders.

Here, in England, it may be impossible to recover the national estate for the nation; but why, in the great Australian colonies, the portion of it that is still unalienated should not be kept for the nation is a question to which it would be difficult, I think, to give any conclusive answer. The land question in Australia waits for its final

* According to a report which lately appeared in the *Melbourne Daily Telegraph* (Dec. 5, 1888), the building societies had, in 1887, more than 20,000 members; the amount to the credit of depositors exceeded £4,000,000, and the advances exceeded £3,600,000.

settlement, and to settle it on equitable and enduring foundations would be an achievement worthy of the very highest political genius.

Nor is the labour question yet settled. It is true that the working-man in Australia has shorter hours, better wages, cheaper food, than the working-man in England. There is an admirable system of public schools for his children; in some of the colonies their education costs him nothing, and where school fees have to be paid the fees are small. He lives in a beautiful climate, and as yet knows nothing of the discomfort and the loss of health occasioned by the crowded condition of our own great manufacturing towns. But the relations between capital and labour are as unsatisfactory in the colonies as in England. They are separated by mutual jealousy and distrust. Sometimes there is open war—and war is costly to both belligerents. At the wages which the workmen demand the masters are sometimes unable to employ them; the workmen lose their wages and the masters lose their interest on capital. Whether co-operation would solve the whole difficulty is doubtful; it has not been attempted on a large scale, though there is a co-operative boot factory in Melbourne which is said to be fairly successful.

How are Australian wages to be kept from gradually sinking to the European level? This is the problem which the trades unions and the statesmen of Australia have to solve; and, as far as I could learn, they had made no approach to solving it. The problem is urgent. Australia is very much nearer to Europe than it was twenty years ago. Communication is cheaper and more frequent. What is of still greater importance, it is nearer to the *imagination* of the great mass of the working people on this side of the world. The influence of the economic condition of European countries, and especially of England, will tell more powerfully on the economic condition of Australia every year. The wages of carpenters, bricklayers, blacksmiths, coachmen, grooms, gardeners, cannot permanently remain very much higher in Sydney and Melbourne than in London and Liverpool. In the various manufacturing industries the depressing influence of the lower wages earned in European countries will act still more directly and still more effectively.

The distance of Australia from the European ports gives to the Australian manufacturers the advantage of what may be called a "natural Protection," but the Protection is wholly insufficient to compensate him for the higher cost of labour. In some branches of manufacture Protective duties may maintain wages at the expense of the consumer; and I was accustomed to tell my Protectionist friends in Melbourne that perhaps Victoria was rich enough to afford a Protectionist policy; but how long the consumer may be able and willing to bear the strain is an open question. When I was in Victoria I heard that the agriculturists were beginning to say that Protection had done enough for the manufacturers and their workmen, and that

the turn of the farmer had come; some of them were asking for a bounty on the export of wheat.

Protection is not a permanent solution of the labour problem. It is a mere temporary makeshift. Even now—though I know that the question is a subject of lively controversy—I believe that New South Wales is better off without Protection than Victoria with it.

Some of my South Australian friends, particularly the Hon. A. Campbell of Adelaide and the Hon. H. Tarlton of Glenelg, both of whom showed me great kindness, are keenly interested in a scheme on which I find it extremely difficult to form even a provisional judgment. If I understand their proposals, they ask for such amendments in the homestead provisions of the land law as shall make it easy for working-men to get the freehold of twenty-acre blocks of good land within easy reach of the towns; and they ask, further, for advances of capital from the Government to enable the holders to make a fair start in improving and cultivating their land. I believe that the promoters contend that the only solution of the labour question lies in giving the workman something to fall back upon when his trade is slack. The carpenter, the bricklayer, the blacksmith, is, therefore, to be also a farmer on a small scale or a market-gardener. When he cannot get work in the town he is to go out and work on his land. But intermittent farming—so one would think—would not be successful farming, and intermittent market-gardening would seem still less likely to be successful. It would hardly happen invariably that a carpenter would be short of work just when his land required most attention. I suspect that the scheme assumes that he will divide his time pretty regularly between his land and the workshop, and the organization of industry with which we are familiar in this country would make this arrangement very inconvenient. Workmen living in small towns might have their "blocks" within reach, but how could "blocks" be found for workmen living in great cities like Sydney and Melbourne? Further, the scheme would require every man to learn two trades. I regret that when I was with the able men who are leading the agitation we had so many other subjects to talk about that we never discussed these objections to their scheme; the objections are much too obvious to have escaped their notice.

But the labour question may be considered from the point of view of the community as a whole as well as from the point of view of the labourer, and when so considered it presents problems to Australian statesmen and economists which, as far as I can see, are at present insoluble. It is surely one of the first duties and one of the chief interests of a nation to develop the resources of the country which it occupies. But there are many forms of industry which cannot be carried on profitably in Australia, because wages are so much higher in Australia than in Europe. This seems to mean that the country

cannot be developed without a great reduction in the cost of labour. But if there were a great reduction in the cost of labour, the fair hope that the great mass of the people, through many generations, might live a happier, easier, larger, and more prosperous life than the great mass of the people in the older countries would be blighted.

As yet, the Chinese question is a part of the labour question; for although a great deal is said—and said no doubt with perfect sincerity—of the vices of the Chinese immigrants, and of the social injury that their presence in the great towns inflicts on the community, the real force of the popular agitation against them arises from the dread that if many more of them are permitted to settle in the country they will reduce wages. I am not in a position to express any opinion on the justice or injustice of the popular opinion which attributes to the Chinese settlers the most disgusting vices; but I think that I am neither unjust nor uncharitable in saying that, *as yet*, the virtues of the Chinaman, rather than his vices, provoke the popular hostility against him.* His physical vigour, his industry, his patience, his powers of endurance, his ingenuity, his suppleness, his versatility, make him a very formidable person. He can work hard and live on almost nothing. Give him a piece of bare rock, and in a year or two it will be covered with excellent vegetables. He is a clever mechanic. He makes a capital cook and a gentle and careful nurse; and I remember reading, when I was staying at St. Kilda, the report of a public meeting held in the neighbouring city of Prahran, at which one of the speakers, in the fervour of his generous indignation against the crimes of the Chinaman, declared that at last he was taking the bread out of the mouths of their sisters and daughters, for he had actually turned washerwoman.

The Chinaman is, in fact, so tough, and so persistent, and so clever a person, that even English pride of race does not prevent the Australian from recognizing in him a very powerful rival. If Australian ports were opened freely to Chinese immigrants, the operation of the law of the survival of the fittest might bring about the gradual disappearance of the descendants of the English, Scotch, and Irish settlers; and some cynical prophets have predicted that at the end of the next century the three typical forms of Australian life will be the rabbit, the sparrow, and the Chinaman.

What is at present a labour question is likely, in the course of a generation or two, to become a political question of great importance and of great difficulty. I have had occasion to say more than once that, sooner or later, the Australians will be compelled to employ, in very large

* In proportion to their numbers there are very few Chinamen arrested for crime in Victoria; the percentage is lower than that of the persons of any other nationality except Victorians—and as the Victorians include a large number of children this is very remarkable. The proportion of Chinamen committed for trial is also lower than that of persons of any other nationality except Victorians.

numbers, men belonging to coloured races, to develop the resources of the northern parts of the continent. Chinamen may, perhaps, be excluded by stringent legislation, and men belonging to less vigorous races may work the mines and the plantations of tropical Australia. What is to be their political position? In many large districts, before the middle of the next century, they will immensely outnumber the whites. Will they be allowed to exercise the political franchise and to become members of Legislative Councils and of Houses of Assembly? Will the high-tempered Australian people, with their splendid visions of the future greatness and glory of their country, consent to share the control of its legislation and its policy with races of weaker fibre and inheriting neither the ethical nor the political traditions which have formed the manners and which inspire the laws of the Australian commonwealths? I doubt it. On the other hand, what is to happen if a half, or a third, or even a fourth of the inhabitants of a group of democratic States are refused all political rights? The question is a far more difficult one than that which had to be solved by the United States in the case of the emancipated slaves of the South.

I tried to learn from several of my political friends in Australia what they thought about it. I asked them whether the proposal had ever been made to naturalize the Chinese without giving them the political franchise. But at present, as I have said, the Chinese question is simply a labour question, and the political difficulties which will emerge when either the Chinese or the people belonging to any other coloured race begin to bear any large proportion to the white population have not yet been considered. Politicians engaged in the actual administration of affairs are necessarily men of short views. They confess, with the apostle, that they "know not what shall be on the morrow." It is only persons like myself—spectators, amateurs, who cannot find a solution for the most urgent questions of to-day—that trouble themselves with questions which may not become urgent till another quarter of a century has gone by.

Twenty years ago, perhaps rather more, I heard M. Laboulaye, who was at that time Professor in the Collège de France, deliver an introductory lecture to a course on the History of the American Revolution. The Empire was in the sultry noon-tide of its glory. The memory of political freedom seemed to have perished. France, drugged with material prosperity, lay prostrate and dumb, with no courage, no heart, to offer any resistance to what appeared to be an irresistible tyranny. But, as M. Laboulaye said to me a day or two afterwards, the traditions of the country surrounded the chairs of the university with a certain measure of protection; and when all other criticism was suppressed the Professors could dare to speak. In the course of the lecture M. Laboulaye asked—"How is it that England

has had such grand success in colonization while we have failed?" He answered his own question in a picturesque passage, which I can only very imperfectly reproduce:—

"I will tell you," he said. "When we send out men to found a colony we send a *préfet* to govern them and soldiers to defend them; we make laws for them; we levy taxes on them; and at last they say, 'We might as well have stayed in France.' But with the English it is not so. A few adventurous families plant themselves on the shore of some country remote from European civilization, and they are left to themselves. They struggle, unaided, with the difficulties of their condition. They are attacked by the wild people who are near their settlements, and they have to defend their lives and their homes as best they can. They regulate their own affairs. They elect their own magistrates. They suffer. Perhaps they perish. If they survive, it is because they are men of a vigorous fibre, and they and their descendants become a strong and successful people. In our colonies, gentlemen, as well as at home, if France is to be great, we must have more of that element in our constitution, to name which I must borrow a word from the race in whose history it is most nobly illustrated—we must have more of *self-government*."

The large lecture-room was crowded with an audience of four or five hundred people, and as soon as these words escaped the lecturer's lips they broke out into the wildest applause.

M. Laboulaye was thinking of our American colonies rather than of our colonies in Australia. In Australia the colonists were not, at first, "left to themselves." But Australia, as well as America, confirms his contention; for it was not till the Australian colonies had received representative institutions that they began to display their real energy, and show the sure promise of their great destiny. They have now to deal with questions far more difficult than any which they have dealt with during the fifty years that they have had in their own hands the control of their own affairs—the land question, the labour question, the question of the political and social relations between themselves and the coloured races that will soon be spreading in immense numbers over the northern parts of their country.

They have shown great resources in their past history, and we may trust that for these unsolved problems they will find at last a safe and equitable solution. But for them, too, as for the rest of the sons of men, the way to the ideal life must be hard and rugged; it may lie through darkness and storm; and the end may not be won except at the cost of pain, and tears, and blood.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

[CORRECTION.—In the article on Education in Australia, in the last number of this REVIEW, the date of the Act endowing the University of Melbourne with £2000 *per annum* was erroneously given as 1881; the Act was passed in 1853. I am indebted to the Right Hon. Hugh C. E. Childers for calling my attention to this oversight. I am almost glad that the wrong date was accidentally allowed to pass, for the correction of it enables me to state that Mr. Childers, who in 1853 held an important political office in Victoria, took a leading part in founding the university, and drew up the university statutes.—R. W. D.]

AN ART NOT GENERALLY UNDERSTOOD. ,

IN matters that may be discussed from several points of view a definition is useful, not so much for its conciseness or happiness of expression, as for its indisputability. Not that it makes a division exactly where one would like to have one, but that it divides things that, so separated, are for ever distinguishable. The division of poetry from prose, by its employment of certain recognized forms, is a handy one; none the less useful that we know well enough there is a limited amount of prose in the world vastly more poetical than an illimitable quantity of verse.

To find such a definition, one must look about for a point of departure in the nature of the things under discussion themselves: some point inherent in that nature that a mere difference in method of thinking will not disturb. Fahrenheit's zero, as a limit of conceivable coldness at thirty-two degrees below freezing point, was well enough until science began to recognize possibilities of cold far lower still; then it became an arbitrary and purposeless definition. Later on the scientific zero was fixed at the freezing point, and science henceforward could consistently measure from it up and down to any extent.

Discussion of the relative values of decorative and pictorial art is complicated by the fact that no two people are agreed as to where the one ends and the other begins. Nay, further, I believe that no man who has thought about the matter is at one with himself on the subject. For the two things do far worse than melt imperceptibly into each other; they interlace and overlap like interlocked fingers, and no distinction between them could approach accuracy without being too complicated for use. So that if our two supposed disputants were for the sake of argument to agree by mutual concessions on an arbitrary definition, it would be upset by the advent of a third.

But, well within the territory of decorative art, there is a natural landmark, trenchant as a river or mountain range; dividing an art, on the one hand, whose materials impose on it no limits but those common to all art whatsoever, from an art, on the other, that employs materials beautiful in themselves, whose beauty has to be thought of and enhanced whilst other artistic necessities are being equally attended to. The art that deals with glass, silk, jewels, and metals, precious and brilliant, for distinctness' sake we may call "essentially decorative." Its first duty is towards the space it fills. You understand, when at too great a distance to decipher its representative qualities, not all its beauties, but distinctly that it is beautiful. For decorative art speaks at once to two audiences, as a good play appeals to the stalls by subtlety of finish, and to the gallery spectators by showing them at their less critical distance a natural, brilliant, and interesting sequence of events. But to the gallery first: give your play-wright (as distinguished from your play-writer) but half the time he really needs to write his drama in, and he will produce a work interesting and original in plot. For the rest he will probably employ old situations a little modified, and the stock *dramatis personæ*, or characters, of his own invention that he has used before. So give your decorator, as distinguished from your painter, half time to do his work in, and you shall yet have a design that adorns its place. Bring a close and critical eye to bear, and you will find perhaps that in its details he has employed old studies, or no studies at all. The term "applied art" sometimes bestowed on this essentially decorative work is misleading. It suggests either something artistic added to compensate for constitutional unsightliness, as a bronze statue to a hideous bridge, or decoration applied with questionable success to a thing already beautiful, as tattooing to the human body.

Real decorative art, however elaborate, springs from processes that adorn its material, and is not plastered on to it. Given a strip of sheet gold as material for bracelet or crown, the first effort in decoration is to hammer bosses on it to give increased play of light and reflection, and consequently more beauty. The bosses may come in time to be grouped and shaped until they represent warriors and chariots, or gods and goddesses, but the principle of enriching the metal is as obvious in the last as in the first development.

Art that is essentially decorative has a natural analogy with essentially lyrical poetry. A form of versification once chosen, the necessary conditions of metre and rhyme become to the poet, as the qualities of his material to the artist, opportunities, not restrictions; not only opportunities for beauty of metre and rhyme, but for an emphasis on the utterance of his thought not attainable outside that form of verse. He is no poet who finds rhyme and metre hamper his imagination, nor is he who is not inspired by the conditions of his

material a decorator. From the exalted position assumed to-day by realistic painting, decorative art seems to run some risk of being shouldered into an altogether secondary and insignificant place. It can only be saved by its material, as poetry by its lyrical qualities from the assumptions of realistic prose. We must sing, and must have fresh words to sing; and as a song may touch our hearts as nearly as a novel, we shall not care to think of it as on a lower artistic level than the stories we get from the circulating library. Less elaborately imitative of the details of reality it will certainly be, but there is room in it for as much of Art, and, perhaps, in a more highly distilled form, for as much of Nature too. And so with the adornment of our rooms and the windows that we fill with colour in our churches; we should not, if we can help it, wish that, though different from, they should be intellectually beneath the pictures that we pay shillings to look at now and then.

Art, then, can express itself not only in the completely flexible media that admit the so-called realism of representation, but in materials that impose their own limits. In art, as in life, there is nobility in, and compensation for, self-restraint as well as for the wise acknowledgement of external restraining necessities. The actor, for instance, who reveals too soon the whole compass of his emotional resources, has lost his hold over us: the really impressive man showing us that only at the culminating instant, perhaps not the whole of it even then.

A happy incompleteness has qualities of its own; a rough sketch may denote character and expression so perfectly that no realism could do other than dilute it. To seek the reason of this would carry us too far away from our present subject, but the fact is on the surface.

Many human interests cling close to the productions of the decorative arts of the home and fireside, which enshrine memories of happiness or sorrow, gratify innocent vanities, recall pleasant hospitalities, and teem with homely everyday associations. It is to their advantage, as well as to their possessors', if, beyond this, the art in them is of a vital and clear-speaking nature that is intelligible, not only after their death, as it were, to the connoisseur who entombs them in a collection, but during their lifetime to the people who possess and live with them. In this direction we have made great all-round progress in the last twenty-five years, having struggled pretty clear of the worst period of decoration that ever existed. A comparison of the furniture, curtains, carpets, and the like, in general use now, with those of a quarter of a century ago, has been too often made to need repetition here, but one vital point in the change is well worth noting. People not only use better colours than they did, and more graceful furniture, but they appreciate them; taking real pleasure in the soft colours of their curtains and dress materials.

The artistic revival has run its course, gained its nickname, been taken up by society, satirized, and dropped; but the preference for delicate colour over crude survives it and remains a permanent possession. Not now, in the most out-of-the-way country-place, do the least sophisticated natives walk to church clad in those ghastly aniline colours that once shocked the landscape, abashing the sober tints of Nature.

The art of stained glass is not yet fully fortunate in speaking a language understood of the people. Indeed, "I don't understand stained glass," is the remark one most frequently hears made about it, and this even from people of considerable appreciation for other forms of art. This comes home to one when one sees what pitiful stuff people of taste are content to have in the doors and windows of their own houses. The purplish birds on the yellow leaves within a circle of harsh red, the whole backed up by alternate oblongs of bad pink and green; how frequently one notices that work of art, standing where it ought not! The builder inserts this, and the like of it in the first instance, but the occupants suffer them to remain, not perhaps confident that they could find anything else so much more agreeable to their feelings as to warrant the expense of a change. It means, perhaps, that about even the highest development of the art as usually practised, there still cling conventionalities of the parasitic or stifling sort; traditions that have arisen, that could only arise, in a period of bad art, and that have survived into a time of better things.

Wholesome conventionality, the acknowledgment of limits, and the determination to pull up well within them, is of the nature of a backbone to decorative art. Excellent, too, is healthy tradition. A man, or a school of men, who have practised a craft right well, bequeath to their successors, not a series of cast-iron rules and regulations, but a common-sense recommendation. "On such and such lines our art can be successfully carried out; adhere to them, we advise you, and see your way very clearly before you try to disturb them. If new possibilities arise, they must be dealt with; but do not change the old order for less than sufficient cause." Without some such tradition a craft may become experimental and amateurish, and its productions perplexing.

Let us, before going further, try and understand stained glass.

The germ of it lies, not in the wooden-framed sash-windows with which we are most familiar, but in lead-lattice, or, as it is perhaps most often called, casement. The simplest form of lattice consists of square or diamond-shaped panes of white glass of the same size, connected by "leads"—that is, by strips of that metal, with a groove on each side, into which the glass fits, the leads being joined by soldering at the corners, and the interstices filled in with cement, corresponding

to the putty in our sash-windows. From this simplest form of a lead-latticed window, the next step is the introduction of coloured glass. By this we get square or diamond-shaped panes alternately of white and colour, or of several tints in succession—a series of arrangements being possible whilst we still cut our glass in panes of straight-lined shapes all of one size. More variety comes with the half-step from this to panes still rectilinear, but of different sizes and shapes; and we have made a stride when we have found out how to cut our glass into pieces with curved outlines. Our framing line of ductile lead is as ready to go round a circle as along a straight line, and now with curve contoured forms of varied colour arranged in groups we have already a handsome stained glass window of pattern.

The next move is a momentous one, and may have a word of preface. The best ornamentist of the present time* has acutely noticed that some simple pattern shapes that have been assumed to imitate natural forms are in reality dictated by the tool or material employed. When their resemblance to Nature struck the primitive artist, he did what he could to make it closer, but they arose at first independently. A single stroke of a full brush on paper beginning with a point spreading from that, and then ending with a sudden and more rounded diminution as the brush quits the paper, resembles the form of a leaf; the simplest combination of such touches suggests a leaf-cluster. Surround a large circle with a series of little ones, and you get a broad hint of a frequent flower type. So our window-maker, having advanced thus far, could not fail to be struck with hints of natural form in his pattern, and suddenly his brain took fire with the longing to complete the resemblance. This led to an application to transparent glass of the long-practised process of enamelling; lines and shadows were drawn on it with a material that, when fired at a sufficient heat, unites with the glass and becomes permanently fixed. The imitation of form seldom goes far in any art before the designer tries to imitate the most interesting of all forms: to take on him the God-like function of making man in his own image.

Glance with me, for a moment, at such a daring mediæval workman.

His studio is bare and rude, one of a little city of timber-built huts nestling at the feet of a stately cathedral, that is as yet but partly built. Hammering, chiselling, and sawing are going on all about him with a rhythmic noisiness. In other sheds like his are being hewn out the solemn figures presently to stand beside the doorways or in the niches of the west frontage. High overhead, clinging to scanty scaffolding, the carvers are shaping crocket and finial, are chipping the gargoyle into grotesque life, or enriching with ornament the niche to receive the statue. The dust from their chisels silts in through his

* "Every-day Art." By Lewis F. Day.

unglazed window space. All about him is manufacture in the literal sense of the word—hand-work. There is no Art Department, for there is no department down to the laying of the courses of the masonry, where art is not. Interested monks come on the scene from time to time, pause for a few moments to watch, then disappear. They cluster at stated hours in the completed choir, and the chanting of psalms in sonorous Latin may be heard among the other sounds, telling how the day wears. Sometimes the great of the earth come to see, and the chisels pause whilst their wielders gaze downwards at the grand seignor, who appears richer clad even than he is against the white background of dusty road and fresh-cut stone, and at a grey-haired scarlet-robed church dignitary, followed by black-clad obsequious figures, and clinking men-at-arms.

Our glass painter's appliances are as simple and few as those of an Oriental weaver; he has no diamond to cut with, no pencils, no paper or tracing cloth for his cartoons and working drawings. A heavy wooden working-bench does, among other duties, that of drawing-paper. On it he sketches his designs with a piece of charred stick, and when they are to be used many times he goes over the lines with the red-hot iron he uses to crack his glass with, and makes them ineffaceable. His bench is dotted over with holes left by the nails that hold glass and lead in their places as they are being soldered together. When he wants an unencumbered surface to draw upon, he borrows a carpenter's plane and makes one.

He is working now on a tall lancet window, the ground of which is designed to be filled with a mosaic of interlaced forms, whilst the broad border and a series of super-imposed circles are to be of rich colour in foliated pattern. The pieces of glass for the ground are already cut and painted and lie piled in a rough box. In another are those for the border and several of the circles. The central round, which is to be of more emphasis than the others, remains to be done, and our workman is considering it. Why not, it flashes into his mind, a figure—a saint? The figure drawing of that time is simple, and he has learned its practice; why should not a saint be represented in glass as on a wall? Hurriedly he effaces from the board the half-sketched pattern within the branded circle, and recommending his new venture to God and Saint Luke, he begins to design his figure, planning it out by outlining the shapes of the pieces of glass of which it will be composed. The head shall be painted on a piece of tawny-pink glass, and as the background is to be of ruby-red, the drapery shall be of blue, cut in a good many pieces, for the sheets of glass at our artist's disposal are but little ones. Then the hand that holds the emblem, and the other on the bosom of the drapery, they again must be tawny, so must the feet be. The lining of the drapery where it shows itself may be a golden-yellow. With tremulous

and eager care he sketches the lines of face, finger, and foot, of fold and twist of drapery, and then, roughly outlined within the scorched circle on his dented bench, lies before him the first figure cartoon for glass. He sees no reason why the saint should not be as successful as the foregoing foliated patterns; but this that he has begun upon is a new thing, and he is in anxious haste to test its success through the slow processes of the material. Bit by bit he shapes the glass; each piece being laid in its place on the scored bench, roughly cracked with a hot iron in the direction of the desired form, and finished by laboriously biting the edges away with pincers. This completed, with a dark pigment he traces on the glass, piece by piece, the lines and shadows of drapery and face, and then the glass is passed through a kiln and the painting fused with it, pieces that require retouching and strengthening having to undergo a second firing. Finally he cuts the bits of ruby glass that, unpainted, are to form a background to his saint, lays all the pieces, painted and plain, in their places within the circle, and the little picture is ready to be put together: to be *glazed*, to use the technical word. Not until this process is over can he see the effect of his design, and as we must wait for him we may as well watch him at work, for it is an ingenious process, interesting to observe. He first selects and cuts to its approximate length the wide lead that is to surround the circle, and by hammering a series of nails just outside its circumference as drawn on the bench prevents it from exceeding its limits. Into the groove in this bounding lead are fitted the outermost pieces of the background; between each two is placed another slip of lead, rather narrower, to hold them together. As each piece of glass is put into its place a smart tap or two with the handle of the glazing-knife drives it well home into the grooves of the lead on each side of it, and a nail driven into the bench in front of it holds it in place until more lead and glass are added. So the work grows, each morsel of the glass is surrounded with strips of lead into whose grooves it is securely fitted; where the picture is as yet unfinished, there is a frontier of restraining nails, which are taken out to be replaced further on until the completed work gradually fills the circle. That done, the external lead is brought tightly round, its ends are trimmed and exactly adjusted, and the whole secured by nails. Then every one of the numerous points of junction of lead with lead in the whole work is greased to make the fixing solder adhere, and the solder is melted on to it with a red-hot iron, linking the whole together. The nails that confine it are hurriedly drawn from the board, the work is turned over, and the soldering process repeated on the other side; then—moment of moments—our patient workman holds up the circle to the window of his little hovel, and feasts a critical yet approving eye on the first figure ever painted on glass. The window is fixed in its place, the interested monks gather and applaud; brother workers

in other arts cluster and discuss; the great of the earth arrive, and the new attempt is explained to the signor by dignified ecclesiastics, all finally smiling on the new discovery. So we bid our adventurous workman good-bye, having lingered so long with him because the processes he employed have been, with slight modifications, in use from that time to this. Later, the possibility was realized of applying other enamel colours to glass besides the brownish black line and shadow pigment. Owing to their brilliancy being inferior to that of colour made in the glass, only two of these have played an important part in the history of the material; a yellow stain made from silver, and a reddish enamel applied to white glass to represent the flesh colour, no tint in the glass itself being quite satisfactory for this purpose, and the artist not being always content to make his heads and hands of white. There is one really perplexing element in stained glass that I will try and elucidate—that is the use of what are called *accidental leads*. An artist friend said to me the other day, “I understand the lead lines going all round the outlines perfectly, but I am puzzled as to why they sometimes go across the design when there seems no need for them.” Suppose—to take an extreme instance—we had to cut out the shape of an hour-glass. It might, perhaps, be done with great care, but the danger of its cracking at the waist in cutting would be enormous, and if that were got over, it would have new perils to go through as it cooled after being fired. Even when finished and fixed in its place it would still be in danger. There is a certain elasticity in the leaden framework of a window, none worth speaking of in the glass itself; if the wind blew hard against the window that contained our hour-glass, the lead about it would yield a little, and it, being unyielding and brittle, would snap at its weakest point. Forseeing this, the artist arranges his leads so that instead of such weak places in his window there shall be flexible joints.

This then is what we have to grapple with in trying to understand stained glass. All the important colour is in the material itself; this is cut out and fitted together much like a dissected map, where the counties are of different tints. The modifications in the direction of shading are made with a grey or brownish tint, those of colour are merely the adding of a tone to represent flesh, and of a stain that shows yellow on white glass and produces a green when applied to blue. If we find anything unintelligible to us in modern stained glass that does not obviously spring from these necessities, we are justified in objecting to it.

I am convinced that the comparative indifference of the public to-day to glass-work indirectly results from the improper division of labour in its execution. The ordinary practice is that, having been designed, by an artist who makes a small sketch in colour and full-

sized cartoons, the most important work of all—that is, the choosing and painting the glass—is put into the hands of men who, though sometimes skilful workmen, are seldom artists. The scale of remuneration almost forbids that they should be, and in nine cases out of ten the glass-painter is an unambitious drudge, or a smart youth who only means to paint glass until he can persuade some one to give him cartoons to draw. This system puts the artist at the wrong end of the work—that is, if there could be a right one—when he really should be with it all through.

Take a literary parallel. Which would you prefer, a story of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's told by the anecdotist of the dinner-table, or a tale of the said anecdotist's related by the creator of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? If, in the former case, the narrator could appreciate the Stevensonian charm, he could not transmit it; in the latter, the rendering would enrich the baldness of the original, leaving only a softened regret that the deftly told tale was not Stevenson's from first to last.

To be quite satisfactory, stained glass should have its colours selected and its painting executed by its designer; in this way it will have a unity of effect and a harmony of execution with invention not otherwise attainable.

Of this I am convinced by the opinions of many well qualified to pronounce on the subject, some indeed thinking as I do, in spite of their practice being opposite; by considerable personal experience; and perhaps chiefly by a study of the ins and outs of work done the other way. I have known artists designing for glass who not only did not care to see their work when executed, but who positively objected, knowing by experience that it would be a caricature of their intentions. Truly, with this method of dividing labour, the satisfactory work is that where the design is least artistic. Given a dry and unfeeling cartoon, the trade glass-painter executes it with very fair accuracy. The strongest evidence producible against the usual system is to be gathered from the more artistic of its attempts; from works where the designing is good, and the glass-painting has a measure of artistic skill, and between the two is produced a transparent picture, well designed and schemed in colour. In the qualities, however, that are essential to the material—the jewel-like brilliancy, the crispness and translucency, and all those sparkling beauties that we admire in early and in all good glass—it is completely deficient; the fact being that a design for glass ought never to crystallize and become unchangeable until it reaches its material. The fit use of that material is all-important, and the design should be kept, as it were, in solution until the requirements of the glass are satisfied. This of course is not possible where the artist who designs personally conducts his design no further than on to paper. He must leave it

there, a thing fixed to be copied on glass without reference to the requirements of glass. Were the copier an artist, it is not easy for one such to modify the design of another; it is against the nature of things that a subordinate should ever be allowed to adapt the completed work of his superior.

An obvious instance of this is to be found in the continual mis-use of white glass. The artist designs his white drapery as for any other material, with very little absolute light, and a half-tone covering at least seven-eighths of it; the glass painter cannot do other than follow this pattern, seven-eighths of the material are obscured with shading, and the bulk of that drapery is without any of the beauties peculiar to glass. Look at the white draperies in any much-admired modern window—it is ten to one that you will find no more sparkle in them than in a wet newspaper, which they will much resemble in general tone. Sparkle and silveriness are the qualities appropriate to white glass; without them it is absolutely uninteresting. It is not shade on the glass, or even dark shade, that is objectionable; without some decided darks the white would not attain its brilliancy; it is the monotonous universal toning-down of white glass to get it into harmony with other colour not designed in the right key for it. You must not “perdooce tone” in glass by the use of paint, you must get it in your material or else go without it. If you design as well as paint, you will learn so to design it as to avoid the latter humiliation.

It is not that the men who do these things do not know, have not studied; it is that the art of inventing in glass must be built on the foundation of handling and painting it, and can no further be otherwise learned than swimming on dry land.

An instructive lesson of how the essential merits of glass may be lost in work whose other merits rank high, is to be found in the comparison of two windows placed side by side in the north wall of the nave of Westminster Abbey, commemorating two engineers. That to Trevithick, who devised a locomotive before Stephenson, is exceedingly satisfactory in execution and full of the silvery brilliancy appropriate to glass. For the design of it, it is simply an imitation of the glass of some centuries ago; it has nothing in common with modern feeling in art, or with modern thought. Except the drawings, displayed by angels in the lower part of it, of Trevithick's mechanical triumphs, there is nothing to connect it with the nineteenth century, or to attract nineteenth-century interest to it. It has a certain delight in neatness as opposed to impulsiveness, not characteristic of ancient work, or one might take it for an old window, and indeed by no means a bad one. The style of the angels as compared with the very modern machines they hold drawings of, suggests the fancy that Macaulay's New Zealander might carry such a figure home with him amid other

English antiquities, and write learnedly in the "New Zealand Antiquary" of fourteenth-century steam-engines.

The window to Brunel is a very different thing. If we look first at the tracery, which is so high up that its execution does not go for much, we discern great beauty of design and a quite exquisite sense of colour. And the colour scheme is in accordance with the feeling of to-day, and is not in any sense imitative of earlier work in glass. Glancing down the window we still find the beautiful colour scheme and graceful modern drawing, instead of resuscitated archaism; but, compared with the other window, something seems amiss in the execution. If we include in our comparison the window beyond this one again, which is simply filled with white glass, we shall find that the Trevithick window is not only far more brilliant than its neighbour, but, though it contains a good deal of rich colour, it seems more luminous than the window of white glass. The Brunel window is throughout too monotonously covered with painting, and, in consequence, deficient in transparency. In parts this drawback amounts to absolute muddiness of effect; also, in places, the glass has not been sufficiently fired to completely fix this excess of paint, which has partly peeled off, giving a rotten and streaky effect that is highly unpleasant.

Not to leave the Abbey with our minds in a critical attitude towards what is in the main excellent, and that we may realize, whilst hoping for yet better things, from what we have recently risen, let us glance at the glass in the south transept. It is a production of that execrable period of art from which we have but lately emerged. The miserable design of these windows is a trifling fault as compared with their atrocious colour; they are a disgrace to the beautiful building they disfigure.

For colour is the key-note of stained glass, the all-important thing: no glass is worthy of the name that is not lovely in colour. The scheme may vary from silvery lightness to the richest intensity, but every bit of it must be beautiful, or the whole thing is a mistake. No other art can even approach the power of its colour; the sheeny loveliness of textile fabrics and the infinite modulations of tint of painting are alike paled by its fulness. Painting has an infinity of resources, that the material in hand cannot command; like the human voice in singing, it may induce a variety of emotions. But the emotional effects that stained glass is particularly fitted to produce, it compels, like a blare of trumpets, by its volume and intensity. A great window of stained glass well placed in a cathedral, with the light of the sun on it, produces an effect on one more like in its vividness that of some beautiful aspect of Nature, than what can be given by a work of man's making.

Colour, then, is the first vital consideration in glass. Is there any

other comparable to it? To answer this, we must go back for a moment to that primitive studio, and note the new element that was being introduced—the likeness of a man. For this new element brings rights of its own with it. The human figure may not be slighted in any material, but as far as the material allows must be as well represented as the art of the time can do it. If not, it is better away; it is not essential to stained glass, for perfect glass may exist without it. It is an invited guest, and courtesy must make its feelings deferred to. It is an important guest, who, where he comes, must be given the best place, and, like every guest, must show courtesy as full as he receives, lest he be not re-invited. Is there, then, a point where either host or guest must concede—where, to speak without metaphor, the figure painted on glass, to gain its perfect expression, must destroy some of the qualities of the material? It is very usual to insist that this is so; and it is easy to point out instances, in every school of glass-painting since the fourteenth century, where brilliancy of material has been sacrificed to pictorial considerations. Sir Joshua Reynolds' figures in New College Chapel, Oxford, are a typical instance; in them we have beautiful figure-work, and none of the beauties of glass itself at all. But there is a reason for all these lapses that is clear enough; it is that the artist, or the school of artists, has been summoned to paint glass too late. A man who has formed his habits in a material that admits of his making his shadows as interesting as his lights will overshadow your glass for you to the end of his days.

To do good glass, an artist should not only design and paint it, he should steep his imagination in it, and get to know it with its possibilities so thoroughly that, when he conceives a design, he conceives it in certain pieces of glass that he can put his fingers on. These will be in his mind through all the processes of his work. He will not arrange a piece of drapery whilst making his studies without thinking of the precise amount of shadow necessary to bring out all the excellences of the material he will execute it on, and of the quality of shading, whether rich and trenchant or crisp and filmy. He will select the raw material for his work with anxious care, choosing from each sheet of glass he uses just such parts as are most beautiful and most fit. The drawings being his own work, and of the nature of studies rather than rigidly finished designs, he can as he paints his glass adapt them to the necessities of the material. The whole process being at his fingers' ends, he can in some places leave the work on the glass to the inspiration of the material itself.

Stained glass, as an art that by such means is trying to attain a fresher mode of thinking, and a nearer relation to Nature and the feelings of its own time, looks rather for sympathy to the public than to workers in other arts. Neither the architectural side of art, nor the realistic, looks with enthusiasm at possible departures in this way. As

a rule, the architect has been fairly satisfied with the kind of trade glass that can be turned out to order, in the style of any century required. To him its shortcomings are atoned for by its respectfully subordinate position; accustomed to this, he naturally is not particularly anxious for work of less tractability, which may have a will of its own to be considered and even consulted.

The realistic artist has no interest in stained glass except as a background, when he usually paints it incorrectly. Satisfied that the school of to-day has attained the one complete method of representing Nature, he troubles his head not at all about the representation of her in any way to him less complete. And yet the very term realistic is a folly, if one compares the ocean of complicated fact, and the teaspoon in which it has to be contained, to produce realism. The most accurate historian tells not a tithe of the whole truth: the most inveterate romancer is not without a leaven of veracity.

Realist and decorator, though their attitudes differ, alike buy their stock-in-trade at the shop of that great universal provider, Nature.

The painter, in whose works design plays a subordinate part, presents himself at Nature's counter, puts his money down, and says, "I want you to give me the best value in goods for that, I am not particular as to what they are." Nature treats such a customer liberally, and because he is so accommodating as to take what is given him, he gets very good measure, and the transaction is a rapid and simple one, satisfactory to both parties.

But when the designer presents himself, Nature knits her brows at the sight of him—she has had so much trouble already with him. For he does not come to buy anything she wants to sell, but is provided with a list of troublesome requirements, and will have those and those only—a head with such an expression on it, such a cast of drapery of such a tint and no other, or such an effect of rock or storm-cloud, or tempest-tossed sea. Nature rummages her shelves, and article after article is rejected, while the exasperating customer declares that he has seen just the thing he wants in that very shop before. There has never been such a piece of goods in the trade Nature at last declares; it could not be turned out at any price; the gentleman must have dreamt it. The gentleman admits that he may have dreamt it, but is none the less anxious that it should be procured for him. In fine, when bargaining is over, the parties separate grumbling, and the designer goes home with his purchases, thinking he has spent a lot of money on them, and that, after all, his brain-children will have to accommodate themselves to circumstances, and put up with some rather tight fits in respect of the raiment he has been buying to clothe them with.

Selection of the fittest subjects for decorative art is never a very easy matter; in stained glass it particularly requires careful considera-

tion. There are two ways of making the choice: one that the subject should be settled upon by the artist, the patron naturally retaining a right of veto; the other that it should be fixed by the patron, the artist being privileged to object to a subject not suitable to the work in hand. From some points of view the first way has advantages, but hardly to be set against the great additional interest to the possessor of the work if he is attached to it by associations connected with the subject, or even with such details as floral ornamentation or choice of predominating colour. It is a frequent misfortune that the all-pervading middle-man imposes a subject that is neither of special interest to the future possessor nor artistically fit.

In choosing subjects for a church window it is well to remember that, whilst many of the most sacred have been so often treated in art that their representation can be little else than a modification of what has gone before, there yet remains in the Bible a mine of almost unused themes for this art.

The stirring history of Gideon is full of subject-matter, from his first call by the angel as he threshed wheat by the wine-press to hide it from the Midianites, to his crowning victory over the high-souled and courtly spoken princes, Zebah and Zalmunna, who had ornaments like the moon upon their camels' necks. The other pair of princes in the same story, Oreb and Zeeb—the raven and the wolf—are picturesque figures; but the incident that presents itself to me most vividly is Gideon's interview with the inhospitable men of Peniel. They refused with a bitter jest to give bread to his wearied three hundred, and Gideon answered them, "When I come again in peace, I will break down this tower." One sees the fortress and the gesture against it of the man faint with pursuing, but God-befriended and certain of final victory. Fascinating too, from this point of view, is that chivalrous foray of Jonathan and his squire, when they clambered up the toothed crags and fought the Philistine garrison during the earthquake, surveyed from the distance by the watchmen of King Saul in Gibeah. And a grand subject, of which I have seen no representation, is to be found in a verse of the second Book of Kings:—"And Elisha prayed, and said, LORD, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the LORD opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha" (2 Kings vi. 17).

Indeed, for the representation of visionary subjects, of which we find so many splendid examples in the prophets and the Apocalypse, stained glass, with its strength and mystery of colour, is particularly fitted.

In subjects for domestic glass, though the individual spaces to fill are usually smaller, the range is quite infinite, for lighter and even humorous themes may be appropriate here. What a pretty window,

for example, one might make with playing cards as a theme. The borders might be decorated with hearts, diamonds, and the like, with royal and knavish personages in the central groups. It would be a pleasant conceit to fill a little window with painted glass to commemorate a marriage. It should contain medallion portraits of Edwin and Angelina; and other details might be introduced into a framing of appropriately fancied imagery. Where a consecutive series is required, the well-known fairy stories and the "Arabian Nights" are almost inexhaustible to draw upon. Some of the "Idylls of the King" are full of subjects, "Gareth and Lynette" being particularly rich in the symbolism and colour suggestion so treatable in our material. Indeed, besides his other gifts, the Laureate has a splendid feeling for essentially decorative art, a description in one of the "Idylls" being the best design by a poet that I have met with. It was treated in four bands of sculpture, and the subjects seem to suggest the style of the Pisani—

"And four great zones of sculpture, set betwixt
With many a mystic symbol, gird the hall:
And in the lowest beasts are slaying men,
And in the second men are slaying beasts,
And on the third are warriors, perfect men,
And on the fourth are men with growing wings."

The symbolism is perfect, and the succession of subject very decorative, the wings of the uppermost figures forming a natural decoration to the top of the work.

Against the great field of modern stained glass, so frequently pedantic or common-place, shine out the works of our really god-inspired designer. From the pencil of Mr. Edward Burne-Jones have come some of the best and fittest designs for glass that have been made at any time. Beyond his artistic genius, Burne-Jones has a special happiness with regard to art of this nature. Although his front door abuts on the rumble of the nineteenth century, his back garden is a fairy pleasaunce, through which he wanders, unobstructed by intervening centuries, into the studios of Orcagna and Donatello, and other workshops of earlier and later date, exchanging greetings with the sympathetic spirits within. He has watched the Byzantine-bred ivory-workers carving those lacey masterpieces wherein the sedate lover and lady sit to exchange caresses under large-leaved trees. The head of that wonderful mermaid of his was, one may fancy, sketched in the studio of Da Vinci from Leonardo's favourite, slow smiling model. In his own studio, Burne-Jones speaks the thoughts of his day in the language of the fifteenth century, unaffected on his gifted lips; and this natural archaism solves for him difficulties the cause of deep heart-searchings to the mere modern. His designs exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery some years ago, for a Last Judgment window, were perhaps the highest flight in modern art in the

direction of imaginative design. It is to be regretted that Mr. Jones has never executed a window of his own designing, by painting the absolute glass himself; one would look for a jewel-precious masterpiece had that ever been the case. The nearest approach is to be found in one of the windows in the cathedral church at Oxford, signed E. B. J. *inv.*, C. F. M. *pinx.*, and painted on glass by Mr. C. Fairfax Murray, a pupil of Burne-Jones's, who has executed the master's design with great skill and sympathy, and has taken special pains that the record of it should be a lasting one. This, it is melancholy to find, is a degree of attention that has not always been given; all the other windows of Burne-Jones's design in the Oxford Cathedral showing symptoms of decay, and some of those in Jesus College Chapel, Cambridge, and one in the Chapel Royal, Savoy, being seriously dilapidated.

Besides the magnificent work of this great imaginative designer, a large amount of sincere artistic work has been bestowed on stained glass in the last quarter of a century, which no one appreciates more than I. But I strongly feel the shortcomings as regards results, and how, through an unfit system, artistic impulse has evaporated before the permanent record has been reached, and I grieve over the waste, being convinced of the only remedy.

The interest of that part of the world at large that is concerned with any art is its real support, and interest being a spontaneously given thing, it is clearly not the part of a specialist to lay down the law for the public. What he can do is to clear away any difficulties that may have accumulated between the appreciative outsider and his, the specialist's, own branch of art. He points out that this difficulty is a necessity of the material, explaining why; he shows that those other difficulties have arisen from unnecessary habits of pedantry into which the art has drifted. He sketches what results there might be if those habits were put aside, and retires to his workshop. For, to an artist, doing is a perpetual necessity, saying, fortunately, a very occasional one. If the necessity to speak has arisen, it is his apology for speaking; but for preaching no apology would suffice.

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

TWO POEMS.

I.

AN ÆOLIAN HARP.

DOST thou not hear ? Amid dun, lonely hills
Far off a melancholy music shrills
As for a joy that no fruition fills.

Who dwell in that far country of the wind ?
The unclaimed hopes, the powers but half-defin
The shy, heroic passions of mankind.

All, all are young in those reverberate bands ;
None marshals them, no mellow voice commands,
They whirl and eddy as the shifting sands.

Ah, there is ruin and no ivy clings ;
There pass the mourners for untimely things ;
There breaks the stricken cry of crownless kings.

There sounds the shepherd's pipe—a jarring strain
Of migratory, restless, baffled pain,
As in the sunshine he had never lain.

And ever and anon there spreads a boom
Of wonder through the air, arraiguing doom
With ineffectual plaint as from a tomb.

But through the moving currents, more remote
Than the lark's twinkling wings, a bell-like note
Clear through the muffled turbulence doth float :

And there methinks that healing spirits live,
 Gracious, benignant creatures, who can give
 Welcome to errant thought and fugitive.

II.

BIRDS IN AN AUTUMN SKY.

WHEEL, wheel, ye birds, about the cheerless sky,
 Above the vapours, the rose winter-bloom
 Facing the sunset; in clear circles high
 Rise with a shrill, preluding muster-cry,
 Since not for song but flight
 Ye curve and spread
 In such harmonious clusters overhead!
 The gale with a sea-strength doth doom
 Your woods; ye have no nestward care.
 Why should ye stay?
 The mist is full of burden and decay,
 The passing of the forest-leaves, the soft
 Drip of the hedgerows; from the oak
 The acorn severs: with victorious stroke
 Winnow the cumbered air, rise, eddy, sway—
 The sap is in your pinions—press aloft
 Through the illimitable gray,
 Compass sky-regions bare!
 Soon as I find
 That life's soft bowers lie ruined in my sight,
 Prompted as ye,
 Ah, if I might
 Rove with as confident tranquillity
 Athwart the uncommunicating wind!

MICHAEL FIELD.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL AND THE POLICE.

UNTIL the London County Council has fairly settled down to work, it will be difficult to form any idea as to the reception the programme of the advanced section of the majority will receive at its hands. So far, the Progressive party has shown very little respect for the opinions of the minority ; and, although more moderate counsels may prevail in future, the action of the Radical members in connection with the election of aldermen does not afford much encouragement for the adoption of so hopeful a view.. For the present, the Council will be fully occupied in becoming acquainted with its various duties and responsibilities ; but before long, no doubt, the fact that it was created for purely administrative functions will be ignored, and an attempt made to convert it into a local parliament for the discussion of questions with which it has strictly no concern. Prominent among these stands the proposal for the transfer of the Metropolitan Police to its control. The fact that this question has already been thoroughly considered by the Government, and rejected, will carry little weight with the Radical section, and it is certain that the County Council will be invited to pass a resolution in its favour ; and, should the latter be carried, the Government will be challenged to disregard at their peril the recommendation of the elected representatives of the people.

The far-reaching consequences of the proposal to hand over the Metropolitan Police to the County Council have probably received but little consideration outside official circles. There are many persons, like Sir George Trevelyan, who have expressed an opinion in its favour, but it is doubtful whether they have really given the question any but a very cursory examination. The matter seemed to them a simple one, and was likely enough dismissed without much inquiry as to its feasibility. Yet the transfer of a force consisting of some 10,000 men to the control of even a well-tried local body would be a step that

most statesmen would shrink from taking, even if it were accompanied by the most carefully arranged restrictions and safeguards. But to surrender the power, for good or evil, which so large a body of men would confer, to a Council whose very constitution was a matter of uncertainty, would be taking a leap in the dark indeed. The decision of the Government, however, to retain the police in its own hands was probably very little influenced by the feeling that the London County Council's capability for administration had yet to be proved. Its decision was come to on other and weightier grounds of State policy. That the area of the district protected by the Metropolitan Police may some day be curtailed, though an improbable, is yet a possible contingency; but that the present Government, or indeed any Government worthy of the name, will consent to relinquish its hold upon the Metropolitan Police seems beyond the range of practical politics. Still, as the subject is one that will be sure to be warmly discussed for some time to come, it is as well that it should be carefully examined in all its aspects.

In the first place, what does the transfer of the Metropolitan Police to the County Council for London mean? Do the advocates of this step propose that the Council should by a stroke of the pen, as it were, assume the functions of the Home Secretary, and have absolute control of the organization, administration, and financial management of that portion of the force that is now employed within its district; or does their proposal fall short of this, and, if so, to what extent? Much, of course, depends upon the answer to these questions; far more, probably, than was imagined by those who recently cast their votes for such County Council candidates as made the transfer of the police to the Council a prominent plank in their platform. There can be no doubt that the answer of the extreme Radicals would be that the Metropolitan Police should be placed in the same position to the London County Council as the constabulary bear to the County Councils of such large boroughs as Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham. In these the chief constables will be appointed by the County Council, in whose hands also the sole control and organization of the police will be placed. The only relationship that will exist between such police forces and the Government will be the retention of the power of their inspection by the Home Office constabulary inspectors. But this gives the Secretary of State no voice in the administration or control of the borough police. It simply means that, if in any year he withholds his certificate of the efficiency of the force, payment out of the Exchequer Contribution Account of half the cost of the pay and clothing for that year will not be made to the borough council, but the amount payable will be devoted to other purposes. It is improbable that any proposal short of this would satisfy the majority of those who advocate the transfer of the Metropolitan Police to the London County Council. Some of them might be content with a more

moderate scheme than this, and would, perhaps, not be dissatisfied if the Home Secretary retained the right to appoint the Commissioner of Police, or, at least, if the appointment were to be subject to his approval, and if, in cases of mass meetings, disturbances, or riots, he had the power to give direct instructions to the Commissioner of Police. But it may be taken for granted that any limitation of the Council's powers in these directions would be at once rejected by the extreme Radical party among the councillors.

The question is thus reduced to the very simple one: whether the absolute control of the Metropolitan Police shall pass from the Secretary of State to a Council chosen by the electors of the Metropolis. Professor Stuart, who has generally acted as the spokesman of his party on such matters, has already expressed his opinion that the proper and efficient management of the Metropolitan Police can only be attained by such a transfer as this. Mr. John Morley, too, has thrown the weight of his authority into the scale in favour of this proposal, which he recently described as "a most rational and sensible one." The subject has been to some extent complicated by the introduction into it of a financial element; for, towards the close of last session, Professor Stuart brought forward a long array of figures in the House of Commons, which he claimed conclusively proved that the expenditure of the Metropolitan Police was increasing at a most extravagant rate, and out of all proportion to the increase of the population. This excessive expenditure, he urged, afforded an additional reason for placing the control of the Police in the hands of those who had to provide the money. It is thus clear that the proposal will be supported by the Radicals on the ground of economy, as well as of justice to the inhabitants of the Metropolis.

It is proposed, therefore, in the next few pages, to examine the subject of the transfer of the Metropolitan Police to the County Council (1) on the ground of State policy and the due protection of the inhabitants of London, and (2) on financial grounds, with special reference to Professor Stuart's charges of extravagant management.

At the present time the Metropolitan Police have certain strictly imperial duties to perform. Thus, they have to protect the persons of her Majesty the Queen and of the various members of the royal family, to guard the royal palaces, the Government offices, and other public buildings; to keep order in and about the Houses of Parliament; and just now to prevent the perpetration of dynamite outrages by Irish-Americans. It is clear that these duties could not be assigned to a force under the control of a local body, and, if the County Council were to be entrusted with the charge of the Metropolitan Police, a portion of the latter would certainly have to be retained by the Government for duties of this kind.

From its earliest days, however, the Metropolitan Police has been considered more of an imperial than a local force. As far back as

1833 an Act was passed granting a contribution from the Consolidated Fund towards the expenses of the police, on the ground that "it was inexpedient that the whole cost should fall upon the ratepayers." No imperial contributions to the county and borough police were made until 1856, and they were then given as grants in aid of local taxation; whereas the grant to the Metropolitan Police Force from the first was made on account of the imperial nature of its duties. Indeed, for that reason, up to the current year the Treasury grant to the Metropolitan Police Fund bears a higher proportion to the rateable value than is the case with the contributions to the county and borough police.

It is impossible to arrive at a proper understanding as to what the proposal to convert the Metropolitan Police into a purely municipal force means, without first taking into consideration the character of the district under their protection. London, it has been justly observed, is not so much a large city as a province covered by houses; its population exceeds the aggregate populations of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Vienna; it is the seat of the Court, the Government, and the Legislature; of the High Court of Justice; the centre of science, art, and commerce; and the capital of Great Britain and its vast colonial dependencies. In fact, so far does London exceed in importance any other city in the kingdom that its capture by a hostile force would not only paralyse the whole government of the empire, but possibly lead to its overthrow. The maintenance of order in the Metropolis is, therefore, of the utmost consequence, not merely to its inhabitants, who might suffer loss from rioting or disturbance, but to the whole empire. The orderly government of London is, indeed, far more a matter of imperial than of local concern. The Government, it is true, would be able to maintain order, by means of the military, even if the County Council had control of the police and failed to do its duty; but, as it can do this more effectively and with less chance of bloodshed by retaining the police in its own hands, far stronger arguments than any yet produced would seem to be needed to justify the surrender of the force to a Council that has only local interests to consider.

Divided counsels in dealing with a mob bent on mischief might end in serious disaster, even though the County Council were most anxious to assist the military with the police at their disposal. But is it not conceivable that a time might come when the Council would not be sorry to see the Government discomfited by the mob? The municipality of Paris is already the source of enough trouble and anxiety to the French Government, but picture the condition of the latter if the police were under the absolute control of the former. It is by no means improbable that sooner or later the Government of this country, as in France, may find its policy hampered, and its authority weakened, by having at the seat of government a Council actuated by principles

directly opposed to its own. It is undeniable that if the London County Council held the control of the police, it would wield a weapon that might be handled with deadly effect against a weak Government, if the majority of the Council chose to make use of it for political purposes.

The question of the day might be the abolition of the House of Lords. The word would be passed to the wire-pullers to get up a mass meeting with the view of intimidating the Government, and instructions be issued to the "Watch" Committee of the Council that the police were to afford every facility for the meeting to be held, in Trafalgar Square, perhaps. Intoxicated by the unwonted liberty afforded it, or encouraged by some fanatical leader, the mob, chiefly composed as it would be of the idle and desperate classes of the Metropolis, might suddenly elect to march on to the Houses of Parliament. The Government, if a weak one, would possibly not have had the courage to provide against such an event by having ready at hand a sufficient force of military. And what obstacle would the small body of imperial police present to a howling mob rushing down Whitehall, encouraged, too, by the facilities afforded them by the London County Council's constabulary? But assuming that the Government did its duty, and the household troops were brought out to check the rioters, we should then have the scandalous sight of the guardians of order tacitly permitting a mob to rush into collision with the military forces of the Crown. The position of the police in such a case would be pitiable in the extreme. Sooner or later the mob would be driven back among them; their instructions would debar them from assisting the troops, and eventually they and the rioters would be driven off in one confused mass by the bayonets of the soldiers.

It may be said that this is taking an absurdly extreme view of the possibilities. But can any reasonable person assert that there will never be a majority of extreme Radicals and Socialists on the County Council? Ask the Burnses, the Cunninghame-Grahams, and the Conybeares of the present day what their hopes and aspirations are. Why, on the first Council, just elected, their pressmen are claiming that a majority has been returned "pledged to demand for the elected representatives of the people of London the full control of the London police." This, of course, is chiefly rhodomontade, but unless the inhabitants of the Metropolis become more alive to their own interests, and do not abstain from voting at elections in future, there is no reason why a County Council with extremely advanced views should not be elected some day. Assuming that such a Council had had the control of the police in the autumn of 1887, there can be little doubt that meetings in Trafalgar Square, and, for the matter of that, anywhere else in London, would have been not only permitted, but encouraged, by members of the Council themselves. The thieves and scoundrels of the Metropolis had had

in the previous year just sufficient taste of the pleasure of plundering with impunity one of the wealthiest quarters of London to whet their appetites for more; and no one who carefully studied the constitution of the mobs of roughs that assembled in Trafalgar Square day after day in November 1887 could fail to be convinced that they were bent on serious mischief. If proper precautions had not been taken to prevent outbreaks on those occasions, London would undoubtedly have been subjected to another, and far more serious plundering than that in the spring of 1886.

There is another point, too, of considerable importance that enters into the question of the conversion of the Metropolitan Police into a municipal force. At the commencement of every session an order of the House of Commons is issued to the Commissioners of Police directing them to keep the approaches through the streets leading to the House free and open, and to allow no obstruction to hinder the passage of members to and from the House. If the Metropolitan Police were transferred to the County Council, is there any certainty that this order would be strictly carried out? It is essential to the independence of debate that the House should not be menaced by meetings held almost at its very doors, and yet its freedom from intimidation would depend upon the will of a local parliament, also holding its sittings in the Metropolis, possibly opposed to the Government of the day in politics, and, what is of more importance, holding at its disposal a body of at least 10,000 men. It is not, however, the use that might be made of this large force that is to be feared, for the police are too loyal to allow themselves to be employed as the active agents of disorder; but it is the possible intentional omission to utilize their services at the critical moment that would constitute the real danger. It would only be necessary for the Council to instruct its officers not to interfere with the "legitimate right" of the people to assemble when and where they liked, and the mischief would be done.

It will thus be seen that there are ample grounds on State policy alone to justify the Government in refusing to part with its hold upon the police, without seeking for others of less importance. It has, however, yet to be proved that the best results are obtained by police forces under municipal control. Local government does not stand very high in public estimation, and certainly it has so far failed most lamentably in the Metropolis. That the management of a force controlled through the Home Office must be freer from the taint of jobbery than one directed by a Council of a hundred and odd rate-payers is self-evident. Under the latter system the police would feel that, in addition to their own officers, they had other masters to serve in the representative councillors of their district. This feeling would chiefly exist among the higher ranks, but its effect would undoubtedly extend downwards to the youngest constable.

It is only necessary to look at the working of the police forces

already under the charge of local bodies to understand what would happen, although perhaps in a less degree, in the Metropolis. One of the chief difficulties experienced in connection with the administration of the police by local authorities arises from the fact that the Watch Committees are generally composed of small tradesmen, who are unwilling to enforce the law against their neighbours. Moreover, the control of the police by this class of persons generally leads to jobbery and favouritism. A few years since the Home Office, with the view of checking these evils as far as possible, introduced a clause into a Police Bill limiting the number on the Watch Committees to one-third of the town councils. Previously, these committees almost always consisted of the whole council, and it was found that less favouritism and jobbery prevailed where this was not the case. The difficulty of getting the law carried out by local authorities is, indeed, notorious, especially in matters connected with the police and the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, and the tendency of the Local Government Act of last session is to deprive many of the boroughs of the powers they neglected to make due use of. Their police forces will be amalgamated with the county constabulary, and the county councils will in future appoint the analysts, and exercise a salutary influence over their proceedings. It is true the large boroughs have not been touched; but in the counties the councils have to share the control of the police with the courts of quarter sessions.

Sir Richard Mayne, to whom the admirable organization of the Metropolitan Police is so largely due, a short time before his death brought under the notice of the Secretary of State a remarkable instance of the difficulty of getting local authorities to enforce the law. In referring to the regulations made under the Metropolitan Markets Act in the metropolitan police district, he stated that none had been made in the City (although the Markets Committee thoroughly approved of the regulations proposed), owing to the opposition of the cattle salesmen and butchers, whose influence in the Common Council was all-powerful. The records of the Home Office doubtless contain numerous instances of a similar kind to this. In fact, it is by no means improbable that the joint-committee plan adopted with regard to the county police force will some day be extended to the borough constabulary. Those best acquainted with the manner in which the latter are administered would strongly support such a change. It is indisputable that the social status of the members of town councils is not what it used to be. In many boroughs the Watch Committees consist of the poorer class of tradesmen—men, in fact, but little above the position of the police themselves. Such men as these naturally lend a ready ear to disaffection or slander, and thus seriously affect the discipline and efficiency of the force. Experience shows that a far better class of men are attracted to constabulary forces, like the Metropolitan Police, that are directly controlled by the Government, than the

borough authorities can obtain. They are marked by a greater *esprit de corps* and intelligence than are to be found among men serving in municipal police forces.

The usefulness of the police under direct local control is already much impaired by the want of continuity in the policy of their rulers, but if members of county councils use their seats for political purposes, as the Radicals threaten to do on the London County Council, the evil will be greatly intensified. As the majority on the Council will hold the reins of government, according to their views for the time being will the police be governed. To-day the majority on the London Council may consist of extreme Radicals, and the right of public meeting, without restriction as to hour or place, be conceded. To-morrow, disgusted by the loss of business and the inconvenience caused by the frequent assemblage of unruly mobs in the streets, the electors may reject the candidates of the Progressist party at the polls, and replace them by men pledged to sternly repressive measures. Mass meetings of a similar nature to those which the Commissioner of Police was yesterday directed to give every encouragement to, he would, to-day, be told to proclaim. Under such a state of affairs, which would be by no means unlikely to occur, the best police force in the world would soon deteriorate, and could never be depended upon to act with vigour when the occasion arose.

It is thus clear that, on the grounds of State policy and the general efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, the Government has some overwhelmingly strong reasons to justify its refusal to surrender the force to the London County Council. If, however, these objections could be overcome, or were ignored, there would still remain another very serious difficulty which would have to be grappled with. The fact that the district under the control of the London County Council will comprise only a little more than one-sixth of the Metropolitan Police District seems, indeed, to have escaped general attention. But if the Metropolitan Police were handed over to the County Council there would still remain an area of over 365,000 acres, with a population of probably a million and a half. How do the advocates of the change propose to deal with so large a district as this? Would they suggest that the police of this outer zone should be treated as county constabulary, and transferred to the councils of the five counties in which the Metropolitan Police District is situated? But, if this were done, what would the people of West Ham and Walthamstow say to having the head-quarters of the police of their district at Chelmsford; or those of such populous places as Croydon and Epsom, at Guildford? Then, as the whole of Middlesex (excepting the City of London) is already included in the police district, a new force would have to be established for that county. The absurdity of such a proposal will be at once apparent if the map of the London County Council's district is examined. An arbitrary line would have to be drawn between such

places as Highgate and St. Pancras, Willesden and Hampstead, in the north and north-west; between Wimbledon and Wandsworth, and Croydon and Norwood, in the south; between Acton and Hammer-smith in the west, and West Ham and Bow in the east. The homogeneity of the Metropolitan Police, which is so essential to the prevention and detection of crime, would be destroyed; and, instead of one force in the present police district, there would be half a dozen, if not more; for Croydon and West Ham, which are constituted county boroughs under the Local Government Act, would certainly be entitled to have their own police forces, and probably the claims of other places could not be ignored. The friction and jealousies that would arise under such a system would be fatal to the efficiency of the police; while the difficulties in connection with the detection of crime, especially with the river dividing the several forces, would be enormously increased, for it is a fact too well known to chief constables that the rank and file of adjoining police forces will seldom afford each other any facilities for tracing crime. Moreover, as each of these small forces would need a head-quarters staff for administrative and detective purposes, the cost would certainly be much greater than at present.

It would, of course, be out of the question that the outer zone should still remain in the hands of the Metropolitan Police. In the first place, the suggestion, if made, would at once take away the whole force of the argument in favour of giving the London County Council the control of the police in its district. For the privilege granted to the centre could hardly be denied to the rest of the Metropolis. Apart, however, from the friction and the grave inconvenience that would undoubtedly arise from having one side of a street governed by the County Council and the other by a force controlled by the Government, it would be practically impossible to administer as one force the remnant of the Metropolitan Police, localized as it would be in a zone of such great extent. It would occupy too much space to touch upon all the objections that are suggested by the fact that the area of the London County Council is not identical with that of the Metropolitan Police District; but it is obvious that it would add greatly to the cost of the central force under the control of the Council. For instance, it is a necessity that mounted police should be available for keeping order in the streets on such occasions as the Lord Mayor's Show, and when her Majesty the Queen opens Parliament in person. At present these mounted men are taken from the horse patrol in the outer districts; but if the Metropolitan Police Force was divided as suggested, the County Council would have to keep a separate body of mounted police, whose services would only be required, perhaps, two or three times in a year. Again, there are the Thames Police to be considered. If the County Council were to claim the police jurisdiction over that part of the Thames that comes within their district,

the force of Thames Police would have to be split up, as the upper and lower parts of the river would remain in the charge of the Metropolitan Police or the county constabularies, while the County Council would be responsible for the intervening portion. But to divide such a force as the Thames Police would be to entirely destroy its utility while doubling its cost. On the other hand, if the Thames Police were not taken over by the County Council, their stations and landing-stages would be situated within the district of another police force.

The numerous difficulties, inconveniences, and positive dangers that beset the proposal to transfer the Metropolitan Police to the County Council have been briefly touched upon above. But what benefits do the advocates of the scheme hold out in exchange for all these? Surely, they should be prepared to show an immense preponderance of advantages in favour of so important an alteration before they can expect even to gain a hearing. As yet, however, Professor Stuart and those who share his views on the subject have only claimed two. In the first place, they say that arbitrary actions on the part of the police would be no longer possible; and, secondly, they maintain that the force would be more economically managed if the County Council had the entire control of the police. That the police, in dealing with the attempted meetings in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere, acted in a tyrannical manner, the authorities responsible for their conduct indignantly deny; and no excess of duty on those occasions has certainly ever been brought home to them. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that the charge is true, what system offers the best security against a repetition of such conduct on the part of the police? At present the representatives of the people can, if they choose, arraign the Home Secretary in the House of Commons for any misconduct of the police—a privilege some of them have not been slow to take advantage of, as Mr. Matthews knows to his cost. If, however, the County Council had the absolute control of the police, this power would be lost, and the force of public opinion and the eventual action of the ratepayers at the polls would be the only safeguards obtained in exchange for it. The present system, under which the officer responsible for the Metropolitan Police is a Cabinet Minister directly answerable to Parliament, seems to afford, on constitutional grounds, by far the best protection against oppression or a tyrannical exercise of their powers by the police.

The financial aspect of the question is one that requires to be carefully investigated, for, although Professor Stuart's charges of extravagance seem to have been based upon a very superficial examination of the police accounts, it is impossible to disprove them without going rather closely into details.

Professor Stuart bases his impeachment of the financial management of the Metropolitan Police on the result of a comparison between the Metropolitan Police expenditure in the years ending March 31,

1878; and March 31, 1888. This, he alleges, proves that the cost of the police has risen by 44 per cent., although during that period the numbers have increased by only $34\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., the population by only 23 per cent., and the rateable value of the police district by 38 per cent.

It may be as well at the outset to explain that the finances of the Metropolitan Police, although controlled by the Home Office, are on a different footing from that of public departments, whose whole expenses are met out of the annual votes. In the case of the latter, the expenditure is based on the requirements of the service, subject to Treasury sanction; but the Metropolitan Police expenditure, being limited by statute to an amount equivalent to a rate of ninepence in the pound (of which the Treasury contributes fourpence and the parishes fivepence), the expenditure, one year with another, has to be kept within that limit. Moreover, in contrasting the present annual expenditure of the police with that of the past, Professor Stuart has included the expenditure on sites and buildings, which, although strictly a *capital* charge, has been met up to the present by savings out of income, as the funds would permit. For instance, in 1887-8 nearly £33,000 was spent on sites and new buildings, as against only about £1400 in 1877-8. Thus, by including this building expenditure, the increase in the cost of the police for 1887-8, as compared with that in 1877-8, is made to appear about £31,600 more than it strictly was. It is, perhaps, natural that Professor Stuart should take the last completed year (1887-8) for the purpose of comparison, but, in doing so, he must have been aware that in that year the demands on the police fund were both exceptional and very heavy. The Jubilee festivities in the summer; and the disturbances during the autumn and winter, added many thousands of pounds to the Metropolitan Police expenses of 1887-8. Not only have these important considerations been entirely ignored, but this year of exceptional expenditure has been compared with that of 1877-8, one in which the sum spent was abnormally low. The cash payments in the latter year were, indeed, actually less by some £20,000 than in the preceding year of 1876-7, notwithstanding that a larger sum was spent on the pay of the force. It is upon the result of a comparison between two such years as these, in which the conditions differ so widely, that Professor Stuart's charge of extravagance chiefly rests.

Moreover, he falls into the not uncommon mistake of taking "cash payments" and "expenditure" to be synonymous terms, and assumes, throughout his statement, that the annual cash accounts of the Metropolitan Police represent exactly a year's cost of the police. This, of course, is far from being the case. For instance, as the police are paid weekly, every six years or so fifty-three weeks' pay comes within the year's accounts, involving an additional charge of about £20,000. Again, as some articles of clothing are only supplied biennially, and others triennially, the sum actually spent each year

for clothing varies by several thousand pounds. Then, too, unpunctuality on the part of contractors will cause expenditure incurred in one year to be paid for in the next. In that year, perhaps, greater punctuality is observed, and so more than a year's cost has to be defrayed. Unless differences of this kind can be accurately adjusted, a comparison of one single year with another must fail to give a just view of the increased expenditure.

Finally, the charge for superannuation very materially affects the Metropolitan Police finances. Nominally, there is a separate police superannuation fund, but its income only suffices to meet about a quarter of the annual charge for pensions. When the fund was created in 1839, a serious error was made in fixing at too low a figure the sum to be paid by the police towards their pensions. In a few years the interest on the men's contributions became insufficient to meet the annual pension charge, and eventually, after the capital of the fund had been exhausted, statutory power was obtained to make good the annual deficiency out of the police fund. Early in 1862 a reduced scale of pensions was promulgated, but this of course only affected the men who joined subsequently to that date. With a growing force the annual deficiency of the fund has been steadily increasing, and it now reaches £137,000. But this deficiency has no bearing whatever upon the question of the present financial administration of the police. It is a legacy from the past, which, if faith is to be kept with the police, cannot be got rid of. It should, therefore, in all fairness be excluded on both sides of such a comparative statement of the cost of the force as that instituted by Professor Stuart.

From the above explanations it will be readily understood that a simple comparison of one single year's cash payments with those of another year is pretty sure to give a misleading view of the increased rate of expenditure; and when two such years as those chosen by Professor Stuart are selected the result may be easily foreseen. The fairest test is to contrast, as is done in the table below, the cash payments during five recent years with a similar period ten years back. Professor Stuart can raise no objection to this, for he made a point of saying, in a letter addressed to the *Daily News* on the subject, that "there is no magic in the years 1878 and 1888; any other pair of years would show practically the same results." In making his comparison between 1878 and 1888, Professor Stuart deducted from the gross payments of each year the sums received from public departments and private persons for the extra police employed by them, and so arrived at the net cost—that is, the cost of the men employed on strictly police duties. At least that is what he claims to have done, but he made several mistakes. Thus, he omitted to deduct sums received in repayment of expenses to the extent of several thousand pounds, and he included *as part of the police expenditure* the rent collected for, and paid over to, the Admiralty and

War Office in respect of quarters for the police provided by those departments. By comparing the gross cost, however, the items where the increased cost chiefly arises can be ear-marked. This cannot be done if the net expenditure is dealt with, as it is impossible to accurately credit the receipts for police services to the various heads of expenditure. As the year ending March 31, 1888, was one of abnormal expenditure, it has been excluded from view in the following table, and the comparison has been made between the cash payments in the quinquennial periods 1872-3 to 1876-7 and 1882-3 to 1886-7. It should be stated that the total average costs in the table are exclusive of (a) such capital charges as those incurred for sites, new buildings, and purchase of leases; (b) awards paid under the Riot Damages Acts; and (c) adjusting payments, such as the rents collected for the Admiralty and War Office.

	Average Cost Five Years ending March 31, 1877.		Average Cost Five Years ending March 31, 1887.		Increase.		
	Totals.	Rate per Man.	Totals.	Rate per Man.	Totals.	Increase per Cent.	Propor- tion of Whole Increase.
	£	£ s. d.	£	£ s. d.	£		
1. Administrative charges . . .	29,272	2 18 6	41,512	3 4 9	12,240	41·80	3·38
2. Pay of the force . . .	753,457	75 5 8	1,002,212	78 4 2	248,755	33·00	72·88
3. Clothing, ditto . . .	51,213	5 8 4	63,336	4 18 10	9,123	18·32	2·37
4. Police buildings, rent, maintenance, &c. . .	25,330	2 10 5	31,785	2 14 3	9,555	37·86	2·79
5. Other expenses . . .	71,358	7 8 7	87,754	6 17 0	13,396	18·00	3·91
	836,530	83 11 6	1,229,509	95 19 0	293,069	31·29	85·63
6. Superannuation charge . . .	79,350	7 18 7	128,551	10 0 7	49,201	62·00	14·37
* Total costs . . .	1,015,880	101 10 1	1,358,160	105 19 7	312,270	33·60	100·00

It will be seen from this table that the increase in the annual cost of the police, exclusive of capital charges, was £342,270, a rise of 33·6 per cent.; or, if the superannuation charge is deducted, £293,069, an increase of 31·29 per cent. This is a very different result from the 44 per cent. obtained by Professor Stuart's method of comparison. But in the five years ending March 31, 1887, the sums received for extra police for rent of quarters provided for the police in the Metropolis and for other services, the cost of which is included in the above amounts, averaged £50,400 above the similar receipts in the five years ending March 31, 1877. Thus the net annual increase (exclusive of the superannuation charge) which had to be met out of the police rate for purely police duties was about £242,600, or rather less than 26 per cent. In the same way the net increase of the first five heads of expenditure in the above tabular statement may be roughly taken to be one-sixth less than the gross increase.

As the average additions to the force during the two periods under

review were about 28 per cent., it cannot be said that an increase of 33·6 per cent. in the gross cost is excessive, especially as the rates of pay had been largely augmented. The charge for clothing has been considerably curtailed, and the miscellaneous items show a very appreciable reduction in the cost per man. The superannuation charge, as already explained, is one that cannot be pruned down. The only items, therefore, to which exception might be taken are administrative charges and police buildings. If the first of these is examined in detail, it will be found that about £6000, or almost one-half of the increase, arises under the head of salaries in the department of the Commissioner of Police. Of this, the third Assistant Commissioner appointed in 1884 accounts for £1100, the additions to the clerical staff cost about £2000, while the pay of some additional police clerks and messengers makes up the remainder. But a great portion of the latter is a merely nominal increase, as it represents expenditure previously charged under the head of the pay of the force. The salaries of the staff of the Receiver of Police cost an extra sum of £740; and rents, rates, taxes, and incidental expenses for additional offices add £3100. The extra cost for books, printing, and stationery comes to £1650, but only a small part of this is strictly an administrative expense, as the cost of books and stationery for the whole force is included. Postage shows an increase of £110, and sundries make up the balance of £310. The increase in the cost of strictly administrative expenses, after making allowance for alterations in book-keeping, is really under 30 per cent. The high rate of increase under item No. 4—police buildings—is fully accounted for by the fact that, owing to a greater number of stations having been recently built or acquired in order to make up for past arrears, there were more to maintain, and more new ones to furnish, than ten years ago. In fact, the accounts show that the average annual charge for repairing the stations has been greatly reduced of late years, and that new stations, with all the latest improvements, are now being built at a far lower cost than formerly. Assuming, as may safely be done, that the police force is not over-manned or too highly paid, the comparison between these two quinquennial periods certainly affords no justification for Professor Stuart's charge of extravagance; indeed, excluding pay, clothing, and superannuation, the average annual cost has only increased by £35,190, or 10·28 per cent.

Possibly from a careless examination of the police accounts, Professor Stuart has fallen into several very serious mistakes. Referring to the cost of the police being limited by an Act of Parliament in 1868 to a ninepenny rate, he says, "From that day to this the police have been practically living up to this rate. They have got a ninepenny rate, and they take care to spend it." Now, the accounts show (1) that from the 1st of January 1880 to the 31st of March 1883 the police rate was reduced to 8½d., which was equivalent to a gross

reduction of about £97,000 ; and (2) that the cash balance and sums due from parishes on the 31st of March last exceeded the balance and sums due on the same date of 1868 by over £100,000. Thus, instead of spending up to the ninepenny rate since 1868, the police authorities have expended some £200,000 less than that rate, and by economical management have been able to devote in those twenty years over £370,000 towards buying sites and building new stations without borrowing a penny. It is by thus living well within their income that they are enabled to meet years of such exceptional expenditure as 1887-8.

Again, Professor Stuart says that the increase in the cost lies exactly in those items which would indicate to a business man that a change was necessary if bankruptcy were to be avoided, and he illustrates this by giving a list of "a few percentages of increase from 1878 to 1888." In this list the cost of newspapers and advertisements appears as having increased by 500 per cent. Now, readers of the daily papers in 1887 must have noticed the lengthy advertisements of the police arrangements for the several Jubilee festivities, reviews, &c. The expenditure for advertisements in that year was of course unusually and necessarily high. The sum actually spent under the head of newspapers and advertisements was £1373—not a very large amount; but its exceptional nature may be gathered from the fact that, in the five years ending the year before, the average was only £323.

But perhaps the worst example of Professor Stuart's blunders is to be found in his statement that "special expenses" show an increase of 140 per cent. It is true that at the end of the police accounts there is a heading termed "Special Expenses." This embraces any exceptional items of expenditure that would not fall under any of the preceding heads. As a rule, the only item that appears under it is for the expenses of the conveyance of naval prisoners to gaol, which of course has nothing to do with the cost of the Metropolitan Police, the whole charge incurred being repaid by the Admiralty, as a reference to the receipt side of the account clearly shows. In 1877-8 the only "special expense" was one of this nature, the amount being £1355 ; but in 1887-8 the heading, as well as comprising one of £663 of a similar kind, included three other items—namely, one of £805 for the police Jubilee medal, another of £1485 for the expenses of the enrolment of special constables, and finally a sum of £292 for awards under the Riot Damages Act, an item which has also no relation to Metropolitan Police expenditure proper. By this means Professor Stuart gets an aggregate expenditure of £3245 for 1887-8, and, comparing this with £1355 for 1877-8, claims that the special expenses have risen by 140 per cent. If all items, however, that do not affect the cost of the police are eliminated, this accusation only means that in 1887-8 two exceptional charges (one for the Jubilee medal and the other for the enrolment of special constables) had been incurred—items of expenditure which Professor Stuart does not attempt to question.

It would take up too much space to correct all the misstatements that Professor Stuart's errors have led him into, but there is one that should not be passed by, as it shows a really culpable recklessness of assertion. He says that the annual parliamentary Return of the comparative cost of the police in the chief towns of Great Britain proves that "the police of London are dearer than the police of any other great town in Britain, whether you take the cost per head of the population, per head of rateable value, per mile of street, per inhabited house, or in any other way." The Return issued in 1888 shows, however, that out of the twenty-three boroughs and towns which it embraces the cost per acre in sixteen, and the cost per mile of street in twelve, exceed the similar costs of the Metropolitan Police, while in two boroughs the cost per constable is more than it is in the Metropolis. But if the superannuation charges falling on the several police funds, and, in the case of the Metropolitan Police Fund, the exceptional expenses in connection with the Jubilee and disturbances, are deducted, it appears that fully a third of the cities and boroughs cost more per man than do the Metropolitan Police. Finally, to give an instance of the careless compilation of his figures, the aggregate of the net costs of the Metropolitan Police for the five years ending March 31 last is overstated by no less than £234,000; and this is what he calls "a very plain and matter-of-fact way" of laying his facts and figures before the ratepayers of the Metropolis!

Professor Stuart maintains that extravagance in the management of the Metropolitan Police must be expected as long as its expenditure is not controlled by the ratepayers who have to pay the police rate. But can he name a single local body in the Metropolis that has carried on its work, as the Metropolitan Police Department has, for twenty years without an increase in rate or (excepting a recent loan for the new Police Office) without incurring a single penny of debt? Does the Metropolitan Board of Works in its last throes afford an edifying example of thrift? Is Professor Stuart unmindful of the scandalous waste of the ratepayers' money that took place in connection with the fitting up of the *Shafesbury* training-ship? Does the past financial management of the London School Board, resulting, as it has, in an annual charge of nearly a quarter of a million for interest alone on money borrowed, afford any encouragement to entrust the ratepayers, through their elected representatives, with the control of the police funds? Of course we all hope better things of the County Council for London; but the latter body would find it far more difficult to resist, as the Home Office has done in the past, the frequent and unreasonable demands by vestries, boards, and others for additions to the force, and an increase in the police rate would be pretty sure to be one of the earliest results of the transfer of the police to its control.

The finances of the Metropolitan Police have now been controlled by the Home Office for nearly sixty years. During that period, every

proposal for an increase to the force or to the staff (both head-quarters and clerical) has had to come before it for sanction before any expenditure could be incurred. Not a penny, indeed, can be expended by the authorities at Scotland Yard on supplies, repairs to existing stations, or erection of new ones, unless it falls within the general or specific authorities of the Home Secretary; nor can any contract be entered into without his direct approval of its terms and prices. In the archives of the Home Office are to be found all the applications (whether sanctioned or refused) that have been made in the past, and these are ready at hand to check every new or revived proposal involving expenditure. Can it be believed for one moment that the London County Council, without any experience of the past, would be able to economize where the Home Office has failed to see any opportunity? It would, indeed, be absolutely in the dark; and ten years hence even Professor Stuart would find it a difficult task to draw out a comparative statement that would show the financial management of the London County Council to be more economical than that of the Home Office.

The case for the transfer of the Metropolitan Police to the London County Council certainly fails as egregiously on financial as it does on other grounds, and the ratepayers of the Metropolis would have good cause to regret any change that removed from the Home Office the financial control that it has exercised with so much firmness and judgment in the past.

Finally, at a time when it is proposed to split up the Metropolitan Police into several bodies—for that is the logical result of the proposal that the County Council should control the police of its own district—the views expressed in the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1838 to inquire into the Metropolitan Police Offices deserve most careful consideration. This Committee, after a most exhaustive inquiry into the police arrangements of the Metropolis, concluded their recommendations by saying “that for the better prevention of crime, the detection of offenders, and the preservation of peace . . . it is expedient to consolidate the several forces of the Metropolis, including those of the City of London and the River Thames, under one authority, responsible to the Secretary of State for the Home Department.”

This was the opinion of men who had had practical experience of the evils of a system under which the safety of the Metropolis was entrusted to various authorities—local, magisterial, and departmental. Surely the fact that they deemed consolidation of its constabulary forces so essential to efficient protection and the preservation of the peace should be accepted as conclusive evidence that the Government of the present day has come to a wise decision in refusing to revive a system that had been tried and found wanting in the past.

H. EVANS.

IRELAND'S DEMAND

TESTED BY GOSPEL PRINCIPLE.

THE Gospel, the *Spell of God*, the self-manifestation of the Absolute in the single life of Jesus of Nazareth, is no mere promulgation of a new theology or presentation of a loftier ideal to the race; it is the vital energy of God illuminating in a new sense the darkness of the world and reviving after a new fashion the life of humanity, and, wherever its unmutated beauty is apprehended and its quickening power is felt, it affects motive, transfigures action, inspires reform, and, as far transcending its bastard counterpart, "the Ethics of Altruism," as the heaven is above the earth, irresistibly elevates human thought and feeling towards the realization of that solidarity, when fellow man shall be fellow self, and

"Each shall find his own in all men's good
And all shall work in noble brotherhood."

Any arbitrary assumption, therefore, of a sharp-cut division or antagonism between the Christian religion and the social and political life of the nation is a radical mistake, unspiritualizing the mainsprings of national progress. Lord Shaftesbury, recognizing that the Gospel was heaven's antidote to the world's depravity, was accustomed to declare that the religious agencies in the East-end of London constituted the sole barrier against the rising tide of anarchy and disruption, and a memorable public recognition of the social value of the Gospel was afforded by the circumstances attending the coronation of the present Czar at Moscow. It was essential that he should appear to be moving freely amongst his people, and yet that he should be protected against the murderous fanaticism of the Nihilists; he was therefore surrounded secretly by a dense body-guard of peasants, brought for the purpose from the provinces, belonging to the religious sects of the Stundists and Molokans. Persecuted, despised, under the ban of their national Church, even deprived of some of their civil rights, to them was entrusted by the Russian police the charge of their Emperor's life, because the most trustworthy citizens of earth

are ever they whose citizenship in heaven has been most keenly realized, and these humble peasants were known to be wholly consecrated, spirit, soul, and body, to "another King, one Jesus."

That this artificial antagonism is not the theory of the Church of England is sufficiently indicated by the presence of bishops in the House of Lords and their complete freedom to debate and vote upon every question affecting the welfare of the nation, and the constantly repeated aphorism that the accredited ministers of the Church overstep their functions when they actively participate in the political struggles of the time is as shallow as it is mischievous. Moreover, there appertains usually a onesidedness to the injunction, for when, in the autumn of 1885, under the panic of the proclamation of the "Radical Programme," the pulpits of the Church of England resounded with warnings, more declamatory than wise, as to the imminent destruction of the faith and the certain secularization of the sacred edifices, and when parochial organizations became channels for the dissemination of Tory propaganda, faint protest was raised against such belittlement of the pulpit and undignified breach of decorum. The truth is that ordination, so far from emancipating an intelligent Englishman from participating in the responsibilities of political and social life, accentuates his obligations as a heavenly citizen to raise his voice against public vices which tend to undermine the stability of the commonwealth, and, though he may lose popularity amongst lukewarm temporizers who would fain see in their pulpits echoes of their own opinions, his ministry unquestionably gains in real power if he has the courage solemnly to proclaim, even in the midst of a contested election, the responsibility of the exercise of the franchise in connection with such blots upon civilization as the Indian opium revenue, the demoralizing bane of the British liquor traffic, the inadequate protection of the purity of women, and the oppression of weaker peoples, without courting the favour or shrinking from the displeasure of political parties.

The invention of the ambiguous and ephemeral phrase, "Liberal Unionism," is a guarantee that the vexed question of the administration of Irish affairs has been completely removed from the sphere of party politics. The comparatively small number of clergymen and ministers of religion who are deeply convinced that the sin of England against Ireland is written "with the point of a diamond" (Jer. xvii. 1), and that, inasmuch as force is not persuasion, coercion not conviction, and consciences never teachable by physical force, the present action of the Government is anti-Christian and certain to widen the gulf between England and Ireland, find themselves confronted, not by any of the recognized political parties, but by an amalgam composed of heterogeneous elements, whose weapons of denunciation are mainly gathered from the unceasing vituperations of the *Times*, and whose one element of cohesion may be expressed by the pregnant phrase—

"Rien ne nous réconcilie comme une haine tierce."

A reconciliation thus based can but enfeeble the reconciled, and must be evanescent. It is a favourite device of the Arctic fox, when he has assumed his winter garb of spotless white, to conceal his head and simulate the movements and gestures of the seagull preening his plumage on the rocks, but it is not well for the gulls who admit him into their confidence. Similarly, when the temporary companionship called "Liberal Unionism" has crumbled like a rope of sand before the surely awakening instincts of the masses, it needs no prophet's mantle to perceive that a *dies ira* awaits some who have consented to hold the reins of Government, and buttress the temporalities of the Church, at the price of this unnatural alliance. In the meantime they who, under the lash of the "haine tierce," are ecclesiastically boycotted and socially ostracized, are content to call to mind the noble adage of Burke. "Despise popularity, do your duty to the utmost of your ability, win the approval of your own conscience, and leave the consequences to God."

In the present article I desire mainly to restrict myself to the application to the Irish difficulty of one fundamental test based upon the golden rule of the everlasting Gospel. It is, however, necessary, before doing this, briefly to consider the position from the popular standpoint. I am fully conscious of the impossibility of adding new matter to the cataract of words ceaselessly poured forth from Press and platform since Mr. Gladstone produced his proposals for Home Rule. Indeed the most emphatic utterance upon the Irish Question is of the pre-Gladstonian era, and now historically venerable, having been spoken by Lord Beaconsfield when Mr. Disraeli in 1845:—

"The Irish," he said, "in extreme distress inhabit an island where there is an Established Church which is not their Church, and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom live in foreign capitals. Thus you have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an *alien* Church; and, in addition, the weakest Executive in the world. That is the Irish Question. Well, then, what would hon. gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position? They would say at once, 'The remedy is revolution.' But the Irish cannot have a revolution; and why? Because Ireland is connected with another and more powerful country. Then what is the consequence? The connection with England thus becomes the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevents a revolution, and a revolution is the only remedy, England, logically, is in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland. What, then, is the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. That is the Irish Question in its integrity. . . . But I will say, if these recommendations are adopted, that in fifty years hence the men who shall succeed the present generation in Parliament will find the people of Ireland a contented and thriving peasantry." *

"England, logically, is in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland." This tremendous indictment is no rhetorical exaggeration, but the outspoken declaration of an historical

* The sentiments of this speech were not only never repudiated, but subsequently re-affirmed by Lord Beaconsfield; see able pamphlet, "Reasons for Home Rule," by the Rev. Canon MacColl (National Press Agency, 13 Whitefriars Street).

fact. " Since Henry the Second established himself in Dublin as " Lord Paramount," England has been painstakingly qualifying herself for the verdict of Lord Beaconsfield. It is incontrovertible that Elizabeth made North Ireland " a land of carcases and ashes ;" James the First confiscated three million acres of land, and, according to Reid's history of the Irish Presbyterians, colonized them with " the scum of the English and Scottish nations ;" Charles the First, through the guilty hand of Strafford—" Black Tom"—according to Lecky, bribed judges, packed juries, and stole three million acres of land, which he sold in London to the trades guilds, thus commencing absentee proprietorship ; Cromwell confiscated five million acres, with which he paid his soldiers of fortune ; William the Third (*more Hibernice*, called in Limerick William the Conqueror), after violating the treaty of Limerick, confiscated more than a million acres. In the year 1800, at the cost of forty-eight patents of nobility, two millions of money added to the national debt of Ireland, and Pitt's unfulfilled pledge of Catholic emancipation, the sale of the constitution, commonly called the " Act of Union," was accomplished. In 1824, De Beaumont, a French statesman of less superficial powers of observation than the author of " Chez Paddy," declared that he had seen the Indian in his wigwam and the negro in his chains, but that the condition of the Irish peasant was worse than that of the savage or the slave. During the last fifty years, the reign of Queen Victoria, in spite of certain ameliorations wrung with difficulty from the British Parliament, we have the horrible record, under the cold arithmetic of which lies hid an aggregate of agony indescribable : Died of famine, 1,225,000 ; evicted by landlords, 3,668,000 ; emigrated, 4,186,000 ; land gone out of tillage in the last twenty years, 100,000 acres ; good land now waiting for reclamation, 1,500,000 acres. Verily Lord Beaconsfield being dead yet speaketh, and the *obiter dicta* of the patron saint of the Primrose League might profitably be writ large upon the walls of every " Habitation " as the strongest argument for a complete and immediate reversal of the bludgeon, bayonet, and battering-ram policy, ever accompanying the eighty-eight Coercion Acts, one annually since the Union, under which Ireland has been oppressed during this century. When the average Englishman thinks or speaks of Ireland his mental attitude is that attributed by St. Paul to the Jews studying the Old Testament : " The veil is upon his heart." Not one in ten thousand has arrived at the opinion he holds by careful study of history and independent investigation on the spot. It is curious to notice how with many the name " Irish," climatically, is synonymous with bog, mist, and a melancholy ocean, while anthropologically it is suggestive of crime, drunkenness, and indolence. Every characteristic, both of scenery and inhabitant, contradicts the slander. The wooded splendour of the mountain slopes of Killarney and the sheer precipitous cliffs of Mohur,

rising 800 feet perpendicularly out of the Atlantic, and silvered with tens of thousands of sea-birds, are samples of the attractive beauty for which the Emerald Isle is famous. The Irish people are for the most part exceptionally patient, God-fearing, law-abiding, and moral; shepherded by a priesthood who in simplicity of life and whole-hearted devotion to duty will compare favourably with any body of clergy in Christendom. The charge of intemperance must be, to a great extent, admitted; the "landlord" in the alcoholic sense has been, and is, nearly as great a curse to Ireland as the landlord in the bucolic sense. The benumbing influences of hunger and misery, together with the criminal multiplication of facilities for purchasing drink, have borne their inevitable fruit. The official report of the Dublin Sanitary Association records the gloomy fact that of cities of 100,000 inhabitants Dublin is the most intemperate in the United Kingdom. Half the crime, not agrarian, in all Ireland, is perpetrated in Dublin, and although the rates of Dublin are burdened with the support of seven thousand paupers, and seven thousand more are hovering upon the verge of pauperism, one gigantic trade, the curse of modern civilization, flourishes unhindered in Dublin, a standing contradiction to the misstatement that capital shuns Ireland, inasmuch as the capital of this business was subscribed seven times over, and its ten-pound shares are worth nearly forty pounds, but a standing blight also upon the prospects of national development. A prophecy and a warning are contained in a weird relic of pursuer and pursued perishing in the same condemnation, shown in Christchurch Cathedral. At the extreme end of an ancient organ-pipe is squeezed a tiny dried mouse, and halfway down the organ-pipe is the dried skeleton of the pursuing cat. May the lesson be laid to heart by the prosperous possessors of shares that can only bring aggrandizement at the cost of the misery, demoralization, and ultimate destruction of others. There are not wanting signs of approaching reform: the Sunday Closing Act has already reduced the drink bill of Ireland one million pounds annually, and a higher standard of public opinion is leavening society. There was a time when intemperance was assumed as a matter of course. An honoured archbishop of the Protestant Church in his declining days, when partly paralysed, was wont to creep from his house-door into St. Stephen's Green unattended. Upon one occasion he fell heavily to the ground, and was assisted to his feet by a bright little girl, who further offered to lead his Grace home. Upon his expressing doubts of her capabilities, she briskly replied, "Father is the same every day." The settlement of the Irish Question will set free the aggressive energy of temperance reformers, and it will not be many years before autonomous Ireland will be Ireland both sober and free.

The undeniable prevalence of intemperance in Ireland throws into even stronger relief the exceptional crimelessness of this people who are demanding the right to govern themselves. Broadly speaking,

there is probably not a nation on the globe who would have deteriorated so little under such constant provocation to discontent, despondency, and despair, or who would show a clearer record under the exaggerating microscope now held over every hidden corner. Tested by unimpeachable statistics, there is less crime in Ireland than in any other part of the United Kingdom. The chastity of the women, the long-suffering and endurance of the men, indicate a moral nature capable of the highest development under the advantages of autonomy. It would be unseemly to sully these pages by withdrawing the veil from the great perils to which the chastity of Irish women has been exposed by the land system. Before Mr. Gladstone's legislation put an end to the power of arbitrary rent-raising and summary eviction, a terrible weapon was in the hands of unscrupulous and vicious men which they were not slow to use.

The extraordinary fertility of resource, quickness of repartee, and the characteristic desire to please on the part of the Irish people is sometimes erroneously judged as untruthfulness. It was not, however, the love of telling a lie, but the cheery wish to encourage another, that induced a turf-cutter to reply to the sarcastic inquiry of a sportsman whether there were many thermometers on the moor, in the words, "Thermometers, is it, yer honour; in the sayson the ground's just white wid 'em." It was, again, nothing less than a triumph of physiological acumen on the part of the Irish servant-girl who saved her mistress from brain fever after a week of insomnia by grinding her to sleep with the coffee-mill. Irish intuitiveness had revealed to her that her mistress was suffering from the deprivation of a customary harsh sound at sleeping-time, through the absence from home for the first time for thirty years of a snoring husband. She produced artificially the familiar nasal rasping, and her homely remedy was successful. The sense of humour never deserts an Irishman, and constantly relieves his darkest hours. It would not be easy to discover a life more full of anxiety at the present time than that of the Irish land agent, honestly desirous of holding the balance justly. His life is somewhat that of the Galilean publican tempered with the dread of assassination, yet few men are brighter companions. Not a hundred miles from Kenmare resides, perhaps, the best-known land agent in Ireland. Firm, shrewd, intelligent, just and kindly, withal the best pistol-shot and bicycle rider in County Kerry. It is told of him that at a critical moment, when the tenants on a certain estate were hesitating as to the adoption of the Plan of Campaign, he desired them to assemble for conference at his office. When they arrived, he was riding his bicycle round a ring, and at the pace of twenty miles an hour was, with unerring aim, smashing bottles with his revolver; he came in, wiped his brow, laid his smoking revolver on the table, mildly remarking, "Well, boys!" "I think we had better pay, yer honour," was the reply. Upon a certain occasion, he met in Killarney

an equally detested land agent from Clare. "What, H——," he playfully remarked, "not shot yet?" "No, T——, bedad, it's safe enough, I am," was the retort; "I've towld the boys that if I'm shot you'll be appointed land agent in me place, and there's not a boy in Clare 'ud touch a hair of me head."*

But are there no atrocious crimes in Ireland, no outrages upon defenceless men and women, no cruel mutilations of cattle, indicating national unfitness for self-government? In replying to this question it is necessary in the interests of truth and justice to state that, unspeakably abominable as have been some of the reprisals resorted to by Irishmen, they have been magnified both as to frequency and malignity by exaggerations of the grossest kind. Numerous cases of sending threatening letters, burning ricks, and doing injury to stock have been discovered to be the work of owners and caretakers unable to resist the temptation of the compensation obtainable under the grand jury system, and case after case of reported outrage has been proved to be the entire invention of the enemy. For example, the *Times*, of Monday, March 7, 1887, contained a horrible story to the effect that a party of Moonlighters visited the house of a farmer in the neighbourhood of Killarney, and that, having found the farmer alone with his daughter, they dragged away the latter and outraged her, while the man himself was kept in terror of his life. On March 10 (see *Times* of March 11, 1887) it was admitted in Parliament that there was not one word of truth in the story. Again: one of the most thrilling tales told by Mr. Balfour in support of the Coercion Bill was that of a midwife who, through the intimidation of the National League, refused to attend the wife of a boycotted farmer in her confinement. The midwife referred to—Mrs. Margaret Dillon—has since made a solemn declaration that she refused to attend the woman in question, because she was fulfilling on the same day another engagement entered into three days before, and that no influence or intimidation was used by any one to prevent her attending. Mrs. Dillon, in vindication of her character and that of her neighbours, has since instituted an action for libel against Mr. Balfour, but he has evaded service of the writ by pleading "privilege." On April 27, 1887, a horrible case of mutilation of cattle was reported from Rathfarnham, in the county of Dublin. It was reported that the tails of no fewer than six cows—the property of a Colonel Rowley, a noted "loyalist"—had been cut off. On May 10, 1887, it was admitted by the Government in the House of Commons, that the only foundation for the story was that one cow's tail had fallen off through disease. After discounting, however, all malicious exaggerations, the deplorable fact remains, that in a country proverbial for kindheartedness, and in which the lower animals are more humanely treated than in any spot in Europe, defenceless human beings have been injured

* This incident, slightly varied, was elicited in cross-examination during the Parnell inquiry; it is related here as received from the fountain head, last year, in Clare.

and cattle have been maimed under the delirium of a revolutionary madness. Primrose dames, whose smart carriage horses have been mutilated in cold blood by the painful operation of chopping off their tails, and searing the stumps with a red-hot iron, in conformity to a senseless fashion, and who can preside unshocked over the bloody slaughter of a battue or the disgraceful cruelty of a pigeon match or stag hunt, will not fail to make the most of these deplorable excesses. God forbid that any right-minded man should plead provocation as a justification of horrors which all condemn with loathing. It should, however, be remembered that so truthful a statesman as Lord Melbourne, when Chief Secretary, publicly declared of a victim of agrarian murder, "If half of what is told me of him be true, if he had had forty lives, it would have been no wonder had they all been taken." The scientific action of heredity has more to do with Irish outrages than the theological doctrine of original sin; the perpetrators of outrages in Ireland are descendants of those outlawed by the "Plantation of Ulster," agonized by the atrocities of Cromwell's hirelings, stirred to quenchless revenge by the insult to the Celtic blood when one thousand Irish lads were shipped as slaves to Barbadoes, and one thousand Irish girls and women consigned to be mistresses to the English sugar-planters (*vide* "Kingdom of Ireland," by Walpole), crushed and pauperized by centuries of boycotting of the imports, exports, education, manufactures, and religion of the whole nation. It is a moral as well as a physiological law that perpetual irritation produces abnormal malignity. Even the Member for West Birmingham, now, under the passport of the "haine fierce," courted by the Royalty he is pledged to the hilt to destroy, flattered by archbishops of the Church he has sworn to sweep away, once acknowledged the galling of the fetter with which Ireland is chained. Speaking in London, June 17, 1885, he said:—

"I do not believe that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule a sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which was common in Venice under Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step, he cannot lift a finger, in any parochial, municipal, or educational work, without being confronted, interfered with, controlled by, an English official appointed by a foreign Government, and without a shadow or shade of representative authority. I say the time has come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known as Dublin Castle—to sweep away altogether these alien boards of foreign officials, and to substitute for them a genuine Irish administration for purely Irish business."

Again, all who know from personal observation the indescribable attachment of the Irishman to the dreariest cabin that he calls his home will understand the unreasoning fury with which he resents the misery caused by the four million evictions of the Victorian era.

With a few exceptions, eagerly seized upon and published in leaded type in the *Times*, the history of Irish evictions is the same. Bare mountain-land squatted on, enclosed, cultivated, cropped, studded with outhouses, stocked with cattle, gradually increasing in value as the steady labour and unceasing thrift of half a generation of tenants bury their life-blood in the soil, until that which was once worth three shillings an acre becomes worth twenty-one shillings. Then the scramble for the eighteen shillings, the bitter contest over the unearned increment, the rent raised again and again, the tenant being fined for his own and his parents' industry, until a succession of bad seasons makes payment impossible. Then appeals to the landlord, followed by the appointment of a new and severer agent, evictions, revolts, and, lastly, the adoption of the Plan of Campaign, and the occupation of the proclaimed district by an armed force. The ferocity and cold-bloodedness with which these evictions are often carried out is exemplified by the following case extracted from a leading Irish newspaper in March 1888. Mr. James Kilmartin, of Ballinasloe, was imprisoned by the magistrate, and his sentence doubled on appeal to the Recorder, for encouraging his fellow tenants to join the Plan of Campaign.

"When the Government had put Kilmartin out of the way, the chivalrous landlord, Mr. Thomas J. Tully, Rathfarn, proceeded with an army of emergency-men and police to evict his wife and seven children from their home. The poor woman begged for God's sake to be spared, as she was very sick and in great pain. The following certificate, which was handed to Mr. Tully, confirmed her statement:—

" 'This is to certify that Mrs. Kilmartin, Shralea, has been under my treatment for some weeks, suffering from severe mammary abscess. In addition, she is on the eve of being confined, and in my opinion eviction from her home in her present condition may seriously imperil her life.

" '(Signed) P. P. DE LA HUNT, L.R.C.S., and
P. Ed. Ballinasloe, June 1, 1888.'

"But the tender-hearted Mr. Tully cared for none of these things. 'He came,' he said, 'for his legal rights, and, by God! he meant to have them.' He had his rights. The poor sick woman was dragged out by the crowbar brigade. She fainted three times in the course of the removal. She was flung in a heap on the ground, her seven young children clamouring around her. Father Costello, who knelt beside her, feared each moment would be the last. Meantime, the hearth was quenched and the poor furniture bundled out into the street after the owner. The triumph of law and order was complete. The cold-blooded evictor stood by carelessly switching his cane, and now and again addressing a word of direction or approval to his subordinates. Even the poor request that she should be readmitted as caretaker until some shelter could be provided he contemptuously refused. She might have died in the street for all he cared. She

would have inevitably died in the street if some charitable neighbour had not offered her and her children the shelter of his roof. We will not comment on this scene. We dare not trust ourselves to comment on it. The words that rise hot from a man's heart after reading it are not words to be addressed to an excitable people maddened by their sufferings."

These are the dragon's teeth from whose sowing springs the crop of reprisal and revenge. All who would know the truth, and realize how Irish peasants have suffered under the unjust cruelties of irresponsibility in possession, should read "The Struggle for Life on the Ponsonby Estate," written by the Rev. Canon Keller, a clergyman of high character, loving spirit, and unimpeachable veracity.*

One other aspect of the Irish Question claims a passing notice. There is a stage in the history of most movements when it is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous. This climax is reached in the Anti-Home Rule struggle, when the Member for West Birmingham poses as "Defender of the Faith," and warns all true Protestants against the policy of Mr. Gladstone by sounding the No Popery trumpet. To give Ireland autonomy he declares will be "to hand over the Protestants bound hand and foot to be persecuted by the Roman Catholic majority." A more pre-eminently mischievous and insulting slander was never uttered by an ex-Minister of the Crown against the religious sentiment of a people. It is true that the unreasoning virulence and savage bigotry of political Orangeism, lashed into turbulence by such inflammatory utterances as Lord Randolph Churchill's memorable "By God, gentlemen, you will fight," may, and probably will, call for firm dealing at the hands of an Irish Parliament with the control of its own police, and such firm dealing is certain to be called religious persecution. Political Orangeism, however, has no connection with genuine anti-Catholic conviction, a conclusion easily derivable from the complacent silence with which a recent unconstitutional secret appeal to the Vatican for aid in administering the British Empire was received by Orangemen, and the glib facility with which the time-honoured Orange creed "to H—— with the Pope" reconstructed itself after the Papal allocution into the formula, "Go and do what the Pope bids you." It is, however, scarcely sufficiently recognized that the weight and influence of the disloyal minority, who have publicly declared that they will rebel against the Queen's Government if Home Rule is conceded to Ireland, has been greatly exaggerated, and that in so-called Protestant Ulster, the core of the Anti-Home Rule agitation, seventeen out of thirty-three Members of Parliament are Nationalists. But, to lift this question into a purer atmosphere, there is not the slightest ground for the apprehension that Roman Catholics, if in power, would exact

* Sold by the Irish Press Agency, 21 Parliament Street, London, price one penny.

unholy reprisals. The fact that in the reign of Queen Mary no Protestant suffered for his faith in Ireland luminously testifies to the latitude of Irish tolerance. Though the memory of the tyrannous abominations of the penal code and the cruelties of Catholic disabilities must needs be undying, though the denominational intolerance whereby Catholics are rigidly excluded from every municipality where Protestantism is now in the ascendant cannot but cause heartburning, the Catholics of the South and West have never shown the slightest inclination to retaliate. In the hope of laying the phantom, the candle in whose hollow skull has been re-lit by the Member for West Birmingham, I recently requested Father Behan, a prominent Dublin Nationalist, to give some pacifying assurance that liberty of conscience would not be interfered with under Roman Catholic rule. "You should live here," he writes, "to know that, other things being equal, we actually give the preference to a Protestant if he will only consent to be an Irishman. Dogmatic differences are entirely set aside in this contest—nay, you have a reflection of this in England, where Lord Salisbury's Home Secretary and Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General are both Catholics; no man wonders at this as he would a generation ago, for it is merely an expression of the times. *No man in Ireland could, if he were so minded, excite the popular mind against Protestants, and the people who are harping on this against us, if they are Irishmen, know they are not telling the truth.* Another charge against us is that we want separation. We might as well be charged with wanting the moon; we are agitating in Ireland because we are hungry, and naked, and bludgeoned, and put in gaol. Treat us fairly, and you will have to go to a dictionary to look for 'separation.' This Coercion Act does not interfere with our loyalty to England, *because we are convinced it is not the act of the British people.*" The true spirit of the Irish people breathes through this characteristic letter and brings into prominence England's alternative. "The only two powers in the world," said Napoleon, "are kindness and the sword." The latter, conditioned in eighty-eight Coercion Acts this century, a standing army of 30,000 men, and a force of constabulary costing the Irish people a million and a half annually, has proved, and ever will prove, a conspicuous failure. The urgency of the crisis, the obligations of conscience, the experience accumulated from egregious blundering, all point to the more excellent way. Fifty years ago, Canadians trooped out of their churches when Te Deums were chanted in honour of the Queen's accession; they were demanding autonomy and expressing their dissatisfaction by boycotting and the mutilation of cattle. The year before last, in no spot in her Majesty's dominions were Jubilee rejoicings more hearty or unanimous than in Canada, and this metamorphosis is the logical fruit of the Home Rule Constitution of 1840. England, surely, is oblivious of her magnificent traditions, and sinks to the bathos of political infatuation, when she can be intimidated by the manipulation

of so antiquated a phantom as the No Popery cry into sitting upon the safety valve of Irish discontent.

And now, reverting to the title and opening words of this article, we will consider the bearing upon the demand of the suffering and discontented people of Ireland of the underlying principle of the Gospel, the stewardship of which has in so special a manner been entrusted to the English nation.

What peculiarity differentiates the Gospel from every other religious cult professing to lift a corner of the veil that hides the thought-transcending plans of God? Modern Christianity is not necessarily the Gospel, though its philosophy may stimulate moral reformation and inspire social improvement sufficiently to justify the observation of Macaulay: "He who speaks or writes against Christianity is guilty of high treason against the civilization of mankind." A versatile and able politician may deliver a speech bristling with invective and positively venomous with gibes and retaliatory sallies, and before its echoes have died away lecture with smooth and flowing eloquence at a Church Congress upon the world-purifying power of the ethics of Him of Nazareth, and, beyond subjecting himself to the obvious criticism, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or as the tinkling cymbal," he has not violated the code of modern Christian amenities, though he is as far from the principle of the Gospel as darkness is from light. The elemental principle of the Gospel is victory over moral evil and the conquest of rebellious hearts, not by coercion of the erring and weaker power, but by the concession and self-abnegation of the stronger, overcoming evil with good, laying aside imperial dignity and bestowing unconditional pardon and new principles of living. The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation of God is the authoritative contradiction to the theory that God is, on the one hand, some omnipotent totality of forces who has made a world that he is too indifferent to improve, or, on the other hand, some enraged despot who will crush, coerce, and damn till he has ground all rebellious wills under his feet. The Incarnation proclaims that God is LOVE omnipotent, in missionary activity; that the ALL FATHER has come under the incognito of a human form to seek and save His rebellious wanderers; that, in a manner wholly distinct from the Pantheistic belief in the identity of God with Creation, He has identified Himself with fallen humanity as Immanuel, "God with us." Just as at Stephenson's centenary at Newcastle, amidst the many banners and mottoes, one waved over a little company of working men, bearing the inscription, "*He was one of us,*" indicating that these men claimed identification with Stephenson as coming from the village where he was born, so has the living God come out of the infinite silence of the everywhere, and conditioned Himself in the child of Mary, that the humblest of His family might say, "He was one of us," and call Him

by His name, Immanuel, "God with us." What is the effect of this bridging over the chasm between earth and heaven by the infinite condescension of heaven, rather than by the merited coercion of earth? We are not concerned to square the mysterious workings of God's spirit with the conventional maxims of mundane ethics—as Luther once said, "Let the good God see to that"—but whoever has been accustomed to the phenomenon of conversion can bear witness to its effect upon the individual who appropriates it not with the brain but with the heart. A man is dead in trespasses and sins, his heart a theatre for audacity, rebellion, outrage; perhaps he acknowledges that there is over him an imperial power which can coerce him into a sullen condition of suppressed revolt; theologians have told him indeed that this imperial power will probably consign him to everlasting fire, and torment him for ever and ever for his evil deeds, and he gnashes with his teeth and hates while he fears, and mystic powers hostile to the imperial power lash him into worse rebellion, blunt his intellectual perceptions, and stimulate him to outrage. But one day, who shall say how, perhaps gradually like the rising dawn, perhaps suddenly like the lightning flash—let no creed-maker dare to crystallize into a formula the pulsations of an immortal spirit quivering into the birth from above—there shines into the perceptions the all-subduing name of God—LOVE; it is whispered into the inmost ear that God needs him, seeks him, yearns for realized union with him, has swept away the recollection of his sins, is waiting to load him with gifts, and confer upon him a new holy power of self-government and a loftier motive for rectitude of conduct, and the moral miracle of unconditional pardon redeems, saves, sanctifies a heart that an eternity of coercion in the torments of hell would only have habituated in gnawing the tongue for pain and blaspheming the God of heaven. "I could have resisted His anger for ever," confessed one, "but when I saw His love it broke my heart." Is separation the result of the acceptance of this marvellous love? Hearts who have heard His "Son, be of good cheer," say. Separation perhaps from sin, worldliness, from His enemies; but from Him! Oh, not from Him! God never changes: if He lays down a root principle that principle is an eternal truth, it is nothing to the purpose that common sense, probability, almost the accepted distinctions between right and wrong, certainly the traditions of governmental control, are emphatically against this wholesale pardon of the Gospel, neither does it affect the question that leading rationalistic philosophers have recognized it and used it as an argument against Christianity, declaring it to be immoral, an encouragement to vice, a disruption of the laws of cause and effect. The plain duty of the believer is to shape his decisions upon the revealed principles of God, and leave complications for Him to unravel, and apparent impossibilities for Him to reconcile. Even upon the hypothesis, which can by no means be conceded, that the British Government is right and

Ireland 'wrong in the present contention, the Diviner attitude, the more certain peace-bringer, would be to apply the sacred principle of the Gospel, "overcome evil with good," and conquer by the simple might of concession.

The final solution, however, of this momentous question rests with the English masses, and it is hardly conceivable that they can be unmindful of the fact that the opponents of Home Rule are chiefly the very classes who withstood the rights of the British working men as long as they dared, pronouncing the English labourer unfit for the franchise as contemptuously and dogmatically as they now pronounce the Irish voter incapable of managing his own affairs. There are not wanting symptoms of a change of feeling on the part of British artisans, a change instinctively recognized by the Irish people. The cartoons in the Irish illustrated newspapers, crude but accurate picture lessons of phases of Irish feeling, no longer represent England oppressing Ireland, but John Bull intervening to rescue Ireland from so-called "Unionist" coercion. It is customary for the opponents of Home Rule to claim that the intellect, the wealth, the social rank of the nation is solid for coercion. If the traditional sophistry of the aristocratic habit did not blind the eyes to the teachings of the past, this claim should rather awaken their anxiety than inspire them with confidence. De Tocqueville spoke no idle word when he said "God works behind the democracy"; and one greater than De Tocqueville said, "Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes." The hot spring at Aix-la-Chapelle, welling forth from earth's central fires, softens into the consistency of clay the black marble basin into which it flows, though of such adamantine hardness that it yields with difficulty to the sharpest chisel. It is thus with movements wakened into activity from the central fires of a nation's heart; they are finally irresistible. The intellect, the wealth, the social rank of Judæa combined against the claims of Him whom the common people "heard gladly," and the inspired narrative affords an impressive example that the instincts of the less well instructed masses, when in direct opposition to the classes, the professions, the ecclesiastics, can be right. "The Pharisees answered, Have any of the rulers believed, or of the Pharisees? but this multitude which knoweth not the law are accursed." The "Appeal to the People" was treated with ridicule: the multitude were ignorant, they knew not the law; how could they decide a point involving a study of ancient writings and a comparison of prophecy with fulfilment? In short, "they were accursed." There was, however, a spirit of right judgment inspiring their decision, and the verdict of believing millions for eighteen centuries has been that *the people were right and the classes were wrong*. The pages of history since that day are studded with examples of crises in the growth of nations, the amelioration of the conditions of life, the emancipation of men, the purification of

faiths, in which the people have been right and the classes have been wrong. The time approaches when the people will pronounce the verdict upon the fate of Ireland—nay, rather of England, for, in the words of Lamartine, “No man,” and *a fortiori* no nation, “ever riveted the chains of slavery round the neck of his brother that God did not secretly but irresistibly weld the other end of the chain around the neck of the tyrant,” and hath not God said, “Woe to them . . . they covet fields and take them by violence, and houses and take them away; they oppress a man and his house, even a man and his heritage; therefore, thus saith the Lord, against this family do I devise an evil” (Micah ii. 2). The crisis is urgent, the issue of the next verdict of the English people will be momentous; the inauguration of a new era of coercion may preclude the possibility of a peaceful conclusion to the long controversy, the oppressed nation may become hardened and learn “to love despair.” Like the prisoner of Chillon, Ireland may learn to say—

A My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.”

In the dignified and most pathetic appeal with which Mr. Gladstone brought to a conclusion the great debate in 1886, a speech which elicited from friend and foe alike the tribute of a prolonged burst of irrepressible applause, his last words were, “We have the people’s hearts.” If premature as a declaration of present fact it was luminous with discernment as a prophecy now approaching fulfilment. The characteristic English instinct that abhors oppression is clearing its vision from the false issues which at the last general election beclouded moral sight, and when it awakes it is irrepressible.

“Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God’s new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever ’twixt that darkness and that light.
Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand?”

The next general election will answer the question, and we believe that Ireland’s demand for Home Rule will be conceded by the immense majority of the English people in the name of freedom, justice, and the fear of God.

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

[In reference to a passage in Lady Grant Duff’s article on Mr. Laurence Oliphant in our last issue, p. 182, second paragraph, Sir Thomas Wade asks us to explain that there was no real unfairness in Lord Elgin’s procedure. Had Mr. F. Bruce been on the spot, he, and not the gentleman previously instructed, would have represented Lord Elgin. Mr. Oliphant merely took Mr. F. Bruce’s place. But it was characteristic of him that he remonstrated with Lord Elgin, fearing lest he was supplanting some one who might have reason to think that he had a claim to the prominent position.—Ed.]

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE:

I.

1789-1889.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the Council of Higher Education, M. Edouard Goumy, has just published, under the title of "La France du Centenaire," a *résumé* of the vicissitudes through which the country has passed during the last hundred years, and of its present position, moral and political. M. Goumy's opinion may be taken as fairly representative of the opinions, or rather the feelings, of the majority of educated Frenchmen who have not cast in their lot with any political party, and who accept the Republic, not as an ideal form of government, but as the only form of government, short of a military dictatorship, which is possible under the circumstances. They are the same opinions, the same feelings, which found expression in a somewhat less sharp and positive form, in M. Renan's address at the reception of M. Jules Claretie into the French Academy. The feeling is one of utter disillusion and discouragement as regards the present, and of sorrowful apprehension as regards the future. A hundred years ago it was the very eve of the meeting of the States-General; joy glowed in every heart, lighted every face; all minds were carried away by the inspiration of a mighty hope. The future seemed without a cloud. There was a universal confidence that the nation, whose rights had been sacrificed so long to a royal despotism, was about to take possession of herself without forfeiting the traditions of her past, and that in the union of all Frenchmen was to be found the beginning of universal happiness. A few years succeeded, instead, to cover the soil with ruins, to wreck the ancient monarchy to which the country owed her being, to set her citizens at one another's throats, to impoverish all alike by foreign and intestine war, and finally to establish a despotism sterner than that of Louis XIV. or Louis XI. And now, a hundred years after that dazzling dawn of

1789, we find ourselves asking whether the work of the French Revolution has not been a huge *fiasco*, whether France is not doomed to either anarchy or despotism, or even to both by turns, and whether we are not, after these eighteen republican years, about to fall under the most ignominious of all yokes, the yoke of a political charlatan. To M. Goumy there is nothing but despair in the retrospect, for he judges with excessive severity the course pursued by the Republicans ever since they became undisputed masters of the country in 1879, while he searches in vain among the Conservatives for any clear perception of the situation, and doubts the possibility of a "Ligue des Gens de Bien" of all parties, which he nevertheless regards as the only chance of saving the country.

If we are to look on M. Goumy's book—representing, as it does, in its bitter and incisive way, the opinion of a great part of the Liberal middle-class—as nothing more than a political pamphlet, intended to open men's minds to the errors and dangers of the moment and to point out a way of escape, we can have nothing but praise for its force and eloquence and courage. But it would be a great mistake to regard it as a genuine historical work, or as a full and definitive judgment on modern France. M. Goumy greatly exaggerates both the sufferings of the past century and the vices of our present system. The critics of the Third Republic are suffering from the same ills as the men they criticise—from intemperate hopes and fears, from an incapacity to see things simply and as they really are. The discouragement which has taken possession of us all is but too real; but it is far greater than there is any need for; and it only wants a strong moral impulse to shake off the depression itself, and half the causes it springs from would disappear along with it. It comes, in fact, from the inevitable disappointment of impossible hopes. It is the permanent defect of the Gallic mind to be too hasty, both in the onset and in the recoil. Ardent and fearless in attack, it is crushed by the least reverse. It is so certain of the thing it hopes for, that it takes no account of time and space; and the least hindrance, the least delay, seems a token that all is lost, and it is no use going on. The history of French colonization in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is an epitome of French politics in the nineteenth. No other nation threw out such brilliant and prosperous colonies so rapidly as France did, or showed such splendid qualities at the first go-off; none other allowed her possessions to be snatched from her so lightly, or so listlessly allowed them to die out of themselves. In the same way, the history of our own day is that of a series of political creations, inaugurated with enthusiasm, and then destroyed in fury or abandoned in disgust. Both these waves of feeling are equally exaggerated, and each tends to reproduce the other. Moderates, like M. Goumy, who mercilessly arraign the Republic for having failed to secure financial prosperity,

powerful allies, an invincible army, religious concord, and general harmony, fall into the self-same error, and show the self-same want of common sense, as the Radical who laments that the country has not been completely republicanized, the Church disestablished, and the whole system of taxation readjusted, or the Royalist who sees no remedy for anything except in a Restoration. With a little more common sense and a little less imagination, with a somewhat finer perception of what is practicable, a little more fairness to opponents, a little more tolerance for other people's ideas, and a little less haste in the application of one's own, it would not be so impossible to build up a durable political system, under which Conservatives and Radicals should take the lead by turns, and which should oscillate softly from Right to Left and from Left to Right without any fear of going over altogether. It is this intemperance of judgment, this mutual intolerance between parties and persons, which pushes everything to extremes, and makes it impossible for a Government to lose the public confidence without the risk of a revolution. If, as is only too possible, the Third Republic should end in a new revolution and a violent reaction, the fault will rest with that excessive criticism which has discredited the existing system; with the extravagant hopes fostered by the Radicals, and the equally extravagant outcry raised against the immobility of the Moderates, and the too conservative character of the Constitution; with the obstinacy of the Royalists in clinging to a defunct ideal instead of entering the Republic and taking the helm in their turn; and finally, with the absurd illusions that the Boulangists have sown in the minds of the ignorant and the credulous.

That this is all—that France is suffering mainly from moral instability and diseases of the imagination, the result of a too sudden rupture with her own traditions—is obvious from the fact that after every revolution, and in spite of seventeen changes of Constitution in a single century, she always rights herself, and knows no pause in her intellectual and industrial activity, nor any decline in her material force. She could cure everything by an act of her own will. But, imaginary or wilful as her ills may be, they cannot go on for ever with impunity. During the last twenty years she has suffered from disorders so serious that it will take years of patience to recover from them. Fresh dangers menace her at this moment. Let us consider what they are, and how the catastrophe is to be avoided—or precipitated.

Ever since that same year of 1789, France has been a sort of laboratory for political experimentation; and Europe has looked on, always curiously, sometimes anxiously, often with a sort of scornful pity, at these *experimenta in animâ nobili*. Absolute monarchy, constitutional monarchy, all sorts of republics, and all sorts of despotisms—we have tried them all. Each has had its hour of

splendour and enthusiasm; not one of them has lasted more than eighteen years. Are we to read in these successive revolutions the condemnation of the nation itself, *novarum rerum semper cupida*—incapable of patience or of perseverance? Are we to believe that France has broken with the traditions of her past only to sink into an incurable decline? and that all the efforts made during the past century to create a freer and better balanced social state are to end in nothing but chaos or a tyranny?

I think not. For, on the one hand, in spite of political uncertainties, we have reaped some very real and beneficial results from the Revolution of 1789—results which are definite, durable, and more and more evident as time goes on; and, on the other hand, we can trace our political instability to certain distinct causes, in which the national character plays but a small part.

Those who deplore the fall of the *ancien régime*, and see in it nothing but a misfortune for which there is no compensation, forget what the *ancien régime* was at the time of its fall. They see in modern France only an unstable political system—an evil real, indeed, but superficial: and they fail to regard her social condition as a whole and in its permanent characteristics. They forget that the *ancien régime* itself was ruined by excessive centralization, that it presented a strange mixture of anarchy and despotism, that its whole machinery was rusty, warped, and strained. Despite the virtues and good intentions of many agents of the central power, corruption reigned throughout all ranks, from the king who wasted his treasure on the Polignacs to the rural tax-collector who favoured one taxpayer at the expense of another—from Parliament and Privy Councils to the pettiest tribunals. The institutions which sprang up under the Revolution could not eradicate all the vices of the *ancien régime*. They retained in particular—after an unlucky and exaggerated attempt at decentralizing—a centralized administrative system; but they at least established order in place of chaos, distinction instead of confusion of functions, and scrupulous integrity instead of shameless corruption. We owe it to the Revolution that all offices have been thrown open to merit, that wealth and property have been democratized as well as power, and that the France of to-day, after all her reverses—after three invasions, two civil wars, six revolutions, and any number of insurrections—is a rich, prosperous, happy, and powerful country. M. Renan said the other day that we shall know in another twenty years whether the Revolution has been a consummate good or a consummate evil. It is not likely, we think, to deserve so positive a sentence either in one direction or in the other; but we need not wait twenty years to say that, in many respects at any rate, it has turned out well.

None the less, it is true that we owe to it the instability of our

national institutions, and that in two ways. To begin with, the French Revolution was not made, like the English, in the name of ancient rights and of a long-established social order which the monarchy had dared to violate; it claimed to overthrow the whole existing order, political and social, in the name of Reason and the theoretic rights of humanity. It professed to introduce absolute justice into the changeful domain of politics, and, by correcting the abuses of ages, to bring happiness to the nation and to mankind. It thus inaugurated in men's minds the fatal habit of expecting of the Government an abstract wisdom, justice, and perfection far beyond what any Government can rationally be expected to display; it taught them to nourish extravagant hopes, such as could only be followed by bitter disappointment. Moreover, it tore away the veil which in almost all countries conceals the source of the supreme power, and substituted for a monarchical prerogative rooted in history a popular sovereignty based upon reason and theory; thus destroying the instinct of unquestioning affection and respect which elsewhere guarantees the stability of the State. In France we know, once for all, that the Government is the creation of our own will or caprice; if it disappoints our expectations, there is an end of it; for it can live no longer than the brief enthusiasm which created and maintained it.

In the second place, the Revolution gave rise to conditions which, as it were, predestine this appetite for change to periodic culminations. It has been observed that Government after Government—the First Empire, the Restoration, the Orleanist monarchy, the Second Empire—has lasted from fifteen to eighteen years. It has come to be regarded as a sort of fatal number; and there are people who quite believe that the Third Republic will collapse in 1889, for the simple reason that it has lasted eighteen years. Yet there is nothing so very mysterious in it. From 1815 onwards, France has always been governed by a minority. It has had no national Government. There are in France four parties:—the Legitimist party, which is aristocratic, clerical, reactionary; the Orleanist, which is moderate, liberal, and *bourgeois*; the Republican, which is Radical if not revolutionary, and democratic if not socialistic; and the Bonapartist, which is autocratic, democratic, and conservative at once. These four parties all date from 1815 or later, and they all exist to-day, though the Orleanist party, which in 1830 naturally took a more definite shape than before, has undergone fresh modifications since 1870 and since the death of the Comte de Chambord, amalgamating with the Legitimists on the one hand, and with the Republicans on the other. In spite of these modifications, the four distinct tendencies have never been without their representatives, not to speak of the further division of each party in itself into Mode-

rates and Extremists. Alongside of, and outside, these parties properly so called, which are composed of men who hold distinct political views, lies the unconscious mass of the people, caring little for political forms or formulae, and asking only to live and thrive in peace under a reasonable and honest administration. It is this amorphous mass which, throwing its weight now on one side, now on the other, gives the majority to this party or to that in turn. When one party falls from power by its own fault (as it always does) and under the blows of a coalition of the other three, this mass rallies at once round the strongest of the opposing parties, and gives it a momentary supremacy. The new Government begins by correcting the mistakes of its predecessor, satisfying the ambition of some few of those who have been thirsting for a return to power, and dazzling the eyes of the electors with new hopes of place, of novelty, and of desired reforms—hopes which attach them to the new Government, while the recollection of the recent revolution, and the inconvenience which accompanied it, gives them a wholesome dread of further change. Years pass, a new generation springs up alongside of the generation which created, and has profited by, the existing order of things. This generation has no fear of revolution, because it has no recollection of it; it has never personally suffered from it. Everything that the party in power has to dispose of is disposed of already; and as places fall vacant there is a tendency to reserve them for the devotees of the party. The Government is more anxious to ensure the support of those who ardently profess its principles than to retain its hold on the neutral masses on whom it is accustomed to reckon; and it allows itself to be led into exaggerating its opinions, and growing more and more exclusive or even violent. Little by little it alienates from itself, not only the neutral masses, but also the moderate section of its own adherents, and others who, without altogether sharing its views, have helped it into power. A new coalition of hostile parties, similar to that of which it was once the centre, is now arrayed against it. Disappointed place-hunters, disappointed reformers, disappointed men of business who looked for a time of fabulous prosperity and find only the ever-recurring crisis, grow weary of the present state of things, and begin to wish for a new one. The very nominees of the Government seem to support it. Things were so different at first. Promotion was so rapid then; the perpetual shifting of persons and subdivision of functions gave room for every one to hope. But at last every post is filled, and the overburdened exchequer can afford neither increase of salaries nor multiplication of offices. Then the host of petty functionaries grows impatient and angry, begins to intrigue against the Government it serves, betrays its secrets, slanders it on occasion, and prepares to welcome its successor.

This is why a period of some fifteen or twenty years is long enough for a nation which has no traditional ties to any one form of government to weary of the system it once greeted with acclamation, and to ask for something different. It only needs that the present order of things shall be understood to be definitively established, and that a new generation shall have grown to manhood.

Now let us see how this general law of political evolution has been worked out under the Third Republic, and whether there is any means of averting the natural catastrophe.

After the collapse of the Empire and the convulsions of the Commune, the Republic was welcomed, or at any rate accepted, by the vast majority of the nation. It had the advantage of being the very antithesis of the Imperial Government, and of having saved the honour—though not the territorial integrity—of the country after the defeat at Sedan. It had succeeded during the war in rallying all parties round it under the flag of the national defence; and it was felt that it could not be suppressed without a civil war. Therefore, although the majority of the National Assembly consisted of men attached by their opinions and associations to some form of monarchical government, all dreams of a restoration were stifled, and a Conservative majority drew up the Republican Constitution of 1875. Up to 1877 the Republic was almost entirely in the hands of the Conservatives, and both its finances and its foreign policy were managed with prudence and success. But since 1877 the Ministry has always been chosen from the ranks of the Republicans—at first from among the moderate men with Orleanist leanings, then from the Left pure and simple, and so on down to the Gambettists and the Radicals. For the first few years many of the officials of the Empire kept their posts, and vacancies were filled by men of almost all parties, chosen for their capacity rather than their opinions. But when the Republicans found themselves fairly installed, after the fall of Mac-Mahon and the election of M. Grévy in 1879, the public services were thoroughly sifted, and all officials suspected of reactionary views were replaced by men devoted to the new ideas; and the limits of choice grew more and more circumscribed, while at the same time favouritism began to exclude merit in the *personnel* of the administration. Until the elections of 1881, which sent up to the Chamber a compact majority of nearly three hundred moderate Republicans to scarcely more than a hundred Radicals and less than a hundred Conservatives, the movement of adhesion to the Republic was ever more and more marked. After that the reaction set in. The deplorable collapse of the Gambetta Ministry, and the tragic death of the only really popular Republican leader, the agitation caused by the suppression of the religious fraternities and the secularization of education, the weeding of the magistracy, the abandonment of Egypt, the vicissitudes of the

war in Tonquin, the Parliamentary dissensions which broke up the Republican majority and placed it at the mercy of a coalition, the abuse of the moderate party by the Conservative and Radical press, the incessant changes of Ministry, the impossibility, with such a divided majority, of getting through with the most necessary legislation, or of governing with anything like firmness or consistency—and, last of all, the agricultural and commercial crisis—all this caused a growing discontent throughout the country, half unconscious at first, but gradually more and more distinct. Some, disgusted with the radicalizing tendencies of the Government, recoiled towards the Right; others turned against the majority of 1881 and the authors of the Tonquin expedition, and lent an ear to the ever lavish promises of the Radicals. The elections of 1885, made by *scrutin de liste*, had been counted on to ensure the return of a homogeneous majority. Instead of this, they returned an imposing minority of nearly two hundred Conservatives, while the Republican majority was split up into four great divisions—Independents, Opportunists, Radicals, and Extreme Left—with a marked preponderance of the Radical group. Then things went on from bad to worse. The radical policy of the Government vexed the moderates without satisfying the progressists; it kept the country in a state of agitation, with nothing to come of it after all. The Caffarel and Wilson scandals, the fall of M. Grévy, the weakness of M. Carnot, the ever-increasing instability of Ministers, the helplessness of a more and more divided Parliament, all joined to alienate from the Republican party, if not from the Republic itself, that neutral mass of moderate men who found themselves excluded by the Radicals from all political influence, and who wished to feel the reins in a strong and steady hand. A Conservative reaction was distinctly recognizable in the country. It was at that moment that Boulangism appeared on the field, giving shape and a centre to all the discontents, and introducing a new and formidable element into French politics.

If the Boulangists really were what they pretend to be—the national Republican party; if their leader had but one aim—that of uniting all Frenchmen in a common devotion to the country which should supersede all petty or dynastic rivalries, put an end to Parliamentary squabbles by giving back to the Executive the vitality it has lost and the initiative which it ought to have, and admit men of all shades of opinion into the public service on the sole condition of their being capable and honest—Boulangism would deserve the sympathy of all good citizens, and on that sympathy General Boulanger ought to be borne into power as a new Washington. Unfortunately there is no foundation for any such supposition. In the first place, the character of the General himself forbids it. He has several times over changed his views—or his expression of them—at the instance of his ambition or his convenience. As a soldier, he has set an example

of disobedience; as a Minister, he has truckled to the crowd for the sake of a spurious popularity; as a Parliamentary man, he has injured Republican institutions by the multiplicity of his candidatures and his appeals to the people, by his oracular promises to all classes of electors, and by his manner of collecting and of spending enormous sums of money, and turning a political contest into a vast and very doubtful financial enterprise. Nor does the composition of his party offer any better ground for hope. Political adventurers, Socialists led astray by fair words, Bonapartists in search of a sword and a handle, Royalists who think they can get rid of him when they have used him to destroy the Republic, simple dupes who believe in his virtues, and a crowd of malcontents whose affairs are not thriving and who look to him for a restoration of prosperity, or whose hearts are set on place and promotion—these are the elements which go to make up the Boulangist party. With such a following as this, and with everything that is serious and honest in the country arrayed against him, General Boulanger, if he obtained a Parliamentary majority, would be forced either to accept a dictatorship or to vanish in the midst of his triumph. It would be impossible for him to found, as he professes to wish to do, a liberal, honest, and impartial Republic, independent of party altogether. He himself is an element of disturbance, a disintegrating or tyrannical force; he cannot be a saving, liberating, or reconstructing power.

But will he succeed in destroying the existing *régime*? Has the Republic deserved the hatred she has evoked, and is she destined to succumb to it?

I have no hesitation in saying that the complaints which are made against her are strangely exaggerated. One must have lost (as Frenchmen, even the most intelligent of them, often do lose) all sense of proportion, of fairness, and of accuracy, to talk of corruption or tyranny in connection with the present *régime*, or to pretend that the ten years that have passed since the election of M. Grévy, or the eighteen years that have passed since the fall of the Empire, have been years of humiliation, impotence, and decadence. If the Republic comes safely out of this present crisis, a very much more favourable judgment will be passed on this period of our history. It will be said that, in spite of difficulties of every sort caused by party divisions at home, by constant threats from abroad, and by the economic crises which we shared with the whole of Europe, France steadily set herself to repair her forces, maintained a cool and dignified bearing towards her enemies, and found within her own borders resources sufficient to re-create her army, give a new impulse to education, and triple her colonial empire by establishing her authority at Tunis and on the Congo, in Madagascar, in Cambodia, Annam, and Tonquin. It will be said that during this period France enjoyed such liberty of speech

and of the press, of assembly and of organization, as she had never known before; that, by a series of beneficent laws, she developed provident, charitable, and hygienic institutions of various sorts—institutions for the protection of labour and for the benefit of children; and that by the creation of trade syndicates she improved the position of the artisan in relation to the capitalist. It will be said that her activity—intellectual, artistic, or scientific—never slackened for a moment, and bears comparison with that of any other nation whatever. It will be said that during those eighteen years—thanks to free discussion and the vote by ballot—France has gone through a series of Ministerial crises without a single riot disturbing the tranquillity of the streets, without a single act of violence accompanying the extraordinary violence of passion and of speech.

Why, then, must we hear nothing but complaints and murmurings to-day, instead of this deserved eulogium? Because these things take no hold on the imagination. Because they are like the air we breathe, the daylight we see by; they are things we can never appreciate till they are taken from us. As Voltaire says, "You have weeks of fine weather without ever thinking about it, but you notice a single storm." Another reason is, that Paris gives the tone to France, and Paris has caught the violent manners of the press and the Chamber, where you call everybody a scoundrel who is not of your way of thinking. A deputy said, "When one of us calls another a blackguard or a thief, he only means that he differs from him about free trade, or exactly how to adjust the Budget." And another thing is, that Frenchmen have quite a feminine nervous susceptibility; they are all artists and actors. The least contradiction makes them ready to turn the world upside down; and when once they have begun pulling the Government to pieces to amuse their audience or themselves, they end in believing every paradox they have invented.

Not that the whole reaction is factitious or exaggerated either. The errors of the Republic have been grave enough; its defects are very real; but they are not such as can be corrected by a general overthrow. I will briefly indicate what these faults have been, without attempting to assign the responsibility for them. All parties are responsible. The Republicans would pretty certainly have governed better if they had not been distracted by the ceaseless and intolerant opposition of the reactionaries, who attacked the very principle of all government; and this opposition would doubtless have been less violent and less intolerant if the Republicans had governed better.

The fundamental defect of the Republican *régime* has been the way in which it has understood and applied Parliamentary government. Nowhere has the Parliamentary system been so exaggerated as in France. In England the Ministry governs. The House of Commons is only there to lend them the support of public opinion, or to let

them know that public opinion is no longer with them. Parliament never dreams of undertaking the task of government, and still less the task of administration. In France, Parliament does both. The President of the Republic does nothing. M. Grévy established a tradition of presidential inertia which M. Carnot has only too consistently followed. Neither of them has ever availed himself of the two prerogatives accorded him by the Constitution, of communicating with the Chamber by message, and of sending back a Bill for reconsideration. Ministers themselves have but a very restricted initiative. For ten years we have not had a single homogeneous Ministry based on a homogeneous majority. All our Ministries have been composed of men of various opinions, corresponding with the different shades of Republican opinion generally, because the Republican majority has been broken up into groups no one of which was strong enough to govern alone. So, again, every Prime Minister in turn has had to give up the hope of carrying out the ideas he really believed in, or even to give his support to measures his judgment disapproved. Never yet, during these ten years, have we seen a political leader openly declaring his views and then freely applying them in practice, with the energetic support of Parliament. The deputies, on their side, anxious above all things to be re-elected, are seeking not only to gratify the political passions of their constituents, but to obtain favours for them, and thus to secure in their own department an army of functionaries personally devoted to them. This is the inevitable and most deplorable result of our administrative centralization. To obtain their objects, they besiege the members of the Cabinet with importunate demands; they crowd their ante-chambers, and hinder them from their proper work; they sell them their support, and withdraw it again when they have nothing more to gain.

The Chamber of Deputies has, in particular, encroached on the prerogatives of the Ministry by making the Budget Committee the most essential part of the governmental machinery, and using the discussion of the Budget as a means of keeping Ministers under a perpetual cross-examination, meddling in the affairs of every department, and calling in question the whole organization of government. Every year we ask ourselves whether the relations of Church and State, the interests of education, the organization of justice, &c., are going to be upset on the Budget; and the debate on the Budget, which in well-governed countries is a matter of days, lasts with us for weeks and weeks. The Senate, indeed, supplies some limit to these inconveniences. The Senate represents the wisdom of the country, its traditions of order, economy, and sound policy; but, deceived by a false analogy between the Senate and the English House of Lords, we are always trying to deprive this assembly—elected, like the Chamber of Deputies itself, by universal suffrage, but consulted in a more enlightened

manner—of its proper part in the management of affairs. Instead of using the means provided by the Constitution for deciding any conflict between the two Chambers, we are always threatening one of them with abolition. The great mistake of the Radicals in their schemes for revising the Constitution is, that they aggravate instead of correcting these faults of the Parliamentary system, by proposing to do away with both the Presidency of the Republic and the Senate. If General Boulanger had, as he pretends he has, no other object than to strengthen the Executive, and to confine the powers of Parliament within their just limits, it would be impossible to withhold one's approbation. To give the actual direction of affairs to a Chamber of six hundred members, no one of whom has any serious responsibility in the matter, is as mad a thing as to commit the management of a bank or an industrial undertaking to an assembly of shareholders.

This excessive interference of Parliament has been the cause of all our financial difficulties. The deputies, when it is a question of the revenue, are all eagerness for retrenchment; it was they who cut down the taxes by some hundred and fifty million francs, to please the taxpayers, their constituents; but when it comes to expenditure, they are equally ready to vote all sorts of new expenses for the benefit of these same constituents. As to getting them to consent to the reform of some of the taxes—such as that on alcohol, for instance—there is not a chance of it, for it would irritate those most influential of all constituents, the publicans. To please the deputies we have had to multiply offices in every department and to give them to their *protégés*, however incapable; to please the deputies, and to find room for more of their *protégés*, we have had to compel the retirement of men still in their vigour, and thus enormously increase our pension list. To please the deputies we are always having to shut our eyes to the frauds committed by powerful electors, and deliberately to abstain from enforcing respect for the rights of the State; and to enter blindly, on all hands at once, on public undertakings as costly as they are unproductive. Again, it is to please the deputies that the State has to furnish the communes, for the purposes of the Education Acts, with subsidies under the weight of which it positively staggers. The army, and the expenditure on war material, are also, of course, a heavy charge on our finances; but still, the Parliamentary system may be fairly held responsible for a large proportion of the difficulties with which we have to struggle. And the unsatisfactory state of our finances is precisely one of the most formidable of the grievances of which the enemies of Republican government are ever ready to avail themselves.

The Parliamentary system is also to blame for it, if a large part of the middle classes has been alienated by the suspension of the constitutional irremovability of magistrates, and by the dismissal of a

number of justices for the purpose of replacing them by friends of the deputies.

Again, it is the Parliamentary system which by its interference in matters of diplomacy has been the cause of the abandonment of French interests in Egypt, has made it impossible to pursue any firm and logical course in our relations with the great Powers, and which, at a critical moment, obliged M. Ferry to act in Tonquin with insufficient forces, and thus to compromise the final success of the undertaking.

Finally, it is the Parliamentary system, with its inveterate desire to please the lowest ranks of the people, which has insisted on the new military law, the application of which would be a national disaster.

The Parliamentary system has fostered intrigue and corruption, acts of favouritism, and the sale of offices, and in the popular imagination these things have taken extraordinary proportions. The Boulangists know how to utilize that hatred of dishonesty which is to be found in the working classes. They will bring their simple voters to the poll to the cry of "A bas les voleurs!"

Thus the excess of Parliamentary power has resulted in subjecting the Ministry to the deputies, and the deputies to their constituents—or rather to the electoral committees, which exercise a positive tyranny over the administration, and deprive it of all independence and energy. At the same time, the division of the Chamber itself into a number of groups—facilitating, as it does, the most incongruous coalitions—condemns it to a state of restless impotence, in which it goes on creating and destroying, one after another, a series of Ministries as incongruous in their elements and as utterly devoid of unity or energy as the coalitions from which they spring. The country meanwhile is weary, enervated, exhausted by these meaningless and aimless agitations; it is tired of these moderates with their Radical policy, and these Radicals with their moderate policy, while at the same time it is alarmed and distressed at a financial situation for which it can see no remedy.

To these causes of discontent we must add another, affecting a part only of the electorate—the anti-clerical policy pursued by the Republic. It would be easy to find ways of excusing or justifying this policy. The attitude of irreconcilable hostility adopted by both the clergy and the Conservatives might well lead the Republic to treat them as enemies; the secularization of primary education is a good thing in itself, and that of the hospitals may be defended on good grounds. But everything which involves matters of conscience needs to be done with a little care. The decrees against the religious fraternities, though practically only a temporary measure, gave an air of persecution to the Government in the eyes of the people. The too

rapid laicization of the hospital management threw a heavy burden on the relieving authorities and was a real hardship to the patients. The secularization of the schools in communes attached to the old system gave rise to a violent and quite needless irritation. Besides, was it reasonable of the Government, in a country which always has retained, at the bottom, a real affection and respect for the Church, to pose as the adversary of the Church, not only on political but even on purely religious grounds?—to declare its intention of taking the spiritual guidance of the nation out of the hands of the Church, and of making the school not merely a secular institution, but a weapon to be turned against Catholicism? Is it reasonable to announce in plain terms "*Le Cléricalisme, c'est l'ennemi*"?—to raise again every year the question of the embassy to the Holy See, the emoluments of ecclesiastics, and the Concordat generally? This battle of words—for it has been mainly a battle of words—has not weakened the Catholics in the least; it has only inflamed their zeal for the faith and their detestation of the Republic. For Republicans have failed to understand that the Republic was to offer itself to the nation as an impartial Government, as the friend of all; that it was to be, as Thiers expressed it, "the Government which divides the least."

But, besides this disturbing of consciences, this alienating of interests, this weakening of the administration—besides injuring our military organization by an absurd application of democratic principles, and damaging the international position of the country—our Parliamentary democracy has been guilty of yet another mistake—that of using up its public men with unprecedented rapidity, and never knowing how to accept the leadership of its leaders. The deputies, dressed in a little brief authority, imagine themselves at least the equals of the Ministers they have chosen from among themselves; they grow restive at any sign of superiority, and take a pleasure in decrying and discrediting the very men by whom they ought to be led. Meanwhile, it is far otherwise with the mass of the people. Its most imperious need is that of a leader whom it can know and follow. If Parliament insists on refusing to the nation a true Parliamentary leader, the people will make idols for itself to worship. This is the explanation of General Boulanger's appearing on the scene, just at the moment when the popular faith in a Parliamentary Republic was beginning to wane.

Now, it was the natural part of the President of the Republic to respond to this cry of the people for a man to govern them. The dynastic sentiment has died out in France, but the monarchic sentiment never dies out, in France or anywhere else. It ought to have been recognized and legitimately satisfied. The President ought to have taken his true place as the representative of the nation; the arbiter, not the servant, of the parties within it. He could have

mitigated their rancours by assuring each of its fair share of influence, and by preventing any one of them from oppressing the others. Not only did M. Grévy fill no such place as this, but he nullified, as far as in him lay, the rôle of President altogether, while the scandals which accompanied his fall threw discredit on the very institution of the Presidency itself. From this discredit M. Carnot might have redeemed it. His honesty is above all question. His official duties as the representative of the nation are as ably fulfilled as M. Grévy's were systematically ignored. But more was expected of him. He was expected to give a directing impulse, to supply the nation with a will. He was to be the rallying-point of the country against Boulangism. But either he would not or he could not. Instead of making himself the supreme arbiter of all parties, the elected of the nation, he saw in himself the choice of the Republicans alone, and the representative of Republican concentration—of that same negative and ambiguous policy which has all along been the discredit of our Parliamentary system. He began by dismissing the Rouvier Ministry—the only one which had been able to win the toleration, if not the support, of the Conservatives; he left the Tirard Ministry to its fall; and he entrusted the affairs of the country to M. Floquet, whose policy has simply consummated the alliance between the Conservatives and the Boulangists. Even after the General's extraordinary successes—after his triple election in August, and his triumphant return for Paris in January—for Paris, that sanctum and citadel of Radicalism—M. Carnot remained unmoved, and continued to insist on a mixed Ministry of Moderates and Radicals together, under the presidency of M. Tirard, the most excellent, but the mildest, of men.

This Ministry was, however, very well received, and great satisfaction was felt at the stroke of energy by which—thanks to M. Constans, the Minister of the Interior—it succeeded in dissolving the *Ligue des Patriotes*, which M. Déroulède was utilizing as an electoral agency for General Boulanger. One is glad to be rid of the question of revision, so unskilfully and inopportunistly brought forward by M. Floquet; and one soothes oneself with the hope that, what with the Universal Exhibition, and what with the substitution of the "one man" system for the *scrutin de liste*, the Republicans may hold their own at the October elections against Boulangists and Conservatives combined. We must guard ourselves, however, against being carried away by any illusions, and must look at things as they really are.

For my own part, this is how I should sum up the chances of the future. I should first lay down one point which must, I think, be taken as certain. When once the Conservatives had been returned to Parliament in formidable numbers, and the Republican majority broken up, it was only to be regretted that the success of the Conservatives

had not been more complete, and that they had not a clear majority in the Chamber. Held in check by the Senate and the President, and divided themselves into Royalists and Bonapartists, they would have been powerless to change the form of government; they would have had to be content with simply governing. Their partisans would have been wonderfully pacified at finding that the avenues of power were not closed to them; if they had governed with moderation they might have secured the alliance of the Left Centre; and if they did not govern with moderation, the Republicans, under the lead of the moderate section, would soon have regained their majority in the country. As to Boulangism, there never would have been any. Boulangism is an invention of the Radicals, who first insisted on making the General Minister of War, and then helped him into power by their own unpopularity.

But such an evolution is much more difficult now; for the Boulangist movement has disorganized the Conservatives as well as the Republicans, and party passion has risen to a height unknown to it four years ago.

Nevertheless, I still think that if M. Carnot could seize the meaning of the situation, he would at once place himself in communication with the more discreet representatives of the Conservative party—particularly with the members of the Senatorial Right—would endeavour to bring about a meeting between them and the moderate members of the Left, and would set about preparing men's minds for a peaceful accession of the Right to power under his Presidency. I even think that the best chance for the maintenance of the Republic is to be found in the return of a non-Boulangist Conservative majority. I make no doubt that after a period of Conservative government, which might serve to repair some of the errors of the Republican party, that party would return to power with wiser dispositions and a better comprehension of the essential conditions of good government. The Republic would then be definitively established, and would consist of two parties, a Right and a Left, alternating with each other in office. But if, on the contrary, the Republicans are returned to Parliament in a majority, but a majority divided as it is at present; if they recur to their old game of upsetting Ministry after Ministry, and endlessly discussing laws which are never to be put to the vote; and if the Radicals ever become strong enough to carry out their scheme of doing away with the Presidency and the Senate, then the catastrophe is inevitable, and the Republic has had its day.

If the majority of the new Chamber should be composed of Conservatives and Boulangists combined, it is difficult to say what will happen. The Conservatives would have to give way to the Boulangists, unless the latter allied themselves with the Republicans, who in their turn would be at their mercy. Under such circumstances the

Republicans would be under a very strong temptation to keep office for another year without a majority (the Budget for 1890 having been voted already by the present Legislature), and to dissolve the Chamber in the autumn of 1890. Such a policy would lead almost inevitably to a violent crisis.

There remains the possibility of a Boulangist majority. I have already explained why this would seem to point of necessity to a dictatorship, whether the General intended it or not. It must not be forgotten that he has his sleeping partners behind him, and they have not been financing him for nothing. They will expect to take back their own with usury. The General will need to have all the funds of the State at his disposal, like Louis Napoleon in 1852.

The situation is therefore serious enough, and it is difficult to see how it could be lightened, unless M. Carnot had been a man to dominate and direct the course of events. Still, I do not see that we need despair of a peaceful solution (even apart from some happy chance that might lead to the disappearance of M. Boulanger), whether by the Conservatives gaining the victory, and making a wise use of it afterwards, or by the Republicans being miraculously returned in sufficient numbers to take up the conduct of affairs in a firm and effectual manner.

But there are two conditions, without which the Republic will never be sure of the future. One is, that the Conservatives shall feel that they are not excluded from a share in the Government, and in the various administrative offices. The other is, that the Executive shall be allowed its proper scope and influence, at the expense of the exaggerated claims of Parliament. What is wanted for this purpose is not so much a modification of the Constitution as a change of manners.

In any case the Republic must remain exposed to many and great dangers, some of them accidental, and some constant and, so to speak, constitutional. I reckon amongst the accidental dangers those which may spring from acts of violence, Socialist risings, Boulangist conspiracies, or foreign war. We do not in the least know how far the army or the police could be reckoned on to suppress an attempt on the supreme power by General Boulanger.

The permanent dangers are those which arise from over-centralization, from the military system, or the clerical spirit. Clericalism, by its very nature, seeks to dominate; and it cannot be sure of dominating without the support of a monarchy or a military despotism. It must always in principle be hostile to the Republic, and the Republic must always apprehend some treason on its part.

The excessive development of the military spirit naturally tends to a military dictatorship—not only that of a successful general in time of war, but that of any general at all in time of peace, so long as he

knows how to touch the patriotic chord. This is what General Boulanger has done. He has incarnated the idea of victories yet to be. When we are training all our citizens for soldiers, when we are setting war before them as the highest of all duties, what can we expect but that their enthusiasm will some day centre in a General who can speak to the popular imagination? Enthusiasms and admirations it must have; it cannot do without them. A Parliamentary Republic is not exactly adapted to evoke them. It is the very negation of the military spirit. It ought to adopt another course—to bend all its efforts and apply all its resources to developing the wealth of the country, and improving the lot of the lower classes. Instead of this, it is ruining itself to support an army which protects the territory indeed, but threatens the Republic. A monarchy alone can maintain at once a great army and a consistent foreign policy, because the will of the king restrains the ambition of the army, and affords a guarantee for the fixity of political principles.

Finally, nothing is more difficult than to work a Parliamentary Republic in a country so centralized as ours. A king is more or less independent of parties, and watches over the independence of the administration. But with us, when once a given party is in power, the administrative centralization of the country affords a formidable instrument of local tyranny.

The truth is, that the temperament of the majority of the French nation—a temperament at once military and democratic—a levelling, but not a liberal spirit—is a Cæsarian temperament; and our administrative organization, centralized to excess, is also favourable to a Cæsarian government. A constitutional kingdom is not easy to maintain, for want of the royalist sentiment; a Parliamentary Republic is out of keeping with the very character of the nation and its social organization. If the Republic is to last, it must be by fortifying the executive power, by decentralizing the administration, and by curbing the excesses alike of the parliamentary and the military spirit. If not, then France is destined sooner or later to a dictatorship of some sort, whether General Boulanger's or anybody else's.

G. MONOD.

II.

THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

THE interest taken by the English in French affairs is one of the most exceptional of international feelings. The English do not interest themselves in any other foreign country in the same way, and the French do not at all reciprocate the English curiosity about France. The French generally care and know as much about England as the English care and know about Spain, and some of them even know less. I recollect meeting with two Frenchmen, masters in a provincial college belonging to the French University, and therefore decidedly above the average in education, one of whom did not know that there was a University at Oxford, whilst the other asked me if the Queen of England had ever been married, so I told him she was a widow with several children of both sexes, all happily provided for.*

Still, although the English take an interest in France, and read a good deal about it in their newspapers, they are peculiarly liable to error with regard to that country. I use the word "peculiarly" with an intention, and the reason for using it is that the English are more likely than continental nations to be misled by home experience. They naturally and inevitably refer, as all people do, to what they know, and reason from that about what they do not know; but this process, when applied by people living in England, with an exclusively English experience, to what goes on in France, does and must lead to misunderstanding. England is a very peculiar country: there is no other country resembling it, either in habits of thought or in political action; there is no other country that could be described as conservative and changeful in the same way. Now, there is one point

* This instance is the more remarkable that the Prince of Wales is often mentioned in the French newspapers. Probably the Frenchman in question had often seen his name without knowing that he was a son of the Queen.

of great importance in English political life, and that is the permanence of hope in parties which are temporarily prevented from attaining their objects, and that hope is founded on the changefulness of politics in England. There, any leader of a great political party may hope to become Prime Minister in the ordinary course of events. Neither high birth nor low birth is an obstacle: men of the most widely separated social positions work together in the same Cabinets. The party that is out of office usually considers itself excluded only till the next election. At the present moment the Liberal party feels quite certain of coming into power after the existing Parliament.

In France the great cause of disquietude is the want of hope in excluded parties, and this hopelessness is due to the want of change in the French system of government.

"Want of change!" the reader may exclaim; "why, there is a new French Cabinet every six months!"

If the reader has ever happened to be amongst French people when a change of Cabinet was going on, he must have remarked their excessive coolness, amounting in most cases to complete indifference. If he questions them about it, they shrug their shoulders, and say, "Oh, vous savez, c'est toujours la même chose." There is a proverb constantly applied at such times, "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose," and there is a popular ditty:—

"Pas la peine, pas la peine,
Pas la peine, assurément
De changer de gouvernement!"

Since the resignation of Marshal MacMahon there have been many Cabinets. Not being a political writer by profession, I have not kept notes of them, but believe that the number from that time to this is about fifteen. The English reader may be rather surprised if I add the further statement, that there has been less governmental change in France than in England during the time that these ephemeral Cabinets have lasted.

To have a real change, in the English meaning of the word, it would be necessary to go back to MacMahon's Cabinet of Royalist Dukes, representing the ideas and wishes of the country gentlefolks, and there is not the faintest prospect that such a Cabinet will ever be constituted under the Republic. The only approach to a change has been in the other direction, when Floquet, very unwillingly leaving the comfortable and dignified Presidency of the Chamber, tried to form a Radical Cabinet; but in fact he went on with the old system of Opportunist Government, and postponed the Revision of the Constitution as long as possible, not sorry to see it rejected by the House. Stating the case as nearly as one can in English, the truth is that the Liberals have been in power ever since Grövy's accession to the

Presidency of the Republic. The existing Tirard Cabinet is not new either in men or in ideas. Moderate Republicanism is still the ruling force, as it has been ever since MacMahon quitted the Elysée. In a word, there have been changes of men, *but with great monotony of government.*

The example of France shows the evils of having one party in office for a long term of years. It is inconvenient even for the party which appears to be successful, for it is so continually occupied in defending itself against its enemies that it becomes conservative in the narrowest sense of the word, and has no leisure or opportunity for revising its policy, correcting its mistakes, and deciding upon new departures. Besides this evil there is another of great magnitude. Many errors of a party that would be forgotten if it quitted office are remembered so long as it retains it. They go on accumulating like a tradesman's account. Ejection from office is like a payment of debts. The French Republicans have now been long in power. They have governed well on the whole, especially in the preservation of peace and liberty along with perfect order, but they have committed certain mistakes, the greatest being an excess of expenditure beyond revenue. So long as they retain power, every mistake is remembered against them, but if the Royalists, instead of keeping the convenient position of critics, had to meet the practical difficulties of governing France in these times the Republicans would probably be able to tell them that they did not manage better.

Now, I think it is not difficult to see that in a modern State, where newspapers are very active, monotony in government is sure in the long run to breed dissatisfaction. People desire change, it does not seem to them as if the State were really alive without it; and, although a monotonous Government may do a great deal of useful work, it is not showy enough or striking enough for the readers of newspapers. The present Tory Government of England has been fortunate in having such an important novelty to propose as the County Councils, and if the French Republican Government could have proposed the same thing it would have amused and occupied the public mind, but unfortunately County Councils already exist in France. The chief thing, in civil matters, that the French Republic has been able to accomplish is the extension of education and the building of schools; but that is a subject that does not supply very much material for newspaper articles. In military affairs, no doubt, wonderful progress has been made in the defence of the country, but the cost of it has been so tremendous that, although the country accepts it without a murmur, it has effectually chilled any enthusiasm about the matter. When the Republicans boast of the reorganization of the army, people cannot help thinking about their pockets, and wondering if it might not have been done a little more cheaply.

In private life the French are a remarkably prudent race. A Frenchman likes to make his little private budget for the year, and finds a deep satisfaction in keeping within it; consequently it vexes him to see that the Government never manages to make both ends meet. The people are suspicious, too, that the State does not always get the most for its money, that certain contractors are favoured because they give *pots de vin* to powerful officials, and it is certain that a very uneconomical system prevails in the public establishments, as the *Temps* has lately demonstrated in a series of articles, entitled, "*Trop de Lois et Trop de Fonctions.*" Great numbers of civil servants have very little to do, but the Government does not venture to dismiss them, and so the huge administrative machine rolls on in the old monotonous expensive way, without much chance of being amended by the weak and ephemeral Ministers of the present day. The truth is that the permanent officials, whom the public does not know by name, are the real drivers of the machine, and, as a clever French administrator said to me, "it is lucky they are there, for without them we should have nothing but pure confusion." The permanent officials are, in fact, the mainstays of order and continuity.

The Republic has been a peaceful Government, except for its adventures in the far East, which have by no means tended to its popularity, and even its peacefulness in Europe has only made the Republican monotony more evident. The interest and excitement of foreign war have been entirely wanting, and that hatred of the foreigner which so often turns aside criticism from internal affairs has expended itself in occasional newspaper articles against the Germans or the English.

The political monotony of the Republican Government has been equalled by its social dullness. With the exception of the national *fête* on the 14th of July (which was brilliant at the beginning), there has been nothing to amuse the people, whilst, as for the gentlefolks, they keep themselves persistently aloof from all Republican festivities whatsoever. If a Prefect or a Sub-Prefect ventures to give a ball, the gentry in the neighbourhood are sure to keep away from it—in fact, all the Republican officials are under the social ban of the upper classes. This is carried to such a degree that, if President Carnot arrived in an aristocratic neighbourhood, not one of the local nobles would send a carriage to the railway station, or take the slightest notice of him in any way. He has a high character and excellent manners, but personal qualities count for nothing when there is the taint of Republicanism.

It "goes without saying" that a Chamber with a Republican majority can do nothing to please the country gentlemen, but the disquieting fact is that the Republicans themselves, in the middle and lower classes, are also profoundly dissatisfied with their representatives.

They never have a good word to say for the Chamber. They speak of it either with impatience or contempt, and allude to all the parliamentary orators in the lump as "those wearisome talkers in the House." It may be doubted whether, in any age or country, parliamentary eloquence has ever been less esteemed than it is just now in France. In the days of Thiers and Gambetta people would read long speeches, and they took an interest in the minor incidents of debate, which were often amusing. To-day people glance at the long columns of the stenographers, and say, "*Ces gens-là sont en train de bavarder comme d'habitude.*"

It follows, from this state of the public mind, that it has become quite impossible for a statesman to make a great reputation in the House. There is a caricature by Mr. Sambourne, in a recent number of *Punch*, which represents M. Carnot as a cabinet-maker at work upon a cabinet, with a quantity of small busts around him, inscribed with the names of possible Ministers. The Republic, as a young peasant woman, is represented as looking on with a melancholy countenance, and there is a poem in which she is made to say: "My sorrow is that I can find

No men to govern me.
They come like shadows, and they so depart,
These mannikins of mine;
Not one with a strong head and dauntless heart
Like a fixed star to shine.
Not Amurath to Amurath succeeds
In my disordered state;
Midget to midget, rather. My heart bleeds
O'er such a petty fate."

The verses are well written and the caricature cleverly imagined, but they are alike founded upon a foreigner's misconception of the actual condition of France. The difficulty is not to find able and resolute men; it is to afford them the time necessary for carrying out a policy. Consider the state of the Chamber. There are several men of great ability and knowledge amongst the Monarchists, and under a real Monarchy, with a restricted suffrage and a subservient Chamber, they might govern steadily and resolutely in the old monarchical fashion. Under such a *régime* some great nobleman, with a strong head and the army of France under his orders, would probably make himself and his master respected by all Europe. What can he do now? Whatever may be his talents for government, he has not the slightest opportunity for exercising them. He cannot become a Lord Salisbury simply because he cannot become a Minister at all. His only chance of a little notoriety is to join the Radicals (whom he despises) in putting sticks into the wheels of a Moderate Republican Government, with the clear knowledge that another Cabinet of the same kind will be constructed in a few days. It is a mean and poor occupation for the intellect of a statesman, but he hopes thereby to

disgust the country with representative institutions. Now consider his allies, the Radicals. Until Floquet came into what is nominally "power," the Radicals had been excluded, like the Monarchists, and though they had some able men amongst them, they could not prove their quality. They, too, occupied themselves with putting sticks into the wheels. The Moderate Republicans appear to have had a better chance, because they are constantly coming back to office; but in reality this is against them, as it uses up their reputations so rapidly. With most uncertain majorities in the Chamber, and the clear knowledge that every Cabinet lives only on the sufferance of its enemies, it is impossible for the greatest of statesmen to do much more than live on from hand to mouth. If Mr. Gladstone had been put into Floquet's place, with Floquet's intimate knowledge of French politics, and hampered as the French Premier was in so many ways, it is doubtful whether even Mr. Gladstone could have done more. Floquet is a man of great ability, of great courage, both moral and physical, and of extreme readiness of resource. He is full of energy, and a first-rate debater in the French manner, not at all the kind of human being that can be justly called a "mannikin" or a "midget." Another career that might have been a great one with better opportunities is that of Jules Ferry, not inaccurately described in an English newspaper as "the most unpopular man in France." His nature is not what is called "sympathetic," he could never win the heart of a nation, he is not made to be beloved or worshipped; but the idea of calling Ferry a "mannikin" or a "midget" could occur only to a foreigner. The French clergy hate him for his decrees against the unauthorized religious orders, and the people hate him for sending their sons to Tonquin, but nobody in France despises him. Napoleon I. treated the Pope roughly, and sacrificed incomparably more life than Ferry ever sacrificed, yet Napoleon was adored, whilst Ferry is remembered as a ruthless master with a heartless personal ambition. His unpopularity in the country, and the jealousy of him in the Chamber, are likely, it is to be feared, to keep him permanently out of office. The strong man is there, but he is hindered from using his strength in the service of his country. Even Gambetta, who had such influence over the multitude, could not retain office as Prime Minister.

The ephemeral character of French Cabinets is not due so much to the fickleness of the Republican party (though that counts for something) as to the presence of such a strong Monarchical minority in the Chamber. It is curious how easily this fact is set aside by English writers and even by the French themselves. French Monarchists will say to you when a Cabinet falls, "Ah! you see how impossible it is for Ministers to gain experience under a Republic. How much more wisely things are managed in Prussia! There, when the Sovereign has got an able Minister, he keeps him. In Prussia a Minister may

learn by a long experience, and he has time to carry out great projects." A French Monarchist who talks in this manner omits to add that it is his own party in the Chamber which is continually occupied in upsetting French Cabinets. First they create instability, and then they affect to lament it. And the most ominous fact of all is that they are really beginning to succeed in discrediting parliamentary government by these tactics. I remember saying to an intelligent Monarchist about eight years ago that if his party would join the Moderate Republicans, so as to form together a great Conservative party, they might easily form strong Ministries as durable as the English, and the answer I got was that the Monarchists would never adopt that line of policy. They prefer to ally themselves with the Radicals, the Boulangists, or any other discontented faction, and their object in doing so is to disgust the nation with parliamentary government altogether. The Duke of La Rochefoucauld, during the debate on the return of the Duke of Aumale (March 10, 1889), stated the case of the Royalists quite clearly. Addressing the Government, he said, "Royalists we are, and Royalists we shall remain;" then he frankly added, "The Royalists will unite themselves with all those who work to upset you." The President of the Chamber said the avowal was too precious for him to punish it by applying the rules of the House. We have it, then, on the very best authority that the Royalist party in France is, so long as the Republic lasts, simply a party of destruction ready to unite itself with all who have the same object. In this they resemble the Russian Nihilists, with the difference that their bombshells are only votes and astonishing manifestoes, but their purpose, the production of a political chaos, is the same. The English reader may imagine the inconvenience to the public service if there were a hundred and eighty members in the House of Commons making that the sole object of their political existence. Such a phalanx would throw its weight into the scale against Ministers on every possible opportunity. The French Right appears to be restrained by no considerations of patriotism, but it may believe itself to be acting indirectly for the good of the country by demonstrating to the electorate that there is no hope of stability under the present *régime*. The Monarchists are also very anxious to persuade the people that the Republic is bad for trade, and to give practical evidence on the point they are careful to spend as little as possible in the employment of workpeople. This policy is openly expressed and extensively acted upon. Tradespeople all say that the gentry are spending no more than they can help, and such a policy is extremely convenient as an excuse for parsimony, it being now *comme il faut* to be parsimonious when the reason for it is political. Neither farmers nor workpeople are in a contented state. The landed gentry might have made the farmers happier by reducing their rents,

but they have preferred raising them, which has the good effect of making the Republic unpopular. The number of farmers who are in straitened circumstances reminds one rather of miserable Ireland than of what was formerly prosperous France. Many of them are utterly ruined, others just remain solvent by dint of the severest economy, and all are anxious about the future. The number of evictions is surprising. When an eviction took place lately the bailiff said he knew of eighteen in the same week. There has always been a tendency in the French mind to blame the Government for bad times. It is often utterly unreasonable: the Government is not master of the weather and the harvests; but, however unreasonable such ideas may be, they are most useful to the Monarchical Opposition. The farmers are beginning to think that some other kind of Government might make them more prosperous, and that a change would at least be worth trying. Few people know the current of rural thought better than the keepers of those *cafés* in country towns which are frequented by great numbers of the peasants on market days. One such *cafetier* told me recently that all the peasants who come to his place are Boulangists. This is the more significant that they do not come from the same village, but from hamlets and farms many miles apart. Now, with regard to the working-men in the towns, they are generally anxious about the prospects of employment, and they are beginning to think that perhaps the rich would open their purses again if the Government were more to their taste. In the vine countries, that small creature, the *phylloxera*, is a dangerous enemy of the Republic. Vine lands in Burgundy are considered well sold at one-third of their former value, and I know an instance where one-twelfth has been willingly accepted by a vine-owner, who lost twenty thousand pounds through the depreciation. I know another, once a rich man of noble family, who keeps his worthless vineyards, and is now teaching in a school. In the vine countries all the other trades are dependent on the vine, and its failure means general adversity. Everything that restricts the spending of money is unfavourable to the Republic. If the money that has been wasted at Panama had been spent in France—for example, in making Paris a seaport, which could easily have been done—it might have been a good thing for the Republic. No one knows, no one will ever know, the amount of anxiety and ruin which are due to that unfortunate and ill-conducted enterprise, and it has made the Republican Government unpopular amongst the victims, who looked to it, as Frenchmen will, for protection.

The influence of the clergy is not so great as it was in the ages of faith, but it counts for something yet. All genteel people profess deference for the Church, and espouse her quarrels with the French and Italian Governments. The ecclesiastics who direct the policy of

the Church of Rome are so astute, so experienced, so intelligent, and so much above all personal considerations in comparison with what they regard as sacred interests, that a critic must be either very able or very presumptuous who ventures to consider them mistaken. Still, it is hard to believe that they are not mistaken in their hopes for the restoration of the Temporal Power, and, if they have been wrong in that, they may be wrong also in having always acted, in France, on the assumption that the Republic could not last, and that it was the safest and best policy to assume the certainty of a monarchical restoration. Nothing would have been easier than to conciliate the Moderate Republicans. It could have been done by an easy submission to the State in regard to the monastic orders. They had only to submit to the ordinary French law about associations—that is, to send in their statutes to get themselves “authorized”—and there would have been peace at least on that matter. With regard to other questions, such as the *laïcisation* of hospitals, it is probable that, with friendly relations between Church and State, they would have been either amicably settled or postponed. However this might have been, the fact is that the Republic and the Church are hostile powers, and the Church has cast in her lot against parliamentary government. The clergy and the gentry are alike steady and persistent enemies of the Republic, and, although they are not so wealthy as the English Church and aristocracy, they are extremely numerous, wonderfully unanimous, and so well distributed over the country that they have their representatives in every village. On the part of the gentry this hostility is intelligible, because parliamentary government with universal suffrage is not favourable to the domination of their class, but the Church of Rome, with a clergy recruited amongst the peasantry, is really a democratic institution, and might live on good terms with a democracy if once persuaded of its permanence.

The conduct of the Army, since the fall of the Empire, has been admirably correct. Without this strict adhesion to the principle that the Army is a national and not a political body there would have been civil war. Even MacMahon shrank from that, and the Army has never, under any circumstances, failed to yield obedience to the civil authority. At the present day we see not only a civilian as the Head of the State, but even (what is excessively rare in France) a civilian at the War Office, yet this is found so little objectionable in practice that M. de Freycinet has kept his portfolio in the new Cabinet. Certainly there must be a great respect for law and order in a country where a few middle-class civilians, who have nothing of the prestige of royalty, and who are so often changed that they can exercise little personal influence, have complete control of one of the largest armies in Europe. As to the personal sentiments of the officers there is no general rule. Those who come from St. Cyr are,

I believe, generally Monarchists, because they belong, in great part, to the class of country gentlemen, who are Monarchists almost universally. Amongst the rest there are warm or cool Republicans, but it matters very little what the private opinions of a French officer may be as long as he keeps true to French military principles. As to the body of the Army, it is exactly like the nation which it represents accurately and inevitably, being itself completely national, so that it is a waste of time to speculate on the separate opinion of the Army.

The reader will remember that Gambetta's Ministry fell on the question of the *scrutin de liste*,* which he desired to re-establish. His object was supposed to be a kind of *plebiscitum* in his own favour, which would have been possible with that system of voting. The *scrutin de liste* was re-established after the death of Gambetta, from a belief that, in the absence of a popular hero, it was favourable to the election of Republicans and unfavourable to the influence of the squires. In the present year the Chamber has abolished the *scrutin de liste* for the same reason which caused it to be refused to Gambetta, the fear of a popular hero, who, this time, is General Boulanger. The action of the Chamber in both cases was dictated by a kind of prudence, which is, of course, called cowardly fear by its enemies. The Chamber is extremely wakeful to prevent personal government, which would be real monarchy under another name. The Chamber is jealous, and does not wish any one man to become too powerful in the State. There is, however, a strong tendency in democracies to desire a great man, to put faith in him, and to invest him with the powers necessary for the execution of his ideas. As the Chamber refuses to make a great man, the people, especially the Parisian people, have determined to make one for themselves. I say, "make one," because the making is all their own. Boulanger is in himself nothing but a brave officer, who when Minister of War paid rather more attention

* Every one who makes French politics a special study understands the *scrutin de liste* and the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, but others may find a short explanation acceptable. The fundamental idea of the *scrutin de liste* is to make each Department (equivalent to an English county) vote for its representatives together. Suppose they are twelve in number, each elector has twelve votes. He gives them to any twelve candidates he pleases, but in practice opposite lists are presented to him, and these lists have been made up by the politicians of the Department beforehand. The supposed utility of the system was to deliver the voter from local influences, and to deliver the Deputies, after their election, from local pressure and requests for favours. The objection to it is that the local elector cannot know all the men on the list, and votes blindly for most of them, so that men get into Parliament who have not the personal confidence of the electors. Another objection is that the *scrutin de liste* affords opportunities for a sort of *plebiscitum*; and a third very serious objection is that, if a Deputy resigns or dies, all the electors of a whole Department have to vote on the election of a successor. It has not been found in practice that the *scrutin de liste* delivers the Deputies from importunity. A man who formerly pestered the one Deputy for his *arrondissement* will now pester all the Deputies of his Department. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* is simply district voting, and requires no explanation. An *arrondissement*, if too populous, is divided; but in any case only one candidate can be elected for each constituency. He is usually a man well known in the neighbourhood, who meets his electors in every village. The *scrutin d'arrondissement* is incomparably simpler, and less artificial, than the *scrutin de liste*.

than usual to the wants of the common soldier. He has never commanded a victorious army, he has no gifts of intellect or oratory, and scarcely any other art or charm than that of accepting graciously the homage of his innumerable admirers. He certainly possesses one very rare talent in great perfection—the talent of not using up his reputation, by unnecessary utterance. A physician has lately explained to us something about what he calls the storage of life, the art of keeping the vital force. Boulanger understands the storage of reputation, and practises it in a country where it is most difficult, a country where reputations are most rapidly used up. He understands that an object of adoration ought not to be too communicative. When he speaks it is simply to blame the existing rulers, implying that he could rule better, but not proposing any new method. The popular enthusiasm for him is pure faith of the very blindest description. Clémenceau has intelligently described Boulangism as rather a religious than a political phenomenon. He sees in it a repetition of the messianic enthusiasms of the East. Boulanger is, in fact, a sort of Mahdi, exciting a degree of fanaticism in the multitude which might easily become persecuting and bloodthirsty. Soon after his election in Paris a man in the street cried, “Vive la République!” which was interpreted by some Boulangists as an insult to their Mahdi, and the Republican had to fly for his life; the fanatics wanted to drown him in the Seine. Like most successful religions, Boulangism began with the common people, rising higher in the social scale as it gathered force, till now it is established amongst the aristocracy. The very greatest ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain think they cannot honour the new Mahdi enough, and invent new devices for his worship. They are presented to him in great receptions, his adopted flower has become a part of feminine toilette, and feminine zeal is making proselytes to the novel faith. Physicians who have studied mental epidemics are beginning to believe that this is a case of “contagious suggestion,” and one fact tends to confirm this opinion. Like other waves of religious enthusiasm, Boulangism seizes upon the least cultivated brains. First, it spread in the lowest populace, afterwards it seized upon the fashionable world, but it passed over the brain-workers. Amongst the students in Paris, and the professional classes all over the country, Boulangism has made few converts. At first it was regarded by those classes with hilarious contempt, but when it gathered force they looked upon it with amazement and dismay. Just at present (I am writing in March) the prevalent feeling amongst intelligent French people might be expressed in words like these: “After all that we have done for liberty, and now that we have completely won it, the use of it that the people want to make is to put themselves under a little Cæsar!” And if they are pained by the conduct of the people, they are surprised by the want of dignity

shown in the highest quarters. The head of the House of Orleans, now representing the House of France, has condescended to ally himself with this latest adventurer. Even Republicans who have no desire to see a French prince on the throne, like to be able to respect him. They all respected the high-minded Count of Chambord, and if the Count of Paris is not King he is still in social rank the head of the nation, as the President is in political rank.

A *résumé* of what has been said in this paper may be made in a few words before looking to the future. The great cause of dissatisfaction in France is the want of change. Men may be changed, new men may be put in office, but the Ministry, by whatever name it may be called, is always Conservative-Republican in reality. The Monarchists are never even invited to attempt the formation of a Cabinet; the Radicals have had one turn in power, but none of their projects were realized, and as soon as the Floquet Cabinet proposed the Revision it was upset. The utter hopelessness of the Monarchical party, and all these weary years of waiting, have so embittered its feelings that it is ready for any rashness. The Radicals are almost equally discontented on account of the failure of their Revision project. Such is the desire for change that a Constitutional Monarchy might have a better chance of acceptance this year than at any time since the Presidency of MacMahon. Still, even if a Constitutional Monarchy could be established, the permanence of it would be impossible with universal suffrage. There would be a Republican Opposition, sure to increase as soon as the King did anything unpopular, and then he would have to depart, like Louis Philippe. The case would be quite different with a Dictatorship. Once established, it might last fifteen years, because it could and would take measures to protect itself. But the difficulty is to establish the Dictatorship, and for this I am inclined to believe that Boulanger has missed his opportunity. He might perhaps have done it when Minister of War, but nobody ever yet made a *coup d'état* without being already in a very commanding position. Boulanger is simply a Deputy. To become Dictator he must first be either Minister of War or President of the Republic. He cannot now take anybody by surprise. All know his aims, and all Republicans are agreed to keep him out of office. They are fully alive to the importance of the next elections, they have already made an excellent move in re-establishing the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, they have a popular and respected President of the Republic, and they have ten times the talent in their ranks that Boulanger can find either in himself or amongst his followers. The probable conclusion is that this will only prove to be one more of the many trials which an old Monarchical State, with a Church and an aristocracy still influential, must expect to pass through before parliamentary government is firmly and finally established. There remains, of course, the question

whether there is anything final in this world. The future is obscure for all of us, and we do not know yet whether Parliaments are more than a temporary convenience. For the present we can imagine nothing better, but perhaps Boulangism may be one amongst several indications that parliamentarism, with talking Ministers, is rather too cumbrous and too frictional for the coming age. For my part, as a well-wisher to France, I should like to see much more change and variety, of a healthy kind, within the limits of the present Constitution. For this reason I was not sorry to see a Radical Ministry under so competent a chief as M. Floquet, and in my humble opinion it would be a good thing, if it were possible, to include in a Conservative Cabinet some of the ablest heads of the Right. The misfortune now is that to get change of any decided kind it is necessary to alter the form of government. This is deplorable, because it makes the gulf of separation appear wider than it really is. The consequence is a persistent danger of civil war which varies with the electricity of the political atmosphere. Nothing but the high military principle of the Army has hitherto saved France from that most tremendous of all evils, and that high principle still remains the most hopeful element in the situation.

P. G. HAMERTON.

[Since this article has been put into type, General Boulanger has made an important bid for Clerical support in a speech at Tours. He promises liberty of conscience and a cessation of religious persecution. Considering that liberty of conscience exists already in France and that nobody is persecuted for his religious opinions, these promises may appear superfluous or unmeaning, but the phrases are, as they are intended to be, extremely significant. They are an engagement to further Catholic supremacy, and they constitute an offer of alliance to the clergy and their supporters like the offensive and defensive alliance that formerly existed between the Church of Rome and the Monarchy of Divine Right.—P. G. H.]

ON THE RIGHT OF PUBLIC MEETING.

MY purpose is to examine, not as a politician but as a lawyer, four important and knotty points connected with the right of public meeting. These are—*first*, whether there exist any general right of meeting in public places; *secondly*, what is the meaning of the term “an unlawful assembly”? *thirdly*, What are the rights of the Crown or its servants, in dealing with an unlawful assembly? and *fourthly*, what are the rights possessed by the members of a lawful assembly when the meeting is interfered with or dispersed by force?

For the proper understanding of the matters under discussion, it is necessary to grasp firmly the truth and the bearing of three indisputable but often neglected observations.

The first is that English law does not recognize any special right of public meeting either for a political or for any other purpose.

The right of assembly is nothing more than the result of the view taken by our Courts of individual liberty of person and individual liberty of speech. There is no special principle of law allowing A, B, and C to meet together in the open air or under cover for the sake of discussion. But the right of A to go where he pleases so that he does not commit a trespass, and to say what he likes so that his talk is not libellous or seditious, and the right of B to do the like, and the existence of similar rights on the part of C, D, E, &c., and so on *ad infinitum*, leads to the consequence that A, B, C, and ten thousand others may (as a general rule, and so that they do not create a nuisance) assemble together in any place where they have each a right to be for a lawful purpose and in a lawful manner.*

Hence flow noteworthy results. Interference with a lawful meeting

* See further Dicey, “Law of the Constitution,” 2nd ed. pp. 285-287.

is not an invasion of a public right, but an attack upon the individual rights of A or B, and must generally resolve itself into a number of assaults upon definite persons, members of the meeting. A wrongdoer who disperses a crowd is not indicted or sued for breaking up a meeting, but is liable (if at all) to a prosecution or an action for assaulting A, a definite member of the crowd.* Hence a notice by a magistrate or other functionary, that a meeting, in itself legal, must not meet or ought to disperse, can no more render the assembly unlawful than can a notice from the Mayor of Oxford that a citizen may not go to his own house, render it unlawful for such citizen to return home. A notice that a given meeting is unlawful, may, indeed, have a real importance because it brings the illegality of the assembly to the knowledge of persons who might otherwise be ignorant of its true character. But no notice can make a lawful meeting illegal, and as it does not produce any effect whatever, so it exposes the person who gives it to no penalty. If a crowd on being told by a magistrate or policeman that they ought to disperse, offer no resistance whatever, the person who issues the command incurs no legal liability. The question again how far a lawful meeting may resist any attempt to disperse the assembly, depends at bottom on a determination of the methods prescribed by law to a given citizen A, for punishing or repelling an assault.

The second of these preliminary observations is that the most serious of the obscurities which beset the law of public meetings arise from the difficulty of determining how far a citizen is legally justified in using force for the protection of his person, liberty or property, or, if we may use the word "self-defence" in its widest sense, from uncertainty as to the true principles which govern the right of self-defence?

The answer to this inquiry is admittedly obscure and indefinite, and does not admit of being given with dogmatic certainty. Nor need this uncertainty excite surprise, for the rule which fixes the limits to the right of self-help must from the nature of things be a compromise between the necessity, on the one hand, of allowing every citizen to maintain his rights against wrongdoers, and the necessity, on the other hand, of suppressing private warfare. Discourage self-help, and loyal subjects are the slaves of ruffians. Over-stimulate self-assertion, and for the arbitrament of the Courts you substitute the decision of the sword or the revolver.

The last of these preliminary observations is that the right of natural defence, even where it exists, "does not imply a right of attacking, for instead of attacking one another for injuries past or impending, men need only have recourse to the proper tribunals of justice."†

* See *Redford v. Birley*, 1 St. Tr. N. S. 1071.

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† 1 Steph. Comq 8th ed. 53, 54.

A dispute, in short, as to legal rights must be settled by legal tribunals, "for the Sovereign and his Courts are the *vindices injuriam*, and will give to the party wronged all the satisfaction he deserves;"* no one is allowed to vindicate the strength of his disputed rights by the force of his arm. Legal controversies are not to be settled by blows. A bishop who in the last century attempted, by means of riot and assault, to make good his claim to remove a deputy registrar, was admonished from the Bench that his view of the law was erroneous, and was saved from the condemnation of the jury only by the rhetoric and the fallacies of Erskine.†

The close connection of these introductory remarks with the questions to be considered will become apparent as we proceed.

I. *Does there exist any general right of meeting in public places?*

The answer is easy. No such right is known to the law of England.

Englishmen, it is true, meet together for political as well as for other purposes, in parks, commons, and other open spaces accessible to all the world. It is also true that in England meetings held in the open air are not subject, as they are in other countries—for instance, Belgium—to any special restrictions. A crowd gathered together in a public place, whether they assemble for amusement or discussion, to see an acrobat perform his somersaults, or to hear a statesman explain his tergiversations, stand in the same position as a meeting held for the same purpose in a hall or a drawing-room. An assembly convened, in short, for a lawful object, assembled in a place which the meeting has a right to occupy and acting in a peaceable manner, which inspires no sensible person with fear, is a lawful assembly, whether it be held in Exeter Hall, in the grounds of Hatfield or Hawarden, or in the London parks. With such a meeting no man has a right to interfere, and for attending it no man incurs legal penalties. But the law which does not prohibit open-air meetings does not, speaking generally, provide that there shall be spaces where the public can meet in the open air, either for political discussion or for amusement. There may of course be, and indeed there are, special localities which by statute, by custom or otherwise, are so dedicated to the use of the public as to be available for the purpose of public meetings. But speaking in general terms, the Courts do not recognize certain spaces as set aside for that end. In this respect, again, a crowd of a thousand people stand in the same position as an individual person. If A wants to deliver a lecture, to make a speech, or to exhibit a show, he must obtain some room or field which he can legally use for his purpose. He must not invade the rights of private

* 4 Steph. Comm. p. 55.

† See the Bishop of Bangor's Case, 26 St. Tr. 463.

property—i.e., commit a trespass. He must not interfere with the convenience of the public—i.e., create a nuisance.

The notion that there is such a thing as a right of meeting in public places arises from more than one confusion or erroneous assumption. The right of public meeting—that is, the right of all men to come together in a place where they may lawfully be for any lawful purpose, and especially for political discussion—is confounded with the totally different alleged right of every man to use for the purpose of holding a meeting any place which in any sense is open to the public. The two rights, did they both exist, are essentially different, and in many countries are regulated by totally different rules. It is assumed again that squares, streets or roads, which every man may use, are necessarily available for the holding of a meeting. The assumption is false. A crowd blocking up a highway will probably be a nuisance in the legal, no less than in the popular, sense of the term, for they interfere with the ordinary citizen's right to use the locality in the way permitted to him by law. Highways, indeed, are dedicated to the public use, but they must be used for passing and going along them,* and the legal mode of use negatives the claim of politicians to use a highway as a forum, just as it excludes the claim of actors to turn it into an open-air theatre. The crowd who collect, and the persons who cause a crowd, for whatever purpose, to collect in a street, create a nuisance.† The claim on the part of persons so minded to assemble in any numbers and for so long a time as they please, to remain assembled “to the detriment of others having equal rights, is in its nature irreconcilable with the right of free passage, and there is, so far as we have been able to ascertain, no authority whatever in favour of it.”‡ The general public cannot make out a right to hold meetings even on a common.§ The ground of popular delusions as to the right of public meeting in open places is at bottom the prevalent notion that the law favours meetings held for the sake of political discussion or agitation, combined with the tacit assumption that when the law allows a right it provides the means for its exercise. No ideas can be more unfounded. English law no more favours or provides for the holding of political meetings than for the giving of public concerts. A man has a right to hear an orator as he has a right to hear a band, or to eat a bun. But each right must be exercised subject to the laws against trespass, against the creation of nuisances, against theft.

The want of a so-called forum may, it will be said, prevent ten thousand worthy citizens from making a lawful demonstration of their political wishes. The remark is true, but, from a lawyer's point of

* *Dovaston v. Payne*, 2 Hy. Bl. 527.

† *Rex v. Carlile*, 6 C. & P. 628, 636; the *Tramways Case*, the *Times*, Sept. 7, 1888.

‡ *Ex parte Lewis*, 21 Q. B. D. 191, 197; per Curiam.

§ *Bailey v. Williamson*, L. R. 8 Q. B. 118; *De Morgan v. Metropolitan Board of Works*, 5 Q. B. D. 155.

view, irrelevant. Every man has a right^{to} to see a Punch show, but if Punch is exhibiting for money, no man can see him who cannot provide the necessary shilling. Every man has a right to hear a band, but if there be no place where a band can perform without causing a nuisance, then thousands of excellent citizens must forego their right to hear music. Every man has a right to worship God after his own fashion, but if all the landowners of a parish refuse ground for the building of a Wesleyan chapel, parishioners must forego attendance at a Methodist place of worship. Of policy I say nothing; I am concerned only with law.

II. *What is the meaning of the term "an unlawful assembly"?*

The expression "unlawful assembly" does not signify any meeting of which the purpose is unlawful. If, for example, five cheats meet in one room to concoct a fraud, to indite a libel, or to forge a bank-note, they assemble for an unlawful purpose, but they can hardly be said to constitute an "unlawful assembly." These words are, in English law, a term of art. This term has a more or less limited and definite signification, and has from time to time been defined by different authorities* with varying degrees of precision. The definitions vary, for the most part, rather in words than in substance. Such differences as exist have, however, a twofold importance. They show, in the first place, that the circumstances which may render a meeting an unlawful assembly have not been absolutely determined, and that some important questions with regard to the necessary characteristics of such an assembly are open to discussion. They show, in the second place, that the rules determining the right of public meeting are the result of judicial legislation, and that the law which has been created may be further developed by the judges, and hence that any lawyer bent on determining the character of a given meeting must consider carefully the tendency as well as the words of reported judgments.

The general and prominent characteristic of an unlawful assembly (however defined) is, to any one who candidly studies the authorities, clear enough. It is a meeting of persons who either intend to commit or do commit, or who lead others to entertain a reasonable fear that the meeting will commit, a breach of the peace. This actual or threatened breach of the peace is, so to speak, the essential characteristic or property connoted by the term "unlawful assembly." A careful examination, however, of received descriptions or definitions and of the authoritative statements contained in Sir James Stephen's Digest, and

* See Hawkins, P. C., book i. cap. 65, ss. 9, 11; 4 Blackstone, p. 146; 4 Steph. Comm., 8th ed. p. 213; Stephen, Crim. Digest, art. 70; Criminal Code Bill Commission, Draft Code, sec. 84, p. 80; Rex v. Pinney, 5 C. & P. 254; Rex v. Hunt, 1 St. Tr. N. S. 171; Redford v. Birley, *ibid.* 1071; Rex v. Morris, *ibid.* 521; Bently v. Gillbanks, 9 Q. B. D. 308; Reg. v. McNaughton (Irish), 14 Cox C. C. 576; O'Kelly v. Harvey (Irish), 15 Cox C. C. 435.

in the Draft Code drawn by the Criminal Code Commissioners, enables an inquirer to frame a more or less accurate definition of an "unlawful assembly."

It may (it is submitted) be defined as any meeting of three or more persons who—

(i.) Assemble to commit, or, when assembled do commit, a breach of the peace; or

(ii.) Assemble with intent to commit a crime by open force; or

(iii.) Assemble for any common purpose, whether lawful or unlawful, in such a manner as to give firm and courageous persons in the neighbourhood of the assembly reasonable cause to fear a breach of the peace, in consequence of the assembly; or

[(iv.) Assemble with intent to excite disaffection among the Crown's subjects, to bring the Constitution and Government of the realm, as by law established, into contempt, and generally to carry out, or prepare for carrying out, an unlawful conspiracy].*

The following points require notice:—

1. A meeting is an unlawful assembly which either disturbs the peace, or inspires reasonable persons in its neighbourhood with a fear that it will cause a breach of the peace. Hence the state of public feeling under which a meeting is convened, the class and the number of the persons who come together, the mode in which they meet (whether, for instance, they do or do not carry arms), the place of their meeting (whether, for instance, they assemble on an open common or in the midst of a populous city), and various other circumstances, must all be taken into account in determining whether a given meeting is an unlawful assembly or not.

2. A meeting need not be the less an unlawful assembly because it meets for a legal object. A crowd collected to petition for the release of a prisoner or to see an acrobatic performance, though meeting for a lawful object, may easily be, or turn into, an unlawful assembly. The lawfulness of the aim with which a hundred thousand people assemble may affect the reasonableness of fearing that a breach of the peace will ensue. But the lawfulness of their object does not of itself make the meeting lawful.

3. A meeting for an unlawful purpose is not necessarily an unlawful assembly. Twenty men sitting together in a room concocting a scheme of perjury do not (it is conceived) constitute an unlawful assembly. The test of the character of the assembly is whether the meeting does or does not contemplate the use of unlawful force, or does or does not inspire others with reasonable fear that unlawful force will be used—i.e., that the Queen's peace will be broken.

* O'Kelly v. Harvey (Irish), 15 Cox C. C. 435. The portion of this definition contained in brackets must be considered as, in England, of doubtful authority.

4. There is some authority for the suggestion that a meeting for the purpose of spreading sedition, of exciting class against class, or of bringing the Constitution of the country into contempt, is *ipso facto* an unlawful assembly,* and that a meeting to promote an unlawful conspiracy of a public character, even though it does not directly menace a breach of the peace, is also an unlawful assembly.* This is a matter on which it is prudent to speak with reserve and hesitation, and to maintain a suspended judgment until the point suggested has come fairly before the English Courts. The true rule (possibly) may be, that a meeting assembled for the promotion of a purpose which is not only criminal, but also if carried out will promote a breach of the peace, is itself an unlawful assembly.

5. Two questions are certainly open.

Is a meeting an unlawful assembly because, though the meeting itself is peaceable enough, it excites reasonable dread of future disturbance to the peace of the realm; as where political leaders address a meeting in terms which it is reasonably supposed may, after the meeting has broken up, excite insurrection? The answer to this inquiry is doubtful.†

Need the breach of the peace, or fear thereof, which gives a meeting the character of illegality, be a breach caused by the members of the meeting? The one English authority on the subject answers this question in the affirmative. A meeting is not an unlawful assembly because it excites persons who dislike the meeting to break the peace. Thus a meeting held by a handful of Protestants for the denunciation of the confessional or of saint-worship, in the midst of a poor and excited Roman Catholic population, is not an unlawful meeting, though every one knows that its consequence is likely to be riot and bloodshed. To this view the Irish Courts, which no less than the English tribunals are exponents of the common law, do not assent. It is possible that common sense may also refuse its sanction to the doctrine now laid down by the English Queen's Bench Division. Here, again, an inquirer may be recommended to suspend his judgment.

III. *What are the rights of the Crown, or its servants, in dealing with an unlawful assembly?*

1. Every person who takes part in an unlawful assembly is guilty

* See *Redford v. Birley*, 1 St. Tr. N. S. 1071; *Rex v. Hunt*, *ibid.* 171; *Rex v. Morris*, *ibid.* 521; *Reg. v. McNaughton* (Irish), 14 Cox C. C. 572; *O'Kelly v. Harvey* (Irish), 15 Cox C. C. 435.

† See *Rex v. Hunt*, 1 St. Tr. N. S. 171; *Rex v. Dewhurst*, *ibid.* 530, 599. "Upon the subject of terror, there may be cases in which, from the general appearance of the meeting, there could be no fear of immediate mischief produced before that assembly should disperse; and I am rather disposed to think that the probability or likelihood of immediate terror before the meeting should disperse is necessary in order to fix the charge upon that second count to which I have drawn your attention. But if the evidence satisfies you there was a present fear produced of future rising, which future rising would be a terror and alarm to the neighbourhood, I should then desire that you would present that as your finding in the shape of what I should then take it to be, a special verdict": per Bailey, J.

of a misdemeanour, and the Crown may therefore prosecute every such person for his offence.

Whether a given man A, who is present at a particular meeting, does thereby incur the guilt of "taking part" in an unlawful assembly, is in each case a question of fact.

A, though present, may not be a member of the meeting; he may be there accidentally; he may know nothing of its character; the crowd may originally have assembled for a lawful purpose; the circumstances—*e.g.*, the production of arms, or the outbreak of a riot, which render the meeting unlawful, may have taken place after it began, and in these transactions A may have taken no part. Hence the importance of an official notice—*e.g.*, by a Secretary of State, or by a magistrate, that a meeting is convened for a criminal object. A citizen after reading the notice or proclamation, goes to the meeting at his peril. If it turns out in fact an unlawful assembly, he cannot plead ignorance of its character as a defence against the charge of taking part in the meeting.*

2. Magistrates, policemen, and all loyal citizens, not only are entitled, but indeed are bound to disperse an unlawful assembly, and, if necessary, to do so by the use of force; and it is a gross error to suppose that they are bound to wait until a riot has occurred, or until the Riot Act has been read.† The prevalence of this delusion was the cause, during the Gordon Riots, of London being for days in the hands of the mob. The mode of dispersing a crowd when unlawfully assembled, and the extent of force which it is reasonable to use, differ according to the circumstances of each case.

3. If any assembly becomes a riot—*i.e.*, has begun to act in a tumultuous manner to the disturbance of the police—a magistrate on being informed that twelve or more persons are unlawfully, riotously, and tumultuously assembled together to the disturbance of the public peace, is bound to make the short statutable proclamation which is popularly known as "reading the Riot Act."‡

The consequences are as follows: first, that any twelve rioters who do not disperse within an hour thereafter, are guilty of felony; and, secondly, that the magistrate and those acting with him may, after such hour, arrest the rioters and disperse the meeting by the employment of any amount of force necessary for the purpose, and are protected from liability for hurt inflicted or death caused in dispersing the meeting. The magistrates are, in short, empowered by the Riot Act to read the proclamation before referred to, and thereupon, after waiting for an hour, to order troops and constables to fire upon the rioters, or charge them sword in hand.§ It is particularly to be noticed

* *Reg. v. Fursey*, 6 C. & P. 81.

† *Reg. v. Neale*, 9 C. & P. 431; *Burdet v. Abbot*, 4 Taunt. 401, 449.

‡ 1 Geo. I. stat. 2, cap. 5, s. 2.

§ See 1 Stephen, *Hist. Crim. Law*, 203; Criminal Code Bill Commission, Draft Code, ss. 88, 89.

that the powers given to magistrates for dealing with riots under the Riot Act in no way lessen the common-law right of a magistrate, and indeed of every citizen, to put an end to a breach of the peace, and hence to disperse an unlawful assembly.

IV. *What are the rights possessed by the members of a lawful assembly when the meeting is interfered with or dispersed by force?*

The Salvation Army assemble in a place where they have a right to meet, say an open piece of land placed at their disposal by the owner, and for a lawful purpose, namely, to hear a sermon. Certain persons who think the meeting either objectionable or illegal attempt to break it up, or do break it up, by force. What, under these circumstances, are the rights of the Salvationists who have come to listen to a preacher? This in a concrete form is the problem for consideration.*

An attempt, whether successful or not, to disperse a lawful assembly involves assaults of more or less violence upon the persons A, B and C who have met together. The wrong thus done by the assailants is, as already pointed out, a wrong done, not to the meeting—a body which has legally no collective rights—but to A, B, or C, an individual pushed, hustled, struck, or otherwise assaulted.

Our problem is, then, in substance—What are the rights of A when unlawfully assaulted? And this inquiry, in its turn, embraces two different questions, which, for clearness sake, ought to be carefully kept apart from each other.

First. What are the remedies of A for the wrong done to him by the assault?

The answer is easy. A has the right to take civil, or (subject to one reservation) criminal proceedings against any person, be he an officer, a soldier, a commissioner of police, a magistrate, a policeman, or a private ruffian, who is responsible for the assault upon A. If, moreover, A be killed, the person or persons by whom his death has been caused may be indicted, according to circumstances, for manslaughter or murder.

This statement as to A's rights, or (what is, however, the same thing) as to the liabilities of A's assailants, is made subject to one reservation. There exists considerable doubt as to the degree and kind of liability of soldiers (or possibly of policemen) who, under the orders of a superior, do some act (*e.g.*, arrest A or fire at A) which is not on the face of it unlawful, but which turns out to be unlawful because of some circumstance of which the subordinate was not in a position to judge, as, for example, because the meeting was not

* For the sake of convenience, I have taken a meeting of the Salvation Army as a typical instance of a lawful public meeting. It should, however, be constantly remembered that the rights of the Salvationists are neither more nor less than those of any other crowd lawfully collected together—*e.g.*, to hear a band of music.

technically an unlawful assembly, or because the officer giving the order had in some way exceeded his authority.

"I hope [says Willes, J.] I may never have to determine that difficult question, how far the orders of a superior officer are a justification. Were I compelled to determine that question, I should probably hold that the orders are an absolute justification in time of actual war—at all events, as regards enemies or foreigners—and, I should think, even with regard to English-born subjects of the Crown, unless the orders were such as could not legally be given. I believe that the better opinion is, that an officer or soldier, acting under the orders of his superior—not being necessarily or manifestly illegal—would be justified by his orders." *

A critic were rash who questioned the suggestion of a jurist whose dicta are more weighty than many considered judgments. The words, moreover, of Mr. Justice Willes enounce a principle which is in itself pre-eminently reasonable. If its validity be not admitted, results follow as absurd as they are unjust: every soldier is called upon to determine on the spur of the moment legal subtleties which, after a lengthy consultation, might still perplex experienced lawyers, and the private called upon by his commanding officer to take part in the suppression of a riot runs the risk if he disobeys of being shot by order of a court-martial, and, if he obeys, of being hanged under the sentence of a judge. Let it further be carefully noted that the doctrine of Mr. Justice Willes, which is approved of by the Criminal Code Commissioners,† applies. it would seem, to criminal liability only. The soldier or policeman who, without full legal justification, assaults or arrests A incurs (it is submitted), even though acting under orders, full civil liability.

Secondly. How far is A entitled to maintain by force his right to take part in a lawful public meeting, or, in other words, his right to stand in a place where he lawfully may stand—*e.g.*, ground opened to A by the owner, for a purpose which is in itself lawful—*e.g.*, the hearing of a sermon?

A notion is current, for which some justification may be found in the loose dicta of lawyers, or the vague language of legal text-books, that a man may lawfully use any amount of force which is necessary, and not more than necessary, for the protection of his legal rights. This notion, however popular, is erroneous. If pushed to its fair consequences, it would at times justify the shooting of trespassers, and would constantly make it legal for a schoolboy, say of nine years old, to stab a hulking bully of eighteen who attempted to pull the child's ears. Some fifty years ago a worthy Captain Moir carried this doctrine out in practice to its extreme logical results. His grounds were infested by trespassers. He gave notice that he should fire at any wrongdoer who persisted in the offence. He executed his threat, and,

* *Keighly v. Boll*, 4 F. & F. 763, 790. per Willes, J.

† See C. C. B. Commission. Draft Code, ss. 49-53.

after fair warning, shot a trespasser in the arm. The wounded boy was carefully nursed at the captain's expense. He unexpectedly died of the wound. The captain was put on his trial for murder; he was convicted by the jury, sentenced by the judge, and, on the following Monday, hanged by the hangman. He was, it would seem, a well-meaning man, imbued with too rigid an idea of authority. He perished from ignorance of law. His fate is a warning to theorists who incline to the legal heresy that every right may lawfully be defended by the force necessary for its assertion.

The maintainable theories as to the legitimate use of force necessary for the protection or assertion of a man's rights are twofold.

First Theory.—In defence of a man's liberty, person, or property, he may lawfully use any amount of force which is both "necessary"—i.e., not more than enough to attain its object—and "reasonable" or "proportionate"—i.e., which does not inflict upon the wrongdoer mischief out of proportion to the injury or mischief which the force used is intended to prevent; and no man may use in defending his rights an amount of force which is either unnecessary or unreasonable.

This doctrine of the "legitimacy of necessary and reasonable force" is adopted by the Criminal Code Bill Commissioners. It had better be given in their own words:

"We take [they write] one great principle of the common law to be, that though it sanctions the defence of a man's person, liberty, and property against illegal violence, and permits the use of force to prevent crimes, to preserve the public peace, and to bring offenders to justice, yet all this is subject to the restriction that the force used is necessary; that is, that the mischief sought to be prevented could not be prevented by less violent means; and that the mischief done by, or which might reasonably be anticipated from the force used is not disproportioned to the injury or mischief which it is intended to prevent. This last principle will explain and justify many of our suggestions. It does not seem to have been universally admitted; and we have therefore thought it advisable to give our reasons for thinking that it not only ought to be recognized as the law in future, but that it is the law at present."*

The use of the word "necessary" is, it should be noted, somewhat peculiar, since it includes the idea both of necessity and of reasonableness. When this is taken into account, the Commissioners' view is (it is submitted), as already stated, that a man may lawfully use in defence of his rights such an amount of force as is needful for their protection and as does not inflict or run the risk of inflicting damage out of all proportion to the injury to be averted, or (if we look at the same thing from the other side) to the value of the right to be protected. This doctrine is eminently rational. It comes to us recommended by the high authority of four most distinguished judges. It certainly represents the principle towards which the law of England

* C. C. B. Commission, Report, p. 11.

tends to approximate. But there is at least some ground for the suggestion that a second and simpler view more accurately represents the result of our authorities.

Second Theory.—A man in repelling an unlawful attack upon his person or liberty, is justified in using against his assailant so much force, even amounting to the infliction of death, as is necessary for repelling the attack—*i.e.*, as is needed for self-defence; but the infliction upon a wrongdoer of grievous bodily harm, or death, is justified, speaking generally, only by the necessities of self-defence—*i.e.*, the defence of life, limb, or permanent liberty.*

This theory may be designated as the doctrine of "the legitimacy of force necessary for self-defence." Its essence is that the right to inflict grievous bodily harm or death upon a wrongdoer originates in, and is limited by, the right of every loyal subject to use the means necessary for averting serious danger to life or limb, and serious interference with his personal liberty.

The doctrine of the "legitimacy of necessary and reasonable force" and the doctrine of the "legitimacy of force necessary for self-defence" conduct in the main, and in most instances, to the same practical results.

On either theory A, when assaulted by X, and placed in peril of his life, may, if he cannot otherwise repel or avoid the assault, strike X dead. On the one view, the force used by A is both necessary and reasonable; on the other view, the force used by A is employed strictly in self-defence. On either doctrine A is not justified in shooting at X because X is wilfully trespassing on A's land. For the damage inflicted by A upon X—namely, the risk to X of losing his life—is unreasonable, that is, out of all proportion to the injury done to A by the trespass, and A in firing at a trespasser is clearly using force, not for the purpose of self-defence, but for the purpose of defending his property. Both theories, again, are consistent with the elaborate and admitted rules which limit a person's right to wound or slay another even in defence of life or limb.† The gist of those rules is that no man must slay or severely injure another until he has done everything he possibly can to avoid the use of extreme force. A is struck by a ruffian, X; A has a revolver in his pocket. He must not then and there fire upon X, but to avoid crime must first retreat.

* See 1 Steph. Comm. (8th ed.), p. 139; 3 Steph. Comm. 243, 244; 4 Steph. Comm. 53-55.

† See Stephen, Crim. Digest, art. 200, but compare 4 Steph. Comm. (8th ed.), pp. 54-56; and 1 Hale, P. C. 479. The authorities do not seem precisely in agreement as to the right of A to wound X before he has retreated as far as he can. But the general principle seems pretty clear. The rule as to the necessity for retreat by the person attacked must be always taken in combination with the acknowledged right and duty of every man to stop the commission of a felony, and with the fact that defence of a man's house seems to be looked upon by the law as nearly equivalent to the defence of his person. "If a thief assaults a true man, either abroad or in his house, to rob or kill him, the true man is not bound to give back, but may kill the assailant, and not felony" (1 Hale, P. C. 481). See as to defence of house, 1 East, P. C. 287.

as far as he can. X pursues; A is driven up against a wall. Then and not till then A, if he has no other means of repelling attack, may justifiably fire at X. Grant that, as has been suggested, the minute provisos as to the circumstances under which a man assaulted by a ruffian may turn upon his assailant, belong to a past state of society, and are more or less obsolete, the principle on which they rest is, nevertheless, clear and most important. It is, that a person attacked, even by a wrongdoer, may not in self-defence use force which is not "necessary," and that violence is not necessary when the person attacked can avoid the need for it by retreat; or, in other words, by the temporary surrender of his legal right to stand in a particular place—*e.g.*, in a particular part of a public square, where he has a lawful right to stand.* Both theories, in short, have reference to the use of "necessary" force, and neither countenances the use of any force which is more than is necessary for its purpose. A is assaulted by X, he can on neither theory justify the slaying or wounding of X, if A can provide for his own safety simply by locking a door on X. Both theories equally well explain how it is that as the intensity of an unlawful assault increases, so the amount of force legitimately to be used in self-defence increases also, and how defence of the lawful possession of property, and especially of a man's house, may easily turn into the lawful defence of a man's person. "A justification of a battery in defence of possession, though it arose in defence of possession, yet in the end it is the defence of the person."† This sentence contains the gist of the whole matter, but must be read in the light of the caution insisted upon by Blackstone, that the right of self-protection cannot be used as a justification for attack.‡

Whether the two doctrines may not under conceivable circumstances lead to different results, is an inquiry of great interest, but for the matter now in hand of no great importance. What we require to determine is how far a man may lawfully use all the force necessary to repel an assault, and for this purpose it matters little whether the test of legitimate force be its "reasonableness" or its "self-defensive character." If, however, it be necessary to choose between the two theories, the safest course for an English lawyer is to assume that the use of force which inflicts or may inflict grievous bodily harm or death—of what, in short, may be called "extreme" force—is justifiable only for the purpose of strict self-defence.§

* 4 Steph. Comm. 53, 54; compare 1 Hale, P. C. 481, 482; Stephen, Crim. Digest, art. 201; Foster, Discourse II., cap. iii. It should be noted that the rule enjoining that a man shall retreat from an assailant before he uses force, applies, it would appear, only to the use of such force as may inflict grievous bodily harm or death, and is apparently also limited by the right to resist the commission of a felony (2 Hale, P. C. 481).

† Rolle's Ab. Trespass, §8.

‡ 4 Steph. Comm., 8th ed., 53, 54.

§ The difference between the two theories becomes important when we have to consider what is the force which a man may lawfully use for the sake of warding off injuries to property, or, it may be indirectly, to reputation. A, who is in a position

This view of the right of self-defence restricts too narrowly, it may be objected, a citizen's power to protect himself against wrong.

The force of this objection is diminished by two reflections.

Every man, in the first place, is legally justified in using, and indeed is often bound to use, force, which may under some circumstances amount to the infliction of death, for the advancement of public justice.

Hence a loyal citizen may interfere to put an end to a breach of the peace which takes place in his presence, and may use such force as is reasonably necessary for the purpose.* Hence, too, any private person who is present when any felony is committed, is bound by law to arrest the felon, on pain of fine and imprisonment if he negligently permit him to escape.† “Where a felony is committed and the felon flyeth from justice, or a dangerous wound is given, it is the duty of every man to use his best endeavours for preventing an escape. And if in the pursuit the party flying is killed, *where he cannot be otherwise overtaken*, this will be deemed justifiable homicide. For the pursuit was not barely warrantable; it is what the law requireth, and will punish the *wilful* neglect of.”‡ No doubt the use of such extreme force is justifiable only in the case of felony, or for the hindrance of crimes of violence. But

“such homicide as is committed for the *prevention of any forcible and atrocious crime*, is justifiable . . . by the law of England . . . as it stands at the present day. If any person attempts the robbery or murder of another, or attempts to break open a house *in the night time*, and shall be killed in such attempt, either by the party assaulted, or the owner of the house, or the servant attendant upon either; or by any other person, and interposing to prevent mischief, the slayer shall be acquitted and discharged: This reaches not to any crime unaccompanied with force—as, for example, the picking of pockets; nor to the breaking open of a house *in the day time*, unless such entry carries with it an attempt of robbery, arson, murder, or the like.”§

Acts therefore which would not be justifiable in protection of a person's own property, may often (it is submitted) be justified as the necessary means, either of stopping the commission of a crime or of arresting a felon. Burglars rob A's house, they are escaping over his garden wall, carrying off A's jewels with them. A is in no peril of his life, but he pursues the gang, calls upon them to surrender, and having no other means of preventing their escape, knocks down one

where X cannot attack him, and who is therefore free from all peril to life or limb at the hands of X, sees X destroying letters of A's on the preservation of which A's character or A's reputation depends. May A, if no other means are open to him of stopping X's action, and after warning X, fire at him? The theory that force may be employed for the protection of a man's rights which is necessary and reasonable, would possibly justify A in shooting at X. The theory that extreme force can be used only in self-defence, would apparently not justify A.

* See *Timothy v. Simpson*, 1 C. M. & R. 757.

† 4 Steph. Comm. 336, 347; Hawkins, P. C., book ii. cap. 12.

‡ Foster, Discourse II., of Homicide, pp. 271, 272; and compare 273, 274.

§ 4 Steph. Comm., 8th ed. pp. 49, 50.

of them, X, who dies of the blow, it would seem, not only is innocent of guilt, but has also discharged a public duty.

Let it be added that where A may lawfully inflict grievous bodily harm upon X—*e.g.*, in arresting him—X acts unlawfully in resisting A, and is responsible for the injury caused to A by X's resistance.*

Every man, in the second place, acts lawfully as long as he merely exercises his legal right, and may use such moderate force as in effect is employed simply in its exercise.

A is walking along a public path on his way home, X tries to stop him; A pushes X aside, X has a fall and is hurt. A has done no wrong; he has stood merely on the defensive and repelled an attempt to interfere with his right to go along a public way. X thereupon draws a sword and attacks A again. It is clear that if A can in no other way protect himself—*e.g.*, by running away from X, or by knocking X down—he may use any amount of force necessary for his self-defence. He may stun X or fire at X.

Here, however, comes into view the question of real difficulty. How far is A bound to give up the exercise of his rights, in this particular instance the right to walk along a particular path, rather than risk the maiming or the killing of X?

Suppose, for example, that A knows perfectly well that X claims, though without any legal ground, a right to close the particular foot-path, and that if A turns down another road which will also bring him home, though at the cost of a slightly longer walk, he will avoid all danger of an assault by X, or of being driven, in so-called self-defence, to inflict grievous bodily harm upon X.

Of course the case may be put in this way. A has a right to push X aside. As X's violence grows greater, A has a right to repel it. He may thus turn a scuffle over a right of way into a struggle for the defence of A's life, and so justify the infliction even of death upon X. But this manner of looking at the matter is not sound. Before A is justified in, say, firing at X or stabbing X, he must show distinctly that he comes within one at least of the two principles which justify the use of extreme force against an assailant. But if he can avoid X's violence by going a few yards out of his way, he cannot justify his conduct under either of these principles. The firing at X is not "reasonable," for the damage inflicted by A upon X in wounding him is out of all proportion to the mischief to A which it is intended to prevent—namely, his being forced to go a few yards out of his way on his road home. The firing at X, again, is not done in strict self-defence, for A could have avoided all danger by turning into another path. A uses force not for the defence of his life, but for the vindication of his right to walk along a particular pathway. That this is the true view of A's position is pretty clearly shown by the old rules

* Foster, Discourse II., p. 272.

enjoining a person assaulted to retreat as far as he can before he grievously wounds his assailant.

Reg. v. Hewlett,* a case tried as late as 1858, contains judicial doctrine pointing in the same direction. A was struck by X, A thereupon drew a knife and stabbed X. The judge laid down that "unless the prisoner [A] apprehended robbery or some similar offence, or danger to life, or serious bodily danger (not simply being knocked down), he would not be justified in using the knife in self-defence." The essence of this dictum is, that the force used by A was not justifiable, because, though it did ward off danger to A—namely, the peril of being knocked down—it was not necessary for the defence of A's life or limb. The case is, in one sense, a particularly strong one, because X was not a person asserting a supposed right, but a simple wrongdoer.

Let the last case be a little varied. Let X be not a ruffian but a policeman, who, acting under the orders of the Commissioner of Police, tries to prevent A from entering the Park at the Marble Arch. Let it further be supposed that the Commissioner has taken an erroneous view of his authority, and that therefore the attempt to hinder A from going into Hyde Park at the particular entrance does not admit of legal justification. X, under these circumstances, is therefore legally in the wrong, and A may, it would seem,† push by X. But is there any reason for saying that if A cannot simply push X aside he can lawfully use the force necessary—*c.g.*, by stabbing X—to effect an entrance? There clearly is none. The stabbing of X is neither a reasonable nor a self-defensive employment of force.

A digression which, it must be feared, is inevitably dry, and to many readers may seem inexcusably long, leads us back, if not by the shortest yet by the surest path, to the inquiry which requires an answer—namely, how far A is entitled to maintain by force against all assailants his right to take part in a lawful public meeting of, say, the Salvation Army?

Let us suppose, in the first place, that the Salvationists, and A among them, are attacked by the Skeleton Army or other roughs, and let it further be supposed that the object of the assault is simply to break up the meeting, and that therefore, if A and others disperse, they are in no peril of damage to life or limb.

A and his friends may legally, it would seem, stand their ground, and use such moderate force as amounts to simple assertion of the right to remain where they are. If the Skeleton Army are few in numbers, A and his companions may give any members of the Skeleton Army in charge for a breach of the peace. It may be,

* 1 Foster & Finlason, 91, per Crowder, J.

† It is of course assumed in this imaginary case that Acts of Parliament are not in force empowering the Commissioner of Police to regulate the use of the right to enter into the Park: It is not my intention to discuss the effect of the Metropolitan Police Acts, or to intimate any opinion as to the powers of the Commissioner of Police.

however, that the roughs are in large numbers, and press upon the Salvationists so that they cannot keep their ground without the use of firearms or other weapons. The use of such force is in one sense necessary, for the Salvationists cannot hold their meeting without employing it. Is the use of such force legal? The strongest way of putting the case in favour of A and his friends is that, in firing upon their opponents, they are using force to put down a breach of the peace. On the whole, however, there can (it is submitted) be no doubt that the use of firearms or other deadly weapons, to maintain their right of meeting, is under the circumstances not legally justifiable. The principle on which extreme acts of self-defence against a lawless assailant cannot be justified until the person assaulted has retreated as far as he can, is applicable to A, B, C, &c., just as it would be to A singly. Each of the Salvationists is defending, under the supposed circumstances, not his life, but his right to stand on a given plot of ground.

Next, suppose that the attempt to disperse the Salvationists is made, not by the Skeleton Army, but by the police, who act under the order of magistrates who hold *bond fide* (though mistakenly)* that a notice from the Home Secretary forbidding the Army to meet, makes its meeting an unlawful assembly.

Under these circumstances, the police are clearly in the wrong. A policeman who assaults A, B, or C, does an act not admitting of legal justification. Nor is it easy to maintain that the mere fact of the police acting as servants of the Crown in supposed discharge of their duty makes it of itself incumbent upon A to leave the meeting.

The position, however, of the police differs in two important respects from that of mere wrongdoers. Policeman X, when he tells A to move on, and compels him to do so, does not put A in peril of life or limb, for A knows for certain that, if he leaves the meeting, he will not be further molested, or that if he allows himself to be peaceably arrested, he has nothing to dread but temporary imprisonment and appearance before a magistrate, who will deal with his rights in accordance with law. Policeman X, further, asserts *bond fide* a supposed legal right to make A withdraw from a place where X believes A has no right to stand; there is a dispute between A and X as to a matter of law. This being the state of affairs, it is at any rate fairly arguable that A, B, and C have a right to stand simply on the defensive, and remain where they are as long as they can do so without inflicting grievous bodily harm upon X and other policemen. Suppose, however, as is likely to be the fact, that, under the pressure of a large body of constables, the Salvationists cannot maintain their meeting without making use of arms—*e.g.*, using

* See *Beatty v. Gillbanks*. 9 Q. B. D. 308.

bludgeons, swords, pistols, or the like. They have clearly no right to make use of this kind of force. A and his friends are not in peril of their lives, and to kill a policeman in order to secure A the right of standing in a particular place is to inflict a mischief out of all proportion to the importance of the mischief to A which he wishes to avert. A, therefore, if he stabs or stuns X, can on no theory plead the right of self-defence. A and X further are, as already pointed out, on a question of legal rights. This is a matter to be determined not by arms, but by an action at law.

Let it further be noted that the supposed case is the most unfavourable for the police which can be imagined. They may well, though engaged in hindering (owing to the magistrate's mistaken view of the law) what turns out to be a lawful meeting, occupy a much better situation than that of assailants. The police force may, under orders, have fully occupied and filled up the ground which the Salvationists intend to use. When the Salvationists begin arriving, they find there is no place where they can meet. Nothing but the use of force, and indeed of extreme force, can drive the police away. This force the Salvation Army cannot use; if they did, they would be using violence not on any show of self-defence, but to obtain possession of a particular piece of land. Their only proper course is the vindication of their rights by proceedings in Court.

Of the older cases which deal with the question how far it is justifiable to resist by violence an arrest made by an officer of justice without due authority, it is difficult to make much use for the elucidation of the question under consideration,* for in these cases the matter discussed seems often to have been not whether A's resistance was justifiable, but whether it amounted to murder or only to manslaughter. There are, however, one or two more or less recent decisions which have a real bearing on the right of the members of a public meeting to resist by force attempts to disperse it. And these cases are, on the whole, when properly understood, not inconsistent with the inferences already drawn from general principles. The doctrine laid down in *Reg. v. Hewlett*,† that A ought not to inflict grievous bodily harm even upon X a wrongdoer unless in the strictest self-defence, is of the highest importance. *Rex v. Fursey*,‡ a decision of 1833, has direct reference to the right of meeting. At a public meeting held that year in London, A carried an American flag which was snatched from him by X, a policeman, whereupon A stabbed X. He was subsequently indicted under 9 Geo. I., c. 31, s. 12, and it appears to have been laid down by the judge that

* See, e.g., *Dixon's Case*, 1 East, P. C. 313; *Borthwick's Case*, *ibid.*; *Wither's Case*, 1 East, P. C. 283, 309; *Tooley's Case*, 2 Lord Raymond, 1296.

† 1 E. & F. 91.

‡ 6 C. & P. 81, 86, 87, summing up of Gaselee, J., and compare Criminal Code Commission Report, pp. 43, 44.

though, if the meeting was a legal one, X had no right to snatch away A's flag, still that even on the supposition that the meeting was a lawful assembly, A, if X had died of his wound, would have been guilty either of manslaughter, or very possibly of murder. Quite in keeping with *Rex v. Fursey* is the recent case of *Reg. v. Harrison*.* Some of the expressions attributed in a very compressed newspaper report, to the learned judge who decided the case, may be open to criticism, but the principle involved in that a ruffian cannot assert his alleged right to walk down a particular street by stunning or braining a policeman, or a good citizen who is helping the policeman, is good law no less than good sense.

Nor does the claim to assert legal rights by recourse to pistols or bludgeons receive countenance from two decisions occasionally adduced in its support.

The one is *Beatty v. Gillbanks*.† This case merely shows that a lawful meeting is not rendered an unlawful assembly simply because ruffians try to break it up, and, in short, that the breach of the peace which renders a meeting unlawful, must be a breach caused by the members of the meeting, and not by wrongdoers who wish to prevent its being held.‡

The second is *M'Clenaghan v. Waters*.§ The case may certainly be so explained as to lay down the doctrine that the police when engaged under orders in dispersing a lawful meeting are not engaged in the "execution of their duty," and that therefore the members of the meeting may persist in holding it in spite of the opposition of the police. Whether this doctrine be absolutely sound is, perhaps, open to debate. It does not necessarily, however, mean more than that a person may exercise a right, even though he has to use a moderate amount of force, against a person who attempts to hinder the exercise of the right. But *M'Clenaghan v. Waters* certainly does not decide that the member of a lawful assembly may exercise whatever amount of force is necessary to prevent its being dispersed, and falls far short of justifying any member of the Salvation Army who brains a policeman rather than surrender the so-called right of public meeting. It is, however, doubtful whether *M'Clenaghan v. Waters* really supports even the doctrine that moderate resistance to the police is justifiable in order to prevent the dispersing of a lawful assembly. The case purports to follow *Beatty v. Gillbanks*, and therefore the Court cannot be taken as intentionally going beyond the principle laid down in that case. The question for the opinion of the Court, moreover, in *M'Clenaghan v.*

* *The Times*, Dec. 19, 1887.

† 9 Q. B. D. 308; Dicey, "Law of the Constitution," pp. 285-287.

‡ As already pointed out, the principle maintained in *Beatty v. Gillbanks* is itself open to some criticism.

§ *The Times*, July 18, 1882.

Waters was, "whether upon the facts stated the police at the time of their being assaulted by the appellants (Salvationists) were legally justified in interfering to prevent the procession from taking place;" or, in other words, whether the meeting of the Salvationists was a lawful assembly? To this question, in the face of *Beatty v. Gillbanks*, but one reply was possible. This answer the Court gave: they determined "that in taking part in a procession the appellants were doing only an act strictly lawful, and the fact that that act was believed likely to cause others to commit such as were unlawful, was no justification for interfering with them." Whether the Court determined anything more is at least open to doubt, and if they did determine, as alleged, that the amount of the resistance offered to the police was lawful, this determination is, to say the least, not inconsistent with the stern punishment of acts like that committed by the prisoner Harrison.

No one, however, can dispute that the line between the forcible exercise of a right in the face of opposition, and an unjustifiable assault on those who oppose its exercise, is a fine one, and that many nice problems concerning the degree of resistance which the members of a lawful meeting may offer to persons who wish to break it up are at present unsolved. The next patriot or ruffian who kills or maims a policeman rather than compromise the right of public meeting will try what, from a speculative point of view, may be considered a valuable legal experiment which promises results most interesting to jurists. It is, however, fair to warn him that the experiment will almost certainly be tried at the cost, according to the vigour of his action, of either his freedom or his life.

A. V. DICEY.

THE TWO ENDS OF THE SLAVE-STICK.

THE troubled sea on which the combined British and German blockading squadron is pitching and tossing off the East African Coast has already cast up curious problems, some of which are worth examining.

Single-handed, England has for many years kept up a squadron in these seas to interfere with the shipments of slaves which are perpetually going on, and which to suppress entirely is impossible. Ours has been, and is, an expenditure in men and money for pure'y philanthropic purposes. The wonder is that, in these days of scrutinizing everything which leaves the public purse, no rigid inquiry has been made concerning it. However, John Bull has a kindly heart for the "poor devils" in Africa. Now and again his eye catches something about "prize-money" in the *Gazette*: he reads that a "dhow," with some unpronounceable name and with a mysterious nationality, has been captured after a gallant fight, and heredit' steps in and helps him. The chink of "prize-money" was sweet to his forefathers, and, truth to tell, he is proud to see that these middies in their teens can command the cruiser's boats and run alongside a vessel full of out-throat Arabs—board, fight, capture, and scuttle as of yore; he is glad to think that in these sweltering sickly parts there is joy on board, from the captain bold to the cabin-boy, when the Prize Court is safely got over and the money dealt out all round.

It is, then, in no cheeseparing spirit that one earnestly hopes that all this may ensure more than such passing attention. For nearly fifty years, as an extravagant piece of uselessness, it has been winked at; and those who really have the good of the Africans at heart long to speak out. At all events, the nation has a right to expect some very different story from that which has to be told at the present moment.

Let it then be recollected that England's exertions in keeping up a squadron of ships off the East African Coast are purely and simply to prevent a supply of slaves being taken from Africa to meet a demand which exists in all directions in the Eastern Seas. England does this because the men of the last generation made themselves acquainted with the barbarities which go on amongst the inland tribes of Africa from which the slaves are brought, and because Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, Wissmann, and a host of others all declare that the cruelties depicted then are, if possible, much worse to-day.

We learn our geography as usual by our "little wars" and international disputes, so it is safe to believe that most folks now are acquainted with the island of Zanzibar off the East Coast of Africa, and its adjacent satellite, Pemba, will at once be seen on any map.

Now for results, in this year of grace, of all our past exertions. We shall best get at these by a very brief reference to Zanzibar. In the year 1822 Great Britain found it wise, for political purposes, to establish the present dynasty there, and that dynasty has been held in position ever since by the same hand. Not only has this been the case, but, owing to the fact of immense favour being extended to the Zanzibar Sultans—more particularly in giving them as political agents and advisers some of the most admirable men—the prosperity of Zanzibar has increased to an extraordinary degree. It is, in fact, the metropolis of Central and Eastern Africa. Its Sultan has a quasi hold on distant lands—whether we go to Uganda on the Equator, or to Lake Nyassa on the south—simply because the natives look upon him as the great purveyor of everything which reaches them from the outer world. It is true that now and again awkward stories come to England about our exceedingly prosperous ally. Livingstone traced the destruction of the Manyema people and the general spread of devastation in the interior to men who hailed from Zanzibar. They were annihilating all those wretched Africans who would not fit into slave-sticks or accommodate themselves to circumstances by enlisting in the Arab ranks against their own kith and kin. Stanley saw the same state of things; Cameron was an eye-witness to like horrors; and at last Sir Burtle Frere was sent out to inquire into the case—with what lasting effect we shall see presently when we bring the indictment against the Zanzibar Arabs down to the present date. Now, *pace* Mangnall, the island of Pemba, which has been mentioned, produces cloves for the world in general. It is an island, say, the size of the Isle of Wight, forty miles from Zanzibar itself. Lying low, surrounded with shoals, swamps, and a threadwork of lagoons, very little is known of it except it be by our cruisers, who have incessantly to keep watch over it in ordinary times. As a property it belongs to the Sultan of Zanzibar, and is farmed by the men about his Court, for the most part much in the hands of Banyan money-

lenders, and who are alternately called "subjects of the Sultan of Zanzibar" or "British subjects" as it suits the whim of our Foreign Office. Instead of beating about the African bush, the state of affairs at Pemba shall serve to show what an exhibition we make of ourselves before Arabs, French, Germans, and Portuguese.

Surely, it will be said, that after all the prosperity we have brought to these Arabs, the Sultan and his men will have the decency to act up to the letter and the spirit of the treaties existing with Great Britain; surely we shall not have to keep men-of-war waltzing round these two little islands to prevent the running of slaves thither—our ships, if they must be employed, can watch the coast, and the Sultan, with his own armed vessels, will look after them himself. We shall see in a moment how far such hopes are justified. Now, so dreadful is the slave's life in Pemba, that the missionaries at Zanzibar and opposite the island reckon that an imported slave does not live more than seven years as a maximum, and that the women, save in exceptional cases, bear no children. The slaves are for the most part captured to the west of Lake Nyassa. They are ferried over the lake and brought near to the coast, then marched along the seaboard northwards, and smuggled across to Pemba in small detachments. In the year 1876, Sir John Kirk, H.M. Political Agent, urged Seyyid Burgash, the reigning Sultan, to take additional steps to put a stop to these doings, as the scandal was becoming outrageous. A proclamation was accordingly issued on the 18th of April, of which the following is a translation:—

"To all whom it may concern of our friends on the mainland of Africa and elsewhere. Whereas slaves are being brought down from the lands of Nyassa, of the Yao, and other parts to the coast, and there sold to dealers, who take them to Pemba against our orders and the terms of the treaties with Great Britain. Be it known that we forbid the arrival of slave caravans from the interior, and the fitting out of slave caravans by our subjects: and have given our orders to our Governors accordingly, and all slaves arriving at the coast will be confiscated."

With Sir John Kirk on the spot, Seyyid Burgash dealt out very summary punishment to several delinquents; but whatever effect was produced has apparently become obliterated. Whether we derive our information from the inland lakes, from coast officials, or from our own Ministers in Parliament, the conclusion is the same. We will substantiate this by referring to the latest testimony from Zanzibar itself, and in doing this one casts no reflection upon Colonel Euan-Smith, for, if Sir John Kirk was thwarted, he most assuredly will be in turn. Considerable pains have been taken to ascertain the approximate number of slaves surreptitiously imported into the two islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. A letter lies before me some ten weeks old, written by an official on the spot, under whose eye all the efforts of this country pass in review. He differs altogether from Mr. Thomson in his estimate of the slave trade. He states that as many as 5000 slaves *per annum* are now

being taken to Pemba, and 1000 to Zanzibar! As we shall have to come to Lake Nyassa immediately, let me ask my readers to attempt to realize what this actually means. It was my lot once to be with Dr. Livingstone in the vicinity of Lake Nyassa, and at a time when for the slaver it was an exceedingly happy hunting-ground. As a consequence of what we saw, Livingstone reckoned that *for every slave that got to his or her destination ten lives were lost*. Inasmuch as the ground is now so cleared of slaves near the coast (that is to say, for the normal mode of collecting) that the Zanzibar Arabs have to procure them more than half-way across Africa, as shown recently by Mr. Arnot, the calculation of ten lives per slave may probably now be under the mark. The Arab slave-dealer's appearance on the scene means raids; quarrels fomented between strong and weak chiefs; a neglected sowing season in the prevailing disturbance; famine, and then the pestilence which follows on starvation. A vast proportion of the slaves perish on their journey to the coast, and finally the mortality is great at sea in overcrowded and unseaworthy dhows; for, with the possibility of capture before his eyes, the slave-shipper—particularly if he is bound for Pemba—charts any old cranky craft which will hold together for the trip. On the 5th of March last year, Mr. Philip J. Stopford, midshipman of the *Garnet* (who seems to be, by the Admiralty accounts, a very cormorant for snapping up slavers), chased a dhow off Pemba. The man at the helm lost his head, the dhow was capsized, and 92 out of 112 slaves and slavers were drowned.* One could multiply facts of this kind *ad infinitum* were it necessary. Everything goes to show that we are shutting our eyes to the wilful evasions of treaties by a shifty ruler and his subordinates, or that we are foolish enough to bolster up a fiction which takes the form of a grandiloquent reference to the Sultan, his power and influence, when really such attributes have never had any existence in the directions we indicate upon the mainland, and are conspicuous by their absence forty miles from his capital!

It is devoutly to be wished that an already mooted Conference could assemble; then the anti-slavery sentiments, to which the European Powers have jointly and severally pledged themselves, might really take a practical and concrete form, for never was a question in greater need of a general overhaul. At the moment this is impossible, owing to the very natural prejudices which have succeeded the fiasco of the so-called German colonists, followed by consequent entanglements and cross purposes with those who would otherwise be inclined to listen to our representations. Here, too, there is a somewhat ludicrous anomaly only too patent. England is labouring under the disability which is generally assigned to the crow who cannot count three. Of him it is said that you have only to get two other

* Blue Book (Africa) No. 7 (1888), p. 33.

persons to approach him from different quarters, and you yourself can walk up, gun in hand, and bag him. Be this as it may, what with watching Germany, our fellow blockader in one direction, and France, who has prostituted her flag to the Comoro slavers, in the other (involving some most unpleasant episodes with our fleet), the Zanzibar Arab—the man with the gun—comes on us boldly enough! Indeed, a positively apologetic tone prevails regarding him. “He is exasperated by the Germans;” “his trade is at a standstill;” “the Sultan’s power has passed away from the coast under coercion;” “the slave trade has nothing to do with these outbreaks”—and so forth. It would redound a great deal more to our common-sense if we took the trouble to see that, instead of lavishing all this ill-regulated sympathy upon the Zanzibar subjects, the present state of chaos which has grown up within the last year is a windfall to these partially restrained slavers which they are not likely to let slip. I have it on the highest authority that there is a general scramble on the part of the Arabs along the Zanzibar coast to ship slaves. The N.W. monsoon is blowing, and every creek can hide away its dhow till she is laden with the first gang of slaves that can be seized and clapped into chains in the adjacent villages. Before the wind in the run for Madagascar no vessel in the blockading squadron has the least chance with a dhow. Take, again, the case of the “rebel” Bushiri, whose name has been in most of the Zanzibar telegrams, and for whom some favour might be felt—*malgré* his attitude towards the German “colonial man”—because he has protected English missionaries in a brave manner. That the sun shines for his particular hay-time he sees plainly enough, thus:—“a large slave-market has now been established in the camp of Bushiri, where an enormous number of captured slaves are present, many being sold daily.”*

In short, a state of things prevails which is a disgrace to all concerned.

Our traders on Lake Nyassa are brought to a standstill by these Arabs. Our Scotch missionaries on the same lake see their pupils seized under their eyes, to be borne off to harems and plantations. Our English missionaries, out of good fellowship, turn a blind eye to their doings, only to find that the men they have been hand-in-glove with are the agents for devastating the fields of their labour. Bushiri saves those one day who are consecrated to the duty of abating the terrors and woes of Nyassa Land, and the next day “establishes a large slave market” to sell off Nyassas and Yaos who come from that very land, to the best bidder! There is a savour of “running with the hare and hunting with the hounds” about all this which surely ought to be as offensive to the nostrils of an Englishman as it must certainly be a puzzle to every faculty possessed by the aforesaid “poor devil,” who has been marched down to market.

* Times telegram, February 4.

with a tusk of ivory on his shoulder, from Nyassa, to see these slaving Arabs and the English on the very best terms!

The plain truth of the matter is this, however disagreeable it may be to utter it. We are ourselves such believers in the gospel of "Nothing succeeds like success" that we don't care to be too particular in asking *how* it comes about that Zanzibar has of a sudden become so rich. We are rather proud of our ward than otherwise. Our ivory-handled knives clatter none the less merrily on our plates because British-Indian subjects have "stood in" with the Arabs, who are tearing Africa to pieces for elephants' teeth. Our political agent, Colonel Enan-Smith, writes from Zanzibar to Lord Salisbury on the 28th of last June: "It is through these British-Indian merchants that the Arabs and chiefs in the interior are supplied with all the arms and ammunitions." He adds that this reaches a turn-over annually of some "80,000 to 100,000 firearms . . . chiefly 'arms of precision and breech-loading rifles.' . . . First-class Snider rifles, quite as good as new, could lately be bought at Zanzibar at 13s. a piece."* Cloves will smell as sweet though these rifles have done their work, and though a year's cultivation of the Pemba clove-gardens has soaked up the blood of 50,000 human beings far away inland, where no one seems inclined to interfere with the Arab slave-driver.

One speaks plainly, because those who are acquainted with East Africa—and I am privileged to know most of them—see that all is drifting to our own embarrassment and discredit, and to the slave-traders' certain gain. I suppose we are anti-slavers to a man in this country, but never did men hold on more vexatiously to the "wrong end of the stick" in trying to follow our national instinct. Take, for instance, this case of Pemba, which I harp upon because the evil could be stopped as easily as we could deal with a rebellion in the Isle of Man, were we so minded. Our Government has been urged again and again to compel the Sultan of Zanzibar to abolish the status of slavery there; authorities, headed by Sir John Kirk, insist on its advisability and feasibility; the Arabs themselves are quite prepared to be told so; but, rather than interfere, this hideous loss of life must go on!

As to the "stick"—has it a "right end," and if so, can we get hold of it? The direction in which to seek it has been pointed out more or less practically to-day by Cardinal Lavigerie and Captain Cameron, and, with all the enthusiasm of his nature, by General Gordon, too, whilst he was Governor of the Soudan. "Don't content yourself with snipping off twigs; go in at the roots:" in a word, follow the oppressor into Central Africa, rally the oppressed, and help them to turn him out.

A very remarkable and detailed scheme has been placed in my hands by Captain F. D. Lugard, D.S.O. Norfolk Regt. Dealing with

* Blue Book (Africa) No. 10 (1888), p. 26.

the same subject as that which Cardinal Lavigerie and Captain Cameron have advocated. It comes to the front rather late in the day, for the simple reason that it was drawn up by a wounded officer, who took the side of these Arab-stricken natives in the southern slave-preserve of Africa just as Gordon risked his life for them to the north. His propositions were indited amongst the poor creatures who go to dig and delve in Pemba, and it takes time for letters to reach home from Central Africa.

It has, however, this special merit. The writer was and is on the spot, and engaged in the work he wishes to extend; moreover, he has learnt the language, taught the natives discipline, and so far gained their confidence that he has already led an army of five thousand against their oppressors. Cast down physically for the moment by being shot in the chest and through both arms in leading the assault upon an Arab stockade, he was at the same time mightily rallied in spirit by the receipt of Lord Salisbury's speech made in the House of Lords on the 6th of July 1888, which I will quote briefly from the *Times*' report. Referring to the endeavours of the African Lakes Company, who were in collision with the Arabs at Karonga, the Prime Minister deprecated the idea of this country lending any armed assistance to such efforts. At the same time, he paid a well-deserved compliment to our countrymen in Africa.

"I think that the religious and commercial operations on Lake Nyassa form a spectacle upon which Englishmen can look with pride; yet it is one of those achievements which our race has formed, and will sustain, rather by the action of the individuals of whom the State is composed, than by the political machinery of the State . . . it is one of those tasks which must and will be carried through by the individual Englishmen who have undertaken it. . . . We have to fight with a collection of all the scum of humanity that is found over that vast territory which is governed principally by Arabs of the sort with whom we have dealt in the Soudan, who combine the grossest cruelty with a species of fanaticism. . . . This country will not abandon the task to which she has once put her hand, but she will carry it through successfully and to a triumphant issue by the proper action and the enthusiasm of her individual citizens."

Such words don't often reach men in Africa, and when they do, they are a better tonic than quinine.

Captain Lugard assumes that the Zambesi and Shiré rivers will be kept open in spite of attempts on the part of the Portuguese to close them. Lord Salisbury has promised this again and again to those who—whether missionaries or traders—have ventured half a million pounds sterling to undermine the slave trade around the great cistern, Lake Nyassa, which is reached by these rivers. Sir James Fergusson has not been slow to reiterate the assurance as occasion required, particularly in his Ayr speech, just before the Govan election. Briefly, Captain Lugard would suggest two small steamers, the one to be placed on Lake Nyassa, the other on Lake Tanganyika, which lies to the north of it. This is physically feasible enough: for ten years a

British steam vessel has been on the one lake, and for five years on the other. The African Lakes Company (whose battles Captain Lugard has been fighting against the Arabs in their attempts to destroy the English stations) would see that the ships were conveyed by their own transport vessels plying between the sea and the lakes. This done, Captain Lugard would have several military officers stationed at the north end of Nyassa. These would undertake to train the natives to defend themselves, and to re-open and keep open the already constructed "Stevenson" road between the two lakes. To quote his own words:—

"Africa is divided, north and south, by the waterway of the great lakes. It is from the western side of this waterway that the great supplies of slaves are brought, together with the districts close around the lake shores; these are exported to Arabia and the great centres of demand for slaves from the east coast. If this waterway be dominated, the slave trade receives a crushing blow in its very origin. The passage across the lake is limited, for the most part, to well-known crossings. No smaller vessels than big sea-going canoes (at the easier fords) or dhows can attempt the passage. Let the waters of the great lakes be proclaimed free, and the deportation of slaves illegal. To such a manifesto the Sultan of Zanzibar should easily be induced to subscribe [see proclamation before given.] Let every dhow or canoe captured containing slaves be confiscated and destroyed; they are very difficult indeed to replace on these waters, and the owners might be rendered liable to have their remaining dhows also confiscated if the ownership were clearly proved. Let the Stevenson road from Nyassa to Tanganyika be held and patrolled by a small military force, having stockaded positions close to either lake and able to co-operate with the steamers on the lake. Thanks to the steamer traffic already on the lake there is no lack of stokers and engineers, mostly of the best fighting material, on its shores."

Captain Lugard goes most voluminously into every detail of proposed expenditure, pay of officers, cost of steamers, enlistment of a few Ghoorkhas (whose value he so well knows), pensions to the wounded, pay to the natives, and in fact everything down to the cost per annum of oil for the engines! Such details will be invaluable if some rich man, willing and anxious to do good service, will look into them, but one can only abstract a few figures. The cost of the steamer, with steam up, on Nyassa would be £2500, and of that on Tanganyika £4140.

"The maintenance of each steamer I would estimate as follows:—

Fuel, say, 20 working days per month, at 9s. per day = per year	£100	0	0
Salary of British crew (1 captain, 1 senior, and 1 junior engineer)	500	0	0
Salary of native crew (eight)	40	0	0
Oil, 10 gallons per mensem, @ 6s. (£30); materials for repairs, &c. (£30)	60	0	0
Replacements as above of men time expired	66	0	0
Do. do. invalided, accident and wound fund	54	0	0
Total	£820	0	0

"It must be remembered that the primary object of the steamers will be to convey a body of troops with the utmost rapidity to any given point and to render the land force *extremely mobile*. Owing to the narrowness of both lakes the capture of dhows would be very difficult, and with a favouring wind and the system of signals by beacon fires they would be able to make the run across of some thirty miles and defy capture, especially at night. The duties of the levies would be to follow caravans after landing and ascertain from whence they came, to go to places which were being devastated, and, having found out who were the slavers, to follow them up, punish them, and so stop the trade in its very origin.

"The further question now arises of the military force necessary to co-operate with the steamers and also to hold the road between the lakes, this being perhaps the most important point at which to check the slave-trade. Lord Salisbury speaks of expeditions and of millions of money. Was he aware that at Karonga on Lake Nyass, a mere hasty entrenchment was held by six British against a very powerful Arab attack, and that the subsequent British attack upon an almost impregnable Arab stockade was carried out (though unsuccessfully) by a score of British, aided by raw, undisciplined native allies with ten days' training only? Often have I longed for a handful of our brave little Ghoorkhas, a few score of Pathans or Sikhs, such as I have known personally in India—disciplined, brave, and loyal to the death, whose faces, characters, and names I recall with the memories of Afghanistan, Burmah, and the Soudan.* . . . Were terms of service offered such as tempted so many thousands into the military police levies raised for Upper Burmah, and were an officer whom they knew and trusted commissioned to raise such a corps as a nucleus, I have no fear of getting recruits in plenty. . . . As a nucleus it would be required for a very limited time, in order to show practically to the African the results of discipline, and so to aid in his military development. . . . The tribes of Africa do not want for courage and soldierly qualities. . . . The headquarters should be situated on the high table-land midway between the lakes, where there is a healthy climate—detachments close to either lake would be available to send parties to co-operate with the steamers or small flying columns in any direction. A connecting outpost between these and headquarters—all strongly stockaded—would entirely dominate the caravan (slave) routes, while a concentration of all the available force (after allowing for the garrison of stockades) would be sufficient to coerce even the most powerful of slavers. Attached to the force should be some three 'mountain battery' guns and three machine guns, the latter for the defence of the stockades, the former in view of any necessary offensive action against a stockaded position. To estimate the approximate cost of such a levy is difficult. A complement of eight British officers at first would, I think, be necessary, in order to organize, restrain, and discipline a levy of raw savages; to supervise the equipment, to teach them the rudiments of good shooting, to handle them in the field, to build the stockades and fortifications, and to be available to accompany any force required by the steamers or for an inland expedition.

"Supposing the superior officers to be 'seconded' British officers, and allowing two of the junior posts to be given to men peculiarly qualified either by local knowledge or long experience in the recent South African wars, the

* Great weight will attach to his plans and calculations when Captain Lugard's services and experience are brought into account. In 1879-80 he took part in the relief of Cabul; he was present at the battle of Saidabad (medal). He served in the Soudan campaign of 1885 with the Indian contingent (medal with clasp and Khedive's star), and again in Burmah, holding the "Distinguished Service Order" for his services there.

approximate staff pay of the former (in addition to pay of their army rank) and the total cost of the latter would amount to £2000 per annum (or, including army pay of rank, a total cost of about £3600 to the State). Assuming a maximum of 1000 rank and file raised locally, and estimating the pay, clothing, and food of the various ranks, we arrive at a total cost of some £6800 per annum. I have endeavoured to show that at a total initial cost of under £7000 two steamers could be placed on the two lakes. The first would operate on the great commercial waterway connection with the Shiré and Zambesi, and the second (to the north on Lake Tanganyika) would be in touch with the newly acquired territories of the German and English East African Associations. In the second place, and at a yearly cost of about £9000, a force fully adequate could be maintained to guard the plateau between them and supply flying columns in any direction to be landed at any point by the steamers. The yearly maintenance of these I have estimated at £820 each."

Captain Lugard goes on to show that this would be a maximum expenditure, and that the development would be gradual—one steamer at a time and so forth. Moreover, it seems right to imagine that the African Lakes Company (whose business would increase in inverse ratio to the decline of the slave trade) should subscribe very largely, both in the sinews of war and conveyance of material at very moderate rates. Personally I see no reason why the scheme should not be cut in halves, particularly as this obviously proper treatment of the slave trade is being advocated in other quarters. Why should not Captain Cameron undertake Lake Tanganyika, with which his name is so honourably connected, and Captain Lugard be induced to remain on Nyassa, with which he is so intimately acquainted?

It only remains to speak of the natives themselves on whom this deadly incubus of the slave trade sits, and for whom, as an affliction, it is heated up seven-fold by these Zanzibar coast Arabs. Here is what Captain Lugard has to say for them on the spot, after training and leading them, and testing their capabilities as no officer has ever done yet:—

"The tribes around Nyassa and inland towards Tanganyika are all, without exception, friendly to the British. Karonga station, when at the last straits (besieged by the Arabs), was voluntarily relieved by 5000 natives, purely from their friendship to the British (as they were careful to point out).

The slave-traders alone have been the aggressors, and it was no slight matter for these tribes to incur their resentment and vengeance by thus saving the lives of the British. These were the Wa N'Kondé. When the subsequent expedition started, Atonga natives came forward from the West side eager to go where the trusted white man would lead them, leaving their homes and embarking in the steamer. Mambwi men from the Northern Highlands came and were equally ready; even the Wabunga, who, tempted originally by promises of the Wa N'Kondé country by the Arabs, had become their allies—these sent messages offering to come over to the British. Again the terrible Mangoni—the dreaded Zulus who dominate the whole country about lat. 10 E. to lat. 15·8 S. and westward of the lake, offered to come and fight for the British."

In short, Captain Lugard's schemes are but the more matured ideas

of Livingstone and a host of others. The expenditure proposed at this "right end of the stick" is a mere fraction of that which is uselessly squandered at the "wrong" one by our fleet of cruisers. Gordon knew, as well as Captain Lugard, that these wretched tribes of oppressed ones only require a backbone to be put into them to stiffen them against their oppressors, and the case was never more clearly put than in Cardinal Manning's words at the meeting held to listen to Cardinal Lavigerie's imploring appeal to our nation: "When the weak are trampled upon by the strong, it is the duty of the strong to deliver them." We content ourselves at present by catching, at enormous cost, one slave in fifteen or twenty afloat; we pay £5 per head prize-money to his captors, and an additional £5 to the missionaries who subsequently take him off our hands when we do not know what to do with him, and we reflect that ten of his kinsmen inland died in the operation which put him on board! Surely, if there is another end to such a stick as this, the sooner we go to Captain Lugard and try to handle it the better.

HORACE WALLER.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE "GEOCENTRIC" SYSTEM.

THE questions which arise out of the alleged contradictions between revealed religion and modern science almost of necessity take two shapes both of which stand apart alike from the literary and critical side of the controversy and from its purely moral side. Yet these two shapes severally answer to the purely moral and to the literary and critical side, and they severally employ much the same methods as are followed by those two sides. Of the two shapes here spoken of, one deals directly with the doctrines of religion, the other only indirectly, through the documents in which those doctrines are believed to have been handed down. It is one thing to say that the language of the Old and New Testament contradicts the discoveries of modern science. It is another thing to say that the Christian system of theology is itself set aside by those discoveries. Both these propositions stand quite apart from critical objections to any of the books of the Old or New Testament, such objections, for instance, as that they are not of the date which has been commonly assigned to them and which in some cases they seem to claim for themselves. Both objections again stand no less apart from objections to the Christian system on such grounds, for instance, as that that system attributes to the Divine Being a course of action which goes against our natural notions of human justice. But the two forms of scientific objection exactly answer, the one to the critical, the other to the moral objection. To say that the Gospel attributed to Saint John cannot be the work of a contemporary of our Lord, and to say that the opening narrative of Genesis contradicts the results of geological research, are objections which, among many points of difference, have one point in common. What they directly attack is the record only. So the moral and the scientific objection have this in common, that they deal directly

with the doctrine itself and not merely with the record. Now objections to the record may in the end tell against the doctrine; but, as long as they deal directly with the record only, their form is that of ordinary criticism, literary, historical, or scientific. The immediate question is something like this, Did such a writer write such a book at such a time? Do such and such words of such a book contradict such and such an ascertained truth of geology or some other branch of natural science? These are important questions in themselves, and they may be more important in their results; but they are in themselves very humble questions compared with the deep searchings of heart which are stirred by the two other lines of argument. Is the Christian scheme itself, apart from its records, consistent, in the one case with moral, in the other with scientific truth?

Now it may be merely the way in which the mind is influenced by its own pursuits; but it certainly seems to me that the difficulties suggested by the critical and the moral objections are much greater, and far better deserve the most thorough answer that Christian apologists can give, than the difficulties which are suggested by the purely scientific objections. It may be that I am every day employed on critical questions and have some experience of moral questions, while I may fail to give its full force to an argument founded on the facts of natural science. I do not know how this may be; with another objector or another apologist the temptations may be the other way. But it does seem to me that some of the difficulties which arise out of critical objections are very serious indeed. If it can be proved that the Gospel which we call that of Saint John was not written by a contemporary and familiar acquaintance of Christ, it can hardly be an honest record. The book itself distinctly implies that it is the work of an eyewitness. And, if that Gospel is not an honest record—allowing for the notions of that day with regard to the composition of speeches—really serious difficulties do arise. A good deal of received Christian theology certainly comes from that Gospel. But the scientific accuracy of the book of Genesis or of any other part of the Old or New Testament is surely a much less serious matter. Such questions need not trouble any except those who believe in the absolute infallibility of every jot and tittle of those books as they have come down to us. Even these last have ceased to be disturbed at the mere use of popular language. The astronomer himself, when he is not directly talking astronomy, perhaps even sometimes when he is, does not scruple to talk about the sun rising and setting. But, if we are only set free from the abject worship of books, even contradictions in the shape of direct statement need not trouble us. It is surely possible to believe that God chose the ancient Hebrews to be in a special way the instrument of divine purposes, that therefore their literature and history has a special value above

that of other nations, without believing that every scrap of that literature is an oracle of divine truth, any more than we need believe that every action recorded in that history is entitled to our moral approval. The Christian religion is surely not so closely bound to the cosmogony or the genealogies of the book of Genesis as it is to certain statements in the Gospel of Saint John. But the business of this paper is not to discuss either the critical or the scientific objections to the records, nor yet the moral objections brought against Christianity or against Theism generally. I merely wished to distinguish all these from the class of difficulties of which I do propose to say something, namely those which arise from the alleged inconsistency of the Christian theology itself with the modern discoveries of natural science.

These difficulties have lately been put very strongly and clearly. I will not attempt to make references or quotations; for where I am now writing, I have not the materials for doing so; but I believe that I shall not misrepresent the general bearing of the class of objection of which I speak. As I understand the argument, the objection is indirect; it is in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. The Christian scheme, the scheme of salvation, as divines call it, could have occurred only to minds which had a wholly false view of the structure of the universe and of the proportions and precedence of the bodies which the universe contains. Christianity, in short, is "geocentric." It assumes that this earth is the centre of the universe, that the inhabitants of the earth are the most important beings in the universe, the chief or only objects of the care of the Creator. For it implies that the Creator devised a scheme of salvation for the benefit of the inhabitants of this earth which is altogether inconceivable unless this earth and its inhabitants were the foremost objects in the universe. On the other hand, modern science teaches that this earth and its inhabitants are nothing of the kind. It teaches that this earth is a very small object in the universe, that it is only a satellite, and one of the smaller satellites, of the central body of its own system, and that that system is only one of many systems, and itself one of the smaller among them. It is unreasonable therefore, it is argued, to believe that such a scheme as that of Christianity, implying such awful mysteries and so tremendous a sacrifice, can have been devised for the sole benefit of such an insignificant part of the universe as this earth and its inhabitants. The words that I have used are my own, and not those of any objector; but I believe that they fairly set forth the general bearing of the objection.

Now I do not deny that we have here something that may be fairly called a difficulty. That is, we have something which seems strange and wonderful, something which at first sight seems to be altogether contrary to human experience. And the difficulty, or at least the thought, is a very obvious one. It must, I think, have some time or

other come into the mind of every one who has seriously thought about such matters ; it is apt to come into the mind of any one who looks up at the starry heavens with a thought of what the stars really are. At such moments the thought does press itself on the mind how physically small a thing the earth is, and how small an object in the universe the human race must be. And it is not very amazing if from that point we go on to think how wonderful, from the point of view of the earth's littleness, the Christian scheme seems. In many cases undoubtedly this thought does not in the least present itself as an objection to that scheme, or as a difficulty in the way of accepting it. Still the thought easily may, and sometimes does, take the shape of a difficulty. But the difficulty is surely not an overwhelming or a pressing one ; it commonly does not go beyond a mere passing thought ; it is hard to conceive that any one who had no other objection to Christianity would reject it on this ground. It does not seem to stand at all on the same level, or to call for the same serious answer, as either the critical or the moral objections. As a piece of controversy, it is rather a cleverly put rhetorical point than a serious and practical piece of argument.

When a man refuses to accept the Christian religion on the ground that there is no evidence for the facts which that religion implies, he brings a serious and weighty objection, which deserves a serious answer. And when a man refuses to accept that religion on the ground that its main doctrine is contrary to the moral justice which we assume in a Creator and Governor of the world, his objection is also serious and weighty. Like the other, it deserves a serious answer, though it must be an answer in a different form from that which has to meet the critical objection. Both are a good deal more than mere rhetorical points ; they are direct and real objections. But the objection to Christianity that it implies a "geocentric" theory of the universe, has this weakness, that it implies a *quasi* belief, at any rate a possible belief, in the doctrine which it attacks. If it is meant, not merely as a rhetorical point but as a serious objection, it really comes to this ; We cannot believe that so much has been done for this earth as Christianity teaches, because this earth is so little ; if this earth were only bigger, then we might believe it. Now it is hardly possible that this can be a serious frame of mind with any one. It implies that there is no objection either on the critical or the moral side ; the Christian scheme would be credible if it applied to a race of beings inhabiting the central sun ; it is incredible only because it is not likely that such a scheme should be devised on behalf of the inhabitants of one of the smaller satellites of a smaller sun. Surely nobody ever really believed or disbelieved on this kind of ground. An objection of this kind is a rhetorical point, and nothing more.

Yet when looked at as a rhetorical point, the saying is certainly a

telling one. It stands on a level with many sayings in political oratory which have great effect. Like many things in such oratory, it stands as it were in front of serious argument, and it may affect many minds which can hardly grapple with the serious arguments on either side. The slingers and darters have done more in some battles than the charge of the heavy-armed or of the elephants. The objection then cannot be wholly despised; that is, it cannot be wholly passed by. It is not unlikely to be effective, and the fact that it is not unlikely to be effective is a very instructive one, and one that opens a great number of curious analogies.

Soon after I saw the objection stated, I saw it answered with good effect from more than one side. The objection implies that those who hold the “geocentric” theory of the universe are likely to think too much of man, to claim for him too much importance, to think him indeed of so much importance as themselves to imagine the Christian scheme on his behalf. It was answered on one hand that, as a matter of fact, the “geocentric” theory does not always seem to have this effect. It was pointed out that it certainly had not this effect on the author of the eighth psalm. That psalm gives us the reflexions of one who, in prescientific days, looked up at the starry heavens. He had, we may be sure, never doubted that the sun, as well as the moon, went round the earth. He no doubt held, according to the cosmogony of Genesis, that the sun, no less than the moon, was called into being to give light upon the earth. But he did not, as, according to the objection, he ought to have done, feel at all puffed up with pride at being an inhabitant of a world which was the centre of so grand a system and which had such splendid orbs rolling round it. The effect produced on his mind is the exact opposite; the grandeur of the heavens, as looked at with “geocentric” eyes, at once suggests, not the greatness of man, but his littleness.

“I will consider thy heavens, the works of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast appointed. Lord, what is man that Thou visitest him, and the son of man that Thou so regardest him?”

There is no reason to think that there was in the writer of these words any conscious reference to the special Christian theology. It is God’s general providence and care for man which arouses his wonder; the littleness of man, as compared with the greatness of the heavens, does not come to his mind as an objection or a difficulty; it is matter for wonder, but for purely devout wonder. And this is surely the natural state of mind. Without thinking of any astronomical theories at all, without caring whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun goes round the earth, the contemplation of the starry heavens does make one feel our own littleness. We do indeed so deeply feel our littleness that the first impulse of the natural man is to fall down and worship the splendid orbs that he sees above him. I write in an

old Phœnician home, with Ashtoreth the goddess of the Zidonians lighting up earth and sky and sea and mountains. And I do not wonder that they worshipped her. Nor do I believe that the men of Rhodes would have thought any more—most likely they would have thought somewhat the less—of their great god Hélios, if any philosopher had taught them that, instead of driving his car daily through the heavens, he sat idly in the middle of things while the earth made a yearly journey round him.

The truth is that the objection attributes to scientific theories a great deal more practical influence than actually belongs to them. Whether the earth goes round the sun or the sun goes round the earth, does not make the least practical difference to the affairs of life. It makes no difference to our general feelings, to our general ways of looking at things. It does not appear that astronomers have a greater contempt for man and the earth and the things of earth than the men of past times who believed the "geocentric" theory, or than the men of present times who think very little about the matter. Nowadays we are all "heliocentric" when we stop to think about it; if we were put on by an examiner, we should all make the right answer; but I suspect that most of us are "geocentric" in practice. That is, we not only talk as if the sun really rose and set, but for all practical purposes we really think so. When I watch the sun seeming to rise out of the wide Mediterranean or seeming to sink at eve behind the western mountains; the chances are a hundred to one that I never think of the scientific doctrine which I at once acknowledge to be true if I do chance to think of it. The poets influence men's minds quite as much as the astronomers, and the poets are sadly "geocentric." Yet they often follow their old Hebrew forerunner in dwelling on the littleness of man and the vanity of earthly things. With one who was consciously and controversially "geocentric," with one who had convinced himself that Ptolemy was right and Copernicus wrong, it would doubtless be otherwise. Such an one might be tempted to swagger a little about the greatness of this earth and its inhabitants. But to the millions on millions who were and are "geocentric" only because they never heard of any other doctrine and never thought at all about the matter, to those other millions who are correctly "heliocentric" whenever they are examined, but who at other times fall back into a practically "geocentric" state—to both these classes the whole thing really does not matter. Nobody really accepts or rejects the Christian religion or any other religion, merely through thinking whether the sun is so many thousands or millions of times bigger than the earth, or whether it is only of the size of a cart-wheel, or, at the outside, about the bigness of Peloponnêsos.

About the same time that I saw the answer to the objection which

I have thus worked up a little for myself, I also saw another answer. It took this shape. The Christian scheme in no way implies any special importance in the earth or its inhabitants. It is perfectly consistent with more than one directly opposite theory. Now any theory whatever about the inhabitants of other worlds must be mere theory, because we cannot have any real knowledge on the subject. Astronomers do not attempt to tell us for certain whether even the other members of our own system are inhabited or not. I have no astronomer at hand to consult, but I believe I am right in saying that they tell us that Mars is the only planet of our system where men like ourselves could live, that, if the other planets are inhabited, it must be by beings of a very different physical nature from ours. Of the moral or spiritual state of such beings, if such beings there be, they can of course tell us nothing. It is open to any man to think that the other members of our system and the members of other systems are inhabited or that they are not. It is open to him to think that they are inhabited only by beings so inferior to ourselves that a scheme like that of the Christian revelation cannot apply to them. It is equally open to him to think that they are inhabited by beings so greatly our moral superiors that for them the scheme of Christianity has never been needed. It is, I suppose, open to him to think that, in some way unknown to us, the Christian scheme may apply to other worlds besides ours. And it may be at least a harmless dream, if any one likes to think that the heavenly bodies, so much greater and more splendid than our earth, may really be places of promotion for the inhabitants of this earth. All these are of course mere speculations; they are positions which, as they cannot be proved, cannot be disproved. They may be wise guesses or foolish; we are concerned with them only because, as they in no way contradict any discovery of modern science, so they are in no way inconsistent with the Christian theology. It is doubtless a wise caution to say that it is better not to enter at all on such speculations, in which we never can reach certainty, and which have no practical bearing on our actual life. Our duties lie in this world which we know about, and we need not trouble ourselves as to what may be going on in other worlds which we do not know about. It might even be added that, if we were meant to know about them, some means of knowing would have been given us in the way either of science or of revelation. All this is most true. I suggested the various hypothetical views just stated simply by way of argument. We are told that the Christian theology is essentially "geocentric," that—not to go beyond our own system—the "heliocentric" doctrine at once upsets that theology as implying an importance in man and his dwelling-place which does not belong to them. I answer that here are several possible opinions, none of which contradicts any scientific discovery, none of which contradicts the

Christian theology, but in some of which the view taken of man and his dwelling-place is by no means a lofty one.

I have taken these two lines of defence, suggested by others, and have given them some turns of my own. But I wish to go a little deeper into the matter from another side. There is another line of argument which I have no doubt has been taken already by some one or other, but which has certainly suggested itself independently to my own mind, and which I may truly say that I have not seen used lately. What if we were to say that the physical littleness of this earth, as compared with many other objects in the universe, is in no way inconsistent with a belief that the inhabitants of this small planet really are the most important beings in the universe? What if we were to say that such experience as we have of the working of things in our own world does actually suggest a certain presumption that it may really be so? There is a saying in Saint Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians (i. 27) which puts forth in a Christian shape a doctrine which no theist of any kind can well deny, and which those who do not admit even theism must allow to be in full agreement with the ordinary course of nature and history. Let us read it in the full strength of the original.

Τὰ μωρὰ τοῦ κόσμου ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, ἵνα τοὺς σοφοὺς κατασχύνῃ· καὶ τὰ ἀσθενῆ τοῦ κόσμου ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, ἵνα κατασχύνῃ τὰ ἰσχυρά· καὶ τὰ ἀγενῆ τοῦ κόσμου καὶ τὰ ἐξουθενημένα ἐξελέξατο ὁ Θεός, καὶ τὰ μὴ ὄντα, ἵνα τὰ ὄντα καταργήσῃ· ὥπως μὴ καυχῆσθαι πᾶσα σὰρξ ἐνώπιον αὐτοῦ.

Here the foolish things, the weak, the ignoble, the despised things, the very things that are not, are said to be chosen by God to confound and bring to shame the things that are, or at least seem to be, wise, strong, noble, or in other ways superior to them. The reason given by the apostle is a moral one, which I suppose would not be accepted by those who do not believe in a moral Governor of the universe. But we need not at this stage dispute about the reason; what we have now to deal with is a question of fact. Does not the apostle here describe in a somewhat rhetorical way an order of things which, if described in a more scientific fashion, we might venture to say was the ordinary course of the world both in physical and in moral matters? Christians, theists in general, will call it a law of God's providence; those who would disclaim either of these names may speak of it in some other way; but is it not, as a matter of fact, our every-day experience that something very like what the apostle speaks of does take place as the common course of things? The small things, the weak things, the despised things, do in a wonderful way get the better of the great and strong things which may be conceived as despising them, which in some cases certainly do despise them. The physically small things constantly have, in some way or other, a moral

superiority over the physically great things which more than makes up for their physical smallness. We see this alike in man's dealings with the natural world and also in his political history. Every victory of freedom and every practical discovery of science is alike an instance of the law laid down by the apostle. The position held by man himself in his own planet is the most wonderful instance of all. Everywhere the weak confounds the strong and has dominion over the strong. The wise of the world, the seemingly wise, are constantly taken in their own craftiness; the strong are overthrown by their own seeming strength. If a world that is physically very small among worlds should really, in some sense other than physical, hold the first place among worlds much bigger than itself, such a state of things is in perfect agreement with what experience tells us is the ordinary course of things in that one world of which we know something.

Let us then take the extreme proposition of all, namely that this world of ours, a mere speck, we are told, in the universe, has this precedence over all the other bodies in the universe that it alone is inhabited, or at least that no other is inhabited by beings of a nature equal or superior to our own. I am not asserting this proposition or any proposition on the subject, because no proposition of the kind can be either proved or disproved. I only say that, if anybody does maintain such a proposition, he is not maintaining anything that is absurd on the face of it. The Christian religion assuredly does not imply any such doctrine; but if it did imply it, it would be no argument against the Christian religion. For the proposition is quite in accordance with the only experience that we can have, that of our own earth. It may seem a very strange thing if the greater part of the universe really is condemned to what to us seems uselessness and emptiness. From one side it is answer enough that we know nothing of what is useful or useless in any world but our own, and that we perhaps know less about it than we think we do even in our own world. At any rate we know from the past history and present state of our own world that such seeming uselessness and emptiness was the state of the whole of our world in some of its past stages, and that it still remains the state of large parts of it. And here both the certain facts of geology and the less certain doctrine of evolution, instead of standing in the way of the argument, give it no small help. The longer we conceive the earth to have been in being without human inhabitants, without sentient inhabitants, without so much as vegetable life upon it, the longer we conceive it to have been a mere empty house, not dwelled in, not even garnished for those who were to dwell in it, the closer is the parallel that we get to the supposed condition of the universe in general. We know that our own world remained in this seemingly useless and empty state for untold ages; there is therefore at least no absurdity in supposing that other worlds, some or

all of them, may be in the same state still. And even now the physical state of the earth is by no means what King Alfonso, legislating for the greatest good of the greatest human number, might have wished to make it. I remember, when I was a boy at school, being greatly struck with a sentence in my geography-book. Speaking of the great rivers of Siberia, Obi, Lena, Yenesei, it said: "These vast rivers flow mostly through unpeopled solitudes." There was something in this simple description that set one a-thinking. One could not help contrasting these great rivers which, flowing through unpeopled solitude, seemed, from the human point of view, to be of no use, which play no part in the human history of the world, with rivers so much smaller as Thames, Seine, Tiber, which have played so great a part in that history. And I remember, perhaps out of Enfield's Speaker or Ward's Reciter, some lines of a last century poet who wondered or complained:

"A part how small of this terraqueous globe
Is occupied by man."

I am not sure of the word "occupied," and I perhaps might not have remembered the line at all, if it had not been for the grand word "terracuous"; but I know that my line and a half was followed by an eloquent setting forth of the dreariness and emptiness and seeming uselessness of a large part of this earth. And we used to be taught that Europe was the smallest quarter of the globe but the most important, and we enlarged with some satisfaction on its superiority to quarters so much bigger as Asia and Africa. In short, we might go on for ever proving the obvious truth which nobody doubts that a large part of the world is, for human purposes, useless, that, if the earth is but a very small part of the universe, the occupied and civilized part of it is smaller still. There would be no need to insist upon the matter at all, except that the past emptiness and uselessness of the whole planet, the abiding emptiness and seeming uselessness of large parts of it, certainly go a long way to get rid of all *à priori* objection to the possible emptiness and seeming uselessness of some or all of the other bodies that make up the universe.

And now we come to another point, namely the means by which large parts of the earth have been rescued from this empty and useless state, by which in truth all parts have been rescued that have been rescued at all. Some parts of the earth are still, as we have just seen, physically incapable of improvement; others are capable of improvement by the hand of man. And, if we take as our standard the needs of human life, not necessarily of civilized life, but, say, of what Mr. Tylor calls "high savage" life, the earth, even in its best case, needs some improvement. The savage himself has to do something to the earth or to something that grows or moves upon it, before he can reach even his own standard of well-being. Mankind has, in the language of

the Old Testament, a commission, not only to replenish the earth, but to subdue it. But the choice of man for such work is surely the strongest case of all of the weak things of the world being chosen to confound the strong. Of all the animated beings on the face of the earth man is surely, among those of any considerable size, one of the least fitted for such a task as that of subduing the earth. For man to subdue the earth means that he must strive, and strive successfully, against powers infinitely stronger than himself. It means that he must bear ~~up~~ against and get the better of, sometimes even that he must turn to his own use, physical forces, physical obstacles, in the face of which his own physical strength is simply nothing. It means that he must drive away or destroy creatures far stronger than himself, which cannot be made useful for his purposes, and to press into his service other creatures far stronger than himself, which can be in such sort made useful. He has to defend himself against the powers of nature, to find shelter against heat and cold and wind and rain. He has in the most literal sense to subdue the earth when he turns its soil to raise his food, when he clears the primeval wood, when he drains the lake and turns the river, when he hews his way through the mountain, and makes the Ocean itself his highway. Nay more, as he goes on, he makes the powers of nature his servants; the winds, the fire, the lightning itself, are all pressed to do his bidding. And to do all this, he has less of physical resource in his own person than almost any other animal. He comes into the world more helpless than the young of any other creature; for, as the helpless state remains so much longer, the human babe may be said to be practically more helpless even than the kittens and puppies which come into the world blind. And he remains through life more helpless, as far as immediate physical capacity goes, than any other creature. Some creatures, specially some of those which look like survivals from a past state of things, do in some sort seem more helpless than man; still even they are better provided for their immediate purposes. Man is not only actually smaller and weaker than a great many creatures, but he is proportionally weaker than a great many of the very smallest creatures. That he should be weaker than the horse, the bull, or the elephant, is only in proportion to his smaller size; but a man who should have a flea's power of leaping or the power of lifting weights which belongs to the goat-caterpillar would be a very remarkable being indeed. To be sure an elephant which should have the flea's power of leaping would be more remarkable still; but the small creatures generally do seem, as if to make up for their smallness, to have some powers in a higher degree than the large ones. And might we not even say that here again we have another instance of the law of the weak, if not confounding, at least surpassing the strong? Man has no natural weapons either to

defend himself against attack or to attack any other creature himself. His teeth and nails are contemptible beside those of almost any other creature ; he has no horns like the peaceful ruminants ; he has not those means of escape by fleetness, agility, what we may call physical cunning, which are given to many creatures whose powers of attack or direct defence are small. Like other animals, he is naked ; but he alone is, in most parts of the world, driven to feel his nakedness by painful physical necessity. Other animals feel cold, but most of them have some natural means of defence against it. Man, like other animals, feels hunger ; but in his own person, he has less means of satisfying his hunger than any other creature. And we might go on piling together a thousand instances to show how thoroughly man is, in all physical points, one of the weak things of the world. And it must be remembered that, if the doctrine of evolution be true, he comes from forefathers who were better equipped in all these ways than he is. And if we take the savage as an intermediate stage between the civilized man and those his remote forefathers, the savage has gone back somewhat and the civilized man still more. The savage has always some, often many, physical advantages over the civilized man. He may not always be actually stronger, but his physical senses are commonly keener. He commonly has the general physical advantage ; where he has not, it is either because he has, through some circumstance, physically degenerated, or because the civilized man has, like the domesticated beast, had the advantage of training. In any ordinary state of things, the savage has the physical advantage over the civilized man and the beast over the savage. The doctrine of evolution I neither affirm nor deny ; I simply accept it for argument's sake, as distinctly telling in my argument's favour. Grant evolution, and we must say that, as a being that has to make his way in the physical world without helps external to his own person, the civilized man has certainly degenerated from the savage, and the savage has degenerated from the ape.

Man then is assuredly one of the weak things of the world. But his weakness is one out of which he is made strong, a weakness by which he is enabled to subdue the earth and to have dominion over the beasts of the field. It is because he has more need of external helps than any other creature, because he knows that he has such needs and therefore seeks to supply them, that he has become, in one planet at least, the lord of the creation. Without tools he can do nothing ; with tools he can do everything, even to subduing the earth. Man's need of tools nowhere comes out more strongly than with regard to the one organ in which he does seem to surpass all other mammals. The hand of man seems to us a wonderful improvement on the hand of the ape. And so it is for man's purposes ; that is, for the using of tools. Be it the spade that is to be used, or the

sword, or the pen, or any machinery much more elaborate than any of these, man can work it all the better because of the more perfect developement of his thumb as compared with the thumb of the ape. But for the mere animal life which uses no tools, the ape's hand may be as good or better. One thing is clear; man's hand enables him to use artificial weapons, the bow, the sword, the spear, in a way that the ape could not; but in order so to use them, he gives up his natural weapons of claws, which the ape keeps. He has to give them up also in that curious process in which a natural organ is turned into an artificial weapon, when he clenches his fist to strike. Man's one piece of physical superiority is thus in some sort part of his physical inferiority. It is superior only as it enables him the better to use those artificial helps the need of which is the sign of his general physical helplessness.

While we are speaking of man who needs tools for everything, while we are contrasting him with other animals who do whatever they do without tools, we are again brought round to the remarkable fact that it is among the lower, not among the higher animals, that we find those which are most skilful in what we may call their practice of the arts. There are many animals which, in one way of looking at the matter, surpass man in their power of doing various things; but it is not among man's fellow-mammals that we find them. Among mammals man stands alone as a tailor, almost alone as a builder. But birds are for the most part builders, though it should be noticed that they are not strictly builders of houses. The bird's nest, so cunningly put together, is not the abiding dwelling-place of the bird; it is a temporary nursery, designed to keep the young brood in safety. But if the ingenuity of birds is wonderful, that of insects is more wonderful still. Both birds and insects can do without tools things that man cannot do with tools. The advantage that man has seems to lie wholly in his power of improvement. Birds and insects are ingenious builders; but, as far as we can see, they strike out no new styles of architecture; they do not invent the arch and develop it into the vault and the cupola. Birds again, and insects still more, seem to have higher political instincts than mammals. The economy of the rookery is wonderful and that of the bee-hive is yet more wonderful; but it does not appear that rooks or bees ever strictly invent or improve; a certain adaptation to changed circumstances is as far as any animal but man ever seems to get. Bees and ants, specially those ants which go forth to make war and to capture slaves, have surely something of a form of government, something like rulers, assemblies, debates. But all seems traditional; in an assembly of bees or ants we can conceive a decree to meet some immediate need; we can hardly conceive a constitutional amendment. Here again, if birds are more artistic and more political than mammals, and insects

again more artistic and more political than birds, we have once more the smaller, the weaker, the physically inferior, creature outdoing the greater and stronger. This superiority of the lower animals over the higher is a kind of secondary example of one general law, alongside of the great example of all, the supremacy of man. Man can do with tools,* insects can in many cases do without tools, things which the sagacious dog and the "half-reasoning" elephant cannot do either with or without them. Only man, who works with tools, can improve his tools and thereby improve his work, while the birds and insects, who work only with their own organs which they cannot improve,—which, at least within historic memory, they have not improved—cannot improve their work. The law of the weak confounding the strong comes out in a twofold shape. The inferior animals can do with their own organs things which the superior animals cannot do. But man, because his organs are physically so greatly inferior, is driven to the use of tools, and by the help of his tools, he is able to overcome all the rest.

The details of the processes by which man is ever subduing the earth and exercising dominion over the beasts of the field are so familiar to all, they form such a constant part of our every-day life, that we do not look on them with the wonder which they really deserve. But we have only to think about the matter, and we shall at once see how truly wonderful, how impossible to explain by any true physical law, is the dominion which man exercises every hour both over nature and over other animals. We are also, in our just admiration of those who improve, apt to be a little unjust to those who originally invent. In any process of invention the first step of all is the greatest of all. The man who set the first coracle afloat was a daring man, a greater inventor than any mere improver of the art of navigation. And a daring man he was too who first mounted on the back of a horse, though he was an improver rather than an inventor. The horse was clearly set to draw, most likely to carry burthens, before any man risked himself on his back. But the compound being, as we may call it, the centaur-like group formed by the man and his horse, is truly wonderful. The physical strength lies on one side and the force of will on the other. But here too the weak has mastered the strong; man holds down and guides according to his will a creature that could at any moment shake him off and trample him under foot. The contrast between master and servant is brought out more strangely still when man guides the elephant at his pleasure, with still less approach to physical constraint than the bridle puts upon the horse. And man has his conquests which are purely moral. The dog is a willing slave. The unchained dog can at any moment leave his master, and a dog of any size need never be chained if he chooses to resist. The dog in truth is more than a slave, even than a willing slave; he seems more

like a worshipper. One cannot help fancying that in the eyes of a dog his master must seem something like a deity. I will not enter on that mysterious dread of man on the part of other animals which in the Hebrew record is coupled with the commission to subdue and to hold dominion, and which certainly does exist in many cases. I pass it by, because it may perhaps admit of doubt whether it is in all cases strictly instinctive, and not sometimes the result of experience of the fact that man possesses powers which to all other animals must seem to pass all understanding. But the fact is the same in any case; man does hold dominion over other animals; he can tame when it suits him to tame, he can destroy when it suits him to destroy, creatures whose mere physical strength would enable them to destroy him in a moment. That is, once more, the weak things are chosen to confound the strong.

This part of the argument brings us at once to those elements in man which qualify him thus to discharge his commission of subduing and holding dominion. He has reason; he has speech. There is no need here to dispute as to the nature of man's reason, whether it strictly differs in kind from the analogous powers in the lower animals. It is enough that it differs so vastly in degree that it practically differs in kind. Nor need we here dispute as to the origin of speech and its relation to thought. It is enough that man does speak, and that other animals do not. That is to say, without at all denying that other animals may communicate with one another by means of the voice, it is certain that man can do so in a degree so vastly superior to all others that his gift practically differs in kind. But all this is only part of the same general law of which we have spoken so often. Man, with his inferior physical powers, can subdue and hold dominion, because such physical powers as he has are under the guidance of a high intellectual power, the power, we may put it, which can devise tools and improve them. The weak is assuredly chosen to confound the strong when it is on the physically weak that the power is conferred to which the physically strong has, in one sort or another, to give way.

But the same law comes out in the most instructive way of all, when we turn from man's relation to nature and to other animals, to his relations to other men, to the relations between one community of men and another. If we look to man's civil and political history, we shall find that its most striking pages, its most instructive pages, those which we turn to and which we remember with the greatest delight, are those which record the endless cases in which, in the annals of mankind, the weak have been chosen to confound the strong. I would crave leave to put forth yet again a doctrine—in form it may seem a paradox—which I have already put forth once or twice. For

it is certainly what in parliamentary oratory is called "germane" to the present argument. My position or paradox was this, that the great practical discoveries of modern science, the use of steam, electricity, any other natural powers,* in the various forms in which we have learned to apply them, are above all things valuable for their political results. They have, in a word, enabled large states to rise to the political level of small ones. I will not enlarge again, for I have done so already, on the way in which swifter means of communication have affected political life, how in short they have, for the first time in the world's history, made democracy on a great scale possible. They have made states possible which combine the personal freedom of a small commonwealth, the direct political action of each citizen in the commonwealth, with the physical extent and physical strength of a great kingdom. Without the railroad and the telegraph, the United States of America could hardly exist as a single confederation, and the kingdoms of Great Britain and Italy would be very different from what they are. Many of us indeed can remember when the kingdom of Great Britain was very different from what it now is, and can bear witness how much the great physical inventions have done towards working the change. Here again we see man doing something more than subdue the earth; we see him actually commanding powers which the human mind in its earlier stages would have instinctively looked on as divine. When man makes the lightning his servant, he ranks with the deities of most mythologies. But again it is out of weakness that he is made strong. Each increase of power springs from a fresh feeling of lack of power, and every use of tools, from the simplest to the most amazing, is a direct result of man's original helplessness.

Besides these inventions, which are in themselves colourless, which may be used either for good or for evil, but which certainly have been most largely used for good, there are other modern inventions of a more doubtful character in their results, but which still illustrate the same law. It is man's need of tools, his constant improvement of his tools, the constant extension of his dominion over new powers, which has led to the invention of those frightful instruments of wholesale destruction which are characteristic of the military art of our age. We cannot help fearing that their effect may be the opposite to that of the other class of inventions. These last have, on the whole, been used far more as the tools of freedom than as the tools of its enemies. They have been largely the tools of the weak against the strong. The special military inventions look frightfully like tools of the strong against the weak, of despotism against freedom. Still, as

* Printing also has had a large share in these results. But printing is not in the same way a new application of a natural power; it is merely an improved form of the art of writing. And the effects of printing, though very important, have not been so speedy as those of the other inventions referred to.

tools, for whatever purpose and in whatever hands, they are, like all other tools, results, if very distant and unlooked for results, of the original weakness and helplessness of man.

We cannot yet fully judge of the final results of either of these classes of inventions, which seem likely to affect the history of man at least as much as any inventions, since the very earliest of all. Thus far man's history has been very largely a record of the weak confounding the strong; it certainly has been so in all those cases when we look back to it with most satisfaction. Nay, it is so in a sense even in those parts of history to which we look back with least satisfaction. Nothing is really more wonderful in human history than the amazing patience and submission of the great mass of mankind in all times and places. As a rule, the majority of men in every time or place have been very wretched, and that, for the most part, consciously wretched, because they have had before their eyes the sight of others who were better off. And yet they have, as a rule, accepted their lot with amazing patience. The wonderful thing is, not that there has now and then been a Slave War or a *Jacquerie*, but that there has not been one never-ending *Jacquerie* from the beginning of things. The submission of the mass of mankind is almost like that of a dog to a man. The many have commonly submitted to the few, with as little thought of resistance as a dog that is chained or beaten. And yet the physical strength has always been on the side of those who have thus patiently submitted. It is true that a small body of trained soldiers or even policemen will put down a much larger body of unarmed or undisciplined revolvers. But this is not by greater physical strength, but by virtue of better training and better tools. And the submission of the soldiers and the policemen to their officers is itself a victory over physical strength on the part of some other power; as far as physical strength goes, the privates, the many, could at any moment overpower the officers who are the few. Here then again the law comes in that the weak confounds the strong, even though in many cases our sympathies may lie with the physically strong who do not know how to use their strength. But look at the case when it is the other way, when the physically weak maintain, and maintain successfully, the cause of right against the physically strong. Of all the struggles of man against man, those which most stir the heart and awaken our warmest feelings of sympathy, are those in which, before all others, the weak have been chosen to confound the strong, and those in which a small people, fighting for right and freedom, has overcome the physical force of an invading despot. We may for all practical purposes say the physical force of the despot; for an army does practically become so mere a tool, it so thoroughly does the will of its master and not its own, that we may truly speak of the physical strength of each soldier, his arms, his training, his

corporate spirit, as practically going to make up the physical strength of their master. The obedience of a despot's army to the despot is a moral—or immoral—obedience; but, when it obeys, it practically becomes a physical tool in the despot's hands. The master of an army becomes like those monsters of mythology who can use a hundred hands at once or enter a city by eight gates at the same moment. For a people in this sense physically weaker to withstand and overthrow such a power, the work of the old Greek against the Persian, of the Hebrew against the transplanted Macedonian, of the men of the Three Lands against the Austrian, of the men of the Seven Provinces against the Spaniard,—all these are the noblest instances of our general law. There we see, again to quote our apostle or one writing in his spirit, those choicest worthies of every age, those who, in his words, ἐνδυναμώθησαν ἀπὸ ἀσθενείας, ἐγενήθησαν ἰσχυροὶ ἐν πολέμῳ, παρεμβολὰς ἐκλιναν ἀλλοτριῶν.

Nor is it only on the field of battle that the weak have thus been made strong in the cause of right. We may fearlessly assert that, till, as was said above, modern science enabled great states to rise to the level of small ones, the small states held that same position in the political system of our earth which it may be that our earth holds—I am far from saying that it does hold—among the physically greater bodies of the universe. I need not go about to show where it is that we look in almost all ages for the real advance in politics, in art—counting even the military art in the higher sense, as distinguished from the mere invention of huge engines of destruction. It is clearly to the small states of the world, to those which had mere numbers, mere extent of territory, mere physical strength in the secondary sense already spoken of, all arrayed against them. Our models, always and in all places, are the small states, the single cities, the small nations, the leagues of districts and cities arrayed together to withstand some overwhelming enemy. So it was in old Greece; so it was in mediæval Italy; so it was among the free towns and lands of Germany and the Netherlands. Nay, in days before we heard quite so much about “empire” as has been the fashion lately, we were, in our own island, pleased with the comfortable belief that, while physically among the smaller powers of the world, we ranked none the less among the greatest, and were disposed to think ourselves in some points the greatest of all. And indeed even “empire,” set up as it is nowadays, where we used rather to set such names as justice and freedom, often is itself, like the armies of despots and their murderous inventions, a kind of perverted instance of the general law. Of all the wide-spread dominions that the world has seen, the really greatest, the most abiding, those which could claim something of moral power, were those whose dominion was most utterly out of proportion to their mere physical resources. Carthage, Venice, Rome herself, were cities which had become corporate despots.

Carthage and Venice, ruling over a scattered dominion, never became anything else. Rome, with a continuous dominion, could incorporate her provinces in herself. But in so doing she too fulfilled the law. Surely the strong were never more fully confounded by the weak, or rather the strong had their very being merged into the being of the weak, than when a village on a low hill by the Tiber brought, step by step, to be as it were, part of her own substance, the cities and lands of Latium, of Italy, of the whole Mediterranean world.

In this last stage of our argument we seem to have come very nearly round again to its beginning. This new objection—if not literally new, as very likely it is not, this objection newly brought up again—which is to disprove the scheme of the Christian religion through a kind of scorn for our own earth and its littleness, seems really to have a good deal in common with certain views of history and politics of which we heard a good deal a few years back. They were chiefly put forth by one who assuredly knows better, one who, as it has been happily said, "sometimes dissembles." But, if they were not meant gravely, they were certainly often taken gravely. The tone of scorn which it has been sometimes thought fine to take up towards those small states to which the world owes its present enlightenment, is grounded on the fact of that physical smallness which was in truth the cause of their moral greatness. When we are asked what there could be to care for in a state like Athens, whose rivers were so much smaller than the Thames, which had so small a number of citizens, so small a tale of square miles of territory, a state which in its greatest battles could not kill so many men as a clever engineer could kill in "a good railway accident"—when we are left to make the inference how much nobler were Persia or Babylon, the Hun, the Mongol, and the Turk, than so paltry a state as this—when we hear talk of this kind, we are really hearing the same voice, we are listening to the same idolatry of simple physical bigness, as when we are told that this earth cannot be of that importance which Christianity assigns to it, and that therefore Christianity must be false, because the circumference of this earth is vastly smaller than that of Jupiter or Saturn, to say nothing of vaster bodies outside the system to which we belong. But the new teaching is further influenced from another source. It seems to imply that extravagant estimate of man's power of knowledge which is the weak side of some favourite branches of modern study. Every man who seriously works at any branch of study must be always having his own personal ignorance brought home to him. That is, the more he learns, the more he sees beyond him which he has not learned. This is eminently the case with the historian and the philologist, and I conceive it to be equally the case with the student of natural science. But the student of natural

science is perhaps more tempted than the others to fancy that, though he himself does yet not know everything, yet he or somebody else may some day know everything, that in short the human mind has no bound to its powers of knowledge. And yet of all men he ought most keenly to know that there is a bound; for, when he has, with wonderful skill, pointed out and defined a long series of causes for any process, there is at last a point at which he has to stop, a point at which he can no longer define his cause, when he has to talk about "force," which is in truth a conventional way of saying that his knowledge has come to an end. After all, we know the final *why* of very few things. Newton did not find out *why* the apple fell from the tree; he did find out that the falling of the apple was one of a wonderful range of phenomena, taking in the motions of vast bodies in our system and beyond it. He found out what we may for convenience call a law; he did not find out how the law came to be enacted or by what means it is enforced. It is a wholesome discipline to learn, not only that there are many things which we do not know, but that there are many things which, with our present faculties, we never can know. With those faculties we never can know what may be the real position, other than one purely physical, of our earth among the other bodies of the universe. We know nothing, and it is not wise to guess. Christianity does not really profess to teach us anything. In this article I have assuredly not committed myself or any one else to any position on such matters whatever. But if it should be true that our earth does hold a kind of moral place in the universe out of all proportion to its physical size, the fact will be one of exactly the same kind as the fact that so small a continent as Europe was chosen to play the foremost part in the world's history, and that so small a part of Europe as Greece was chosen to play the foremost part in Europe.

And here, is it wrong to whisper, very gently to whisper, that some of those who most zealously assert the new argument, who look with the greatest scorn on their own insignificant species and the paltry planet which it inhabits, stand themselves in the greatest need of the general law which we assert? If it is fair in such an argument as this to bring in the history of religions, and specially of that particular religion which is called in question, one might say that nowhere does the law of the weak confounding the strong come out more plainly than in the history of both Christianity and Islam. Both were assuredly among the weak things of the world when they started, and both assuredly were made strong out of their weakness. And the Christian may perhaps be allowed to say further that Christianity made the conquest of its own Roman world while it still remained in its physical weakness, while Islam made the conquest of its own Arabian world largely by allying itself with physical force. The same might be

said of other religious bodies in later times. If, for instance, the "Religion of Humanity" is destined, in some future age, to overspread the world as Christianity and Islam have already overspread it, none surely will be so ready as its triumphant votaries to allow that their day of victory has grown out of a day of weakness; none surely will be so ready to cast aside the philosophy and vain deceit, the science falsely so called, which measures things by physical bigness only, and which might haply teach us to despise a small state, a small planet, a sect whose census would hardly need a Colenso to reckon it up, forgetting that, be it by a divine will or by some subtle evolution of causes, yet, as a fact, the law of the world is that the weak are chosen to confound the strong, and even that the things that are not are chosen to bring down the things that are.

And now what ground can we hope to have made in this argument? We have assuredly proved nothing. We have assuredly disproved nothing. We have not proved the truth of any Christian doctrine. We have not disproved any serious objection to any Christian doctrine. We have said nothing that can convert anybody who disbelieves on any serious ground. But we may have shown that no one who believes need cast away his faith, that no one who is otherwise disposed to believe need believe any the less, on account of a certain objection which is not serious. We may have shown that a certain alleged argument which at first sight sounds very clever is undoubtedly clever as a piece of rhetoric, but is of no strength at all as a piece of reasoning. We may have shown that no Christian need have his faith shaken simply because three centuries back it was found out that the earth goes round the sun, though it would seem that the full results of that discovery were reserved for our own day. If thus much has been done in the present paper, it is enough, because it is all that there has been any attempt made to do. Where I am now writing, I have no means of turning to the works of Bishop Butler. I have not read them for many years; it may be that he has forestalled every point that I have attempted to argue. I find that the spread of enlightenment at Oxford has turned his writings out of the Oxford course. I can only say that I am glad that, three and forty years ago, his *Analogy*, and yet more his *Sermons*, still formed part of that course. If so old a memory has kept on the faintest trace of his spirit or method to guide me in what I have now written, I shall be well content.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

Palermo.

IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

V. RELIGION AND MORALS.

IN the religious life and thought of Australia, and in its ecclesiastical organizations, I found less originality than I expected. The Churches—all the Churches as far as I could learn—have too faithfully reproduced in new circumstances the customs and institutions of the mother country. The Congregationalists in Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide hold the same number of religious services on Sunday as the Congregationalists of London, Liverpool, and Manchester; and the same number of religious services in the week. Notwithstanding the differences of climate they hold their services at the same hours—at half-past ten or eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, just when, in summer, the day is becoming intolerably hot; and at half-past six or seven o'clock on Sunday evening, before it has become cool. Their services are of the same kind. They sing the same hymns to the same tunes. The clearer skies, the intenser light, the fiercer sun, the new constellations, the orange groves and the vineyards, the unfamiliar trees and flowers, the fertile virgin soil, the immense pastures which are being gradually covered with flocks and herds, the terrible droughts, the hot winds, the solitude of the settlers in the Bush, the hopefulness and the buoyancy of the people in the towns, their joy in their material prosperity, their affectionate memories of the old country—none of these, as far as I know, has as yet touched the imagination and the heart of a devout poet—none of them has passed into the hymns of any of the Churches. Great hymn-writers like Watts and Charles Wesley are very rare; but it seemed to me rather remarkable that no hymns had been written—or, perhaps, I ought to say, that no hymns had come into general and ordinary use—that had caught the colour and inspiration of the new country and the new environment of Church life. The

reason may be that the new environment has not produced any serious effect on the religious life itself. For Congregationalists in Australia are hardly to be distinguished, as far as their religious thought and interests are concerned, from Congregationalists in England. It is the same with the other religious denominations. The Baptists were discussing, when I was there, Mr. Spurgeon's secession from the Baptist Union, and were exercised with anxious thoughts about the "Down Grade." The Presbyterians in Melbourne had been excited by the departure of a conspicuous and popular Presbyterian minister from the Westminster standards. The Wesleyans were alarmed by symptoms of indifference to the class meeting. At Sydney, the Episcopalians were divided by a sharp controversy about the reredos in the Cathedral.

At Adelaide seventy or eighty ministers—Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists of several descriptions, Congregationalists—did me the honour to invite me to meet them and deliver an address. I thought that it would be difficult to select an appropriate subject; and when I met them I said that they would oblige me if they would write down the questions on which they would like me to speak and hand them to the chairman. Ten or a dozen questions were handed me at once, which it took an hour to answer; they were questions which would probably have been proposed at a similar meeting in Nottingham or Leeds. At Melbourne I had a "question morning" with the Congregational ministers of Victoria, and the Adelaide experience was repeated. It was all too much like home.

I was very much interested, therefore, when I met in Adelaide a young Episcopal clergyman who has seen visions and dreamt dreams of bold ecclesiastical reforms. In England, with a history of many centuries of religious conflict behind us, the rivalries and the controversies created by the existence of a large number of religious sects are accepted almost as a matter of course. But on the other side of the world, Whitgift and Cartwright and Hooker, the Elizabethan Separatists, Archbishop Laud, the Westminster Assembly, the Episcopalian troubles during the Commonwealth, the Nonconformist troubles after the Restoration, seem a very long way off. And the young South Australian clergyman has asked himself some very searching questions about his own Church and about the other Churches planted in the colony. "Is it not possible to dismiss the past and to make a new beginning? Why should the evil memories of a land from which we are separated by twelve thousand miles of ocean and the evil memories of a time from which we are separated by more than two hundred years infect this new soil and this new age? Is it not possible under these new conditions to forget the old controversies by which Christian men are divided, and to remember only the Christ in whom they are one? Can we not

lay in Australia the foundations of a broad ecclesiastical polity which shall gather into it all Christians?" The more sluggish pulse and the less mercurial temperament, which are due in part, perhaps, to our colder and gloomier skies, prevent me from thinking that the hopes of my ardent friend are likely to be fulfilled. He seemed to me to fail to recognize how deeply rooted are certain principles of ecclesiastical polity—as distinguished from their forms—in men's conceptions of the very substance of the Christian Gospel and in the central elements of the Christian life. But he was trying to look at the actual facts of the religious life of Australia, and to consider how, apart from inherited hostilities, jealousies, and misunderstandings, it can be more effectively organized; and this was a great merit.

As yet, however, the power of the past over the religious institutions and religious activities of Australia seems unbroken. Nor do I imagine that large changes, involving the breaking up of existing forms of Church polity, are probable. Presbyterianism, Methodism, Congregationalism, Episcopacy, under its two forms, Anglican and Roman, will remain for many generations—perhaps for many centuries to come. But if the Christian life of the colonies is to maintain its vigour, the Churches, whatever their polity, must, as I venture to think, break new ground and modify the details of their organizations. Here, in England, Christian Churches are, to a very great extent, philanthropic institutions; and institutions which are altogether philanthropic are largely supported and largely worked by men and women whose compassion for misery derives its inspiration from Christ, and who devote themselves to its relief as part of the service which they owe to Him. And the unhappy economic and social condition of large masses of our population has led to the establishment of mission churches and mission schools, and created other forms of activity of a strictly religious kind. If nine-tenths of the poverty and the misery suddenly vanished, the strain on the liberality and on the personal service of the best and most earnest people in all Churches would cease, and a large number of those institutions, religious and philanthropic, in which the power of their religious life is both revealed and disciplined, would collapse. Suppose that hundreds of thousands of men, who are now very thankful if they can earn eighteen shillings a week, suddenly became able to earn five or seven shillings a day; suppose that men, who are now fairly prosperous on four or five shillings a day, could earn eight, ten, or twelve; suppose that in the villages young men willing to remain on the land could get from £30 to £50 a year in addition to "rations" and lodging; suppose that every poor girl of decent character, moderately good temper, and not an absolute fool, could get employment as a domestic servant with wages rising from £18 a year to £30, besides her board and lodging, with a prospect of still higher wages

if she proved clever and useful; suppose that tolerably good dress-makers could easily get employment in private families at four shillings a day, with dinner and, perhaps, "high tea;" suppose that, as the result of this prosperity the narrow unwholesome streets and the miserable courts in which hundreds of thousands of our people live were deserted, and their inhabitants transferred themselves to healthy houses filled with comfortable furniture—what would happen? Three-fourths or four-fifths of the very best work which is done by Christian Churches and by the members of Christian Churches would become necessary, or would take an altogether different form.

This imaginary condition of things actually exists in the Australian colonies. Of course, there is trouble in Sydney as well as in Birmingham, in up-country towns in Victoria as well as in Warwickshire villages. In Australia as well as in England there are widows and orphans who are left destitute, and who must be cared for; there are the deaf and dumb and the blind, and people suffering from incurable disease, to be pitied and helped; strong men are struck down by severe illness, and their wives and children suffer great hardships; industrious men cannot always find work—at least, they cannot always find work at the wages which the economical condition of the country leads them to demand. In Australia as well as in England there are well-meaning people, in good health, not idiots, with the same hands and arms and legs and feet as everybody else, but who, for some inscrutable reason, are perfectly useless; whatever they attempt, they always blunder and always fail; they suffer from some fatal defect of sense or of persistent energy. Finally, there are the reckless and the vicious, who ruin themselves and every one that depends on them. The claims of these various classes of persons on the solicitude and generosity of the Australian Churches are considerable; but the area of wretchedness when compared with the resources for its relief is much more contracted in Australia than in England, and its demands on personal service are comparatively slight. I dare say that there is unrelieved misery in Sydney and in Melbourne; and here and there I met with people who had been overtaken in their endeavours to care for the unfortunate and the destitute. But the sick, the poor, the wretched in these cities are not numerous enough to employ all the Christian men and women who are living near them; and I did not learn that any new forms of service, suggested by new conditions of life, had been added to the traditional "good works" of the old country. For large numbers of excellent and able people there seemed to be very little to do, except to attend Church committees occasionally. They had no work—nothing that could be called work. But, with the eagerness and energy of the Australians, it seems indispensable, if their religious life is to be vigorous, that the

Churches should make substantial demands on their time and their strength.

In one direction all Christian communities have shown conspicuous zeal, and a splendid generosity—I mean in the building of churches. According to the estimate given by Mr. Horace Mann, in his “Report on the Religious Census of England and Wales,” religious accommodation should be provided for about 58 per cent. of the population; this represents the percentage that can be present at one time at public worship. Estimated by this rule, the religious accommodation provided in South Australia is in excess of the requirements of the population; there are 199,617 sittings in permanent church buildings, and 27,425 additional sittings in temporary buildings; as the population is only 313,423, there is permanent provision for more than 63 per cent., and a total provision for more than 70 per cent. In Victoria there are sittings for 551,883 persons; the population is 1,003,043; accommodation is provided for 55 per cent. New South Wales is not so satisfactory: the population is 1,001,966, and the total accommodation—including that in temporary buildings, which probably amounts to 40,000 or 50,000 places—is only 381,762; the provision is for about 38 per cent. of the population.

The figures for all the three colonies are extremely remarkable. In England every new generation inherits from its predecessors, houses, roads, bridges, cultivated fields, sawmills, workshops, forges, schools, churches, and everything else that is necessary to the existence of a civilized community. But the men who settled in Victoria and in South Australia only fifty years ago settled in a wild untamed country. They found nothing ready to their hands. Not a house was built; not a road was made; not a field had ever been ploughed or fenced. There were no horses in the country, no cattle, no sheep. And what was true fifty years ago of the whole of Victoria and of South Australia was also true, at the same time, of a large part of New South Wales. The settlers had to begin from the very beginning. But while they were living in tents or wattled shanties, they put up a larger tent or a larger shanty for worship. As soon as they built houses for themselves they built churches. Wherever a crowd of diggers or miners was drawn together by the discovery of gold, of silver, or of copper, provision of some kind or other was made within a few weeks, or at most within a few months, for public worship; and as soon as a settled population was gathered in the neighbourhood of the diggings or the mines permanent churches were erected. In some parts of the country, churches have been built from which hardly a dozen houses are visible; the congregations are drawn from people living on farms and “stations” four, five, and even ten miles away.

We are often told that the religious faith of the English nation is

decaying; that the most vigorous elements of our population are lost to the Churches already; that the immense majority of the rest are retained by nothing stronger than the force of "use and wont;" that a large proportion of those who attend Christian worship are drifting fast into unbelief, and that, if they had a little more courage, they, too, would soon be in open revolt against the Christian tradition. These assertions are made with such confidence, and are reiterated so incessantly, that, I suppose, the most earnestly religious men of all Churches are, in some moods, disposed to think that there must be something in them. It is possible that those who are not relieved of their anxieties by the decisive evidence that there has been of late years a revival of religious faith in many parts of England may find courage and hope in these remarkable proofs of religious energy and liberality in Australia. For Australia, as I endeavoured to show in a previous paper, has been settled by men and women who, in physical vigour, in general force of character, in fearlessness and self-reliance, were above the general average of the people of these islands. Their children and their children's children retain the robust qualities of their parents. But the churches which they have built are a proof that they have not forsaken the Christian faith.

In Victoria the average attendance at "the principal service" in 1886 was 351,061, or about 35 per cent. of the whole population and 60 per cent. of the possible attendance at that service. In New South Wales the average attendance at "the principal service" was 241,569, or about 24 per cent. of the whole population and rather more than 40 per cent. of the possible attendance. There are no returns for either colony showing the attendance at the other services; but, in estimating the number of persons who are present at some service on the Sunday, a very considerable addition must be made to these figures. No returns of attendance are given for South Australia.

In Victoria the average attendance of scholars at Sunday-schools is 141,781, and the average attendance of teachers 17,141; in New South Wales the average attendance of scholars is 103,611, and of teachers 10,759. The attendance of scholars in Victoria is 71 per cent. of the population between six and fifteen; the attendance of scholars in New South Wales is 56 per cent. of the population between seven and fifteen. In South Australia the number in average attendance is not given, but there are 59,000 scholars on the rolls as compared with 44,000 on the rolls of the public schools, and there are 7000 teachers.

The contention that the religious faith of Victoria is being destroyed by the secular schools receives no support from the statistics which show the church accommodation, the attendance at public worship, and the attendance at Sunday-schools in that colony; and a com-

parison between Victoria and New South Wales affords no argument against the secular system. Grants to denominational schools in Victoria ceased in 1873, and since then it has been no part of the duty of the State school teachers to give religious instruction. The secular schools have been at work a sufficient time to produce a very considerable effect on the population. In New South Wales grants were made to denominational schools till 1882,* and a large proportion of the men and women above twenty-one must have been scholars in the schools of the Churches; since 1882 the grants have ceased, but "undenominational teaching" has been given by the State school teachers. And yet, though the population of the two colonies is about the same, the churches erected by the voluntary zeal and generosity of the people of Victoria provide for 70,000 more persons than the churches of New South Wales; the average attendance at the principal service in Victoria is more than 100,000 in excess of the average attendance in New South Wales; in the Sunday-schools there are 8000 more teachers and 40,000 more scholars. Or—to repeat the percentages given on a previous page—the church accommodation in Victoria is for 55 per cent. of the population, and in New South Wales for 38 per cent.; the attendance at the principal service in Victoria is 35 per cent. of the population, and in New South Wales 24 per cent.; in Victoria the number of the Sunday scholars is equal to 71 per cent. of the children between six and fifteen, and in New South Wales it is equal to only 56 per cent. of the children between seven and fifteen.

When I first learnt these facts, it was my impression that the contrast between the two colonies was to be wholly accounted for by the fact that New South Wales has an area of over 300,000 square miles, with a population of only a million, while Victoria, with the same population, has an area of less than 90,000 square miles. In a country which is very sparsely populated the people are not likely to build churches; and if churches are built, church attendance will be irregular. Some allowance must be made in favour of New South Wales on this ground. But, even in Victoria, people living on farms and stations are very widely scattered; and, while there are about 9000 more persons engaged in "pastoral pursuits and about animals" in New South Wales than in Victoria, there are about 20,000 more persons engaged in "agricultural pursuits and on the land" in Victoria than in New South Wales;† and the proportion of

* I am not familiar with the details of the successive educational systems which have been adopted in New South Wales. At first I believe that grants of land for school buildings and annual grants for school maintenance were made to the Churches; then two central boards were constituted, one to superintend the denominational schools, the other the public schools: then both descriptions of schools were brought under the control of one board. But, whatever may have been the variations in the system, the schools were largely denominational till 1882.

† These figures are taken from the "Victoria Year-Book for 1886-7," p. 62.

the population living in cities, towns, and villages in each colony appears to be about the same. I also thought it possible that the percentage of the native-born population might be smaller in New South Wales than in Victoria, and that this might be alleged as a reason why the religious schools had not been more successful in training the people to religious habits: but I discovered that the percentage of the native-born is slightly larger in New South Wales, though the advantage is about balanced by a larger percentage of Chinese, Germans, and other foreigners.

I am not so irrational and fanatical a partisan as to maintain that the larger religious accommodation, the larger attendance on religious worship, and the larger number of Sunday scholars in Victoria are to be attributed to the system of secular schools which that colony adopted in 1873; but in the presence of the facts which I have recited it is perfectly fair to say that those who are attacking the secular system on the ground that it is destroying the religious faith of the people of Victoria have no case. It is also fair to say that the experience of New South Wales offers no encouragement to those persons, either in the colonies or in England, who confidently believe that religious teaching in day-schools will train a religious people.

About the causes of the comparative deficiency of church accommodation in New South Wales it is not easy for a visitor to speak with any confidence. Something, perhaps, may be due to the fact that a very considerable number of persons had left England and settled in that colony before the great period of church building in this country had set in; while the immense development of Victoria had only just begun when the disclosures of the inadequate religious accommodation in the large towns contained in the "Report on the Religious Census (England and Wales) of 1851" created something like a religious panic, and suddenly invested the duty of providing adequate religious accommodation for the whole community with new and more urgent obligations. The passion for church building, which the Report had created at home, revealed its power in the young colony; large numbers of the settlers carried with them the sacred fire.

There is another fact to which it is not unnatural that I should attach importance in this inquiry. New South Wales, when a Crown colony, had an Established Church with its salaried clergy, and the people were trained to rely on the Government for the provision and maintenance of the institutions of religious worship. During the Governorship of Sir Richard Bourke (1831-1837), State aid was granted to Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Wesleyan Methodists, as well as to the Church of England. This system of concurrent endowment continued till 1862, when an Act was passed which limited future annual payments to the clergy who were at that time actually receiving grants. In 1863 the Church of England

received £17,967; the Roman Catholic Church, £8748; the Presbyterians, £2873; the Wesleyan Methodists, £2784—total, £32,372. In 1886 the total amount of the grants had sunk to £10,743.

Victoria never had an Established Church; and the system of concurrent endowment created by the original Constitution, which provided that £50,000 should be set apart every year from the public revenue for the erection of churches and the maintenance of ministers, was abolished in 1875.*

But something is to be attributed to the difference between the educational systems of the two colonies. This is not the place to argue the question; but I have a serious conviction that, on the whole, religious teaching given in ordinary day-schools lessens instead of increasing the influence of religious truth on the life of a community, and that secular schools make the work of the Churches easier. If I were an enemy of the Christian faith, and an unscrupulous enemy, I should endeavour to persuade every growing colony to establish and to endow Anglicanism, Presbyterianism, Methodism—any one of them would answer my purpose; and I should also recommend the adoption of an educational system which provided that grants should be given to denominational schools, and that teachers in State schools should be required to teach religion.

The relative strength of the religious denominations varies in the different colonies. According to the religious census, the Church of England has the largest number of adherents in each of the colonies that I visited: in New South Wales nearly a half of the population—456,000 out of a million; in Victoria a third—356,000 out of a million; in South Australia nearly a fourth—76,000 out of 312,000.† It would be a serious error, however, to suppose that these figures really represent the number of persons who are in any serious sense adherents of the English Church. There are large numbers of devout and zealous Churchmen in Australia, but when an Australian declares on the census paper that he belongs to the Church of England it may be just as little as when a prisoner committed to an English gaol makes the same declaration. To hold the Church of England at least responsible for all the criminals that describe themselves as Churchmen would be grossly unjust; to hold the Church of England and the colonies responsible for all the irreligious people that claim the same description would be equally unjust. The description denotes

* A grant was to be for "the advancement of the Christian religion," and was to be distributed among the denominations according to their numbers at the preceding census.

† The last religious census was taken in 1881; the figures given in the text are those for 1886, according to the estimates of the official statisticians of the several colonies; the increase of the population since 1881 is distributed among the different sects according to their relative numbers in that year. Returns of accommodation and attendance are collected annually by the several Governments; the returns in the text are for 1886.

national origin rather than religious conviction or preference. As long as the national religious establishment continues to exist in England, most Englishmen that care nothing about religion will call themselves members of the Church of England. In New South Wales, though the Church of England has 455,898 "adherents" on the census papers, she provides church accommodation for only 106,935, and the average attendance at her principal service is only 60,796. In Victoria, with 356,420 adherents on the census papers, she provides accommodation for 103,185, and has an average attendance of nearly 58,862; her adherents are fewer by 100,000, but the persons present at her worship are fewer by only 2000. In Adelaide, with 76,000 *adherents, the Church of England provides accommodation for 47,495. There are no returns of attendance.

To whatever extent the effective strength of a Church is to be measured by the number of persons attending its services, Roman Catholicism is the strongest of the denominations in both New South Wales and Victoria. In both colonies the Roman Catholic adherents *are less numerous according to the census than the adherents of the Church of England, but the Roman Catholic attendance in New South Wales is 72,505, as against the Church of England attendance of 40,796; and in Victoria the Roman Catholic attendance rises to 85,816, while the Church of England attendance sinks to 58,862. In Australia, as in Canada and in America, the Roman Catholics constitute a very distinct element in the community: the immense majority of them are Irish, and they are therefore bound together by ties of race as well as of religion. They can command a large number of votes, and when they act together, as they generally do, their political power is formidable. It is natural that they should be regarded with strong antagonism by politicians outside their own *ranks. "Before I came to this colony," said a conspicuous public man with whom I was discussing Australian politics, "I was a very keen Liberal on all religious questions; I hated the Orange Lodges; but I declare that since I have been here I have been a great deal shaken." The substance of the complaint against the Catholics is that they care very little for the general interests of the community, and use all their political power to promote the interests of their schools, their Church, and their fellow-religionists. This is what is said by their political opponents; I had not the advantage of hearing their reply.

In New South Wales the description, "Presbyterian," when it appears in a census paper, can often mean little more than that a man or his parents came from Scotland or the North of Ireland; according to the census there are 96,790 Presbyterians, but the Presbyterian churches provide accommodation for only 48,523, and the attendance at "the principal service" is only 19,970. In Victoria, Presbyterianism is very

vigorous: there are 151,712 Presbyterians according to the census; there is accommodation for 143,834; and the attendance is 77,297.

In each of the three colonies Methodism, in all its various divisions,* has shown magnificent vigour. In Victoria, where, according to the census, they stand in the fourth place when ranked by the number of their adherents, they stand first, and far above all the rival Churches, when ranked by church accommodation, and they stand third when ranked by attendance. In the census returns they number 124,060; they provide church accommodation for 160,850; and their attendance numbers 75,673. In South Australia their energy in providing church accommodation is equally remarkable: the census gives them 63,583 adherents, and they provide accommodation for 88,888. In New South Wales they have shown less enterprise, but, perhaps, more prudence. With 85,968 adherents they provide accommodation for 78,459, and they return an attendance of 44,873. It is very apparent that there is something in the organization, the creed, and the characteristic spirit of Methodism that makes it a great religious force in a British colony.

The Congregationalist and the Baptist Churches have drawn to themselves only an inconsiderable number of the population. They are most numerous in Victoria, where the Baptists number 23,314, and the Congregationalists 22,727: the Baptists provide church accommodation for 13,850, and have an attendance of 8672; the Congregationalists provide for 17,400, and have an attendance of 9000. In New South Wales the Congregationalists have 19,138 census "adherents;" their church buildings accommodate 16,385; their average attendance is 8865. The Baptists, in the same colony, number 9819 adherents, provide for 7796, and return an attendance of 4095. In South Australia, though their actual numbers are less than in Victoria, their strength, when compared with the whole population, is much greater. The Baptists have 14,000 "adherents," and provide church accommodation for 13,812; the Congregationalists have 9000 adherents, and provide church accommodation for 11,365.†

The Church with which a man connects himself in the colonies is, in most cases, if he has the choice, the Church with which he was connected at home. The Presbyterian in Scotland or the North of Ireland is a Presbyterian in Victoria: he may bear for a time with the Wesleyan minister and the Wesleyan Hymn-book if there is only a Wesleyan church within reach; and, under stress of necessity, he

Some of the official returns include the Bible Christians under the general head of 'Wesleyans and other Methodists,' and the inclusion is perfectly accurate. By origin, ecclesiastical polity, doctrine, and characteristic spirit, they are Methodists. For the sake of uniformity, therefore, I have included them in all the Methodist figures given in the text. They are very powerful in some parts of Australia.

† It may be necessary to repeat that the returns show the number of persons present at the "principal service" on Sunday; a much larger number of persons are present in the course of the day.

may bear with the surplice, the Liturgy, and "Hymns Ancient and Modern;" but to see a Genevan gown again and to hear the Scotch Psalms would be almost as good as to tread once more the purple heather of the old country and to breathe the free air of the hills; and as soon as half a dozen Scotchmen settle within reach of each other they build a Presbyterian church. It is the same with the members of other religious denominations; and nothing could be more natural. But it leads to very serious evils. A population hardly large enough to form one good congregation is divided between a Presbyterian Church, a Congregational Church, and a Wesleyan Methodist Church; and it sometimes happens that there are even two kinds of Methodists. In one district there may be more church accommodation than is likely to be needed for twenty years to come, while other parts of the colony, where the population is more sparse, are left with no church accommodation at all.

The statistics showing the religious accommodation and the attendance on religious worship in Victoria have a special interest on account of its recent history. Ten or twelve years ago—before the secular schools could have done anything to change the religious temper of its people—many devout and observant persons feared that the Christian faith was exposed in that colony to very grave peril. The famous treatise on "Supernatural Religion," by an anonymous author, produced an immense impression. Five hundred copies were ordered in Melbourne in 1874. In 1875 a Melbourne firm, with the permission of the author, issued a special edition, unabridged, to meet the colonial demand. This edition had a considerable sale, and it was proposed to issue a second; whether this actually appeared, I have not been able to learn.* That a serious assault on the genuineness and authenticity of the Christian records and the supernatural origin of the Christian Gospel, a laborious treatise in two octavo volumes of 400 or 500 pages each, should have sold so largely in so limited a population is a striking proof of the extent to which the public mind was agitated by the controversy. Some of the Evangelical Churches were reached and shaken by the rising flood of unbelief. I asked a distinguished minister of one of these churches some questions about the drift of theological opinion in the colony, and he said: "Ten years ago we were all Rationalists." This, of course, was the kind of exaggeration which a man allows himself when he wants to state a fact strongly and knows that he will not be taken too literally; but it indicated that those who are loyal to the Evangelical faith must have passed through a very anxious time. When I was in Victoria at the close of 1887—after the secular system had been in existence for fourteen years—the dark

* Nor do I know whether the third volume, which was issued later, was reprinted at Melbourne.

waters which for a time threatened to submerge the faith of its people had sunk. But even then I could see traces of past troubles. I noticed that whenever, in a speech or a sermon, I approached a question of apologetics, or adventured into the tropical region of dogmatic controversy, the attention of the audience became keener; sometimes there were indications of suppressed excitement.

My experience in South Australia and in New South Wales was very different. The people were not uninterested in speculative controversies, but they were much more deeply moved by expositions and arguments which dealt with those supreme truths of the Christian revelation which have a place in all the Creeds, and by appeals to those central elements of the ethical and spiritual life which are common to the devout of all Churches, and which, through all vicissitudes of human speculation, remain unchanged. And in New South Wales I found such a deep and vigorous religious life—such earnestness, generosity, and zeal, that, though a very large number of the people have been lost to the Churches, I cannot but believe that before very long they will be recovered and that the necessary religious accommodation will be supplied.

On my voyage out I heard many stories of the crimes which were committed a few years ago by the bushrangers. One of my fellow-passengers was a lawyer—a quiet, gentle, courteous man, with charming manners—who, during the first half of his professional life, had saved many of these desperate men from the gallows. At last the Government thought that it might be as well to employ him on the other side; and then he was just as successful in hanging them. Another fellow-passenger had been for many years a superintendent in the mounted police of New South Wales, and since retiring from the force had been governor of a gaol in Sydney. Their wild and tragic stories were inexhaustible. Large districts of country were sometimes terrorized for months together by organized gangs of daring reckless men, who defied all the attempts of the Government to arrest them. As the country has become more settled these bolder crimes have become less frequent. And, for a large proportion of the crimes which are still committed, the colonies and colonial institutions can hardly be held responsible. In Victoria, of 32,011 persons arrested in 1886, only 9598 were native born; and only 1877 were born in any of the other Australian colonies—a total of 11,475, very little more than a third of the total arrests. It is humiliating to discover that 7410 of the persons arrested were born in England or Wales, 2855 in Scotland, and 8005 in Ireland. Of the whole number of arrests 31,255 were for light offences, and were disposed of summarily by the magistrates—11,053 were discharged and 20,202 sentenced. Of the 756 persons committed for trial on graver charges, 259 were

Victorians, 70 were natives of other Australasian colonies, 239 were born in England or Wales, 47 in Scotland, 65 in Ireland.*

In New South Wales, as in Victoria, only about a third of the total number of persons arrested in 1886 were born in any of the Australasian colonies. The number arrested was 48,854 persons; of these, 13,748 were born in New South Wales, and 2550 in other Australasian colonies—a total of 16,248 persons of Australasian birth. Of the rest, 11,343 were born in England or Wales; 3777 in Scotland; and 13,439 in Ireland. The number committed for trial was 1594; Mr. Coghlan's Year-Book does not give their nationalities.†

South Australia seems to suffer still more severely from criminals not born in any of the colonies. Out of the total number of 222 prisoners in the Yatala Labour Prison in 1885, only 64 were born in any of the Australasian colonies; 82 were born in England or Wales, 11 in Scotland, 27 in Ireland. These figures show the nationalities

* The significance of these figures will be best seen if I place the estimated number of persons born in these several countries and living in Victoria in 1886 side by side with the figures in the text:—

Birthplace.	Number.	Arrested.	Committed for trial.
Victoria	590,629	9598	... 259
Other Australasian Colonies	47,208	1877	... 70
England and Wales	159,386	7410	... 239
Scotland	51,909	2855	... 47
Ireland	92,913	8005	... 65

Mr. Hayter calls attention to the fact, that although the number of Irish arrested was so enormous, a very large proportion of them must have been arrested for light offences. "Those arrested of this nationality exceeded the English and Welsh arrested by 595, and this although natives of England and Wales in the population outnumbered the Irish by about 67,500, or over 70 per cent.;" but the English and Welsh "committed for trial were more than twice as numerous in proportion to their numbers in the population; the proportion of Scotch arrested was also much above that of the English, but that of those committed for trial was below that of any others except Victorians, the Irish, and the Chinese." Mr. Hayter also calls attention to the fact that the small proportion of Victorians arrested and committed is to be accounted for, *in part*, by the large number of children in the native-born population.

† The following table for New South Wales corresponds to that previously given for Victoria, except that the number of persons belonging to the several nationalities is given from the census of 1881; since then the proportionate number of natives of New South Wales has increased. I have no official estimate for 1886. The gross population in that year was about one-third larger than 1881.

Birthplace.	Number.	Arrested.
New South Wales	465,559	... 13,748
Other Australasian Colonies	44,708	... 2,550
England and Wales	107,574	... 11,343
Scotland	25,079	... 3,777
Ireland	69,192	... 13,343

The following figures show some of the offences for which persons of the different nationalities were arrested:—

	New South Wales.	Other Austral- asian Colonies.	England and Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.
Against good order, including drunkenness	9,842	1,761	... 9,066	... 3,294	... 11,744
Against property without violence	2,071	445	... 1,013	... 233	... 730
Against property with violence	102	36	... 76	... 12	... 13
Against persons	1,189	197	... 624	... 170	... 538

of persons convicted; the nationalities of persons arrested is not given in the Statistical Register of the colony.*

It was necessary to give these figures in detail. In the United Kingdom—taking the average of the ten years from 1876 to 1885—only 4·5 persons in every 10,000 were annually convicted of serious crimes; in the Australasian colonies the average annual convictions for the same ten years were 7·6 persons in 10,000.† But the majority of Australasian criminals were born in these islands: some of them—perhaps many of them—may have gone out to the colonies when they were children; but many of them certainly went out when they had grown to manhood and womanhood; they were ruined in character before they landed; and England, Scotland, or Ireland has more responsibility for their crimes than Australia. And if an Englishman, who has spent a few months in New South Wales, Victoria, and Queensland, comes home and talks about the drunken rows that he has seen or heard of in the lower parts of Sydney, Melbourne, and Brisbane, his stories should not be regarded as proofs of the disorderliness of the Australian people; the chances are that the men who were guilty of the disorder were not born under the Southern Cross but under the Great Bear; and very possibly they had not been long in the colony. A sea voyage of six weeks will not change a bullying Englishman or a riotous Irishman into a sober and law-abiding citizen.

About the extent to which drunkenness is prevalent it is not easy to form a very confident judgment. For some time after I landed I had the impression that as beer is the national drink of England, whisky of Scotland, and wine of France, tea was the national drink of Australia. Tea made its appearance at the most unexpected times—at lunch and dinner as well as at breakfast. In the stories which people told me about their travels through the bush, the “billy” in which they boiled their water for tea had a conspicuous place. And the Government returns show that the consumption of tea per head in the Australian colonies is much larger than in England. But the number of persons annually fined for drunkenness in the colonies is much higher than in England. In England the proportion for 1881–4 is said to have been 7·1 in every thousand; and it had sunk in 1885 to 6·7 in the thousand. In Victoria—which claims to be the soberest of the colonies, though the claim is contested by New South Wales—the average proportion of persons summarily

* In the following table the number of persons belonging to each nationality is given from the census of 1881; since then, the proportionate number of natives of South Australia has increased:—

Birthplace.	Number.	Convicted of Felony.	Convicted of Misdemeanour.
Australasian Colonies	173,073	54	10
England and Wales	59,151	76	6
Scotland	10,637	11	—
Ireland	18,246	23	4

† The proportion of the native-born in the United Kingdom is 996 persons out of every 1000.

convicted for this offence during the ten years to 1885-6 was 8.6 in the thousand. The *arrests* for drunkenness in 1885, according to Mr. Coghlan, were 27 in the thousand in New South Wales as against only 11.6 in the thousand in Victoria. But too much importance must not be attached to these figures. It is probable that the administration of the law differs in different colonies as it differs in different English municipalities. In one town a policeman will put a drunken man into a cab or walk home with him, and in another will take him straight to the lock-up. Where the temperance party is strong they may insist that the law shall be rigidly administered, and there will be a large number of arrests; where they are weak the administration of the law may be more lax and the arrests will be comparatively few. Nor is the quantity of alcoholic liquor consumed per head a safe indication of the amount of drunkenness in a community; liquors of the same alcoholic strength differ greatly in their intoxicating power. And the Australian authorities do not seem to have succeeded in finding a satisfactory common equivalent for the different kinds of alcoholic drinks. Mr. Hayter calculates that while in the United Kingdom the average annual consumption per head is equivalent to 37.11 gallons of beer, the average annual consumption in New South Wales is equivalent to 35.60 gallons per head, and in Victoria to only 32.88 gallons. Mr. Coghlan reverses the positions of the two rival colonies, and credits the people of Victoria with drinking on the average what is equivalent to 3.80 gallons of alcohol (proof), while the people of New South Wales drink only 3.23 gallons. The two statisticians differ even as to the average annual consumption per head of beer, wine, and spirits in the two colonies. From what I heard I came to the conclusion that a larger proportion of persons are total abstainers in Australia than in England; that, if people drink at all, moderate drinking is rather more difficult in the Australian climate than in ours; that the labourers living in towns are in the habit of drinking freely; that a large number of men living up country usually drink tea, but that when they come into the towns many of them drink very heavily.

Illegitimacy is less common than in England and Wales, and much less common than in Scotland, but more common than in Ireland. The annual average proportion of illegitimate births to every 100 children born in England and Wales from 1871 to 1885 was 5 in every 100; in Scotland, 8.5; in Ireland, 2.4. In Victoria, the annual average from 1872 to 1885 was 4.14; in New South Wales, 4.27. The returns for the other colonies do not extend over quite so many years: Queensland reports an annual average of 3.67; Tasmania of 4.30; New Zealand of 2.38. There appears to be a considerable amount of prostitution in the great cities, but I doubt whether the returns are trustworthy.

In all the colonies which I visited I found a great uneasiness about what is called "Larrickinism." The origin of the word explains its meaning. An Irish policeman had brought three or four young men before a magistrate in Melbourne or Sydney, for rowdy conduct in the streets—the kind of conduct of which gangs of young roughs were guilty on Sunday nights a few years ago in Upper Street, Islington, to the annoyance, and even to the terror, of quiet people. The policeman could not make the magistrate understand the nature of the offence with which his prisoners were charged; but at last, in reply to the question, "But what were they doing?" he said, "Well, Sir, they were just a *lar-r-r-king*, Sir." The word took the popular ear; it defined a kind of offence to which the law had not given an exact or intelligible name. The anxiety which some of my friends expressed about *Larrickinism* seemed to me excessive; but I can imagine that in such a climate boys of sixteen or seventeen who have the physical vigour of the young Australians, and who eat meat three times a day, may be a little wild, reckless, and insubordinate. Perhaps one of the most promising schemes for taming and civilizing them is the movement for establishing a Cadet Corps in connection with every public school, with the hope that the boys will remain in it till they are eighteen, when they may enter the Volunteers. Regular military discipline will form them to more orderly manners.*

It is no part of my purpose to attempt any elaborate criticism of the comparative amount of crime and immorality in the different colonies; but the figures which I have quoted for New South Wales and Victoria are, at first sight, so perplexing, that it is hardly possible to pass them by without some brief observations.

The people of the two colonies have, in the main, the same origin; their economical condition is not very dissimilar; their numbers are about the same; there are no very wide religious differences between them; and yet the arrests for various kinds of offences are 50 per cent. more numerous in New South Wales than in Victoria, and, what is more serious, the committals and convictions for grave offences have, for a series of years, been 100 per cent. more numerous. To the higher percentage of arrests for drunkenness, as I have already indicated, I attach very little importance; and the difference in the percentage of illegitimate births, though in favour of Victoria, is too slight to have any serious meaning. But the difference in the amount of crime is very real and very startling.

The statistics which have been already quoted show that in both colonies the majority of the persons arrested are persons of English, Welsh, or Irish birth; and it is probable that in New South Wales, as in Victoria and South Australia, the majority of persons committed and convicted for serious offences are also of English, Welsh, or

* See Note at the end of this Article on the *Cadet Corps*.

Irish birth.* If Victoria had a larger native-born population than New South Wales, this would account—as far as it went—for the smaller amount of crime in that colony; but the census of 1881 showed that the percentage of the population born in the colony was rather higher in New South Wales than in Victoria.

It appeared, however, at the same census, that, although in 1881 the population of Victoria was slightly larger than that of New South Wales, Victoria had 18,000 fewer males of what has been called the "soldier's age"—that is, between twenty and forty years of age.† This is a fact of great importance in relation to the present inquiry. For the "soldier's age" might also be called the "criminal's age." Of the total number of persons arrested in Victoria in 1885 rather more than half were between twenty and forty. There were 2383 arrests of persons between fifteen and twenty; between twenty and thirty, there were 9836; between thirty and forty, there were 6392; during the next two decennial periods the numbers dropped to 5754 and 4024; and beyond sixty to 2571. Men are drawn to New South Wales by the prosperity of the industries in that colony. When they can get no work in Melbourne or Adelaide they go to Sydney. But the workmen who are turned off as soon as trade becomes slack are those who have not been employed very long, and they are of a kind that their employers do not much care to keep. Of such men—the nomads of industrial communities—not very sober, not very industrious, not very skilful, not very honest—there are always a large number in New South Wales, and they are likely to furnish a heavy contingent to the disorderly and criminal classes.

The prosperity of New South Wales contributes in another way to the increase of its disorder and crime. The tonnage of the vessels entered and cleared at Sydney, Newcastle, and the other ports of the colony in 1886 was 4,258,604, as against 3,735,387 in the ports of Victoria.‡ New South Wales has always the larger number of seafaring men on shore, and seafaring men are apt, on very slight provocation, to disturb the public peace.

In both colonies a very large proportion of the less serious offences are committed by Roman Catholics. These, for the most part, were either born in Ireland or are of Irish origin, and the fervent climate of Australia has not diminished the natural excitability of their race.

* Mr. Oghlan's "Wealth and Progress of New South Wales, 1886-7," does not give the birthplaces of convicted criminals; nor are they given in the "Handbook to the Statistical Register" for that colony.

† Relatively to the total population, Victoria had fewer males of that age than any other of the Australasian colonies.

‡ The real difference between the two colonies in this respect is not shown by the figures quoted in the text. Several lines of steamers call at Melbourne whose terminal port is Sydney. They and their crews are at Melbourne for only a few days at most; they discharge the greater part of their cargo at Sydney, and may remain there for two or three weeks. But their tonnage appears in the Melbourne as well as in the Sydney returns.

New South Wales has a much larger number of Roman Catholics than Victoria, and according to the returns they are much more disorderly. In Victoria the Roman Catholics form 23 per cent. of the whole population; in New South Wales 27 per cent. In Victoria 42·6 per cent. of the persons arrested in 1885 described themselves as Roman Catholics; in New South Wales 46 per cent. In Victoria, out of every thousand Roman Catholics in the colony 58·6 were arrested; in New South Wales, 81 out of every thousand. And while in Victoria the number of persons born in Ireland that were charged with grave offences and committed for trial was inconsiderable—65 out of a total of 756 committals, or just over 8·5 per cent.—the number of Roman Catholics committed for trial—234, or 30·9 per cent. of the total committals—was large in proportion to the Roman Catholic population. I do not happen to have within reach any returns showing the religious profession of the persons committed for trial in New South Wales.

The excess of disorder and crime in New South Wales may be due in part to another cause. The nominal "adherents of the Church of England" number nearly half of the population—455,898 out of a million; but I have already had occasion to say that this description, in an immense number of cases, means nothing more than that they were born in England or are of English descent. A very large proportion of them are indifferent to the institutions of religious worship. In New South Wales, to a much larger extent than in Victoria, the Church of England has lost its hold—if it ever had a hold—on tens of thousands of persons who profess to belong to it. They are released from the moral restraints which are imposed by attendance on religious worship.

These considerations may explain the startling excess of crime in New South Wales. The religious earnestness of the people who are really associated with the Churches is as deep and as serious in New South Wales as in Victoria; the morals of the great body of the community are as high. But in New South Wales one great Church has been forsaken by a larger number of persons who are its nominal adherents; and in the general population there is a larger proportion of persons of unsettled and nomadic habits, and of persons belonging to a race with an excitable temperament which easily breaks out into violence.

There is nothing in the crime, or the drunkenness, or the occasional disorder of certain classes of the population in any of the Australasian colonies to occasion anxiety. The crime, the drunkenness, and the disorder will diminish as the habits of a comparatively small number of the people become more settled, and as the proportion of the native born to the whole population increases. It would also greatly contribute to the general good order and to the richer development of the national

life if children of Irish parentage, instead of being kept apart from the other children of the colonies, went to the same public schools. The viracity of the Irish nature would be somewhat subdued by free and early association with children of English blood, and with English habits of obedience and of subordination to authority; and the English temperament would at the same time be touched with a new fire and catch a new grace.

There are, however, some aspects of life in the Australian colonies which I should imagine must occasion solicitude to those who desire to see the Australian people penetrated with Christian faith and illustrating a noble form of Christian morality. The Australian Churches are not confronted by some of the tasks which try the faith and the courage of the Churches at home; but they have tasks of their own which, perhaps, are not less difficult.

The economical conditions of Australia create almost irresistible temptations to reckless speculation—speculation which, if described by its right name, must be called gambling. Many of the transactions connected with a great “land boom” are as immoral as the transactions at the tables of Monte Carlo. The discovery of a new silver mine creates a feverish passion as fatal to the moral health of the community as the announcement of a new Italian lottery. The line which separates investment from speculation is not, perhaps, very difficult to determine; but the line which separates legitimate from illegitimate speculation cannot be laid down very firmly or very distinctly even by the casuist at his desk; and men who are in the hot pursuit of wealth are not likely to know when they have crossed it: like the line of the horizon, it retreats as they approach it. They always think that they may safely and honestly go a little farther. There is speculation in England as reckless and as immoral as in Australia. Here, as well as there, innocent and well-meaning people share the guilt, and often without any suspicion of what they are doing. Country clergymen and devout widows, who are shocked when they see three or four commercial travellers playing Poker or Nap in a railway carriage for coppers, are bribed by a promise of 10 or 15 per cent. to risk half their capital in all kinds of insane adventures. Not for worlds would they put even a franc on the “rouge” or the “noir,” but they virtually hand their gold, with the hope of sharing the plunder, to the men who are sitting at the tables. Betting on horses, on pigeons, on dogs is the ruinous vice of other classes of our population. But here, among the great body of decent respectable people, there is a strong sentiment against making money in any other way than by hard work, by careful economy, and by investments which can hardly be described as speculative. In Australia the immense fortunes which have been suddenly made by speculations of a perfectly legitimate character have created, as it seemed to me, a far more general eagerness to find a

short cut to wealth. And "the short cut" will, in a very great many instances, be "the broad way" which, in more senses than one, "leadeth to destruction." I doubt whether the clearest ethical teaching or the strongest appeals to prudential motives will always keep men right. When the fever is in the blood ethical laws lose their rigidity and prudence is regarded as cowardice and pusillanimity. What is wanted is a religious faith of exceptional vigour—a religious faith which will lead men to take the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount seriously and give them the courage to attempt to translate it into conduct.

Such a faith—a faith far more robust than that which may enable large numbers of excellent people in this country to live a very decorous Christian life—is necessary if the Australian people, with their material prosperity, their splendid physical vigour, and their buoyant spirits, are to retain a deep and effective consciousness of the transcendent greatness of the invisible and eternal order, and are to be governed by the will of the living God.

A religion of sentiment will have no authority over their masculine nature; the Australian mind is impatient of vagueness: to borrow a word from the French, since we have no English word that defines the quality, it is *positif*. If the Churches are to be strong they must hold and teach a creed which is clear and definite; they must recognize the rights of the intellect in religion. And among the Australians a religion will be powerless which surrenders the control of large provinces of the practical life to other and inferior forces. To retain its hold on them, I believe that religious faith must insist on a somewhat austere moral ideal, an ideal not technical and artificial, but exacting. I doubt whether they will in the long run think it worth while to call themselves Christians unless it becomes apparent to them that Christ makes large demands on service and sacrifice. I remember reading, many years ago, the diary of a devout man, whose conscience was greatly distressed because he had eaten two pieces of, dry toast on the morning of a fast-day instead of one; and he recorded the offence with expressions of contrition and humiliation. Religious ethics of that kind are alien from the temper and character of the Australian people. But they will listen if the Churches teach them how they can serve God—not themselves merely—as miners, farmers, squatters, boundary-riders, manufacturers, tradesmen, merchants, and politicians.

As "politicians"—the word reminds me that I found some of my friends uneasy on account of what they describe as the secular character of the Australian State. They would strongly resist any attempt to establish or endow a Church; but they have a vague craving for what they describe as a formal and public recognition by the State of the authority of God. But such a "formal and public" recognition would leave the State just as secular as it is now. The nations of

Christendom publicly and formally acknowledge the authority of Christ; but the ceremonial homage does not carry with it any real submission to His will in legislation or policy. The English House of Commons opens every sitting with prayer, but before business begins the Chaplain and the Prayer-book are respectfully bowed out: the "bowing out" is the most significant part of the ceremony.

What serious Christian men ought to desire is the practical recognition of the spirit and laws of Christian ethics in the actual business of the State: this is what makes a State Christian. I was told that fewer men enter political life from religious motives in Australia than in England. It is, of course, impossible for me to judge whether the statement is accurate. But it was made to me by a sagacious man, who knows a great deal about the public life both of Australia and of England, and whose judgment on a question of this kind is not likely to be ungenerous. The comparison between the two countries, whether it can be sustained or not, suggests, as I venture to think, the true line which should be taken by those of my friends who are unhappy because the Australian State is secular. States cease to be secular when the people and their rulers seriously believe that the State is a divine institution—as divine as the Church, though belonging to a wholly different order and instituted for wholly different ends. My Australian friends—if I may presume to say it—should endeavour with new energy and earnestness to induce Christian men to become politicians "from religious motives." And by that I do not mean that men should go into politics with the hope of being able now and then to do their Church a good turn, or to introduce religious teaching into State schools, or to secure, on public and formal occasions, a public and formal religious service. Political life remains secular while men think that such exceptional political acts as these are necessary to consecrate it. There is a divine ideal of the State of which a Christian statesman will dream, and which he will long to realize. There is a doing of God's will on earth—in the natural order—as well as a doing of God's will in heaven; and it is in the earthly region that politicians are to get the will of God done.

But I have drifted into exhortations which lie outside the true purpose of these papers. When I was in Australia I felt that to offer advice to the Australian people about either their ecclesiastical or their political business would be presumptuous. A mere visitor cannot have the knowledge which is necessary to make his advice of any value; and I, therefore, resolutely limited all my speeches and sermons to the discussion of those eternal truths and laws which, like the stars, have no parallax, and which are the same for men of all lands. If in this series of articles I have occasionally violated my self-imposed rule, it has been rather with the hope of serving Englishmen at home than with the intention of preaching from

a safe platform, twelve thousand miles away, to Englishmen in the colonies.

I close, as I began, with expressing my grateful sense—to which, however, no words can give adequate expression—of the boundless kindness shown to me and mine by my Australian friends, while we had the happiness of being their guests.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

NOTE.—CADET CORPS. Volunteer Cadet Corps have been established both in New South Wales and in Victoria. I did not happen to have the opportunity of learning much about their success in New South Wales; but I believe that when I was in Sydney some important changes were being effected in their organization. In Melbourne I was the fortunate guest of Colonel Sargood, who was Minister of Defences in 1883-4, when the whole military system of Victoria was re-organized, and who has shown great energy and zeal and liberality in promoting the Cadet movement; from him and Captain Henry, who for fifteen or sixteen years was a State school teacher, and who now holds the position of Staff Officer of the Cadet Corps, I received a great deal of interesting information.

The total strength of the force when I was in Melbourne, in October 1888, was 3529, including 3408 cadets, commanding officer and staff officers, and 119 officers. Boys ordinarily join the corps between the ages of twelve and fourteen: but boys are enrolled who are under twelve if they are exceptionally tall. Companies may be formed in any school in detachments of not less than 20. The boys can remain in the Cadet Corps after leaving school till they are old enough to join the Militia.

There are twelve battalions, each of which consists of the companies connected with the State schools and colleges—or, as we should call them, the Public Elementary Schools and the Grammar Schools—in the district. The officers, in nearly all cases, are masters in the schools; those in command of battalions receive a commission, with the rank of captain; the other officers hold commissions as lieutenants. Some of the scholars, youths of seventeen, in the grammar schools hold lieutenants' commissions. About 250 of the seniors are armed with the Martini-Henry cadet rifle; about 2100 of the juniors with the Francotti rifle; the rest—when I made my inquiries—had to be contented with carbines or dummy rifles. Arms and ammunition, which are kept in the schools, are supplied by the Government. The only accident which had happened was a very slight one: a boy fired a blank cartridge at another boy and singed his leg. Each corps has two weekly drills of three-quarters of an hour each; but where the officers are enthusiastic a corps is sometimes drilled for two, three, and even six hours weekly. The battalions parade monthly, but school holidays and bad weather reduce the annual number of parades to eight. The battalions are inspected by the commanding officer and a staff officer every half year. In addition to the time which is given to drill the boys generally spend a part of their time on Saturdays and on other school holidays in rifle shooting, under the direction of their officers. A handsome shield has been presented by Colonel Sargood for competition at the rifle targets. Every year the cadets go into camp for four or five days. The tents were being pitched for an encampment at Elsternwick the day I left Melbourne; more than 1800 officers and cadets answered to the roll call.

The direct object of the corps is to increase the number of men in the colony capable of bearing arms, and so to provide for any sudden call requiring the raising of a large military force. Captain Henry told me that the

Cadet Corps is a splendid training ground for military life; that young men who have been in a Cadet Corps do not fear to join the Militia, on account of the recruit drill—they know their work; that in the country districts the Mounted Rifles in the future will be strongly recruited from the cadets, who will have little to learn to become efficient members. He pointed out that if every school had its corps, the system would turn out 200 youths annually fit to enter the ranks, familiar with arms, many of them good shots, and with the greater part of their drill already mastered.

I was interested in the relations of the Corps to the defence of the colony, but still more interested in its moral effects on the community. There is, I believe, a very general testimony on the part of the teachers that a cadet company greatly aids the ordinary discipline of the school; and I was assured that since the corps were established, there has been a marked improvement in the behaviour of the youth of the colony. If the Corps came to include the whole of the boys in Victoria, "Larrickinism," to use the energetic words of Captain Henry, "would receive its death-blow."

The trouble is that the Government are not sufficiently generous. The parents of boys who outgrow their clothes within twelve months hesitate to spend 27s. 6d. on their uniform; and the teachers who hold commissions are subjected to heavy expenses, which they think—and, as far as I can judge, rightly think—ought to be borne by the State. One suggestion has been made which seems reasonable: no grant should be paid for military drill to a State school that has not a cadet detachment.

If I had known anything of this movement before the Royal Commission on Education had ceased to receive evidence, I should have asked my colleagues to call one or two witnesses who were familiar with it. It has long been my conviction that unless there is a great expansion of our Volunteer Forces, and unless the defects which are alleged by military critics to exist in their organization are remedied, we shall be compelled sooner or later to resort to conscription. Cadet Corps might add immensely to the popularity, and perhaps to the efficiency, of the Volunteer movement. But it is on the educational advantages which would arise from their establishment that I have a better right to speak. One of the most serious questions considered by the Commission was the harm which comes to boys during the three or four years after they leave the public elementary schools; and the Commission recommended the establishment of evening continuation schools. I believe that the creation of cadet companies in connection with these schools, with a week in camp every year, would add immensely to their attractiveness, and that the habits of discipline which the drill would encourage would be of great value. Nor should the physical improvement which the boys would receive from drill be overlooked.

There are already, in this country, a few Cadet Corps, consisting of boys over twelve, belonging to some of our great public schools, and attached to ordinary Volunteer regiments; but what is needed is the encouragement of the "Cadet Battalions," which may be formed under independent command, and a modification of the present regulations for battalions. At present a boy cannot belong to a battalion till he is fourteen; it is difficult to understand why the age for a battalion should be higher than for a corps. The battalions are furnished with "unserviceable arms," and these are not to be fired: these conditions almost destroy the charm and attraction of the force. The officers receive only "honorary appointments;" they ought to receive substantive commissions. And the encouragement given by the War Office is extremely grudging and inadequate.

At present, I believe that there are only two battalions in this country; one in Birmingham, with a strength of 300, and one in Manchester, with a strength of 600.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAVELS: SOMERSET AND ELSEWHERE.

I. SOMERSET.

I KNOW well the kind of criticism which I must look for when I attempt to trace the footsteps of the greatest of English poets in regions where hitherto their presence has not even been suspected. " 'All men,' " it will be said, " have the 'defects of their qualities,' and the special weakness of the Dean of Wells is to bring the great men of whom he may chance to write within at least measurable distance of his own cathedral city. Not content with taking Dante to England, as Boccaccio did, or to London and Oxford, as the Bishop of Fermo did when he translated the *Commedia* into Latin at the request of Bishop Bubwith—Bishop of Bath and Wells—he leads him on to Glastonbury, and therefore, probably, to Wells. Not content with claiming Roger Bacon as one of the worthies of Somerset because he was born at Ilchester, he pictures him as gazing in his youth on the gorgeous sculptures, bright with gold and blue and crimson, of the west front of Bishop Jocelyn's cathedral, and as having learnt there the power of music to soothe and elevate and purify. And now he invites us to examine the theory that Shakespeare also came within the same charmed circle, and, on the strength of circumstantial evidence and undesigned coincidences, to accept a conclusion which has never been dreamt of by the thousand and one experts who have spent long years of labour in the Shakespeare 'diggings,' in the hope, too often the vain hope, of being able to add, here and there, a solitary nugget of the gold of fact to the meagre and disappointing records of the poet's life. Others have followed the supreme poet to Italy, to Germany, to the Low Countries, to Scotland, perhaps even to the 'sea-coast of Bohemia.' We are now invited to track his wanderings in the county and the diocese which have given the Dean a home. Shall we treat such a theory as worth examining, or relegate

it at once to the limbo of the 'Great Cryptogram,' the 'Rosicrucian' mystery, and other Shakespeare vanities?"

Well; I foresee all this, and yet I venture to appear in the character of a discoverer, who has found what he was not seeking for; of the gleaner of grapes, who, in a neglected corner of the vineyard, has seen a few clusters on the topmost bough, which had escaped the notice of those who had gone before him. And so I enter *in medias res*.

1. I start from the last two (153, 154) of Shakespeare's Sonnets.

"Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

"The little Love-God, lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin-hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love."

As I read these lines they seem to me, though doubtless allegorical, to be an allegory resting on a fact. There is a "fountain" in a "valley" which, from time immemorial, has had "a dateless lively heat still to endure." Its fame is spread far and wide, is rising rather than falling. It is—

"A seething bath which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure,
A healthful remedy for men diseased."

To such a bath, in some definite locality, the poet had, as I infer, actually been ordered in what seemed a critical period for his health.* But it did not and could not cure him. It could not "minister to a

* Bodenstein, in the notes to his translation of the Sonnets, asserts his belief that they were written as a *jeu d'esprit* at some watering-place (the two being alternative attempts at expressing the same thought), but his knowledge of England in the Elizabethan age did not enable him to identify it. For reasons which will appear

mind diseased," any more than "poppy or mandragora" could restore to Othello the "sweet sleep" of yesterday.

2. Starting from this inference, I asked myself what place within Shakespeare's reach fulfilled these conditions. How far did it lend itself to the classical, mythical embellishment with which Shakespeare associated it? What circumstances, if any, gave Shakespeare a special opportunity for visiting it, and made it probable that he would do so? What undesigned coincidences from without tend to strengthen that probability up to the verge of certainty? The answer to these questions is not far to seek. There was then but one place in England whose medicinal waters had gained a world-wide fame, and made it a fashionable resort, and that was the city of Bath.* Its repute might well be called "dateless"—i.e., prehistoric. Spenser, in his "*Faerie Queene*," had recently revived the old tradition of the discovery of the thermal waters by Bladud.† Roman remains, villas, altars, statues, temples to Minerva (identified with the Keltic goddess, Sul), Hercules, Diana, the consecration of the city, under the name of *Aquæ Solis* (probably, in its original form, *Sulis*), to *Apollo Medicus*, testified to its fame under the rule of the people who, of all races in the world, seem most to have delighted in natural hot baths. The Saxon name of the city, *Akemanceaster*, the "burgh of men with aches and pains" (but the "*Akem*" may, like *Aachen*, be from *Aquæ*), showed that it was still a place of repute when *Ina* of *Wessex* founded the Church of *St. Andrew*, afterwards the Cathedral Church, in *Wells*. *John de Villula* (1088), the physician-bishop of *Wells*, was led by his preference for the more stately and frequented city to make *Bath* and not *Wells* the mother-church of his diocese. Bishops *Robert* (1138) and *Reginald* of *Bath* (1174) erected there, close to the principal bath, hospitals for the lepers and other sick poor who sought healing from the waters. In years nearer to Shakespeare's time, *Dr. William Turner*, the physician-dean of *Wells* (1550), had published a medical treatise on the virtues of the baths of *Bath*, and, as his reputation as the father of English physic stood high, and had brought him

further on, I invite attention to the parallel imagery in "*Midsummer's Night's Dream*" (ii. 2), in which *Oberon* speaks of—

"Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal throned by the West;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts.
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy-free."

* *Steevens*, it may be noted, suggested a capital B for "bath," in *Sonnet 158*, but it is not so printed in the original quarto, nor would it be decisive if it had been. *Dowden*, "*Shakespeare's Sonnets*," p. 306.

† "*Faerie Queene*," li. 10, 26. He speaks of the old historic fame of the "boiling baths of *Caer-badon*," of their giving "wealth" to their own people and "health to every foreigne nation." It is significant to a student of Shakespeare that the same canto contains the story of *Lear* and the names of *Cymbeline* and *Arrivagus*.

both under Edward VI. and Elizabeth into contact with people in high places, had given a fresh impulse to its prosperity.* Spenser, in the lines just referred to, recognizes it as a place resorted to by people of many nations. Sir Philip Sidney's father and uncle had gone there for their health in 1577.† Elizabeth visited it in 1574, and again in 1590, when, after being the guest of Sir John Harrington at Kilweston, she gave its corporation a new charter (curiously enough, the latter was the same year that witnessed the new charters given to the Dean and Chapter and the College of Vicars Choral at Wells), and had authorized the city to raise £10,000 for the restoration of the Abbey Church, which had been left to the slow progress of decay since the dissolution under Henry VIII., and for the improvement of its drainage.‡ All this tends, it will, I think, be admitted, to the conclusion that if there is any local reference in Shakespeare's Sonnets, it can only be to the baths of Bath, and that such a reference is in the highest degree probable.

3. Both the sonnets are interesting as embodying a myth borrowed from an epigram by Marianus in the Greek Anthology,§ which I translate thus:

"Here, 'neath a plane-tree slept, by gentle slumber down-weighted,
 Erös, when he his torch gave to the charge of the Nymphs.
 The Nymphs spake one to another: 'Why linger? O that 'twere given us
 Together with this to quench the fire which burneth men's hearts!'
 But, as the torch set aglowing the once cold waters, the Nymphs now
 Draw the warm stream for their baths, Nymphs who own Erös as lord."

In Sonnet 153 the nymph is represented as one of Diana's train, a feature not found in the original, and in this also we may trace a local association. There is ample ground for the belief that Diana was regarded as, in part at least, the tutelary goddess of the city, that altars and inscriptions to her might be seen and read there in Shakespeare's time.||

* It may be noticed in passing that Turner ("Works," p. 550) enters his protest against what he describes as the "beastlike filthiness" of the promiscuous bathing at Bath, and contrasts it with the more decent arrangements of German and Italian watering-places.

† *Languet and Sidney Correspondence*, p. 122, ed. Pears.

‡ The facts are gathered from many authorities. I may refer specially to Warner's "History of Bath;" Scarth's "Antiquities of Bath;" Phelps's "History of Somerset," vol. i.; Collinson's "Antiquities of Somerset," vol. i.; Lyson's "Topography;" Spender's "Bath: Thermal Waters." The second visit is fixed by some authorities in 1592, and by others is questioned altogether.

§ Mr. Dowden, in his edition of the Sonnets, is, I believe, the first English writer who has called attention to the fact. He acknowledges his indebtedness to a paper by Hertzberg in the "Transactions" of the "Deutsche Shakespeare Gesellschaft" for 1878, pp. 150-162, and gives both the Greek text and a literal prose translation. I have ventured on a metrical version, almost equally literal. How Shakespeare became acquainted with the epigram we can, of course, only conjecture, but a Latin translation had been published in 1529 and had been frequently reprinted before the close of the sixteenth century (Dowden, p. 306), and it would be naturally familiar to the physicians and other scholars, such as Bishop Still and Sir John Harrington, the translator of Aristotle, who resorted to Bath.

|| The evidence for this is sufficiently decisive. (1) There is the figure of a female

4. I note further that the later sonnets are more or less pervaded by medical imagery, such as would be natural in one, who with the poetic temperament which finds parables in all things, had recently been passing through the experience of illness. Thus in Sonnet 147 we have—

"My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with evermore unrest.
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd."

And again, in Sonnet 140:—

"As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know."

With this we may apparently connect the expectations of a premature death, which we find in the earlier sonnets. Thus, in Sonnet 32:—

"If thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover."

And in Sonnet 71:—

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell."

And again, Sonnet 66:—

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry."

And Sonnet 72:—

"My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you."

All this speaks of the fevered *melancholia* of one who is mastered by the contending emotions of an idealizing over-sensitive nature, and

with a crescent on her head and something like a whip or bow in her hand, who is reasonably identified by Phelps, Collinson, and others, with Diana, worshipped, as was natural in the city of Aqua Solis, in her character as the Moon-Goddess. (2) Collinson gives an inscription (i. 14) on an altar, found in 1776, near the head of the spring of the Hot Bath, with the inscription: DEAE . DIANAЕ . SACRATISSIMAE . VOTUM . SOLVIT . V . VETTIUS . BENIGNUS . L . M. (*Lubens merito*). In Shakespeare's time Bath was still a walled city, and the walls were covered with Roman remains that had been found in it. The fate of many of these when the walls were pulled down is more or less uncertain, but it is, I think, a probable conjecture that the altar may have been visible at the close of the sixteenth century, thrown on one side after the destruction of the walls, and disinterred in 1776. See also Freeman's "Thermal Waters of Bath," p. 26 (1888). The prominence given in "Pericles," in the judgment of some experts one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, to Diana of Ephesus, and the virgins consecrated to her worship, is, from this point of view, not without interest. The "Diana" myths had attracted him.

reminds us of Dante's description of his bodily and mental sufferings under like conditions (canz. iv., "*Donna pietosa*"). That overwrought condition of nerve and brain seems even to have led the sufferer to think of self-slaughter as a refuge from a misery which he could not bear:—

"So then thou hast but lost the diegs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead,
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife
Too base of thee to be remembered"

Sonnet 74 *

5 So far we have direct proof as to an actual illness. I note next the evidence of an actual, and not, as some have thought, a merely ideal, journey. In starting on his way, the poet tells us, he took his friend's portrait with him (Sonnet 47), while of his other goods and chattels he writes:—

"How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under trust bays to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!"

Sonnet 48.

Further on he writes, in words that remind us of Dante's *Cavalcando* Sonnet (iv.):—

"How weary do I journey on my way,
When what I seek—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measured from this friend'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from thee"

Sonnet 50

6. I pass on to circumstantial evidence of another kind lying outside the range of Shakespeare's own writings, and I find that in the summer of 1593 the London theatres were closed on account of the prevalence of the plague, and that Shakespeare's friend, Edward Alleyne, afterwards memorable as the founder of Dulwich College, was at Bath in the August of that year.† With him were travelling other members of Lord Strange's company of actors—Kemp, Pope,

* If I mistake not, we may see in the experience thus portrayed the germ of the thoughts in Hamlet's famous soliloquy to which Sonnet 60 offers so striking a parallel. We have the supreme artist bringing the fruits of his struggles against the temptation to suicide into his highest master-work, as a help to those who are assailed by a like temptation, perhaps also an illustration that those who talk much of suicide in poetry are seldom the people who commit it. Verse becomes a safety valve for the poet's monomania. I am, of course, aware that the words have been referred by some critics (1) to a death by assassination, like Marlowe's, and (2) to the fear of posthumous dissection, but the words "*coward conquest*" are surely inapplicable on either of these hypotheses. I may note by the way, that the Bath waters were in high repute for cures of brain and nervous diseases. Their fame survives in the familiar formula for suggesting madness in one from whom we differ: "Go to Bath and get your head shaved."

† Payne Collier's "Life of Alleyne," p. 29, 1841. Warton MSS of Dulwich College, p. 7.

Hemmings, Philips, and Brian, with a license from the Privy Council authorizing them to play "where the infection was not." This was the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and the absence of his name and those of others from the license is naturally explained by the fact that he was not as yet a shareholder in the company. We trace the movements of that company in the course of the year to Chelmsford, in May; Bath and Bristol, in July; and afterwards to Shrewsbury, Chester, and York.* Here then we have what we were in search of, a fact independent of our inference from the Sonnets, giving to that inference an additional probability. Shakespeare was hardly likely at that stage of his progress, and with his mind bent on professional success, to have separated himself from his comrades.

7. In one respect, indeed, the last element of evidence, if we accept it, adds something to the inference from the Sonnets, by fixing the date of the supposed visit to Bath in the summer of 1593. I do not at present purpose entering on the wide field of theories that gather round the yet unsolved mystery of those poems.† For the present I will content myself with saying that the date 1593 fits in with many of those theories, especially with that which is, perhaps, most generally accepted, and which assumes that the young friend to whom the greater part of the Sonnets was addressed was Henry Wriothesly, the Earl of Southampton, the friend of Essex, not without a certain claim on our regard also as the grandfather of Lady Rachel Russell. He was then just nineteen, and Shakespeare had dedicated to him his "Venus and Adonis," and was probably, during the leisure of that summer, writing for him the "Rape of Lucrece." Assuming that date, then, as at least tenable as a workable hypothesis, I enter on new ground. In September 1594, four months after the publication of the last-named book, a poem was published under the title of "Willobie his Avis."‡ It purports to be edited by Hadrian Dorrell, from a MS. which he asserts to have come into his hands in the handwriting of his friend, Henry Willobie (or Willoughby), who is identified, with reasonable probability, as having matriculated at St. John's College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen, in 1591, and who died in 1596. The name of Hadrian Dorrell is not found elsewhere (though in his second edition,

* Fleay, "Life of Shakespeare," pp. 20, 113.

† Mr. Dowden summarizes no less than fifty-six distinct theories, and wisely does not start one of his own. Each theorist was doubtless confident that he had solved the problem, and anathematized and vilipended his rivals. Each left the mouldering bones of his pet theory as a warning to those who should come after him. No Childe Roland ever came to the "dark tower" which he hoped to make his own, amid sights and sounds of more menacing discouragement than those which await the enterprise of any future explorer, who may dream that it will be his to blow the blast of triumph as the gates open at his approach.

‡ I take the facts and extracts that follow from Mr. Grosart's reprint of the poem in 1880. The issue of that reprint was limited to sixty-two copies that had been subscribed for, and it has consequently attracted little or no public notice.

in 1596, he dates from Oxford), in College Registers or in general literature and is regarded by Mr. Grosart, Mr. Fleay, and Dr. Ingleby as a pseudonym. The poem is remarkable as containing probably the earliest word of published praise on Shakespeare's works, certainly the earliest with his name. "Shakespeare," it is said, in some introductory verses, "paints poor Lucrece' rape." The poem professes to be the story of an English Lucrece or Penelope. "Avisa" is the name of a country beauty, the daughter and wife of an innkeeper. Her father had been mayor of the town in which she lived. Her beauty attracts many of those who visit her husband's inn; and she is wooed by men of different nations, a Frenchman, a German, and an Englishman being selected as the most conspicuous examples. The last is indicated by the initials H. W., and the H. stands for "Harry." He has a "familiar friend" in W. S., who "not long before had tryed the curtesy of the like passion, and was now hardly recovered from the like infection"; and to him he reveals his "secret griefe." W. S., for some reason or other, plays the part of a "miserable comforter," by encouraging him to proceed,

"either for that he now would only laugh at his friend's folly . . . or because he would see whether another could play his part better than himselfe, and in viewing afar off the course of this loving comedy, he determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor then it did for the old player. But at length this Comedy was like to have grown to a Tragedy" [one notes in passing the dramatic character of the language] "by the weake and feeble state that H. W. was brought unto . . . till, Time and Necessity, being his best Phisitions, brought him a plaster, if not to heale, yot in part to ease his maladye. In all which discourse is represented the unwrely rage of unbrydeled fancy, leaving the raines to rove at liberty, with the divers and sundry changes of affections and temptations, which Will, set loose from Reason, can devise."

In the sequel Avisia resists H. W., as she had resisted others, but there is a tone of pity in her resistance, as compared with the scorn and indignation with which she had met her previous suitors, which is suggestive. She seems to recognize in H. W. a capacity for better things which was wanting in his predecessors, and seeks to raise him out of his unlawful passion to a higher life.

The singular correspondence between the story thus outlined and that indicated in Sonnets 41, 42, and the longer series from Sonnet 127 onwards, has led some Shakespearian experts, Mr. Fleay, Dr. Ingleby, and Mr. Grosart,* to the conclusion that H. W. (whether Willobie was his true name or not) is identical with the young friend to whom Shakespeare addresses his Sonnets, and, though that theory

* Fleay's "Life," pp. 121-125; Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespeare Allusion Book," xxix.-xxx.; Grosart's "Introduction." I may add that Mr. A. C. Swinburne, writing before the appearance of Mr. Grosart's volume, speaks of the poem as "the one contemporary book which has ever been supposed to throw any light on the mystic matter" of the Sonnets.

is not without its difficulties, it seems to me *prima facie* a tenable hypothesis.

Assuming that conclusion, we have a poem which fits in with the time of the Shakespeare travels which I am tracing, and it becomes of some interest to note the indications of locality which the poem presents, and these are at once both numerous and suggestive.

(a) The scene of the whole story is placed in the West of England.

The German lover writes—

"I oft have seen the western part,
And therein many a pretty elfe."

H. W. follows suit—

"Such fainty qualmes I never found
Since first I sawe this westerne ground."

Hadrian Dorrell says, in answer to those who think Avis a impossible character: "I have at least heard of one in the West of England in whom the substance of all this hath been verified."

(b) The more or less definite indications to which I have referred are given as follows. The scene is laid—

"At westerne side of Albion's isle
Where Austine pitched his monkish tent."

It is—

"A rosie vale in pleasant plain:
At east of this a castle stands."

On the west side there is a stream—

"Whose silver spring from Neptune's well
With mirth salutes the neighbouring towns."

The home of Avis is an inn—the George Inn—

"See'st yonder house where hangs the badge
Of England's Saint."

Mr. Fleay finds these conditions satisfied in "the vale of Evesham, the castle being that of Bengworth, and the well that of Atherton. Austine's oak was traditionally placed in this part by some, though others place it in Gloucestershire." *

On the other hand, I find the late Dr. C. M. Ingleby in his notice of the same description,† and with special reference to the line—

"Where Austine pitched his monkish tent,"

saying that this "suggests Glastonbury." He does not go further into the matter, and, curiously enough, in the next sentence he finds

* Fleay, "Life," p. 123.

† "Shakespeare Allusion Book," Part I. p. xxix.

in the reference to "England's Saint," a hint that Avis's real surname was St. George.

That word "Glastonbury," however, made me think it worth while to follow out the tracks that pointed in that direction. The stately, though ruined, tower which crowns Glastonbury Tor, though really the remains of a church dedicated to St. Michael, might well serve for the castle of Willobie's Avis. The river Brue, which flows near Glastonbury on to Street and other villages, answers to its description in the poem as near Avis's home. The orchards of the Isle of Avalon (Isle of Apples) in their time of blossom might well warrant the epithet of "rosie vale." The very name of the Isle of Avalon, the tradition that in earlier days the whole valley had been an estuary of the Bristol Channel, explains what otherwise would seem the strangely chosen epithets of "sea-bred soil," and "Neptune's well."

Two points of somewhat more importance remain to be discussed. Have we any evidence that St. Augustine visited Glastonbury? Is there any proof that there was a George Inn there in Shakespeare's time?

I answer these two questions as follows.

(1) There is the statement of John of Glastonbury (Ed. Hearne, ii. p. 89) that St. Augustine changed the rule of St. Patrick, which had been previously observed in the Abbey, into that which he had established at Canterbury and elsewhere.*

(2) A *Computus* of the Churchwardens of St. John's, Glastonbury, in A.D. 1489, mentions the tenement known as the "Georgys ynn." John of Glaston states that it was given by Abbot John Selwood, in 1493, to the chamberlain of the Abbey in aid of his impoverished state, and calls it the "Novum Hospitium." The architecture of the present "George Hotel," opposite the entrance to the Abbey grounds, one of the most striking features of the town, belongs to that period. St. George appears to have been a specially popular saint in this region. One of the three altars in St. John's Church was dedicated to him; and his effigy appears on the old brass alms-dish of the parish church.

It will be admitted, I think, that these facts furnish a strong *prima facie* confirmation of Dr. Ingleby's suggestion that the home of the Avis of the poem was to be found at Glastonbury.

Two difficulties remain to be disposed of. (1) Hadrian Dorrell, in

* Phelps's "Somersetshire," i. 512. Mr. Phelps says that Augustine actually visited Glastonbury, but his authority only states that the rule was "in those times" changed. It may, perhaps, be pleaded (1) that the introduction of the new rule was likely to be the result of personal influence; (2) that Augustine would naturally wish to see something of the most famous of British monasteries; (3) that his journey to meet the British bishops on the Severn would as naturally take the Roman road from London to Winchester, from Winchester, by Old Sarum and Camelot, to Street and Glastonbury, and so to Uphill and the Bristol Channel. I am indebted for my information as to the George Inn to Mr. J. M. Bulleid, President of the Glastonbury Archeological Society.

a second edition of the poem (1596), tries to retreat from his former statements, throws an atmosphere of doubt round the personality of Avisa—even to the extent of suggesting that the name may be a compound of “a” privative, and the participle of *video*,* as a wonder “never seen”—says that the poem was found among Henry Willobie’s papers, and that it must have been written, at least, thirty-five years before his death, while in the edition of 1594 he had described him as “a scholar of very good hope,” a “young man who, desirous of seeing the fashion of other countries had not long sithence departed voluntarily in her Majesty’s Service.” In the edition of 1605, which reproduces an “Apologie” from that of 1596, he speaks of him as *nuper defunctus*, and introduces a poem on his memory as by his brother Thomas.†

‡ All this entanglement of evasions may, I think, be explained by the supposition that it had got wind that the poem sketched the outlines of a real story, in which persons of importance were involved, that either the Willoughby family, who did not like their name to be connected with it, or Lord Southampton and his friends, threatened action which might have had unpleasant consequences, and that the pseudonymous Dorrell took fright, and tried to hedge and back out of the matter as well as he could. This hypothesis is confirmed by an entry of June 5, 1599, in the Register of the Stationers’ Company, directing that “Willobie his Avisa” should be “called in”—i.e., that it should be withdrawn from circulation, together with other books of an abusive and scandalous character.‡

Another problem, which seems to traverse the conclusion for which I plead, cannot well be passed over. In the Willobie poem, Avisa appears, as we have seen, as a Lucrece-Penelope. The “dark lady” of the Sonnets is presented in a character exactly the reverse of this, as faithless alike to her husband and to her first lover. I find the solution of that problem in the facts on which I have already dwelt, and which point to the Sonnets as belonging not only to the *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakespeare’s life, but also to a time of overwrought emotion and brain-tension—the “mind diseased,” the soul weary of life, and on the verge of ending it. Such a mood might well exaggerate the nature of his own affection, and the extent to which it had been returned, might well distort also what had passed between his friend and her whom they both admired, till trifles light as air seemed to the brooding fancy “confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.” The jealousy of Othello, no less than the despondency and the questionings of Hamlet,

* In his first edition he had given the initials of *Amans Uxor Inviolata Semper Amanda*, as the true explanation of the name; *Avis* or *Avice*, it may be noted, was not uncommon as a feminine Christian name.

† The Henry Willobie who matriculated at Oxford in 1591 died in 1596, and so far Dorrell is on the ground of fact.

‡ See Ingleby, p. xxx.; Fleay, p. 120.

may have been the reflex of a critical period in his own life. He, too, may have known the misery of one

"Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves."

The difficulties which I have thus stated and explained do not seem to me strong enough to counterbalance the conclusion to which the experts whom I have named have been led, that the poem of "Willobie his Avis" is more or less closely connected with the problem of the Sonnets, and was written by one who moved on the outskirts of the society into which Shakespeare, whatever view we take of that problem, had by that time risen. But, if so, and if I am not altogether mistaken in following Dr. Ingleby, on the strength of entirely independent evidence, then we are able to extend Shakespeare's travels from Bath to Glastonbury. For him, too, the fame of that Abbey, its venerable ruins, its Arthurian legends, its traditions of St. Patrick and Augustine, may have exercised the attractive power which they have exercised over a thousand other travellers before and since. A singular touch of local colouring in "King Lear" (ii. 2) carries us a little further in the same direction. Kent, in his answer to the servant who insults him, speaks thus—

"Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive you cackling home to Camelot."

Camelot is identified by Drayton ("Polyolb." iii.) with South Cadbury, in Somerset, and Hammer, Nares, and Delius (*in loc.*) say that it was famous for its geese. The first adds that it largely supplied the markets of other towns with quills. Is there not also, one may ask, something of an Avalonian flavour in Dame Quickly's substitution of "Arthur's bosom" for "Abraham's"?

From Bath to Glastonbury the traveller could scarcely take any other road than that which led through Wells, and so far Shakespeare's presence in our Cathedral city is as probable, or improbable, as the "Willobie" theory, which, as I have shown, has won the acceptance of experts who were altogether independent of any personal or local bias. Apart from that theory, however, there was in the state of things at Wells in 1593, when Shakespeare visited Bath (assuming that visit to be proven or probable), that which would well have justified a ride of sixteen miles over the Mendips. It was the city of which Wolsey had been Bishop (I do not say that he ever took up his residence at the palace), and of which Cromwell, who did occasionally reside there, had been Dean. And the Dean in that year 1593, John Herbert, was a man of mark in the life of the Elizabethan age. He bore the arms of the great Herbert family, to which Shakespeare's friend, the future Earl of Pembroke—possibly the W. H. who was the "only begotter" of the Sonnets—belonged, with the addition of a border (technically, I believe, a *bordure*), and this indicated that he was at least a distant

connexion of that house. He was a Master of the Court of Requests, a Court of Equity for the relief of suitors *in forma pauperis*, the judges of which (the Lord Privy Seal being *ex officio* President), were, as Sir Julius Caesar states,* "alwaies of the King's most honorable Councell, appointed by the King to keepe his Councell board." He was Secretary of State under Elizabeth and James, and had been ambassador to Denmark in 1588, and to the States-General in 1587. He was afterwards ambassador to France in 1597-8, and to Germany in 1602. He was appointed to the deanery in 1589, and resigned it in 1602. To such a man, I conceive, in the somewhat secluded remoteness of his cathedral city, the arrival of Lord Strange's company of players at Bath would be an event of interest. He could scarcely fail to know something of the young Earl of Southampton, the friend of Essex, the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," at the Court of Elizabeth, basking in his earlier days in the sunshine of Gloriana's favour, and if, as our theory supposes, Southampton was with Shakespeare at Bath and Glastonbury, he may well have been welcomed as a guest at the Deanery.

But the Bishop of Bath and Wells at that date was an even more remarkable and, to a man like Shakespeare, more attractive person than the Dean. John Still (1592-1608), held in honour at Wells for his liberal addition to Bishop Bubwith's almshouse, famous for his song in praise of "Jolly good ale and old," was yet more famous as the author of the comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," in which that song is found, performed, when he was Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, in 1566. He was, it need scarcely be said, one of the anti-puritanical bishops whom Elizabeth delighted to honour. He loved music, and had concerts in his palace. He married a second wife after his appointment to his bishopric, and thereby incurred Elizabeth's wrath till she learnt that the bride, the daughter of Sir John Horner of Cloford, Somerset, was not, as she had been told, a young woman of twenty, but the mother of a son of forty, and that the marriage was therefore one of domestic comfort, expedient, if not necessary, to help the bishop, who suffered much from gout, to exercise his duties of hospitality. That last fact of the Bishop's illness, it need scarcely be said, would lead the Bishop to gravitate to Bath, where there was also the further attraction of the mansion of Kilweston, in which his old pupil, Sir John Harrington, kept up a stately hospitality, and had received Elizabeth herself when she visited the fashionable city.† I will add in passing, as showing that we must not be in a hurry to draw unfavourable inferences from what has been said as to the good Bishop's character, that Harrington, who had known him from youth to age, bears record that "he never came to him but he

* "The Ancient State of the Court of Requests," 1596.

† Phelps's "History of Somerset," ii. p. 126.

grew more religious," that he was one "from whom he never but better instructed."

With these facts in view, I venture once more to indulge the faculty of historical imagination, which paints things that might have been as though they actually had been, and from probable evidence draws probable conclusions, and I ask whether we may not legitimately picture to ourselves the meeting of the representative of the old, broad, Aristophanic school of English comedy with the master-spirit who was to transform and transfigure it into another likeness. If I possessed any portion of the skill of the poet whom for many years Bath was proud to number among its residents—Walter Savage Landor, the author of "Gebir"—I should be tempted to write a dialogue between the two men, after the pattern of the "Imaginary Conversations," in which that writer's genius reached its highest point. I should have tried to represent the older dramatist advising the author of "Venus and Adonis" to keep on the classical line on which he had entered, and to try the experiment of adapting the "Menæchmi" of Plautus to the English stage. As a matter of fact, the "Comedy of Errors" was first performed at Gray's Inn on December 28, 1594,* the year following the visit to Bath which I have endeavoured to establish. I may add that the "Midsummer's Night's Dream" is fixed by Drake in 1593, by Malone in 1594, and I suggest as a matter for an inquiry into which I cannot now enter, whether its fairy scenes may not have been based on the folk-lore of Somerset, whether the picture of the altered seasons and disastrous rains and the sea-born "contagious fogs" (ii. 1) may not have been drawn from the scenes which met the poet's eye in the valley of the Avon in 1593 (a year almost as disastrous as 1594), whether the prototypes of Bottom and his friends may not have been found in the provincial performers with whom the travels of Lord Strange's company brought him into contact.†

Our Cathedral records show, at all events, that there was a considerable amount of half-developed dramatic talent at Wells at this period. In February 1582-3 the "skolemaster of the Gramer Skoole of Wells" was reprov'd and fined by the Dean and Chapter "for that he did carrye with him the children of the Gramer Skoole and the choristers of the said Cathedral Church to Axebridge to playe in the Parish Church there." As the performance was in a church, it is probable that it was of the nature of a "mystery" or "miracle play," representing, probably,

* Fleay's "Life of Shakespeare," p. 178; Spedding, "Life of Bacon," i. p. 327. Mr. Fleay himself follows Malone in assigning the composition of the "Comedy of Errors" to 1592, but, as far as I can judge, without sufficient evidence. It may be noted that it abounds in lines of the "rhymed doggerel" character which characterizes the whole of "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

† Readers of the "Midsummer's Night's Dream" will remember the famous passage of the "fair vestal throned in the West" and the "little western flower" which maidens call "love-in-idleness." This is none other than the pansy or heart's-ease, and that flower grows wild in profusion in the neighbourhood of Bath. Spenser ("Shepherd's Calendar: April") includes it in his garland for the "great Elisa."

looking to the time of year, the story of the Nativity, at a Christmas-tide festival, and the boys were wanted for the female characters. Such performances, as in the case of the Coventry and other mysteries, were enacted as late as 1591.* There is no evidence that women ever took part in these plays, any more than they did, till the Restoration, in those of the regular drama; and, hard as it is to picture it, we must accept the fact that a Magdalene or a Madonna, no less than a Juliet or Ophelia, was represented by a "lubberly boy." In 1586, one of the Vicars Choral of the Cathedral was charged with going "openlie in disguised order, in the companie of others, with a vizardo upon his face," to Croscombe and other villages, and was sentenced to do penance in the Canon's barn, in fasting and prayer, "till released by the Chapter, and then on Sunday, during Divine service, openly to confess his fault, and ask forgiveness in the Choir of the Dean, the Canons, and his brother Vicars."† This, apparently, was as an instance of secular performances of the "mumming" type, not unlike those of Bottom and his company. In both these cases the Dean and Chapter took, it will be seen, a severely repressive course, acting under the influence of the growing Puritanism of the time. With the appearance of Still as Bishop, and Herbert as Dean, there was, it may reasonably be inferred, a change of *régime* in this respect. Still could not have forgotten the days of "Gammer Gurton's Needle"; and the Court of Requests, to which Herbert belonged, was so conspicuous as a patron of the drama, that it was counted as a special honour for the "children of Paul's" (here also we have an example of choristers as connected with the stage) to play before them.‡ It may seem fanciful, but it is, I think, worth noticing, that Wells and Croscombe, in the sixteenth century (as shown by the old almshouse for members of that craft in the former city, and by its annual Cloth Fair), were famous for its cloth-workers, and that Bottom was a weaver.

II. WALES.

Shall I venture on a yet wilder region of conjecture in connexion with those travels? The line of progress from Bristol to Shrewsbury might well have been across the Bristol Channel to Cardiff and Monmouth. Mr. Gladstone, in his Eisteddfod speech of last summer, showed, as the result of an induction which was certainly appropriate to the occasion, and must, I think, be admitted to be ingenious, that the inhabitants of the Principality were regarded by Shakespeare with a kind and friendly interest which he did not extend to those of Scotland and Ireland. Is it not natural to suppose that that interest may have rested upon a fuller personal knowledge than has hitherto been surmised? May he not have known an actual Captain Fluellen (that

* Marriot's "Miracle Plays," p. liii.

† Historical MSS. Commission, "Report on Wells MSS.," pp. 243, 244.

‡ Elze's "Life of Shakespeare," translated by Schmitz, p. 219.

name, which occurs, by-the-by, in the Stratford parish registers of the time, is obviously a phonetic variant of Llewelyn), in the city which was like Maccleson in its possession of a river, and have learnt by personal experience that "there is salmons" in the Wye? May not the poet himself have stood on the field of the battle which lives for ever through his art, and counted "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock"?

I may at least note, in connexion with this conjecture, (1) that one of Shakespeare's schoolmasters at Stratford bore the thoroughly Welsh name of Jonkyns, which suggests that he may have been the prototype of Sir Hugh Evans, in his dialect and his mode of teaching; (2) that there is a touch of local knowledge in the mention of "Monmouth caps" ("Henry V.," iv. 7), as well as of the leeks worn in them; (3) that a letter of Alleyne's to his wife, in July 1593,* states that he and his company are about to leave Bristol, "being redy to begin the playe of 'Hary of Cornewalle.'" Henslowe's Diaries of 1593-5 make it probable that this was identical with the older play of the "Victories of Henry V., with the battle of Agincourt."† Remembering this, we find, if I mistake not, the true explanation of a passage in a dialogue in "Henry V." (iv. 1) which has hitherto been left unexplained. Pistol asks Henry, whom he does not recognize—

"What's thy name?"

K. Henry. Harry le Roy.

Pistol. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name! Art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Henry. No; I am a Welshman."

It is difficult, I think, not to trace in this a deliberate reference to the older title of the play. Shakespeare, I take it, after visiting Monmouth, and knowing a real, live Fluellen, so that he could reproduce his very syllables and intonation, was determined to vindicate the honour of his friends in Wales. The hero of England was to be no longer "Harry of Cornwall," but "Harry of Monmouth."

III. THE NETHERLANDS.

Of the other travel-theories to which I have referred above, that to which the heading of this section refers, seems to me to have so strong a claim to acceptance and to present so many points of interest, as we examine the evidence on which the claim rests, that I venture, as briefly as I can, to put that evidence before the many readers to whom it will probably be new.

1. On the 24th of March, 1586, Sir Philip Sidney writes to his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham: "I wrote to yow a letter by Will, my Lord of Lester's jesting plaier, enclosed in a letter to my wife, and I never had answer thereof. . . . I since divers tymes

* Collier's "Life of Alleyne," p. 26.

† The title appears often, in close companionship with "Henry the VIth.," in Henslowe's record of performances in 1591-2-3-4 ("Diary," pp. 21, 23, 26).

have writt to know whether yow had receaved them, but you never answered me that point. I since find that the knave deliver'd the letters to my Ladie of Lester. . . ."

Dr. Bruce* shows that there were certainly three actors with Shakespeare's Christian name in the Earl of Leicester's company: William Johnson, William Sly, William Kempe, besides Shakespeare, and though he believes Shakespeare to have been one of the company, thinks that Sidney spoke of Kempe. His reasons for that decision are, however, singularly unsatisfying.† Believing it probable that Shakespeare was with the English troops in the Netherlands, he cannot bring himself to think that Sidney would have called him a "jesting plaier," or a "knave." It is a sufficient answer to say that one hardly sees how he could have called him anything else. As yet nothing had been written to distinguish the future poet from any other young man who had come from a country town in Warwickshire to see something of the pomp and circumstance of war, and to enlarge his experience of life. He, if it was he, would be but an underling in the company of players, and no quality was so likely to strike one who came in contact with him, as that of his being, like Yorick, "a fellow of infinite jest," full of quips and puns. And in the colloquial language of the time, the term "knave" implied not scorn, but a certain measure of familiarity and fondness. Lucius was the "gentle knave" of Brutus, Eros the "good knave" of Antony.

2. From February 1588, when the register of Stratford records the baptism of the twins, Hamnet and Susanna, to 1592, when Greene sneers at him in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," the life of Shakespeare is a blank, to be filled up, as we best can, by more or less probable conjectures. But in September of 1585, the Earl of Leicester was appointed to the command of the forces in the Low Countries, and immediately afterwards sent out letters to his friends and retainers requesting them to follow him thither. His troop of 500 men were mainly drawn from Warwickshire, especially from the neighbourhood of Kenilworth. Is it an over-bold hypothesis to think that such a summons would find its way to Stratford, and that it would be specially attractive to the young husband whose father was just then going from bad to worse in the way of business, borrowing money, and unable even to pay his rates, and who himself either had no definite occupation, or if, as his rivals later on taunted him, he was in an attorney's office, found the *Noverint* business a somewhat uncongenial calling?

3. The induction which leads Mr. Thoms to find in many of Shakespeare's plays, notably in "Othello," 1 and 2 "Henry IV.," and "Henry V.," evidence that he was personally acquainted with

* Shakespeare Society Papers, I., quoted by Thoms.

† W. J. Thoms' "Three Notelets on Shakespeare," pp. 118-120.

the details of a soldier's life, seems to me at least as strong as that which led Lord Campbell to believe that there was a strong presumption in favour of the theory that, either as a clerk in an office, or by attending sessions and assizes, and the local Court of Record at Stratford, he had acquired a much more accurate knowledge of legal proceedings and terminology than was common among laymen of his class. And if that conclusion is probable, it is obvious that the scene of that acquaintance, and also, it may be, of the knowledge of the incidents of a sailor's life shown in the "Tempest," must be found in the only region in which the forces of England were engaged during the time which, as I have said above, is a blank in the poet's life.

4. In the "Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I., 1603-1610," edited by Mrs. Green in 1857, there is a list of trained soldiers in the hundred of Barlichway (which includes Stratford-on-Avon) on September 23, 1605, the year of the Gunpowder Plot, and in the list, under the head of Rowington, occurs the name of "William Shakespeare." His will shows that he held a copyhold tenement in that manor. He returned to Stratford, that is, with the reputation of having, among many other achievements, served in the wars.

I have brought these facts together chiefly because they seem to me to throw light on the grand passage in the Prologue to Act iv. of "Henry V.," in which Shakespeare draws his ideal picture of what the commander of an army ought to be.

"O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath onrouted him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear."

One may safely say that of all the English commanders in the Netherlands there was but one to whom that description could have been fully applicable. We have here, if I am not mistaken, a portrait drawn from life of the hero who lives for ever in the story of the cup of cold water on the field of Zutphen, as he lived and moved among his soldiers, loving and beloved. We have, indeed, an actual record of a speech by Sir Philip Sidney to his soldiers before the assault on Axell, of which Shakespeare's lines are little more than a paraphrase.

"He reminded them of their beloved country, that they were Englishmen, that, as such, they should fear neither death nor danger, that they were fighting for friends and neighbours in the cause of freedom, and against tyranny and Antichrist." Of this speech Stowe adds, that "it did so link the minds of the people that they did rather desire to die in that service than to live in the contrary."* Those who have read Mr. Rodd's "Memoirs" of the late Emperor Frederick, will admit that we have had a hero-warrior in our own time to whom the words (all but the "ruined" army) were as fully applicable. It may be a thought of some interest to all who honour his memory, from the widowed Empress, whom England has lately welcomed with reverence and sympathy, downward, that the portrait was like him, because it was drawn from Sidney.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

* Stowe's Chronicle, p. 733; in Zouch's "Life of Sidney," p. 248. We may compare also—

"We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he, to-day that sheds his life for me
Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition."

Henry V., iv. 3.

THE ETHICS OF THE TURF.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield called the Turf a vast engine of national demoralization, he uttered a broad general truth; but, unfortunately, he did not go into particulars, and his vague grandiloquence has inspired a large number of ferocious imitators, who know as little about the essentials of the matter as Lord Beaconsfield did. These imitators abuse the wrong things and the wrong people; they mix up causes and effects; they are acrid where they should be tolerant; they know nothing about the real evils; and they do no good, for the simple reason that racing blackguards never read anything, while cultured gentlemen who happen to go racing smile quietly at the blundering of amateur moralists. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a good man and a clever man; but to see the kind of display he makes when he gets up to talk about the Turf is very saddening. He can give you an accurate statement concerning the evils of drink, but as soon as he touches racing his innocence becomes woefully apparent, and the biggest scoundrel that ever entered the Ring can afford to make game of the harmless, well-meaning critic. The subject is an intricate one, and you cannot settle it right off by talking of "pampered nobles who pander to the worst vices of the multitude;" and you go equally wrong if you begin to shriek whenever that inevitable larcenous shopboy whimpers in the dock about the temptations of betting. We are poisoned by generalities; our reformers, who use press and platform to enlighten us, resemble a doctor who should stop by a patient's bedside and deliver an oration on bad health in the abstract when he ought to be finding out his man's particular ailment. Let us clear the ground a little bit, until we can see something definite. I am going to talk plainly about things that I know, and I want to put all sentimental rubbish out of the road.

In the first place, then, horse-racing, in itself, is neither degrading nor anything else that is bad; a race is a beautiful and exhilarating spectacle, and quiet men, who never bet, are taken out of themselves in a delightful fashion when the exquisite thoroughbreds thunder past. No sensible man supposes for a moment that owners and trainers have any deliberate intention of improving the breed of horses, but, nevertheless, these splendid tests of speed and endurance undoubtedly tend indirectly to produce a fine breed, and that is worth taking into account. The Survival of the Fittest is the law that governs racing studs; the thought and observation of clever men are constantly exercised with a view to preserving excellence and eliminating defects, so that, little by little, we have contrived, in the course of a century, to approach equine perfection. If a twelve-stone man were put up on Bendigo, that magnificent animal could give half a mile start to any Arab steed that ever was foaled, and run away from the Arab at the finish of a four-mile course. Weight need not be considered, for if the Eastern-bred horse only carried a postage-stamp the result would be much about the same. Minting could carry fourteen stone across a country, while, if we come to mere speed, there is really no knowing what horses like Ormonde, Energy, Prince Charlie, and others might have done had they been pressed. If the Emir of Haïl were to bring over fifty of his best mares, the Newmarket trainers could pick out fifty fillies from among their second-rate animals, and the worst of the fillies could distance the best of the Arabs on any terms; while, if fifty heats were run off, over any courses from half a mile to four miles, the English horses would not lose one. The champion Arab of the world was matched against one of the worst thoroughbreds in training; the English "plater" carried about five stone more than the pride of the East, and won by a quarter of a mile.

Unconsciously, the breeders of racers have been evolving for us the swiftest, strongest, and most courageous horse known to the world; and we cannot afford to neglect that consideration, for people will not strive after perfection unless perfection brings profit.

Again, we hear occasionally a good deal of outcry about the great noblemen and gentlemen who keep up expensive studs, and the assumption is that racehorses and immorality go together; but what would the critics have the typical racing nobleman do? He is born into a strange artificial society; his fate is ready-made for him; he inherits luxuries and pastimes as he inherits land and trees. Say that the stud is a useless luxury: but then, what about the daubs for which plutocrats pay thousands of guineas? A picture costs, let us say, 2000 guineas; it is the slovenly work of a hurried master, and the guineas are paid for a name; it is stuck away in a private gallery, and, if its owner looks at it so often as once

a week, it costs him £2 per peep—reckoning only the interest on the money sunk. Is that useless luxury? The fact is that we are living in a sort of guarded hothouse; our barbarian propensities cannot have an easy outlet; and luxury of all sorts tends to lull our barbarian energy. If we blame one man for indulging a costly hobby, we must blame almost every man and woman who belongs to the grades above the lower middle-class. A rich trader who spends £5000 a year on orchid-houses cannot very well afford to reprove a man who pays 50s. per week for each of a dozen horses in training. Rich folk, whose wealth has been fostered during the long security of England, will indulge in superfluities, and no one can stop them. A country gentleman who succeeds to a deer park cannot slaughter all the useless, pretty creatures merely because they are useless: he is bound by a thousand traditions, and he cannot break away all of a sudden. A nobleman inherits a colossal income, of which he cannot very well rid himself: he follows the traditions of his family or his class, and employs part of his profuse surplus riches in maintaining a racing stud; how can any one find fault with him? Such a man as Lord Hartington would never dream of betting except in a languid, off-hand way. He (and his like) are fond of watching the superb rush of the glossy horses; they want the freedom, the swift excitement of the breezy heath; our society encourages them to amuse themselves, and they do so with a will. That is all. It may be wrong for A, and B, and C to own superfluous wealth, but then the fact is there—that they have got it, and the community agree that they may expend the superfluity as they choose. The rich man's stud gives wholesome employment to myriads of decent folks in various stations of life—farmers, saddlers, blacksmiths, builders, corn dealers, road-makers, hedgers, farriers, grooms, and half a score other sorts of toilers derive their living from feeding, harnessing, and tending the horses, and the withdrawal of such a sportsman as Mr. "Abington" from Newmarket would inflict a terrible blow on hundreds of industrious persons who lead perfectly useful and harmless lives. My point is, that racing (as racing) is in no way noxious; it is the most pleasant of all excitements, and it gives bread to many praiseworthy citizens. I have seen £5000 given for a Latin hymn-book, and, when I pondered on the ghastly, imbecile selfishness of that purchase, I thought that I should not have mourned very much if the money had been laid out on a dozen snart colts and fillies, for, at least, the horses would have ultimately been of some use, even if they all had been put to cub-work. We must allow that when racing is a hobby, it is quite respectable—as hobbies go. One good friend of mine, whose fortune has been made by shrewd judgment and constant work, always keeps five or six racers in training. He goes from meeting to meeting with all the eagerness of a boy; his friends sturdily maintain that his stud is

composed of "hair trunks," and the animals certainly have an impressively uniform habit of coming in last. But the good owner has his pleasure; his hobby satisfies him; and, when he goes out in the morning to watch his yearlings frolicking, he certainly never dreams that he is fostering an immoral institution. Could we only have racing—and none of the hideous adjuncts—I should be glad, in spite of all the moralists who associate horse-flesh with original sin.

As to the bookmakers, I shall have much to say further on. At present I am content with observing that the quiet, respectable bookmaker is as honourable and trustworthy as any trafficker in stocks and shares, and his business is almost identical with that of the stockjobber in many respects. No class of men adhere more rigidly to the point of honour than bookmakers of the better sort, and a mere nod from one of them is as binding to him as the most elaborate of parchments. They are simply shrewd, audacious tradesmen, who know that most people are fools, and make their profit out of that knowledge. It is painful to hear an ignorant man abusing a bookmaker who does no more than use his opportunities skilfully. Why not abuse the gentry who buy copper to catch the rise of the market? Why not abuse the whole of the thousands of men who make the City lively for six days of the week? Is there any rational man breathing who would scruple to accept profit from the rise of a stock or share? If I, practically, back South-Eastern Railway shares to rise, who blames me if I sell when my property has increased in value by one-eighth? My good counsellor, Mr. Ruskin, who is the most virulent enemy of usury, is nevertheless very glad that his father bought Bank of England shares, which now stand at 256; Ruskin senior was a shrewd speculator, who backed his fancy; and a bookmaker does the same in a safer way. Bookmaking is a business which is carried out in its higher branches with perfect sobriety, discretion, and probity; the gambling element does not come in on the bookmaker's side, but he deals with gamblers in a fair way. They know that he will lay them the shortest odds he can; they know that they put their wits against his, and they also know that he will pay them with punctilious accuracy if they happen to beat him in the encounter of brains. Three or four of the leading betting men "turn over" on the average about half a million each per annum; one firm who bet on commission receive an average of five thousand pounds per day to invest, and the vouchers of all these speculators and agents are as good as bank notes. Mark that I grant the certainty of the bookmakers winning; they can remain idle in their mansions for months in the year, and the great gambling public supply the means; but I do not find fault with the bookmakers because they use their opportunities, or else I might rave about the iniquity of a godly man who earns in a week

£100,000 from a "corner" in tin, or I might reprobate the quack who makes no less than seven thousand per cent. on every box of pills that he sells. A good man once chatted with me for a whole evening, after he had preached a sermon and led a service during the afternoon, and all his talk ran on his own luck in "spotting" shares that were likely to move upward. Certainly his luck as a gambler had been phenomenal. I turned the conversation to the Turf case of *Wood v. Cox*, and the torrent of eloquence which met me was enough to drown my intellect in its whirl and rush. My friend was great on the iniquity of gaming and racing, and I rather fancy that he proposed to play on the Betting Ring with a mitrailleuse if ever he had the power. I know he was most sanguinary—and I smiled. He never for an instant seemed to think that he was exactly like a backer of horses, and I have no doubt but that his density is shared by a few odd millions here and there. The stockbroker is a kind of bookmaker, and the men and women who patronise both and make their wealth are fools who all may be lumped under the same heading. I know of one outside-broker—a mere bucket-shop keeper—who keeps 600 clerks constantly employed. That seems to point out rather an extensive gambling business, and yet that bucket-shop man would be esteemed as quite in his place if he acted as an elder, or churchwarden, or leader of a prayer-meeting. Pray, then, let us cease canting about the bookmakers.

And now I have tried to clear the ground on one hand a little, and my last and uttermost good word has been said for the Turf. With sorrow I say that, after all excuses are made, the cool observer must own that it is indeed a vast engine of national demoralization, and the subtle venom which it injects into the veins of the Nation creeps along through channels of which Lord Beaconsfield never dreamed. I might call the Turf a canker, but a canker is only a local ailment, whereas the evils of betting have now become constitutional so far as the State is concerned. If we cut out the whole tribe of bookmakers and betting-agents, and applied such cautery as would prevent any similar growth from arising in the place wherefrom we excised them, we should do very little good; for the life-blood of Britain is tainted, and no superficial remedy can cure her now. I shut my eyes on the bookmakers, and I only spare attention for the myriads who make the bookmakers' existence possible—who would evolve new bookmakers from their midst if we exterminated the present tribe to-morrow. It is not the professional bettors who cause the existence of fools; it is the insensate fools who cause the existence of professional bettors.

Gambling used to be mainly confined to the upper classes; it is now a raging disease among that lower middle-class which used to

form the main element of our national strength, and the tradesman whose cart comes to your area in the morning gambles with all the reckless abandonment that used to be shown by the Hon. A. Deuceace or Lady Betty when George the Third was King. Your clerk, shopman, butcher, baker, barber—especially the barber—ask their companions, "What have you done on the Lincoln?" or "How do you stand for the Two Thousand?" just as ordinary folks ask after each other's health. Tradesmen step out of their shops in the morning and telegraph to their bookmaker just as they might to one of their wholesale houses; there is not a town in broad England which has not its flourishing betting men, and some very small towns can maintain two or three. The bookmakers are usually publicans, barbers, or tobacco-nists; but whatever they are they invariably drive a capital trade. In the corner of a smoking-room you may see a quiet, impassive man sitting daily in a contemplative manner; he does not drink much; he smokes little, and he appears to have nothing in particular to worry him. If he knows you well, he will scarcely mind your presence; men (and boys) greet him, and little, gentle colloquies take place from time to time; the smartest man could detect nothing, and yet the noiseless, placid gentleman of the smoking-room registers thirty or forty bets in a day. That is one type which I have watched for hours, days, months. There are dozens of other types, but I need not attempt to sketch them; it is sufficient to say that the poison has taken hard hold on us, and that I see every symptom of a national decadence.

Some one may say, "But you excused the Turf and the betting men." Exactly. I said that racing is a delightful pastime to those who go to watch good horses gallop; the miserable thing to me is seeing the wretches who do not care for racing at all, but only care for gambling on names and numbers. Let Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Corlett, Mr. Rothschild, Lord Rosebery, and the rest go and see the lovely horses shooting over the turf; by all means let them watch their own colts and fillies come flying home. But the poor creatures who muddle away brains, energy, and money on what *they* are pleased to term sport, do not know a horse from a mule; they gamble, as I have said, on names; the sport did racers give them no enjoyment such as the true sportsman derives, for they would not know Ormonde from a Clydesdale. To these forlorn beings only the ignoble side of racing is known; it is sacrilege to call them sportsmen; they are rotting their very souls and destroying the remnants of their manhood over a game which they play blindfold. It is pitiful—most pitiful. No good-natured man will begrudge occasional holiday-makers their chance of seeing a good race. Rural and industrial Yorkshire are represented by thousands at Doncaster on the St. Leger day, and the tourists get no

particular harm; they are horsey to the backbone, and they come to see the running. They criticize the animals and gain topics for months of conversation, and, if they bet an odd half-crown, no one is much the worse. When the Duke of Portland allowed his tenantry to see St. Simon gallop five years ago at Newcastle, the pitmen and artisans thronged to look at the horse. There was no betting whatever, because no conceivable odds could have measured the difference between St. Simon and his opponent, yet when Archer let the multitude see how fast a horse *could* travel, and the great thoroughbred swept along like a flash, the excitement and enthusiasm rose to fever-pitch. Those men had an unaffected pleasure in observing the beauty, and symmetry, and speed of a noble creature, and they were unharmed by the little treat which the good-natured magnate provided for them. It is quite otherwise with the mob of stay-at-home gamblers: they do not care a rush for the horses; they long, with all the crazy greed of true dupes, to gain money without working for it, and that is where the mischief comes in. Cupidity, mean anxieties, unwholesome excitements, gradually sap the morality of really sturdy fellows—the last shred of manliness is torn away, and the ordinary human intelligence is replaced by repulsive vulpine cunning. If you can look at a little group of the stay-at-homes while they are discussing the prospects of a race, you will see something that Hogarth would have enjoyed in his large, lusty fashion. The fair human soul no longer shines through those shifty, deceitful eyes; the men have, somehow, sunk from the level of their race, and they make you think that Swift may have been right after all. From long experience I am certain that if a cultured gentleman, accustomed to high thinking, were suddenly compelled to live among these dismal beings, he would be attacked by a species of intellectual paralysis. The affairs of the country are nothing to them; poetry, art, and all beautiful things are contemptible in their eyes; they dwell in an obscure twilight of the mind, and their relaxation, when the serious business of betting is put aside for awhile, mostly lies in the direction of sheer bawdry and abomination. It is curious to see the oblique effect which general degradation has upon the vocabulary of these people; quiet words, or words that express a plain meaning, are repugnant to them; even the old-fashioned full-mouthed oaths of our fathers are tame to their fancy, for they must have something strong, spiced, and thus they have by degrees fitted themselves up with a loathly dialect of their own which transcends the comparatively harmless efforts of the Black Country potter. Foul is not the word for this ultra-filthy mode of talk—it passes into depths below foulness. I may digress for a little to emphasize this point. The latter-day hanger-on of the Turf has introduced a new horror to existence. Go into the Silver Ring at a suburban meeting, and

listen while two or three of the fellows work themselves into an ecstasy of vile excitement, then you will hear something which cannot be described or defined in any terms known to humanity. Why it should be so I cannot tell, but the portentous symptom of putridity is always in evidence. As is the man of the Ring so are the stay-at-homes. The disease of their minds is made manifest by their manner of speech: they throw out verbal pustules which tell of the rank corruption which has overtaken their nature, and you need some seasoning before you can remain coolly among them without feeling symptoms of nausea. There is one peer of this realm—a hereditary legislator and a patron of many Church livings—who is famous for his skill in the use of certain kinds of vocables. This man is a living exemplar of the mysterious effect which low dodging and low distractions have on the soul. In five minutes he can make you feel as if you had tumbled into one of Swedenborg's loathsome hells; he can make the most eloquent of turf thieves feel envious, and he can make you awe-stricken as you see how far and long God bears with man. The disease from which this pleasing pillar of the State suffers has spread, with more or less virulence, to the furthestmost recesses of our towns, and you must know the fringe of the Turf world before you can so much as guess what the symptoms are like.

Here is a queer kind of a world which has suddenly arisen! Faith and trust are banished; real honesty is unknown; purity is less than a name; manliness means no more than a certain readiness to use the fists. Most of the dwellers in this atmosphere are punctilious about money payments because they durst not be otherwise, but the fine flower of real probity does not flourish in the mephitic air. To lie, to dodge, to take mean advantages—these are the accomplishments which an ugly percentage of middle-class youths cultivate, and all the mischief arises from the fact that they persist in trying to ape the manners of the most unworthy members of an order to which they do not belong. It is bad enough when a rich and idle man is bitten with the taste for betting, but when he is imitated by the tailor's assistant who carries his clothes home, then we have a still more unpleasant phenomenon to consider. For it is fatal to a nation when any large and influential section of the populace once begin to be confused in their notions of right and wrong. Not long ago I was struck by noticing a significant instance of this moral dry rot. An old racing man died, and all the sporting papers had something to say about him and his career. Now the best of the sporting journalists are clever and cultured gentlemen, who give refinement to every subject that they touch. But a certain kind of writing is done by pariahs, who are not much of a credit to our society, and I was interested by the style in which these scribbling vermin spoke of the dead man. Their gush was a trifle nauseating; their mean worship

of money gave one a shiver, and the relish with which they described their hero's exploits would have been comic were it not for the aforementioned nausea.

It seemed that the departed turfite had been—to use blunt English—a very skilful and successful swindler. He would buy a horse which took his fancy, and he would run the animal again and again, until people got tired of seeing such a useless brute taken down to the starting-point. The handicappers finally let our schemer's horse in at a trifling weight, and then he prepared for business. He had trustworthy agents at Manchester, Nottingham, and Newcastle, and these men contrived, without rousing suspicion, to “dribble” money into the market in a stealthy way, until the whole of their commission was worked on very advantageous terms. The arch-plotter did not show prominently in the transaction, and he contrived once or twice to throw dust in the eyes of the very cleverest men. One or two neatly arranged strokes secured our acute gentleman a handsome fortune. He missed £70,000 once, by a short head, but this was the only instance in which his plans seriously failed; and he was looked up to as an epitome of all the virtues which are most acceptable in racing circles. Well, had this dodger exhibited the heroism of Gordon, the benevolence of Lord Shaftesbury, the probity of Henry Fawcett, he could not have been more bepraised and bewailed by the small fry of sporting literature. All he had done in life was to deceive people by making them fancy that certain good horses were bad ones: strictly speaking, he made money by false pretences, and yet, such is the twist given by association with genuine gamblers, that educated men wrote of him as if he had been a saint of the most admirable order. This disposition is seen all through the piece: successful roguery is glorified, and our young men admire “the Colonel,” or “the Captain,” or Jack This and Tom That, merely because the Captain and the Colonel and Jack and Tom are acute rascals who have managed to make money. Decidedly, our national ideals are in a queer way. Just think of a little transaction which occurred in 1887. A noble lord ordered a miserable jockey boy to pull a horse, so that the animal might lose a race: the exalted guide of youth was found out, and deservedly packed off the Turf; but it was only by an accident that the Stewards were able to catch him. That legislator had funny notions of the duty which he owed to boyhood: he asked his poor little satellite to play the scoundrel, and he only did what scores do who are *not* found out.

A haze hangs about the Turf, and all the principles which should guide human nature are blurred and distorted; the high-minded, honourable racing men can do nothing or next to nothing, and the scum work their will in only too many instances. Every one knows that the ground is palpitating with corruption, but our national mental

disease has no gained ground that some regard corruption in a lazy way as being inevitable, while others—including the stay-at-home horse-racers—reckon it as absolutely admirable.

Some years ago, a pretty little mare was winning the St. Leger easily, when a big horse cut into her heels and knocked her over. About two months afterwards, the same wiry little mare was running in an important race at Newmarket, and at the Bushes she was hauling her jockey out of the saddle. There were not many spectators about, and only a few noticed that, while the mare was fighting for her head, she was suddenly pulled until she reared up, lost her place, and reached the post about seventh in a large field. The jockey who rode the mare, and who made her exhibit circus gambols, received a thousand pounds from the owner of the winning horse. Now, there was no disguise about this transaction—nay, it was rather advertised than otherwise, and a good many of the sporting prints took it quite as a matter of course. Why? Simply because no prominent racing man raked up the matter judicially, and because the ordinary Turf scramblers accept suspicious proceedings as part of their environment. Mr. Carlyle mourned over the deadly virus of lying which was emitted by Loyola and his crew; he might mourn now over the deadly virus of cheating which is emitted from the central ganglia of the Turf. The upright men who love horses and love racing are nearly powerless; the thieves leaven the country, and they have reduced what was once the finest middle-class in the world to a condition of stark putridity.

Before we can rightly understand the degradation which has befallen us by reason of the Turf, we must examine the position of jockeys in the community. Lord Beaconsfield, in one of his most wicked sentences, said that the jockey is our Western substitute for the eunuch; a noble duke, who ought to know something about the matter, lately informed the world through the medium of a court of law that "jockeys are ——— thieves." Now, I know one jockey whose character is not embraced by the duke's definition, and I have heard that there are two, but I am not acquainted with the second man. The wonder is, considering the harebrained, slavering folly of the public, that any of the riding-mannikins are half as honest as they are; the wonder is that their poor little horsey brains are not led astray in such fashion as to make every race a farce. They certainly do try their best on occasion, and I believe that there are many races which are *not* arranged before the start; but you cannot persuade the picked men of the rascals' corps that any race is run fairly. When Melton and Paradox ran their tremendous race home in the Derby, I heard quite a number of intelligent gentry saying that Paradox should have won but for the adjectived and participle propensities of his jockey. Nevertheless, although most devout turfites agree with the emphatic duke, they do not idolize their diminutive fetishes a whit the less; they worship the

mannikin with a touching and droll devotion, and, when they know him to be a confirmed scamp, they admire his cleverness, and try to find out which way the little rogue's interest lies, so that they may follow him. So it comes about that we have amidst us a school of skinny dwarfs whose leaders are paid better than the greatest statesmen in Europe. The commonest jockey-boy in this company of mannikins can usually earn more than the average scholar or professional man, and the whole set receive a good deal more of adulation than has been bestowed on any soldier, sailor, explorer, or scientific man of our generation. And what is the life-history of the jockey? A tiny boy is bound apprentice, and submitted to the discipline of a training stable; he goes through the long routine of morning gallops, trials, and so forth, and when he begins to show signs of aptitude he is put up to ride for his master in public. If he is a born horseman, like Archer or Robinson, he may make his mark long before his indentures are returned to him,* and he is at once surrounded by a horde of flatterers who do their best to spoil him. There is no cult so distinguished by slavishness, by gush, by lavishness as jockey-worship, and a boy needs to have a strong head and sound, careful advisers, if he is to escape becoming positively insufferable. When the lad Robinson won the St. Leger, after his horse had been left at the post, he was made recipient of the most frantic and silly toadyism that the mind can conceive; the clever trainer to whom he was apprenticed received £1500 for transferring the little fellow's services, and he is now a celebrity who probably earns a great deal more than Professor Owen or Mr. Walter Besant. The tiny boy who won the Cæsarewitch on Don Juan received £1000 after the race, and it must be remembered that this child had not left school. Mr. Herbert Spencer has not earned £1000 by the works that have altered the course of modern thought; the child Martin picked up the amount in a lump, after he had scurried for less than five minutes on the back of a feather-weighted thoroughbred. As the jockey grows older and is freed from his apprenticeship he becomes a more and more important personage; if his weight keeps well within limits he can ride four or five races every day during the season; he draws five guineas for a win, and three for the mount, and he picks up an infinite number of unconsidered trifles in the way of presents, since the turfite, bad or good, is invariably a cheerful giver. The popular jockey soon has his carriages, his horses, his valet, and his sumptuous house; noblemen, millionaires, great dames, and men and women of all degrees conspire to pamper him: for jockey-worship, when it is once started, increases in intensity by a sort of geometrical progression. A shrewd man of the world may smile grimly when he hears that a popular rider was actually received with royal honours and installed in the royal box when he went to the theatre during his

honeymoon, but there are the facts. It was ~~an~~ and the best people of the fine town in which this deplorable piece of toadyism was perpetrated were tolerably angry at the time. If the sporting journalists perform their work of puffery with skill and care, the worship of the jockey reaches a pitch that borders on insanity. If General Gordon had returned and visited such a place as Liverpool or Doncaster during a race-meeting, he would not have been noticed by the discriminating crowd if Archer had passed along the street. If the Prime Minister were to visit any place of public resort while Watts or Webb happened to be there, it is probable that his lordship would learn something useful concerning the relative importance of Her Majesty's subjects. I know for a fact that a cleverly executed cartoon of Archer, Fordham, Wood, or Barrett will have at least six times as many buyers as a similar portrait of Professor Tyndall, Mr. James Payn, M. Pasteur, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, or any one in Britain excepting Mr. Gladstone. I do not know how many times the *Vanity Fair* cartoon of Archer has been reprinted, but I learn on good authority that, for years, not a single day has been known to pass on which the caricature was not asked for. And now let us bring to mind the plain truth that these jockeys are only uneducated and promoted stable-boys after all. Is it not a wonder that we can pick out a single honest man from their midst? Vast sums depend on their exertions, and they are surrounded by a huge crowd of moneyed men who will stand at nothing if they can gain their ends; their unbalanced, sharp little minds are always open to temptation; they see their brethren amassing great fortunes, and they naturally fall into line and proceed, when their turn comes, to grab as much money as they can. Not long ago the inland revenue officials, after minute investigation, assessed the gains of one wee creature at £9000 per year. This pigmy is now twenty-six years of age, and he earned as much as the Lord Chancellor, and more than any other Judge, until a jury decided his fate by giving him what the Lord Chief Justice called "a contemptuous verdict." Another jockey paid income-tax on £10,000 a year, and a thousand pounds is not at all an uncommon sum to be paid merely as a retainer. Forty or fifty years ago a jockey would not have dreamed of facing his employer otherwise than cap in hand, but the value of stable-boys has gone up in the market, and Lear's fool might now say, "Handy-Dandy! Who is your jockey now and who is your master?" The little men gradually gather a kind of veneer of good manners, and some of them can behave very much like pocket editions of gentlemen, but the scent of the stable remains, and, whether the jockey is a rogue or passably honest, he remains a stable-boy to the end. Half the mischief on the Turf arises from the way in which these overpaid, spoilt menials can be bribed, and, certes, there are plenty of bribers ready.

Racing men do not seem able to shake off the rule of their stunted tyrants. When the gentleman who paid income-tax on nine thousand a year brought the action which secured him the contemptuous verdict, the official handicapper to the Jockey Club declared on oath that the jockey's character was "as bad as bad can be." The starter and a score of other witnesses followed in the same groove, and yet this man was freely employed. Why? We may perhaps explain by inference presently.

With this cynically corrupt corps of jockeys and their hangers-on, it may easily be seen that the plutocrats who manipulate the Turf wires have an admirable time of it, while the great gaping mob of zanies who go to races, and zanies who stay at home, are readily bled by the fellows who have the money and the "information" and the power. The rule of the Turf is easily formulated:—"Get the better of your neighbour. Play the game outwardly according to fair rules. Pay like a man if your calculations prove faulty, but take care that they shall be as seldom faulty as possible. Never mind what you pay for information if it gives you a point the better of other men. Keep your agents honest if you can, but, if they happen to be dishonest under pressure of circumstances, take care at any rate that you are not found out." In short, the Ring is mainly made up of men who pay with scrupulous honesty when they lose, but who take uncommonly good care to reduce the chances of losing to a minimum. Are they in the wrong? It depends. I shall not, at the present moment, go into details; I prefer to pause and ask what can be expected to result from the wolfish scheme of Turf morality which I have indicated. I do not compare it with the rules which guide our host of commercial middlemen, because, if I did, I should say that the betting men have rather the best of the comparison: I keep to the Turf, and I want to know what broad consequences must emanate from a body which organizes plans for plunder and veils them under the forms of honesty. An old hand—the Odysseus of racing—once said to me: "No man on earth would ever be allowed to take a hundred thousand pounds out of the Ring: they wouldn't allow it, they wouldn't. That young fool must drop all he's got." We were speaking about a youthful madman who was just then being plucked to the last feather, and I knew that the old turfite was right. The Ring is a close body, and I have only known about four men who ever managed to beat the confederacy in the long run. There is one astute, taciturn, inscrutable organizer whom the bookmakers dread a little, because he happens to use their own methods; he will scheme for a year or two if necessary until he succeeds in placing a horse advantageously, and he usually brings off his *coup* just at the time when the Ring least like it. "They don't yell like that when one of mine rolls home," he once said, while the bookmakers were clamouring with

delight over the downfall of a favourite; and indeed this wily master of deceptions has very often made the pencillers draw long faces. But the case of the Turf Odysseus is not by any means typical; the man stands almost alone, and his like will not be seen again for many a day. The rule is that the backer must come to grief in the long run, for every resource of chicanery, bribery, and resolute keenness is against him. He is there to be plundered; it is his mission in life to lose, or how could the bookmakers maintain their mansions and carriages? It matters little what the backer's capital may be at starting, he will lose it all if he is idiot enough to go on to the end, for he is fighting against unscrupulous legions. One well-known bookmaker coolly announced last year that he had written off three hundred thousand pounds of bad debts. Consider what a man's genuine business must be like when he can jauntily allude to three hundred thousands as a bagatelle by the way. That same man has means of obtaining "information" sufficient to discomfit any poor gambler who steps into the Ring and expects to beat the bookmakers by downright aboveboard dealing. As soon as he begins to lay heavily against a horse the animal is regarded as doomed to lose by all save the imbeciles who persist in hoping against hope. Last year this betting man made a dead set at the favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas. The colt was known to be the best of his year; he was trained in a stable which has the best of reputations; his exercise was uninterrupted, and mere amateurs fancied they had only to lay heavy odds on him in order to put down three pounds and pick up four. Yet the inexorable bookmaker kept on steadily taking the odds; the more he betted, the more money was piled on to the unbeaten horse, and yet few took warning, although they must have seen that the audacious financier was taking on himself an appalling risk. Well, the peerless colt was pulled out, and, on his way to the starting post, he began to shake blood and matter from his jaws; he could hardly move in the race, and when he was taken to his quarters a surgeon let out yet another pint of pus from the poor beast's jaw. Observe that the shrewdest trainer in England, a crowd of stable-boys, the horse's special attendant, the horse-watchers at Kingsclere, and the casual strangers who saw the favourite gallop—all these knew nothing apparently about that monstrous abscess, and no one suspected that the colt's jaw had been splintered. But "information"—always information—evidently reached one quarter, and the host of outsiders lost their money. Soon afterwards a beautiful colt that had won the Derby was persistently backed for the City and Suburban Handicap. On paper it seemed as if the race might be regarded as over, for only the last year's Derby winner appeared to have a chance; but our prescient penciller cared nothing about paper. Once more he did not trouble himself about betting to figures; he must

have laid his book five times over before the flag fell. Then the nincompoops who refused to attend to danger-signals saw that the beautiful colt which had spun over the same course like a greyhound only ten months before was unable to gallop at all. The unhappy brute tried for a time, and was then mercifully eased; the bookmaker would have lost £100,000 if his "information" had not been accurate, but that is just the crux—it *was*. So admirably do the bookmakers organize their intelligence department that I hardly know more than three instances in which they have blundered after they really began to lay fiercely against a horse. They contrive to buy jockeys, stablemen, veterinary surgeons—indeed, Heaven alone can tell whom they do *not* subsidize. When Belladrum came striding from the fateful hollow in front of Pretender, there was one "leviathan" bookmaker who turned green and began to gasp, for he stood to lose £50,000; but the "leviathan" was spared the trouble of fainting, for the hill choked the splendid Stockwell horse, and "information" was once more vindicated, while Belladrum's backers paid copious tribute. Just two years before the leviathan had occasion to turn green our Turf Odysseus really did manage to deceive the great betting corporation with consummate skill. The whole business throws such a clear light on Turf ethics that I may repeat it for the benefit of those who know little about our great national sport—the Sport of Kings. It was rumoured that Hermit had broken a blood-vessel, and the animal was stopped for a little in his work. Then Odysseus and his chief confederate proceeded to seize their chance. The horse started at 1000 to 15, and it seemed like a million to one against him, for his rough coat had been left on him, and he looked a ragged equine invalid. The invalid won, however, by a neck, the Marquis of Hastings was ruined, and the confederates won about £150,000.

As we go over these stories of plot and counterplot, it is hardly possible to avoid thinking what a singularly high-souled set of gentry we have got amongst. What ambitions! To trick money out of somebody's pocket! To wager when you know that you have made winning certain! The outcome of it all is that, in the unequal battle between the men who back and the men who lay, the latter must win; they *will* win, even if they have to cog the dice on a pinch; and, moreover, they will not be found out officially, even though their "secret" is as open as if it were written across the sky. A strange, hard, pitiless crew are these same bookmakers. Personally, strange to say, they are, in private life, among the most kindly and generous of men; their wild life, with its excitement and hurry, and keen encounters of wits, never seems to make them anything but thoughtful and liberal when distress has to be aided; but the man who will go far out of his way to perform a charitable action will take your very skin from you if you engage him in that enclosure

which is his battle-ground, and he will not be very particular as to whether he wins your skin by fair means or foul.

About two years ago, an exasperating, soft-headed boy brought a colossal fortune into the Ring. I never pitied him much; I only longed to see him placed in the hands of a good schoolmaster who knew how to use a birch. This piteous wretch, with his fatuous airs of sharpness, was exactly the kind of game that the bookmakers cared to fly at; he was cajoled and stimulated; he was trapped at every turn; the vultures flapped round him; and there was no strong, wise man to give the booby counsel or to drag him by main force from his fate. There was no pity for the boy's youth; he was a mark for every obscene bird of prey that haunts the Turf; respectable betting men gave him fair play, though they exacted their pound of flesh; the birds of Night gave him no fair play at all. In a few short months he had poured a quarter of a million into the bursting pockets of the Ring, and he was at last "posted" for the paltry sum of £1400. This tragic farce was not enacted in a corner; a hundred journals printed every act as it was played; the victim never received that one hearty flogging which might have saved him, and the curtain was at last rung down on a smug, grinning group of bookmakers, a deservedly ruined spendthrift, and a mob of indifferent lookers-on. So minutely circumstantial were the newspapers, that we may say that all England saw a gigantic robbery being committed, and no man, on the Turf or off, interfered by so much as a sign. Decidedly, the Ethics of the Turf offer an odd study for the moralist; and, in passing, I may say that the national ethics are also a little queer. We ruin a tradesman who lets two men play a game at billiards for sixpence on licensed premises, and we allow a silly boy to be rooked of a quarter of a million in nine months, although the robbery is as well known as if it were advertised over the whole front page of the *Times* day by day.

In sum, then, we have an inner circle of bookmakers who take care either to bet on figures alone, or on perfectly accurate and secret information; we have another circle of sharp owners and backers, who, by means of modified (or unmodified) false pretences, succeed at times in beating the bookmakers; we have then an outer circle, composed partly of stainless gentlemen who do not bet and who want no man's money, partly of perfectly honest fellows who have no judgment, no real knowledge, and no self-restraint, and who serve as prey on which the bookmakers batten.

And then we have circle on circle showing every shade of vice, baseness, cupidity, and blank folly. First, I may glance—and only glance—at the unredeemed, hopeless villains who are the immediate hangers-on of the Turf. People hardly believe that there are thousands of sturdy, able-bodied men scattered among our great towns and cities who have

never worked, and who never mean to work. In their hoggish way they feed well and lie warm—the phrase is their own favourite—and they subsist like odious reptiles, fed from mysterious sources. Go to any suburban race meeting (I don't care which you pick) and you will fancy that Hell's tatterdemalions have got holiday. Whatever things are vile, whatsoever things are roguish, bestial, abominable, belong to the race-course loafers. To call them thieves is to flatter them, for their impudent knavery transcends mere thieving; they have not a virtue; they are more than dangerous, and, if ever there comes a great social convulsion, they will let us know of their presence in an awkward fashion, for they are trained to riot, fraud, bestiality, and theft on the fringe of the race-course.

Then comes the next line of predatory animals who suck the blood of the dupes. If you look at one of the daily sporting papers you will see, on the most important page, a number of flaming announcements, which will make very comic reading for you if you have any sense of humour at all. Gentlemen, who usually take the names of well-known jockeys or trainers, offer to make your fortune on the most ridiculously easy terms. You forward a guinea or half-a-guinea, and an obliging prophet will show you how to ruin the bookmakers. Old Tom Tompkins has a "glorious success" every week; Joe, and Bill, and Harry, and a good score more, are always ready to prove that they named the winner of any given race; one of these fellows advertises under at least a dozen different names, and he is able to live in great style and keep a couple of secretaries, although he cannot write a letter or compose a circular. The *Sporting Times* will not allow one of these vermin to advertise in its columns, and it has exposed all their dodges in the most conclusive and trenchant set of articles that I ever saw; but other journals admit the advertisements at prices which seem well-nigh prohibitive, and they are content to draw from £15 to £20 per day by blazoning forth false pretences. I have had much fun out of these "tipsters," for they are deliciously impudent blackguards. A fellow will send you the names of six horses—all losers; in two days he will advertise—"I beg to congratulate all my patrons. This week I was in great form on the whole, and on Thursday I sent all six winners. A thousand pounds will be paid to any one who can disprove this statement." Considering that the sage sent you six losers on the Thursday, you naturally feel a little surprised at this tempestuously confident challenge. All the seers are alike; they pick names at haphazard from the columns of the newspapers, and then they pretend to be in possession of the darkest stable secrets. If they are wrong, and they usually are, they advertise their own infallibility all the more brazenly. I do not exactly know what getting money under false pretences may be if the proceedings which I have described do not come under that heading,

and I wonder what the police think of the business. They very soon catch a poor Rommany wench who tells fortunes, and she goes to gaol for three months. But I suppose that the Rommany rawnee does not contribute to the support of influential newspapers. A sharp detective ought to secure clear cases against at least a dozen of these parasites in a single fortnight, for they are really stupid in essentials. One of the brotherhood always sets forth his infallible prophecies from a dark little public-house bar near Fountain Court. I have seen him, when I came off a journey, trying to steady his hand at seven in the morning; his twisted, tortured fingers could hardly hold the pencil, and he was fit for nothing but to sit in the stinking dusk and soak whisky; but no doubt many of his dupes imagined that he sat in a palatial office and received myriads of messages from his ubiquitous corps of spies. He was a poor, diseased, cunning rogue; I found him amusing, but I do not think that his patrons always saw the fun of him.

And last there comes the broad outer circle, whereof the thought makes me sad. On that circle are scattered the men who should be England's backbone, but they are all suffering by reason of the evil germs wafted from the centre of contagion. Mr. Matthew Arnold often gave me a good deal of advice; I wish I could sometimes have given him a little. I should have told him that all his dainty jeers about middle-class denseness were beside the mark; all the complacent mockery concerning the deceased wife's sister and the rest, was of no use. If you see a man walking right into a deadly quicksand, you do not content yourself with informing him that a bit of fluff has stuck to his coat. Mr. Arnold should have gone among the lower middle-class a trifle more instead of trusting to his superfine imagination, and then he might have got to know whither our poor, stupid folks are tending. I have just ended an unpleasantly long spell which I passed among various centres where middle-class leisure is spent, and I would not care to repeat the experience for any money. Any given town will suit a competent observer, for I found scarcely any vital differences in passing from place to place. It is tragical and disheartening to see scores of fine lads and men, full of excellent faculties and latent goodness—and all under the spell of the dreary Circe of the Turf. I have been for a year, on and off, among a large circle of fellows whom I really liked; and what was their staple talk? Nothing but betting. The paralysis at once of intellect and of the sense of humour which attacks the man who begins flirting with the gambling Enchantress struck me with a sense of helplessness. I like to see a race when it is possible, and I can always keep a kind of picture of a horse in my eye. Well, I have known a very enthusiastic gentleman say, "The Bard, sir, The Bard; the big horse, the mighty bay. He'll smother 'em all." I modestly said, "Do you think he is big enough?" "Big

enough! a giant, sir! Mark my words, sir, you'll see Bob Peck's colours in triumph on the bay," I mildly said: "I thought The Bard was a very little one when I saw him, and he didn't seem bay. He was rather like the colour you might get by shaking a flour-dredger over a mulberry. Have you had a look at him?" As usual, I found that my learned friend had never seen that horse nor any other; he was neglecting his business, loafing with wastrels, and trying, in a small way, to imitate the fine strategy of the Colonel and the Captain and Odysseus. Amongst these bewitched unfortunates, the life of the soul seems to die away. Once I said to a nice lad, "Do none of your set ever read anything?" and he made answer, "I don't think any of them read very much except the *Sportsman*." That was true—very true and rather shocking. The *Sportsman* is bright enough and good enough in its way, and I read it constantly; but to limit your literature to the *Sportsman* alone—well, it must be cramping. But that is what our fine young men are mostly doing nowadays; the eager, intellectual life of young Scotchmen and of the better sort of Englishmen is unknown: you may wait for a year and you will never hear a word of talk which is essentially above the intelligence of a hog; and a man of whom you are fond, purely because of his kindness, may bore you in the deadliest manner by drawling on by the hour about names and weights, the shifting of the odds, and the changes of luck. The country fairly swarms with clubs where betting goes on all day, and sometimes all night: the despicable dupes are drawn in one after another, and they fall into manifold varieties of mischief; agonized parents pray for help; employers chafe at the carelessness and pre-occupation of their servants; the dupes sink to ruin unpitied, and still the crowd steps onward to the gulf of doom. To think that by merely setting certain noble creatures to exhibit their speed and staunchness, we should have ended by establishing in our midst a veritable Inferno! Our faith, our honour, our manhood, our future as a nation, are being sacrificed, and all because Circe has read her spell over our best and most promising souls. And our legislators amuse themselves with recriminations! We foster a horde of bloodsuckers who rear their strength on our weakness and our vices. Why should a drink-seller be kept in check by his having to pay for a licence, while the ruin-seller needs no licence, and is not even required to pay income-tax. If licences to bet were issued at very heavy prices, and if a crushing fine were inflicted on any man who made a book without holding a licence, we might stamp out the villanous small fry who work in corners at all events. But Authority is supreme; the peer and the plutocrat go on unharmed, while the poor men who copy follies which do not hurt the rich go right on to the death of the soul.

JAMES RUNCIMAN.

THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.

ONE would think on reading the article on the metropolitan police in the last number of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* that that body had been placed under the control of the Home Office owing to considerations of the gravest character affecting imperial matters. I am not sure that the phrase "imperial" was invented in English politics at the date of the establishment of the metropolitan police. It is, I rather suspect, a very modern importation; but, however that may be, it might reasonably be inferred from the article in question that the considerations which prompted the actual form of organization of the metropolitan police were those connected with the freedom of Parliament and with the idea that London, as the seat of government, required some very special and peculiar treatment. The writer of the article in question in fact says: "From its earliest days the metropolitan police has been considered more of an imperial than of a local force." Now this may be the convenient and cherished myth of Scotland Yard, but it is not borne out by fact.

I have read as many of the discussions as I have been able to obtain access to, which preceded the establishment of the body in question, and I have been unable to find anything resembling the "imperial" and "State policy" argument on which Mr. Evans chiefly rests his claim for the continuance of the control by the Home Office. It was owing to purely local and in no respect to imperial considerations that the metropolitan police was established; and it was placed in the hands of the Home Office simply because there was nobody else to take it. There was at the time, and has been down to the present year, no representative body short of Parliament (to which the Home Office is of course immediately amenable) into whose hands such a force could have been

placed. To put this force in the hands of a non-representative body, such as the justices of the peace in quarter sessions, was also impossible, inasmuch as London was not a county and had no quarter sessions.

So far from the imperial aspect of the police of London having anything to do with the matter, its establishment was the direct and immediate outcome of the Report of a Select Committee of the House of Commons which was appointed in 1828 to "inquire into the cause of the increase in the number of commitments and convictions in London and Middlesex, and into the state of the police of the metropolis and of the districts adjoining thereto."

A number of previous committees had sat and inquired into the same subject. The first was, I believe, in the year 1772, and others followed in the years 1793, 1812, 1818, and 1822. The ground of the appointment of none of these committees was in any way connected with "imperial" considerations; in all cases it was the same question which was considered—namely, how to make a more efficient local force; and the Reports of all practically contained the same recommendation. The Committee of 1812 says: "But the main improvement of this law would consist in creating a superintending power, to whose discretion would be intrusted the dismissal of the persons appointed by the parochial authorities in cases of misconduct, negligence, or inability." The Committee of 1818 says: "What seems to be wanting is an unity of proceeding." That of 1822 says: "The parts of which it [*i.e.*, the police of the metropolis] is composed are dis-united and under the control of different and unconnected authorities."

The basis of these statements is perhaps best given in the speech of Sir R. Peel on the 15th of April 1829, in introducing the Metropolitan Police Bill—in which he gives a number of facts taken from the Report of the Committee of 1828—and from the evidence before that Committee. Crime abounded in London and was rapidly increasing. The police force of each parish was entirely under the control of that parish. In some cases there was more than one controlling authority in the same parish, and there was no common system or means of common action. The character and method of appointment of such police officers as existed were equally reprehensible. In 1821 there had been in London 2480 commitments in a population of 1,167,000; in 1828 there were 3560 in an estimated population of 1,349,000. This alarming increase of crime greatly exceeded the increase in the rest of the country during the same period. In 1828 one person in 383 in London and Middlesex had been committed for some crime; in the rest of England and Wales it was only one in 822. So far for the amount of crime; now for the character of the police force. There were in the parish of St. Pancras not less than eighteen different isolated irresponsible police establishments. In Lambeth

there was no watch trust and no provision for a night-watch. Kensington, covering fifteen miles, had three constables and three headboroughs who were "usually drunk," and these were appointed by the steward of the manor. Sir R. Peel stated that—

"he had returns from parishes in the vicinity of the metropolis showing that in these parishes there was no species of nightly watch at all. This was the case in the parish of Fulham, containing 15,000 inhabitants, and in Chiswick, Ealing, Old Brentford, Acton, St. Mary, Stratford, Bow, Edgware, Barnet, Putney, Wandsworth, and two other parishes." "Deptford did not contain a single watchman or night police authority." "In some instances the watchmen only received for their regular pay 2*d.* an hour. In other places it had been found that persons who were burdens upon the poor rates were chosen to fill the situation of watchmen."

I might multiply these quotations greatly, but I have given enough to show the extraordinary condition of disorganization and inefficiency which prevailed. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that, after dealing with various other details for the suppression of crime, some of them of no small importance, the Committee of 1828, at p. 20 of their Report, say—"Your Committee have reserved for the last head of their Report the suggestion of such measures as it may be advisable to adopt for the improvement of the general police of the metropolis and its neighbourhood." Like their predecessors, they report that what is needed in this respect is to give "vigour and consistency to the police." They recommend, in fact, the establishment of a head office of police, stating, that one of its chief advantages "would consist, in the opinion of your Committee, of its possessing a general superintending authority in matters of police, which should remedy the inconvenience that at present results from the independent and unconnected action of the several police offices;" and their recommendation is finally couched in the following definite form:—"That there should be constituted an office of police, acting under the immediate directions of the Secretary of State for the Home Department, upon which should be devolved the general control over the whole of the establishments of police of every denomination, including the night-watch," and "that the immediate superintendence of this department should extend over a circumference comprising the whole of the thickly inhabited district which may be considered to include the metropolis and its environs." We have here the very first mention I have been able to find anywhere of the Home Secretary's part in the matter, and it must be perfectly evident to any one that it would have been impossible to have carried through Parliament then, or I hope at any other time, the establishment of a controlling office of police in London which should not be in some way responsible to the people. There was, I repeat, absolutely no way, short of creating a new local government for London, by which that end could be accomplished, except by bringing the office in question directly under the control of Parliament.

But the control of Parliament, that is to say, of the Home Office, was in no sense the result of any "State reasons," but entirely because the necessity of repressing crime led to the necessity of unification, and that led to the necessity of some form of representative control. This is still more abundantly evident from the order of Sir R. Peel's argument in his speech already referred to. "The chief requisites," he said, "of an efficient police were unity of design and responsibility of its agents." "These would be under the control of a board of police whose duty it would be to superintend and be responsible for all the agents required by the police. The patronage would be transferred to this department, acting under the control of the Secretary of State."

A plea on the score of the money contribution is, I observe, set up by Mr. Evans for the imperial character of the metropolitan police, and he says that "the grant to the metropolitan police force, from the first, was made on account of the imperial nature of its duties." I doubt the fact, and I deny the inference. Here is the clause in the Report of the Committee of 1828 which refers to this: "Your Committee are of opinion that the public funds ought to continue to be charged with the amount of the expense, not less than that to which they are at present subject, on account of the police establishment of the metropolis; and that the charge which will be incurred by the increase of that establishment, at least as far as it can be considered as contributing to local protection, ought to be a local charge, to be defrayed according to certain principles by the parishes or districts included within the superintendence of the new police." The object of this recommendation is as clear as day—namely, that the people should not be bound to pay for what they had not paid for before; and he would have been a bold man, I think, who would have encumbered his proposals with any recommendation which failed to make that clear.

In fact, it was not till 1833 that any "imperial" functions devolved on the police. In the 7th clause of the Act of that year the following occurs: "It shall be lawful for the said Commissioners to administer to any constable belonging to the metropolitan police force, an oath to execute the office of constable within the royal palaces of Her Majesty and ten miles thereof, and every constable who shall be so sworn shall have the powers and privileges of a constable within the said royal palaces and ten miles thereof." And the same Act, I presume as a not unnatural *quid pro quo*, authorizes the Government to contribute any necessary addition to the *8d.* rate (fixed as a maximum by the Act of 1829) to the extent of £60,000 a year. In 1839 this £60,000 was raised to a sum "not above a *2d.* rate;" and very necessary it was, considering that a strong opposition prevailed to the new force among the ratepayers, who had to pay so heavily for a body over the expenditure of which they had

practically no control. To complete the history of Government contribution I should add, that in 1856 the Government were permitted to contribute in boroughs and counties a sum not exceeding one quarter of the pay and clothing; and that this limit was removed by a later Act of Parliament, since which the contribution has in all cases, including London, been practically one-half of the pay and clothing. Undoubtedly the London people are repaid now, as by any private person, for the services of their police employed in the Government offices, royal palaces, &c. But certainly if the force is to be regarded as in its general character an imperial force, the London people yet have to pay for it.

I think I have now made it clear that there is nothing in the origin or growth of the London police force which involves any "imperial" or "State policy" considerations.

The question is, however, open for discussion whether now, as matters stand, there is any argument on these grounds for preventing the control from being, as in other places, in the hands of the representatives of those who pay. First, however, let me point out that the position of the London police is absolutely unique in Great Britain. There is, so far as I know, no other case where a charge falls permanently on the rates of a particular place and where those who manage the expenditure of that charge are not themselves responsible to the ratepayers. It is no good to say that London ratepayers are adequately represented by the House of Commons. It is only by incurring the unmerited charge of obstruction that London members can seize the attention of the House of Commons for this matter, and then they are outvoted by the remainder of the House, which represents other interests by a proportion of more than ten to one.

Now, what we say is this, that the establishment of a representative municipal government in London has taken away all possible argument for the police of London remaining in the control of the Home Office. If the people of a town are fit to govern any of their own affairs, they are fit to have the control of their own police. The most elementary duty of a group of citizens is the protection of the property of the community in which they live, and this is the elementary duty of the police. If the citizens of London are unfit to be entrusted with this duty, they are unfit to be entrusted with self-government at all. I and those for whom I speak are not alone in saying this. Lord John Russell, on June 5, 1835, in his speech introducing the Municipal Corporations Reform Bill, made the following statement:—

"We propose that the whole work and business of watching the town shall be placed completely under the control of the council, and that all powers given by the provisions of any local Act, so far as they would militate against this power, shall not be continued to those now possessing them."

This seems to me absolutely necessary in establishing a municipal government—indeed, the only notion I can form of a municipal government is that the keeping of the peace—or, to use the words of older time, the quieting of the town—should be immediately under the control of the persons who are deemed proper to have the government of the town; therefore, any power inconsistent with the power of the general council, so far as the watching of the town is concerned, will be abolished.”

These remarks, which are absolutely general in their character, failed only to have a bearing upon London because London was not included within the operation of the Act. I would desire no better formulation of our demand, or of its justification, and no better apology for its present opportuneness, than the statement which I have just quoted from Lord John Russell.

Now I believe that I have shown that the myth of Scotland Yard, that their establishment is in some way the creature of “State policy,” may be all very well to satisfy the egotism of a head constable, but, unfortunately, has no foundation in fact. But apart from this “State policy” myth, what are the grounds on which it is sought by Mr. Evans to oppose the transference of the police to the County Council? If we come to look into it, they are not very different from the alarms which caused the White Knight in “Through the Looking-glass” to encumber himself with a mouse-trap in case mice should run about on his horse’s saddle. Mr. Evans sets up the most alarming list of possibilities which seem about as probable as that against which the White Knight felt called upon to provide. He assumes, in fact, that the orderly government of London is in extreme danger if the police be removed from the control of the Home Office and placed in that of the London County Council. He speaks of the “capture of London by a hostile force,” paralysing the whole government of the empire. “The maintenance of order in the metropolis,” says he, “is therefore of the utmost consequence, not merely to its inhabitants, who might suffer from rioting and disturbance, but to the whole empire.” “Divided counsels with a mob bent on mischief might end in serious disaster.” Well, we agree with all this; and it is precisely on that account that we wish to see the police in the hands of the ratepayers’ representatives. We believe that we have the whole testimony of experience on our side, that the best way to gain the desired end is by trusting to the good sense of the people themselves. It will be observable from the beginning to the end of Mr. Evans’ paper that he, and Scotland Yard as represented by him, have no such trust. Well, we think they are wrong, and we are not going to be frightened by the bogies they create. If the representatives in the County Council of London are going to condone and encourage the action of riotous mobs, they are not fit in any sense to have the government of the town. But the representatives of other towns are not found on the side of such disorders. On

the contrary, the great, the overwhelming mass of the people are more interested in the preservation of order than any external authority can be, and are therefore more fitted to be entrusted with it.

It seems to me that the history of the last few years shows that "divided counsels, with a mob bent on mischief," have not been entirely absent from Scotland Yard, and of one thing I feel pretty sure, that the London County Council would not be so likely to commit the error which the Home Office has committed, of mistaking for a mob a body of the most respectable of the humbler classes of the metropolis. The fact is, there is a certain blind folly naturally incident to a police uncontrolled by those who pay for it—a police which fancies itself endowed with some great responsibility of imperial Concern—a police which conceives itself to be the bulwark of the constitution in times of trial (for no less a claim is put forward by Mr. Evans)—which talks big of the military forces and of the safety of the Crown—there is a blind folly naturally incident to the controllers of such a body—viz., that they cannot adequately distinguish between the ordinary poorer classes and the criminal classes, and that every large assembly of people assumes to their disordered imagination the aspects of a dangerous and hostile mob. They do not recognize, and seem incapable of recognizing, the great fact that the poorer classes of society are as law-abiding as the richer classes, and that the greatest folly in the world is to pursue such a course as places the poorer classes and the criminal classes in the same category. What you want to do is to secure on the side of order all who are naturally on its side, which is the absolutely overwhelming body of the citizens; and it must be the result of some exceedingly bad government if, at critical moments such as those which Mr. Evans contemplates, there should be any danger to peace and order whatever. The best way to provide against mob government is to leave government to the mass of the people. The best way to bring about mob government is to take government out of the hands of the mass of the people: And London will be infinitely more secure when the mass of her citizens feel that the means of preserving order are in their own hands, and are no longer wielded by a petty potentate who is actuated by such alarming fears of popular government as are evident all through Mr. Evans' apology, and as were evident, too, in Sir Charles Warren's article some months ago, as well as in his actions.

Mr. Evans says "it is undeniable that if the London County Council held the control of the police it would wield a weapon that might be handled with deadly effect against a weak Government, if the majority of the Council chose to make use of it for political purposes." If we are going to take up that line of argument, does it not occur to him that at present, the control of these police being in the hands of the Government, they may be made use of against the people of London for

political purposes? But apart from that not unnatural retort, surely, if you come to that, the ground of this fear is, that London will not submit to constitutional courses, and surely in that case the real danger lies not in there being 10,000 police, but in there being 5,000,000 people.

This, indeed, is the first time that I have ever heard the claim set up in England that the police are a body for the protection of the Government against the citizens. The fact that such an idea obtains for a moment in Scotland Yard is an adequate condemnation of the present system; and the solidarity between the police systems of Paris and of London implied in this and in some of Mr. Evans' references, is too dangerous to popular freedom to be left unnoticed. The interference with open-air meetings, which has now become so rife under the present Government, assumes a still more serious aspect when viewed in the light of such sentiments.

I need scarcely follow the extraordinary series of "might-be's" which Mr. Evans alarms himself with when "the question of the day might be the abolition of the House of Lords," and when he sees no obstacles to "a howling mob rushing down Whitehall, encouraged, too, by the facilities afforded them by the London County Council's constabulary." What nonsense! Might not precisely the same facilities be afforded them by the constabulary of a powerful Government? The fact is, that is not the way we do things in England. But, if we were determined to do it, it would take cannon and not policemen to prevent us. Mr. Evans himself, however, soon sees the weakness of his string of assumptions. "It may be said," says he, "that this is taking an absurdly extreme view of the possibilities." But he again returns to the position of "clever Elsie" of the northern story, and says: "But can any reasonable person assert that there will never be a majority of extreme Radicals and Socialists in the County Council?" There we have it again; he and those with him are always confusing extreme political views, which differ from their own, with violence and criminality. We might as well be alarmed as to the use that might be made of the forces of the Crown in sacking the Bank of England if a "majority of extreme Radicals and Socialists" were to get into the House of Commons. In fact, if his argument is an argument worth anything, it is one against representative government in any sense. We must clearly take our chance, as things go now, of there being a "majority of extreme Radicals and Socialists" anywhere and everywhere; all that we, who hold to popular government, maintain is, that we have no fear, because the great mass of the people—even including those who are thus designated—not only are interested in orderly action, but are confident that they can best obtain what they want by constitutional means.

But, in Mr. Evans' terror of mob law following on popular govern-

ment of the police, one would think that such a system of government had never been tried before. Has he nothing to say to the police of Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, or a dozen other places? Has not law prevailed in these towns? I rather gather that he has a poor idea of popular government in these towns, and probably might be better pleased if all the police were under Scotland Yard. But I do not think that he will find that generally these views are entertained in these places. In fact, I do not feel it at all necessary to dwell on this part of the subject, or to combat his assertions of the social decadence of members of town councils, and the corruption which he suggests exists in their dealings.

I come now to another point—namely, the question of the cost of the police. I have left this to the end, because I admit it is a minor consideration to that of the securing peace and good government in a town. At the same time, there are some points which require a reply, because Mr. Evans accuses me, not only of error and misstatement, but, waxing stronger in his words as his pen runs on, even of “culpable recklessness.”

Now, in the first place, the point of my statement in the House of Commons, repeated in my letter to the *Daily News*, is, as quoted from my letter, “what I have asserted and what the Government have altogether failed to answer, is that the cost [of the police] is increasing out of all due proportion in London itself.” I then go on to say that “the truth is, that the limit to the cost of the police has been fixed by Act of Parliament in 1868 at a ninepenny rate; and from that day to this the police have been living practically up to the ninepenny rate. They have got a ninepenny rate, and they take care to spend it.” There can be no doubt whatever that these quotations are the operative part, if I may so say, of my contention—these statements, and also that not only the cost, but the rate of increase of cost, in London is greater than in the rest of the country.

I venture to say that these points have not been answered in any way by the article of Mr. Evans. The facts are undenied and undeniable. In 1868 the population of the metropolitan police district was 3,452,246, and the rateable value was £17,546,837; in 1888 the population was 5,476,447, and the rateable value was £34,346,000. The police have cost practically a ninepenny rate throughout the whole period, and their cost has therefore increased practically at the same rate as the rateable value, and much more quickly than the population. Their gross cost, which in 1888 was £1,542,812, has in fact doubled in the above period. On the other hand, the cost of the police in the rest of England and Wales increases at a considerably less rate than either the population or the rateable value.

The following gives the cost of the police in England and Wales exclusive of the metropolis in the years 1878 and 1886. I take the

latter year simply because the accounts of 1887 and 1888 are not accessible to me while writing this.

Cost of Police.		1878.	1886.
In counties	£1,052,227	...	£1,061,968
In boroughs	727,556	...	856,364
Total	£1,779,783	...	£1,918,332

This shows an increase of cost of less than 8 per cent. The increase of population, exclusive of the metropolitan police district, in the same period was about 11 per cent. On Lady Day 1877 the rateable value of the whole country for poor-law purposes was £127,948,000, and on Lady Day 1885 it was £147,350,000. The rateable value of the metropolitan police district at these dates was respectively £24,417,000 and £31,899,000, and we may, therefore, at any rate, for purposes of comparison, without much error, take the valuation for police purposes of the rest of England and Wales at £103,531,000 and £115,451,000 at the two periods, which shows an increase on rateable value of $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or half as much again as the increase in the cost of the police.

If it be urged that these figures include a large rural area, it is possible also to compare other large towns with the metropolis. By the kindness of friends on the spot, I have received the police statistics of Sheffield and Bradford. Taking averages over a period of years, we have in Sheffield—

	Average 1873-77.	Average 1883-87.	Increase per cent.
Rateable value . . .	£759,039	£1,033,345	36
Population	257,780	305,835	$18\frac{1}{2}$
Gross cost of police .	25,470	31,030	22

In Bradford—

Rateable value . . .	£746,900	£953,000	27 $\frac{1}{2}$
Population	171,100	214,540	25 $\frac{1}{2}$
Gross cost of police .	17,860	21,758	21 $\frac{1}{2}$

It is, therefore, clear that in these boroughs, which I cannot reasonably doubt are fair samples, the rate of increase of the cost of the police is considerably less than that of the rateable value, whereas, in London, the cost increases as rapidly as the rateable value. In Bradford the police cost is equivalent to a rate of less than $5\frac{1}{2}d.$, and in Sheffield to one of less than $7d.$, in respect of which cost they are fair examples of other great towns.

Mr. Evans, in reply to my position that from 1868 till to-day the police "have been practically living up to the ninepenny rate," says that from January 1, 1880, to March 31, 1883, the police rate was reduced to $8\frac{3}{4}d.$, which was equivalent to a gross reduction of £97,000. Mr. Evans also states that £100,000 has been saved on the cash balance. I must say that I think that these facts, instead of proving me to have

made, as Mr. Evans says, "a serious mistake," entirely corroborate my statement above quoted. They show that the total rate during the whole twenty years falls short of 9*d.* per annum by an amount equal to less than a threehalfpenny rate on one year of the present rateable value. Mr. Evans further claims as a saving a sum of £370,000 spent on new police stations during the period in question. Even if we grant this, it does not affect the correctness of my statement that the police have been practically living up to the ninepenny rate. But I deny the propriety of excluding it from the police expenditure, for, ~~small~~ though it be in comparison with the total amount, it rather serves to corroborate my contention that the police authorities "have got a ninepenny rate and they take care to spend it."

I have now put on its large lines the whole of the question really at issue. But there are one or two points in which Mr. Evans finds fault with my figures, which I am called upon to allude to. I will do so, however, very shortly, because it is the main point that the public are really concerned with, and not any dispute as to details which may exist between Mr. Evans and myself. The first point in which Mr. Evans finds fault with me is for my comparison of the years 1878 and 1888. I stated with respect to these years that "during that period the population in the metropolitan police area has increased by 23 per cent., the rateable value by 38 per cent., and the cost of the police by 44 per cent." Mr. Evans finds fault with the comparison of these two years, while stating that it is natural I should compare them. He points out that the expenses of 1878 were unusually low, and those of 1888 unusually high. That the expenses of 1878 were lower than those of the years either immediately preceding or following it I admit, and, in so far as this is the case, the cost of 1878 would need to be increased for the purposes of comparison to the extent of £25,000. This gives a gross cost of £1,100,000 in 1878 as compared with £1,542,812 in 1888, or an increase of 40 instead of 44 per cent. As to the cost of 1888 being so much higher than it ought to be for purposes of comparison, I cannot see this; for the gross cost of the police for the last five years has been

1884	£1,343,981
1885	1,378,407
1886	1,440,069
1887	1,503,480
1888	1,542,812

and I see in these figures no particular indication that the cost in 1888 has risen more than in preceding years.

Mr. Evans, for purposes of comparison, prefers to take five-year periods. I may say at once I have no objection to offer to such a method. It is in some respects much preferable to comparing pairs of years. But no comparison, either of years or of periods, can do

more than illustrate the fact which I have stated, and which is not controverted or controvertible, that the cost is practically a ninepenny rate. But I cannot agree for a moment to striking off, as Mr. Evans does, the superannuation fund, and the awards paid under the Riot Acts. Both of these appear to me to be justly charges on the police fund, which has to stand by the results of its own miscalculation or mismanagement. And as to the capital outlay on sites and buildings, which Mr. Evans also thinks should be excluded, I have already said that I regard that outlay rather as a corroboration of my statement, that the police "have got a ninepenny rate, and they take care to spend it." I have, however, already shown how small a factor it really is in the total consideration, and, therefore, it is of little use contesting whether it ought to be included in making comparisons or not.

I stated that the pay and clothing of the police have not increased so fast as their total cost. This is not denied; it is, in fact, corroborated by Mr. Evans' own figures, where the administrative charges are shown to have increased much more rapidly than anything else. I think this, so far as it goes, quite corroborates my statement, that the increase largely lies in those items "whose inordinate and disproportionate increase is exactly what naturally results when the control is not in the hands of those who have to pay. In fact, the great increase lies exactly in those items in which, if a business man were to find the costs of his business rising, he would immediately, unless he wanted to get into bankruptcy, set about to make a complete change."

It seems to me, as I have said, that Mr. Evans' figures give the best proof of the truth of these words, when he shows that in a period of time during which the pay of the police has increased 33 per cent., and the clothing 16·82 per cent., the administrative charges have increased 41·80 per cent. But the illustration I have given has been to take a few of the items, which appear separately in the accounts—viz., Fire and light, books, printing, and stationery, postage, newspapers and advertisements, travelling expenses, law charges, extraordinary expenses, and special expenses, which, collectively now amounting to about £30,000, have more than doubled in the last ten years. Mr. Evans attacks two of these items, viz., "newspapers and advertisements" and "special expenses." As to the cost of newspapers and advertisements, which in 1878 was £224, and in 1888 was £1373, he points out that this is largely an expense peculiar to the year 1888. This I do not doubt. He says that its exceptional nature in 1888 may be gathered from the fact that in the five years ending in the year 1887 the average was only £323. This does not, however, give a very correct view of the progress of the item, which, during the five years in question, has been pretty nearly continuously progressive,

amounting during these years respectively to £186, £121, £228, £430, £648, and to £1373 in 1888. I think, therefore, there is very good reason to refer to the rise in this item, and to regard the £1373 as not so wholly exceptional. Mr. Evans speaks of it as "not a large amount." That is true, but it is to be remembered that I am only referring to it as one of a number of points, and in illustration of the meaning of a certain general statement. The other item in the above list which Mr. Evans refers to is the item "special expenses," and, as he calls it "perhaps the worst example of Professor Stuart's blunders," I am very willing to leave it for my readers to judge from the following what the character of these may be.

In the police accounts for 1878 this item called "special expenses" stands at £1355, and in 1888 the same item stands at £3245. I have stated that to be an increase of 140 per cent., and so it is. Mr. Evans explains the details of this item: he says the whole amount in 1878 was for the conveyance of naval prisoners to gaol, and "of course has nothing to do with the cost of the metropolitan police, the whole charge incurred being repaid by the Admiralty, as a reference to the receipt side of the account clearly shows." He then points out that the "special expenses" of 1888 included £663 of a similar kind, £805 for the police jubilee medal, £1485 for the enrolment of special constables, and £292 for awards under the Riot Damages Act, in all £3245. It seems to me that the items of £1485 and £292 are most properly included in a list of increased petty costs, and if the similar sum be omitted from both years, the result is to increase rather than to diminish the percentage of increase.

The fact is, this method of answering an opponent—accusing him of blunder and recklessness because of some mistaken or misstated detail which is not material to the main issue—is a good deal in vogue in public discussion nowadays among more prominent disputants than those who maintain the credit of the metropolitan police system.

There is only one other point, so far as I know, which I have not referred to, and that is the one in which Mr. Evans accuses me of "culpable recklessness of assertion." We shall see what that comes to. I said, "The police of London are dearer than the police of any other great town in Britain, whether you take the cost per head of the population, per mile of street, per inhabited house, or in any other way." And how does Mr. Evans show the culpable recklessness of this assertion? By stating that the return from which I quote shows "that, out of the 23 boroughs and towns which it embraces, the cost per acre in 16, and the cost per mile of street in 12, exceeds the similar costs of the metropolitan police, while in two boroughs the cost per constable is more than it is in the metropolis."

Now, as to the first point, I never said anything about the cost per acre. The case of the area of the metropolitan police district, which

covers 440,891 acres, stretching far into country regions, is not, in respect to the cost per acre, comparable with those boroughs where the limit of the borough is practically that of the houses. Thus, Liverpool, which has between the eighth and ninth part of the inhabitants of the metropolitan police district, has only the eightieth part of the acreage. As to the cost per mile of street, Mr. Evans is in error, and has omitted to observe the foot-note, which shows that, whereas the length of street is taken in the other towns, the length given in London is that of the constables' beats, which thus doubles it in many cases, as the streets are patrolled on both sides. No doubt from column 22 of the return referred to, it certainly, on the first view, appears that the cost of the metropolitan police per mile of street is £147 4s. 10d., whereas that in Liverpool, for instance, is £297 18s. 9½d.; but, whereas the mileage is given in the metropolitan police district as 7916 miles, it is given in Liverpool as only 277, for a population of more than a ninth the amount. The extraordinary mileage in London is explained, however, by the foot-note I have already referred to, from which it is evident that the figure of £147 4s. 10d. refers, not to mile of street, but to mile of constable's beat; and further, the same figure, like that of the acreage, is largely vitiated for purposes of comparison by the country portion of the area, whose roads are included, I am informed, in the 7916 miles. As to the cost per constable, that is clearly a totally different matter, and the police are by no means always dearest where the cost per constable is highest. And yet on such a basis as this Mr. Evans accuses me of "culpable recklessness of assertion." I should add that the police in London cost 4s. 11d. per inhabitant, and £1 12s. 4d. per inhabited house. In both these respects, as well as in the rate per pound levied, their cost greatly exceeds the cost similarly reckoned in other towns. The corresponding figures, for instance, in Liverpool are respectively 3s. and 15s. 5d., in Sheffield they are respectively 2s. 0½d. and 8s. 10½d., and in Bradford respectively 2s. 2d. and 9s. 6½d.

The only remaining part of Mr. Evans' paper which seems to require notice is that in which he enumerates the points to which attention will have to be paid in the transference of the police. He refers to these in all cases in order to aggravate the difficulty of the transference. I might remind my readers that when the metropolitan police was created in 1829 the arguments of those who preferred the old system were directed in the same way to the conclusive demonstration of the impossibility of working the new one. So it is here, and it is not unnatural that officials trained in an existing system should view any material change in it with alarm. It is always so. Well, we are as well aware as Mr. Evans that the following matters will have to be attended to. The police transferred to the County Council of London

will be those who operate within the area of the London County Council. The remainder in the outside zone, "occupying 365,000 acres," will have to be dealt with. Large boroughs like West Ham will have to be considered. The river police will require special treatment. Provision will have to be made for the force required for "State purposes" and matters of not local concern. We are prepared to deal with all these points, and our Bill for doing so is already drawn up. There will undoubtedly, when all is done, be a boundary-line round the metropolis proper, along which the police of the metropolis will march with those of the neighbouring counties. But there is that now, and the boundary line now is three times as long as it will be then, and police affairs are transacted in many places across similar boundary lines. Take the case of Lancashire: the sum of all the boundary lines dividing the county from the borough police is probably not less than that in the new London district will be. The boundary is also more intricate. Yet the matter is managed well enough in Lancashire.

And, lastly, it is simply ridiculous to represent, as Mr. Evans does in his last sentences, the proposal which we make as in any sense a return to the state of affairs before 1829. No doubt we should be narrowing the area of the metropolitan police force; the band around it would be relegated to its respective counties. But the forces concerned would be strong, unified, and responsible bodies, capable of working in harmony with one another, and no one has the slightest idea whatever of "reviving a system which has been tried and found wanting in the past."

JAMES STUART.

MR. BRIGHT.



IT may be too early as yet to trust ourselves to determine what rank will be permanently attributed to Mr. Bright among English statesmen. Our grief for his loss is too fresh to allow us to form a just and measured estimate of his public services. Although his illness was protracted through many months, and although early last autumn it had become certain that he would never again take an active part in public affairs, his death came upon the nation as a surprise and a shock. His place in the political life of the country was unique : now that it has become vacant it cannot be filled. It is not merely an eminent statesman that has passed away : a great and original force has disappeared, which for more than forty years contributed to form the political temper and direct the political action of the people of England. But while it must be left to the next generation to pronounce a final judgment on the magnitude of the services which Mr. Bright has rendered to his country, there need be no hesitation in expressing the profound impression which his great personal qualities have made upon his contemporaries.

To those who had known Mr. Bright by his public reputation only, it was often a surprise to discover, when they met him in private, how gentle he could be in his speech and temper, and how courteous and gracious in his manners. There was nothing rugged about him, nothing coarse. Occasionally, indeed, he was brusque and peremptory in his conversation, as well as in his speeches ; and, if he was provoked to political discussion, he was strenuous and sometimes stern. But he did not care to be always fighting, and when he had taken off his armour he could be as playful as a child and as charming as a woman. On the platform the volcano might have been fiercely active ; an hour after he had done speaking, the mountain which had poured forth streams of angry fire was covered to the very

crater with vines and flowers. Some men in their combative moods show great strength, but in their kindly hours their strength disappears. They seem to *lapse* into a more gracious temper when their force is spent, and then they are positively weak. With Mr. Bright the strength was always present. It was always apparent that beneath the gentleness and the kindness there were foundations of granite.

He had a robust conscience. He cared for plain and homely virtues. He had an intellectual and moral scorn for the subtleties of casuistry. For him the line between right and wrong was strongly and firmly marked; on one side there was light, and on the other darkness. He had no eye for the fine gradations with which to men of a different genius and culture good shades off into evil. There was a noble austerity in him. This austerity was the result, in part, of his temperament, in part of the traditions and manners of that remarkable religious society into which he was born, and from which he never separated; but it was the result, I think, in part, of a noble moral austerity in his conception of God.

Although his speeches are penetrated with a religious spirit, and contain many passages which derive their dignity and splendour from the recognition of the divine and eternal order which environs the conflicts and vicissitudes, the misery and injustice of human history, it was only on rare occasions that Mr. Bright gave explicit expression in public to his deep religious faith. But there must be many still living who heard his first words spoken to a public meeting of his Birmingham constituents, and, though they were spoken thirty years ago, none who heard them can have forgotten them. He had recently recovered from a serious illness. He had been returned for Birmingham in his absence, and some time passed before he was able to meet us. The Town Hall was densely crowded. Mr. Bright had rarely spoken in Birmingham, and his constituents were eager to hear him. When he rose to speak there was immense excitement: the passionate and prolonged cheering was renewed again and again, and seemed as though it would never cease. In his first words he told us that it was nearly three years since he had been permitted—since he had been able—to stand upon any public platform, and that, during that period, he had passed through a new and a great experience. From apparent health he had been brought down to a condition of weakness exceeding the weakness of a little child, in which he could neither read nor write, nor converse for more than a few minutes, without distress and without peril; and from that condition, by degrees so fine as to be imperceptible to himself, he had been restored to the comparative health in which we then beheld him. And then, after a pause, he added: "In remembrance of all this, is it wrong in me to acknowledge here, in the presence of you all, with reverent and thankful heart, the signal favour which has been ex-

tended to me by the Great Supreme?" The hush which had fallen on the vast and excited assembly as soon as he began to speak deepened into awe. Most of us, I suppose, had come expecting an eloquent and vehement appeal for justice on behalf of the millions of adult Englishmen who were, at that time, excluded from the political franchise, and denied all direct and constitutional control over the legislation and policy of their country. We had expected a fierce assault on the "obstinacy" and "iniquity" of the defenders of what the orator afterwards described as "the fabric of privilege"; but the storms of political passion were for a moment stilled; we suddenly found ourselves in the presence of the Eternal, and some of us, perhaps, rebuked ourselves in the words of the patriarch, "Surely, the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

In private he was also reticent—perhaps too reticent, as is the manner of most devout Englishmen—on religious subjects.* But when he spoke—as he did occasionally—on the great objects of faith, and on the deeper experiences of the heart, it was with a simplicity and depth of feeling which showed how large and constant a place they held in his thought and life. He used to talk of his favourite religious books; one of these was "The Jesus of the Evangelists," by Mr. Row; another was "Catholic Thoughts on the Bible," by Mr. Myers. Copies of these he was in the habit of giving to his friends. His faith, I believe, was largely due to the religious influences which surrounded him in his childhood and youth, and to those silent hours which he had spent in the Friends' Meeting House at Rochdale waiting on God. But it was greatly deepened and strengthened after he reached manhood. During one of Mr. Bright's early visits to Birmingham, he told a friend, with whom he was spending a quiet Sunday evening, that some years previously the late Benjamin Seebohm had believed himself divinely called to undertake a religious mission to the "meetings" and families of Friends in different parts of England, and that in fulfilling this duty he had visited One Ash. Mr. Seebohm is said to have been a man of great purity and simplicity of nature, of deep devoutness and unusual spiritual power. The directness, earnestness, affectionate solicitude, and spiritual wisdom of his conversation with Mr. Bright produced a profound and enduring impression. Mr. Bright was already engaged in severe and exciting political struggles; tens of thousands of his countrymen regarded him with an enthusiasm of admiration, tens of thousands with unmeasured hostility and distrust; but, through God's grace, the words of his venerable and saintly guest went home to him, and in the central depths of his life new springs were opened, which never ceased to flow. The lofty and mystic faith of the

* It is an illustration of the extent to which this reticence secularizes our public life that, in the speeches delivered in both Houses of Parliament on the occasion of Mr. Bright's death, there was no reference, as far as I have noticed, to his religious earnestness.

Society of Friends, which dispenses with priests and sacraments and all inferior aids to fellowship with God, and claims for the humblest of men the light and life of the Spirit, sometimes leads those who have received it to attribute inadequate worth to the revelation of God in the personal history and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ. For, is not God as near to man in our time as in any time gone by? Have not we, too, direct access to the Eternal? In reporting to my friend the effect produced upon him by Mr. Seebohm's visit, Mr. Bright seems to have implied that he had not wholly escaped this danger. I had always, he said—I quote the substance of his words, their form has perished—I had always delighted in the Bible; I had delighted in its noble English,* in its magnificent poetry, and in the lofty morals of the New Testament; but I had not so fully discovered in it a divine revelation to every man on the authenticity of which I could fully rely. He then went on to speak with great clearness and force of the comfort of a firm faith in our Lord, and of the wonderful teaching contained in the four Gospels. From the time of that memorable conversation he was brought more fully under the personal power of Christ, and found rest and strength in His infinite mercy and love.†

The reverence with which it was his habit to speak of God was very impressive. It was apparent that he had known the fear—the fear in which there is no terror, and which, instead of paralyzing the soul, nerves it to the highest exertion of its moral energy and to the most courageous endurance—the fear which has filled the hearts of prophets and saints when in solitary hours they have seen the glory of God, and have learnt that already, and during this earthly life, God is always near. To him God was infinitely great and august; the will of God was one with the eternal law of righteousness—commanding obedience and submission, whatever may be the cost—not to be resisted, not to be forgotten, either by individual men or nations, except at their infinite peril. And, as I have said, the noble austerity

* On a later visit to the friend who reported this conversation to me, Mr. Bright received a handsome copy of the Revised Version. While he was writing an acknowledgment to the giver, he looked up, and remarked, "I do not think the Revisers understood English as well as the translators of the Authorized Version, however much better they may have understood Greek."

† This conversation was with Mr. Alderman White, by whom it was recently reported to me. Mr. White permits me to use it in this paper. Mr. Bright was staying at the time with Mr. Charles Sturge, and this fixes its date during the earlier years of his connection with Birmingham. The exact date of Mr. Seebohm's visit to Rochdale is uncertain; but, according to Mr. White's remembrance of Mr. Bright's account of it, it must have been some time after Mr. Bright became well known in connection with the Anti-Corn-Law League, and may even have been as late as the Crimean War. Mr. White, employing a word which I believe is much in use among the Friends, emphasized the "tenderness" with which, on that evening, he opened his heart in relation to these great topics. To many of the readers of the CONTEMPORARY, it will be unnecessary to say that Mr. Alderman White is well known, not in Birmingham alone, but all over England, for the devotion which he has shown in many good works, and especially in the movement for establishing Sunday morning schools for adults—a movement which largely owes its extraordinary success to Mr. White's energy and zeal.

of his moral and political life was, in part, the result of the noble moral austerity of his conception of God.

For very many years Mr. Bright was assailed incessantly, and with extraordinary vehemence and rancour, as an incendiary agitator who provoked the poor to regard the rich with envy, jealousy, and hatred; as a reckless demagogue who wished to destroy all those ancient institutions which had made England great; as the friend and ally of the worst enemies of his country; as a traitor who cared nothing for her safety and honour. Now that the stormiest of those stormy times are sufficiently remote to be recalled without bitterness and passion, even those who were Mr. Bright's most loyal supporters may see that it was natural, perhaps inevitable, that he should have been regarded as a revolutionist. For, during the greater part of his political life, he was the strenuous assailant of laws and institutions which were protected by the interests, by the affections, by the convictions, and by the traditions of the wealthiest and most powerful classes in the State.

He became known by the energy and vehemence with which he attacked the Corn Laws. He did not merely argue against them as economically indefensible; he denounced them as criminal. He insisted that while they enriched the landholders they impoverished the nation, and he attributed to them a large part of the misery from which the great masses of the people, both in the manufacturing towns and in the agricultural districts, were suffering. But the Corn Laws were supposed to be necessary to the maintenance of the prosperity and the social and political influence of the country gentlemen and the landed aristocracy. If that influence was broken—if it was very much diminished—the growing political power of the great towns would be unchecked; and the economic change—so men believed—would be the prelude of political disasters. After the Corn Laws were repealed, the next great agitation in which Mr. Bright engaged was for the extension of the franchise; and this was regarded with terror by the same classes in the State that had opposed Free Trade in corn. No great harm had come from the Reform Bill of 1832, which granted a vote to ten-pound householders and gave representatives in the House of Commons to the great manufacturing towns in the Midlands and in the North. The throne was still secure. Property and life were as sacred as they had ever been. The material prosperity of the country was advancing under the policy of Free Trade. But what might not be feared if all adult householders, or even all six-pound householders, were added to the register? When Mr. Bright was first returned for Birmingham the constituency numbered about 8000; only one householder in five or six had the franchise. It was contended that to give a vote to those who were not prosperous enough to pay ten pounds a year rent would be the certain ruin of the country; that it would confer dangerous political

power on the idlest, the most improvident, and the most vicious members of the community; that it was dangerous to entrust the franchise even to the honest and industrious poor; that they had not sufficient political knowledge to use it wisely; and that they would be under strong temptation to endeavour to enrich themselves at the cost of the wealthier classes of the community. The fears were genuine, however ill-founded; and the name of Mr. Bright was a name of terror. He was also hostile to the relations which have existed in England for many centuries between the Church and the State. While he was still a youth he had stood on a tombstone in Rochdale Churchyard and denounced Church Rates. In his maturer life he was a frank and vigorous supporter of the policy of Disestablishment. He condemned the system of patronage under which the clergy are appointed to their livings. He condemned the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords. He protested against the legal appropriation of tithes to the maintenance of a Church whose worship has been forsaken by a majority of the nation. Every measure for removing the legal disabilities imposed on Dissenters received his support. And so he was branded as the enemy of all that is most sacred, as well as of all that is most venerable and stately, in our ancient institutions. In his advocacy of other political measures, such as the reform of the Land Laws and the abolition or reform of the Game Laws, and in the earnestness and energy with which he insisted on the necessity of great changes in Irish policy, he also came into sharp and incessant collision with those who desired to maintain the ancient order.

In his foreign policy he had the same opponents—strengthened, in some instances, by the alliance of other classes in the State. Of the policy of Lord Palmerston, who for many years exerted an extraordinary personal fascination on the country, Mr. Bright was a relentless enemy; and, as Lord Palmerston claimed to represent and support the authority of England in controlling and modifying the policy of European States, Mr. Bright was condemned as unfriendly to the greatness and power of his country. He lost his seat for Manchester because he condemned the war with China and with Russia. During the great conflict in the United States he had to renew the battle with his old opponents, though they were reinforced by the alliance of some Liberal politicians with whom, on questions of domestic policy, he was in general agreement; and it was largely owing to the courage and eloquence with which he pleaded for the North, and the lasting unity of the great Republic, that the Confederacy was not recognized by the English Government. From first to last, during the tempestuous period of his political life, he had against him the immense majority of the aristocracy, and of the country gentry, and of the wealthier middle-classes. It was not unnatural, therefore, and, as I have said, it was perhaps inevitable, that he should be called a Revolutionist; and since he protested strongly against a foreign

policy, which commanded great popular enthusiasm, it was not unnatural, perhaps it was inevitable, that he should be called a traitor to the honour of England.

But he was never a revolutionary politician. He never had any sympathy, intellectual or moral, with those political theorists who are eager to break up the settled order of States, and to reconstruct political institutions on the basis of the abstract rights of man. He had as little faith as Edmund Burke in "paper constitutions." The make of his mind, as well as his moral seriousness, prevented him from desiring violent political catastrophes. His policy was always a policy of orderly and peaceful progress. It was his conviction that only as the political beliefs and the political temper of the majority of the people are changed can there be any real and enduring change of national policy. He had a true historic sense of the continuity of the national life. He saw that, if we are to make any sure approach to a wiser and happier political or social order, we must begin where we are; that every advance must be from the point which we have already reached; that the past history of the nation has determined its present condition, and that its present condition determines both the measure and the kind of progress which is attainable in the immediate future. And so it was his habit to claim to be, in the true sense of the word, a conservative politician. He saw that the noble stream of English freedom had been widening and deepening for many centuries; and he had no desire to turn it out of its old course. All that he wished to do was to remove the obstacles which impeded its flow, and to give it a broader channel, that it might receive those new affluents which had their springs in new conditions of the national life.

The charge that he cared nothing for the "honour" of England rested on two grounds. He regarded war with the deepest abhorrence. He could admire the personal qualities of great soldiers; but he seems to have been incapable of sympathizing with the pride of nations in their military glory. When he thought of battle-fields his imagination was filled with horror by the agonies of the wounded and the dying, and he saw thousands of darkened and desolate homes in which widows and orphans were mourning for their dead. He regarded with severe moral condemnation the anger, and distrust, and mutual hatred which separated nations whose duty and highest interest was to live in peace and in the exchange of friendly services. He deplored the paralysis which great wars inflicted on industry—a paralysis which ruined the fortunes of manufacturers and merchants, and caused immense misery to the great masses of the people. He was fiercely indignant at the heavy burdens which the wars of past generations have imposed on this country, and at the enormous taxation which is necessary to meet the annual charge of the public debt.

He refused, indeed, to acknowledge that he ever insisted on the doctrine of non-resistance as containing a law which in the present

moral condition of mankind can be a law to statesmen. His position was defined in one of the speeches which he delivered during the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his connection with Birmingham.

"Unless you can come to the time when men, in obedience, as they believe, to the will of God, will submit to every sacrifice, I do not see myself, and have never said, how war can be always escaped. I know that when I preach the doctrine of peace you are told I do not think war can be justified or ought ever to be carried on. I think it was Lord Palmerston, in his, I would say, rather ignorant manner, who said that what people of my opinion would do in the case of an invasion would be to bargain with the invader for a round sum if possible to get him to go home again. But what I say with regard to war, speaking of it practically, is this—that the case for it should be clear; not a case supported only when men are half crazy, but when they are cool; that the object of it should be sufficient; that the end sought for should be peaceable and should be just; and that there should be some compensation for, and justification of, the slaughter of 100,000 men."

These conditions would probably have been accepted by most of those who supported the wars which Mr. Bright regarded as criminal. It was in the application of them that differences of opinion arose and were inevitable. The whole temper in which he regarded war was different from that of the great majority of his countrymen. And so, when the blood of the nation was hottest, and men of all ranks and conditions were passionately resolved to break the power of our national "enemy," he was insisting that a wise and Christian statesmanship would regard all nations as our friends; and, when news of victory came, he, instead of exulting in the "glory," was mourning its awful cost.

The second reason which subjected him to the charge of caring nothing for the honour of England, was his settled conviction that nothing but evil had come from the forcible intervention of this country in the affairs of the European Continent. He thought that it was no part of our business, either on our own authority or in alliance with other Powers, to settle the map of Europe. He believed that nations should be left to find a solution for their own internal difficulties without the promise or the menace of the armed intervention of foreign States; and, when nations with which we were friendly quarrelled with each other, he thought that we were exceeding our duty if we took part with either. It is unjust to say that his foreign policy was a policy of selfishness. Rightly or wrongly—and this is not the time to discuss the question—he had a deep and immovable conviction that, as a rule and in the long run, intervention in the affairs of other countries, whatever its motive, is mischievous. He regarded with no admiration and no pride the great position in Europe which England held during the Napoleonic wars; and resisted every attempt to resume it. Nor did he believe that uncivilized races, or races with a civilization different from our

own, are to be civilized after our manner and Christianized, by taking possession of their country and subjecting them to our rule. The country which they occupy is theirs, not ours. We recommend neither our civilization nor our faith by depriving them of it. And he believed, rightly or wrongly, that the "little wars" in which we are almost incessantly engaged with the tribes which are living immediately beyond the boundaries of the empire in Africa and Asia, are commonly the result of the violence, the injustice, or the reckless folly of our own people. With these views, which he expressed with the most resolute vigour, and sometimes with a stern severity, it is not surprising, I think, that he was charged with caring nothing for the "honour" of England. His uniform reply was a simple one: he cared for her righteousness and peace.

The "hurricanes of abuse" which once raged against him have long ago been still. At his death he was regarded with reverence by the whole nation.

This immense change of feeling with regard to Mr. Bright is commonly attributed to an immense change in the political mind of the country. Mr. Bright never renounced, he never modified, as far as I can remember, any article of his political creed. But it is alleged that, thirty years ago, he was very far in advance of both of the great political parties, and that, while he remained stationary, they gradually approached his position, and at last reached it.

It is true, no doubt, notwithstanding the recent reappearance of Protectionist doctrines under a new name, that the great body of both Liberals and Conservatives have become Free Traders. It is also true that, with the immense extension of the suffrage under the two last Reform Bills, one of the old controversies between the two great political parties has been finally closed. The Crimean War is perhaps condemned as strongly by most living Englishmen as it was condemned by Mr. Bright when his condemnation of it made him the most unpopular man in England. And, as things have turned out, I suppose that those who were the most ardent friends of the Southern States are grateful that the English Government refused to recognize their independence.

With regard to particular measures of domestic policy which Mr. Bright supported against the fiercest hostility, the country has come to be of his mind. And the country generally has also come to be of his mind in reference to particular questions of foreign policy on which he was at one time separated from the great majority of the nation.

But I have some hesitation in believing that the majority of the English people, or even the majority of either of the great political parties, have accepted Mr. Bright's characteristic political principles or inherited his characteristic political temper. In justifying my hesitation I might insist that Mr. Bright believed in the Disestablish-

ment of the Church; it is not certain that this article of his creed has been finally accepted either by Liberals or Conservatives; that it has been finally accepted by the great majority of Englishmen is still less certain. I might insist on his deep and intense abhorrence of war; it is not certain that the nation generally shares his abhorrence, or would condemn wars which he would regard as criminal. I might insist on his views concerning the relations of England to her colonies—views which he expressed with uncompromising definiteness and vigour in the last speech which he delivered in Birmingham. Fifteen or twenty years ago they were, I suppose, the views of the Colonial Office, and had the general concurrence of both Liberal and Conservative politicians. Now they are under revision, and by some conspicuous statesmen of both parties they are rejected with vehemence. But I am thinking of something deeper and more central, something which entered into the very fibre and substance of his mind, and which controlled his political views, not on one subject merely, but on all subjects.

The political creed which he held when he entered public life, and which he held to the last, was in formal agreement with the Radical creed of the first forty years of this century; and on economic and social questions he was faithful to the teaching of Adam Smith and his orthodox successors. But the moral austerity in his conception of God and in his personal character, of which I said something earlier in this paper, appeared in his political faith and in his political temperament, and exerted a very powerful influence on his opinions upon all questions of legislation and policy.

He cared supremely for the industry, the providence, and the self-reliance of the individual citizen. Whatever was likely, in his judgment, to enfeeble these severe virtues, he regarded with apprehension. To him it was first of all necessary that the State should deal with the people as a community of men—not a community of children; should do nothing for them that they could do for themselves. It was better, in his judgment, that the material prosperity and the material comfort of the people should advance slowly, as the result of their own independent efforts, than that they should advance more rapidly as the result of the interference of the State. He opposed the Factory Acts, because he believed that, whatever temporary evil they might check, they would not only interfere with the freedom of manufacturing industry, but would also induce among the people the habit of relying on the State rather than on themselves for the protection of their interests. He advocated the extension of the franchise for many reasons, but partly because he believed that to trust political power to the great masses of the people would discipline them to self-respect, and that a sense of responsibility for the fortunes of the State would contribute to the development of many other manly virtues; it was better, he thought, that they should sometimes make grave mistakes in the management of their own affairs—and suffer from their mis-

takes—than that they should be saved from suffering, even if that were possible, by being treated as children whose affairs must be managed for them by wiser and more experienced persons. His Free Trade policy was an extension of the same principle. He believed that the agricultural industry had suffered from the special protection which it had received from the State; that if the protection were withdrawn, farmers would show more self-reliance and more inventiveness; would be compelled to abandon traditional and imperfect methods in their treatment of the land, and would be more eager to adopt all improvements. He would not, I imagine, have founded his policy on the scientific law of the survival of the fittest, but I think that he substantially believed that the State could never disregard that law without inflicting injury both on the material interests and the moral life of the community.

He was not indifferent to human misery; he was profoundly affected by it; and when it was apparent that the misery was the result of injustice, he was moved to passionate indignation. But the organization of the State was, in his judgment, too coarse and too rigid to be an efficient instrument for the gracious works of charity. The State is incapable of carefully discriminating between the suffering which is the result of improvidence, indolence, and vice, and the suffering which comes upon the best of men through misfortune. Legislation intended to afford direct relief to large masses of people it would be his instinct to regard with distrust, as likely to lessen the penalties of recklessness and wrongdoing, and so to diminish the motives to virtue. It is for churches, it is for voluntary organizations of charitable persons, it is for individual men and women who have learnt their kinship to the most wretched—yes, and to the most vicious—of mankind, to undertake the tasks for which the State is incompetent. It is for them to console the sorrowful, to relieve the destitute, to repair the fortunes of the despairing. They can discriminate as the law cannot; they can support and strengthen, as the law cannot, the better purposes of those who are suffering through their own follies and vices, but who now desire to do better. They can rescue and ennoble the man, while they are lessening the hardships of his condition. They can temper justice with mercy. But the State—this, I think, was Mr. Bright's judgment—should be inflexibly just. It exists for the punishment of evil-doers, and the praise of them that do well. It has fulfilled its duty when it has instituted such laws, and so administered them, that it can say to all its citizens, "What a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

It is not clear to me that in this conception of the State, which entered into the substance of all Mr. Bright's political beliefs, the nation has come to be of his mind. It is not clear to me that either of the great political parties has come to be of his mind. We are repelled rather than attracted by what I have called the moral austerity

which characterized Mr. Bright's political faith. We are not more sensitive to suffering than he was; but we are of weaker fibre. We are so distressed by suffering that, whatever may have been its cause, we are impatient to remove it. We are not always careful to remember that suffering may be only a symptom of disease, and that, unless the disease is cured, the suffering, though it may be temporarily lessened or removed, will return in an aggravated form. We have even changed the meaning of great and sacred words, and appeal for Justice when our fathers would have appealed for Pity. To some of us the individual is always innocent and society always guilty. We are wanting, I say, in the moral austerity which distinguished Mr. Bright, and which controlled his conception of the true duty of the State and the limits of its powers.

Even those who believe, as I believe, that he contracted too narrowly the functions of the State, that he had too little confidence in what the State may accomplish even by direct legislation for the general elevation of the life as well as the improvement of the material condition of the people, must acknowledge that there was a certain nobleness and dignity in his more austere conception of public policy, and that among the immense losses that we have sustained by his death, this is not the least—never again shall we listen to that vigorous and impressive eloquence which derived a large part of its force from his sense of the immeasurable worth of the industry, endurance, courage, and self-reliance of private citizens; never again shall we listen to the warnings of his sagacity when we are tempted to give alleviation to the hardships of any class of the community by measures which would enfeeble these masculine virtues.

As an orator his place was not merely first in the first rank of the English orators of his generation; he belonged to a separate order: in some of the highest qualities of eloquence none of them approached him. And it was the testimony of some who heard the great orators of the preceding generation that he excelled them too, even when they were at their best. Many of his contemporaries had far greater wealth of political knowledge; some surpassed him as skilful debaters. In the clear and simple exposition of a great subject he was very felicitous, but he could never have explained the multifarious details of an intricate Budget with the almost miraculous lucidity of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli was his equal in wit, and in the art of inventing happy phrases which took the ear of the House of Commons and of the country, and which concentrated in an epigram an argument and a denunciation. Mr. O'Connell had a more abundant humour. But, in that perfect blending of imagination, pathos, passion, and the noblest ethical feeling, which gave to the great passages in Mr. Bright's great speeches their dignity and their power, he stood apart and alone. And even when he did not touch the heights which were beyond the reach of other men, there was a unique charm in him.

"Part of the charm consisted in the ease with which he seemed to speak. There was no appearance of effort. He never spoke beyond his strength. The only effort—and this sometimes produced an immense impression—was, not to give the most intense and energetic expression to his passion, but to restrain it. However fierce were his denunciations of a great injustice his audience felt that behind the terrible and fiery words there were the fires of a fiercer wrath which he was struggling hard to subdue.* This reserve, which was akin to the austerity of his personal character, gave elevation to his speeches. He always retained his self-command. It was not his habit to "let himself go." He had a rich humour, but he never became riotously humorous; a sentence or two, sometimes a phrase, sometimes a word, satisfied him, and he became serious again. His scorn—what one of his critics called his "superb scorn"—was also held under firm restraint; it sometimes made its presence felt in long passages of his speeches; it penetrated the very substance of the thought and coloured its expression: but it was rarely permitted to break out except in a single epithet; it was still more rarely suffered to have free and open course through a whole sentence. Nor did he ever throw the reins on the neck of his imagination; it was his servant, or, at best, his friendly ally, not his master. In one of his speeches there was a passage in which he wanted to impress his audience with the enormous magnitude of our national expenditure, which, according to his calculation, was equal annually to the whole of the wages paid during the year to the agricultural labourers of this country. I cannot lay my hand upon the passage just now, but I remember that he introduced his statement by a sentence in which there was a charming but only a momentary glimpse of the loveliness and fertility of England—its pastures, its wheat-fields, its orchards—fenced and cared for like a garden, every acre showing the results of careful labour; and then he said that the men whose toil had brought the country to this perfection received no more wages in the course of the year than we were raising in taxes and spending for purposes of government. Nothing could have been more beautiful, nothing more vivid, than the picture; but if the vision of England which he saw had come to almost any other speaker, the account of it would have extended through sentence

* This restraint was not apparent merely, it was real. He was speaking in Birmingham just after the appearance of the famous "Bath letter" of Mr. Disraeli, in which the Conservative leader said that for nearly five years Mr. Gladstone had "harassed every trade, worried every profession, and assailed or menaced every class, institution, and species of property in the country." In his speech Mr. Bright referred to the Tories and to the letter of Mr. Disraeli in the following words:—"Without doubt, if they had been in the Wilderness they would have condemned the Ten Commandments as a harassing piece of legislation, though it does happen that we have the evidence of more than thirty centuries to the wisdom and usefulness of those commandments." This was very effective. But the next morning I was travelling with Mr. Bright, and he told me the form in which the passage had first occurred to him; it was positively fierce, not to say savage. He added, "I thought that I had better not put it so," and I agreed with him.

after sentence of picturesque description; and if Mr. Bright's own intellectual habits had been less severe, he would have been betrayed into the creation of a passage of imaginative and poetic prose which would have been quoted through many generations for its music and its beauty. But he was intent upon his end. It was no part of his business at that moment to fill the minds of those who were listening to him with the loveliness of England. He said enough for his purpose, and then he passed on. Even in the use of his splendid intellectual powers, the austerity of his moral life prevented him from yielding to luxurious self-indulgence.

His noble English style was formed by a constant and affectionate study of the English Bible and the English poets. He once told me that for many years he almost always spent his Sunday evenings alone during the session of Parliament, and that every Sunday evening he read through Milton's "Paradise Regained." I said that I should have thought that the earlier books of "Paradise Lost," containing the debates in Hell, would have had more attraction for him; but he answered that he valued the moral wisdom of the "Paradise Regained." His taste was catholic. He expressed great admiration for Pope; and when asked whether he did not prefer the sinewy strength of the verse of Dryden, he acknowledged Dryden's force, but still seemed to assert a preference for Pope. He also admired Cowper, Scott, Byron, and Whittier; and he had a curiously familiar acquaintance with the minor poets of the last century. Nor did he care only for poets who had made their reputation. Very shortly after Mr. Lewis Morris's "Epic of Hades" was published, he quoted it in a speech and expressed his high estimate of its poetic qualities.

On one occasion when we were discussing the merits of great English authors, he said that it was his habit to select one poet for reading during every session; that when he went home to his lodgings at night after leaving the House of Commons, he was unable to sleep at once, and that he sat up reading his selected poet. I asked him whether, when he delivered his first speech to his Birmingham constituents, he was reading Byron. Some years had passed and he could not remember. "But why do you want to know?" I replied that one of the sentences of his peroration recalled a line in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold;" and I quoted his words: "*I speak with a diminished fire; I act with a lessened force.*" But such as I am, my countrymen—my constituents—I will, if you will let me, be found in your ranks in the impending struggle.* He was silent

* I find that the sentences which I quoted to him were preceded by the pathetic words which I ought to have remembered but had forgotten: "I feel now sensibly and painfully that I am not what I was." That sentence, too, recalls two lines in the last stanza but one of the same canto:—

"But I am not now
That which I have been."

for a few moments, and then said: "This is the passage you are thinking of," and he quoted the whole of stanza 137, beginning—

"But I have lived, and have not lived in vain;
My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain;
 But there is that within me which shall tire
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire."

The late Mr. Henry Fawcett told me of a delightful day that he once spent with Mr. Bright in Scotland. They were there to fish, but the weather was unfavourable. To pass the time Mr. Bright recited to him, for several hours, single verses and long passages from poets of every rank, famous and obscure, interspersing the quotations with comments. It must have been his habit for many years to commit to memory the lines which impressed him.

In his English style, thus formed, there was a consummate union of simplicity and dignity. Its resources were equal to every demand that he made upon it. It was perfect for all purposes—for plain narrative, for homely humour, for picturesque description, for fierce invective, for pathos, for stateliness, for the expression of lofty moral sentiment, for imaginative splendour. To attribute its unique excellence—as is the habit of critics—to Mr. Bright's anxiety to adhere to an almost exclusive use of the Saxon elements of our language is an error; and it is an error from which the critics should have been saved by Mr. Bright's delight in Milton, who, of all our great poets, did most to enrich our plainer speech with the spoils of Greece and Rome. He knew exactly the moment when the Saxon element of our tongue would not serve him. Mr. Hutton pointed out many years ago the illustration of his wonderful felicity which is afforded by the famous sentence in which he looked forward to the time when it will be possible to say that "England, the *august* mother of free nations, herself is free." It is the word "*august*," with its train of splendid imperial associations, that gives to the sentence its spell for the imagination and its impressive dignity. It was the distinction of his style that the most cultivated men and women admired it, and that the most uncultivated understood him and felt his power—though many of these, I suspect, were of opinion that they had heard much "*finer*" speakers.

His English was accurate as well as vigorous and beautiful. Twenty years ago three well-known Parliamentary reporters told me that Mr. Bright, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Disraeli were the only men in the House of Commons at that time whose speeches they could report *verbatim*. There were no formless sentences to complete or to reconstruct. The only kindly service which his speeches required from them was the elimination of an unnecessary "Now," or "Well now," with which he occasionally began a sentence.

His voice in his later years was often husky; in the years of his

great activity it was clear and strong, and could be heard without effort in every part of the largest buildings. It was musical in its quality, and he used it as naturally when addressing six or seven thousand people as when talking to a friend at the fireside. It was his habit to speak slowly, but in his more vehement and impassioned passages there was what might be called a restrained eagerness, a subdued intensity, which had all the effect of rapidity, and which often created great excitement; then there sometimes came a sentence declaimed in tones which thrilled his audience like the notes of a clarion; or sometimes a phrase, or even a single word—not shouted—but suddenly projected, with enormous force, like a ball from the mouth of a cannon.

When Mr. Bright had to make a great speech he brooded over it day after day. But he did not care to do all his preparation at his desk or in solitude. As arguments and illustrations occurred to him he liked to try their effect by talking them over with his friends; and when he was at home, if nobody else was within reach, he talked them over with his gardener. The speech took shape in conversation. Then he made the "Notes" which he intended to use when the speech was delivered. He gave an account of these "Notes" in a letter written to the Rev. G. E. Cheesman, who had asked his advice as to various methods of preparation for public speaking—namely, "(1) writing speeches and reading them; (2) writing, and committing to memory; and (3) sketching the heads of the topic, and trusting to the inspiration of the moment for the words in which to clothe the thought." Mr. Bright said in reply:—

"As to modes of preparation for speaking, it seems to me that every man would readily discover what suits him best. To write speeches and then to commit them to memory is, as you term it, a double slavery, which I could not bear. To speak without preparation, especially on great and solemn topics, is rashness, and cannot be recommended. When I intend to speak on anything that seems to me important, I consider what it is that I wish to impress upon my audience. I do not write my facts or my arguments, but make notes on two or three or four slips of note-paper, giving the line of argument and the facts as they occur to my mind, and I leave the words to come at call while I am speaking. There are occasionally short passages which for accuracy I may write down, as sometimes also—almost invariably—the concluding words or sentences may be written. This is very nearly all I can say on this question. The advantage of this plan is that while it leaves a certain and sufficient freedom to the speaker, it keeps him within the main lines of the original plan upon which the speech was framed, and what he says, therefore, is more likely to be compact, and not wandering and diffuse."

It was his habit, when he spoke on the platform, to place his Notes on the brim of his hat, which stood on the table before him; they were written on half-sheets of note-paper. Extracts of more than three or four lines in length which he intended to quote in support of his statements were usually written on similar half-sheets, separately

numbered, and were carefully placed on the table by the side of the hat. His annual speeches to his constituents rarely extended over less than an hour; and they as rarely exceeded an hour and five minutes. But the sheets of Notes varied greatly in number; sometimes he had only four or five; sometimes he had eight or nine; and I think that occasionally he had still more.

The kind of notes which he made will be best understood by examining the two sheets given in *fac-simile* at the end of this article. They were used at a meeting held in the Birmingham Town Hall on the evening of Saturday, January 12, 1878; when he sat down I asked him to give them to me, and he was good enough to comply with my request. I believe that the speech was of the usual length—an hour or an hour and five minutes; the Notes covered five half-sheets. The first sheet and the last are reproduced. Opposite the first I have given as much of the first part of the speech as the page will carry in legible type; if the whole were given it would extend over about three pages printed in the ordinary type of this REVIEW. Opposite the last sheet I have given the whole of that part of the speech which corresponds to it.

To those who listened to Mr. Bright with admiration these details may be interesting. But the secret of his eloquence is not to be discovered in his methods of preparation, or in the mechanical aids which he used to assist him while speaking, but in himself. He had great gifts of many kinds—the genius of the orator, masculine sagacity, and a certain largeness of intellectual manner in handling every subject that he discussed. These gifts he used, not for the ends of personal ambition, but in the service of his country. He loved the people well enough to face their anger and their insults. He never flattered them. His public life was laborious and honourable; his private life stainless. He feared God, and had no other fear. Many years ago, when he sat down at the close of one of his speeches, which had deeply moved me, I said to him, “I have been thinking what a preacher you would have made;” and he answered, “I hope I have always been a preacher of righteousness.” The claim was a just one. It was his honest endeavour to apply the highest moral laws—the laws of God—to the solution of all political difficulties. It was the depth and energy of his moral and religious earnestness which gave him his immense power while he lived; and this, beyond his genius, beyond his eloquence, beyond the great material advantages which he has conferred on the country, constitutes his chief title to the enduring gratitude and reverence of the English people.

R. W. DALE.

Birmingham.

NOTES USED BY MR. BRIGHT IN DELIVERING A SPEECH IN THE BIRMINGHAM
TOWN HALL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1878.

First Sheet.

1

Meeting early. Parl. early - anxiety. Constitution
Centres of Trade.
no confidence in Govt. Crisis - uncertain voice.
Question. Peace or war - no question possible.
Some 1854. Same question - then war. its lesson.
advised not dwell on past. Circumstances changed
then dwell on past - why not nations? & learn?
Then errors. Public mind fed with falsehoods
& drunk with passion.
Russia. Power. designs - disruption. Danger to Europe.
error common. Cost 12 to 15 millions of the one.
war 2 years. result. Sebastopol & limit of Fleet.
Cost England - 40,000 & 100 millions
90,000 Russians. 500,000. million victims of war.
This cost. Russia vanquished. Treaty of Paris 1856.
Opinions & promises worthless. Times July 1854.
Prince Consort. passive interest. Critics ask -
Different lesson to me. Picture of 1854.
Regret of past - & condemnation of the war.

MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH.

AS REPORTED IN THE *Birmingham Daily Post*, MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1878.

Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—This meeting, as you know, has been called some days earlier than was some time ago intended; and you know, also, that Parliament has been summoned about three weeks before the usual time. It is because Parliament has been summoned so early that this meeting has been called so early. In ordinary times the summoning of Parliament creates considerable interest in the country, but, on the whole, I think it is an interest of rather a pleasurable kind. On this occasion the announcement that Parliament was to meet on the 17th of January had the effect of creating great anxiety—in some cases I have heard it described as consternation—and in all the centres of trade it has caused a certain depression which has been sensibly felt. I am driven to the conclusion—at which, I think, a large portion of the people have arrived—that the cause of all this is not the fear of Parliament, but want of confidence in the administration. We have been passing through something like a crisis, and we have had no decisive voice from the Government. In point of fact, if one body of men has said that the Government has spoken in a particular way, the next body that you met would tell you that the Government intended something entirely different. Of one thing, however, we may be quite sure, that the question which fills the mind of the people at this hour, and which has filled it for a long time back, is the great and solemn question of peace or war. And I doubt whether it be possible to submit to any people a greater question than that. There are many in this hall who remember the period—about twenty-three years ago—when the same question was submitted to the people. In 1854 the very same question was put to the nation which the nation at this moment is considering; and that is, whether peace or war is the true policy and the true interest of this people. At that time the conclusion to which the people came was a conclusion in favour of war. They followed a Government that unwisely, as I thought then, and as most people think now, throw them into war. I think we may take some lesson from that war. I read a short time ago, in a very influential newspaper which had supported the war of 1854, that it was a pity to go back at all to that question—that circumstances had entirely changed, and that men who were in favour of that war might very justly and properly be against a repetition of it. Now, for my share, I believe the arguments at this moment for war are as strong as they were in 1854, and in point of fact, that as I believed the war then had no just argument in its support, so I think that now there is no sound argument that can be brought forward to induce this people to countenance any entrance into the existing conflict. As to not going back to the past, what is common with individuals? Nothing is more common and nothing is more wise than to look back to our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven. And how does a man become wiser as he grows older, but by looking back upon the past and by learning from the mistakes he has made in earlier years? And that which is true of individuals must also surely be true of a nation with regard to its foreign policy. At that time the public mind was filled with falsehoods, and it was in a state which one might describe by saying that it became almost drunk with passion. With regard to Russia, you recollect, many of you, what was said of her power, of her designs, of the despotism which ruled in Russia, of the danger which hung over all the freedom of all the countries of Europe.

CLOSE OF MR. BRIGHT'S SPEECH.

AS REPORTED IN THE *Birmingham Daily Post*, JANUARY 14, 1878.

But we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that there is something of a war party in the country, and that it has full access and free access to some, and indeed to not a few, of the newspapers of the London Press. Now, if there is any man here who thinks the question doubtful as to our policy—if there is any man in the country who shall read what I say now, and who has any doubt, I ask him to look back to the policy of twenty-three years ago, and see how it was then tried, and how it succeeded or how it failed. The arguments were the same then exactly as they are now. The falsehoods were the same. The screechings and howlings of a portion of the Press were just about the same. But the nation now—and if nations learnt nothing, how long could they be sustained—the nation now has learnt something, and it has risen above this; because I am persuaded that, although there may be a great difference of opinion as to Russian policy in the main, or on Turkish policy in this war, and men may pity especially the suffering on one side or on the other, for my share I pity the suffering on both sides. But whatever may be our difference of opinion, I think this is conclusively proved, that the vast bulk of all the opinion that is influential in this country on this question leads to this, that the nation is for a strict and rigid neutrality throughout this war. It is a painful and terrible thing to think how easy it is to stir up a nation to war. Take up any decent history of this country from the time of William III. until now, for two centuries, or nearly so, and you will find that the wars are always supported by a class of arguments which, after the war is over, the people find were arguments they should not have listened to. It is just so now, but unfortunately there remains the disposition to be excited on this question. Some poet—I forget who it is—has said :

“Religion, freedom, vengeance, what you will;
A word's enough to raise mankind to kill.
Some cunning phrase, by faction caught and spread,
That guilt may reign, and wolves and worms be fed.”

“Some cunning phrase, by faction caught and spread,” like the cunning phrase of the “balance of power,” which has been described as a ghastly phantom which the Government of this country has been pursuing for two centuries, and has never yet overtaken. Some cunning phrase like that we hear of now of “British interests.” Lord Derby has said the wisest thing that has been uttered by any member of this Administration during the discussion of this war, when he said that the greatest of British interests is peace, and a hundred, and far more than a hundred, public meetings have lately said the same. And in millions of households men and women have thought the same. To-night we shall say “Amen” to this wise declaration. I am delighted to see this grand meeting in this noble hall. This building is consecrated to peace and freedom. You are here in your thousands, representing the countless multitudes outside. May we not to-night join our voices in this resolution, that, so far as we are concerned, the sanguinary record of the history of our country shall be closed, and that we will open a new page, on which shall henceforth be inscribed the blessed message of mercy and peace.

NOTES USED BY MR. BRIGHT IN DELIVERING A SPEECH IN THE BIRMINGHAM
TOWN HALL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1876.

Fifth and last Sheet.

5

Still a war party. Their policy fixed in 1854
arguments the same - falsehood the same
screaming & howlings in newspapers the same.

But nations above all this.

Of the past the poet has written

"Religion, Freedom, Vengeance, what you will,
a word's enough to raise mankind to kill -
some cunning phrase of Faction caught & spread
that guilt may reign, & woe & wrong be fed."

Some cunning phrase - as the old hobgoblin, the
Balance of Power - or the new terror the
danger to British interests.

Lord Derby. "The greatest British interest is Peace"

A Hundred public meetings say the same.

Tonight we say amen to this wise declaration.

This noble Hall. This vast gathering. Representing
the countless population around us - we solve

that the sanguinary word of the past shall be closed,
& that our future annals shall be enriched
with the blessed message of mercy & of peace.

IMITATION AS A FACTOR IN HUMAN PROGRESS.

"IMITATION," says Aristotle, "is innate in men from childhood ; for in this men differ from other animals, that of all they are the most imitative, and through imitation get their first teachings ;"* and upon this fact he proceeds to explain the origin of poetry. Aristotle is so shrewd an observer that it is rarely safe to slight what he says ; and for myself I venture to doubt whether the part which imitation has played in the development of our race is often adequately recognized.

In many of the lower animals the principle of imitation does not show itself very prominently : most of our domestic animals, profoundly as they are influenced by man, show little tendency to imitate either him or one another. As regards man, they are rather his fellow-workers than his imitators. Amongst the birds, imitation shows itself, but almost exclusively in regard to song : many of our singing birds seem to copy one another : young linnets adopt the notes of various singing birds under which they may be brought up ; † thrushes are said to follow the leading of other birds, and I cannot doubt that some or many of the utterances of the clever starling are imitative. Jackdaws, magpies, parrots, are all celebrated for the cleverness with which they learn and imitate sounds both musical and articulate ; and the mocking-bird of the United States and the *Menura superba* of Australia remind us that this imitative quality is not confined to the Old World. But in these birds it would seem as if this quality were confined to sounds—for none of those which I have mentioned show, I believe, any general tendency towards imitation ; the skill of the magpie in pronouncing words and even

* "Poetics," cap. vi.

† Barrington, in Blackwall's "Researches in Zoology," p. 301.

short sentences is well known. But Mr. Blackwall says that after almost daily investigation of its habits, he has never known it display any unusual capacity for imitation in a state of nature, though when domesticated it appears to have this faculty more highly developed than almost any other British bird.*

But when we reach the monkeys the matter is different.

Of all the lower animals, they are the most distinguished for their mimicry—a mimicry which extends to most of the actions of the body, and even the expressions of the face, but which strangely does not appear to extend to sounds; for it has been observed, and I believe justly, that monkeys, even when long in captivity, never attempt to imitate the sounds of the human voice, but on the contrary retain their own peculiar sounds for pleasure and pain, for anger and joy.†

It has indeed been suggested that, with regard to the lower animals, the faculty of imitation plays a larger part, and instinct a lesser part, than is often thought—that, for instance, the likeness between the nests of successive generations of the same species of bird is due to the children imitating the parents in their work. It is impossible to deny that this may be so to some extent, and equally impossible to ascertain with precision how much of the sum of the habits of a generation or an individual is due to inherited instincts or habits, and how much to the force of imitation. There is, I believe, no doubt that birds teach their young to sing, and also give instruction in the art of flying, and so far they appeal to the imitative faculty of their young. But the early age at which the progeny leave the nest and lose the care and society of their parents would seem to show that the opportunities of learning by imitation are but small. In one large group of animals this opportunity is entirely absent. In great families of insects the mother lays her eggs, and both parents die before the eggs are hatched—die often in the autumn or winter, whilst the offspring do not leave the egg till the spring. In all these creatures the possibility of imitating the parent is reduced to zero. A father or a mother's face has never been known to a single member of the race since the creation, and the children can have learned nothing from parental example. To what an extent have they been losers? They appear not less to follow the pattern of their parents than the birds or the beasts which see and are seen by their progeny.

This principle of imitation seems to lie deep down in our nature, amongst its most primitive elements. As every one knows, it is one of the most marked and charming traits of childhood: in one way or the other—in mimicry of what he has seen or heard—it calls out and educates all the faculties of the child,

* Blackwall, "Researches," p. 158.

† See Vogt, "Mémoire sur les Microcéphales; Mémoires de l'Institut National Gênois," 1866, pp. 168, 169.

‘As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.’

Again, it is strongly developed in the microcephalic form of idiocy, as has been very fully expounded by M. Vogt, and it is exaggerated to an extraordinary degree in certain morbid states of the brain; such patients are sometimes met with, who, instead of replying to a question, simply repeat the words of the questioner, and so give what is known to medical men as the echo sign. Again, at the commencement of inflammatory softening of the brain, the patient will often unconsciously imitate every word uttered within hearing, whether in his own or a foreign language, and imitate every gesture and action performed near him.* So, too, amongst savages the same strong tendency has been observed.

“They are excellent mimics,” says Mr. Darwin, speaking of the people of Terra del Fuego; † “as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered such words for some time. Yet we Europeans all know how difficult it is to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. Which of us, for instance, could follow an American Indian through a sentence of more than three words? All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres: the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he can be recognized. How can this faculty be explained? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilized?”

Imitation as we see it in man seems to extend over a wider range of action and production than in any other animal. It is not confined as in the monkeys to the production of like attitudes or bodily acts; it is not confined as in the birds to the imitation of sounds: it includes all alike, and is characterized furthermore by conscious pleasure in the doing.

If Aristotle be right in the proposition that of all the parts of man, the voice is the most imitative, ‡ and the observation already made as to monkeys never imitating with the voice be also true, there is in this particular a marked difference—something like an antithesis between ourselves and our poor cousins.

Furthermore, in man imitation is not a single or homogeneous quality; it presents itself in different forms and degrees. It may, I think, be considered under three heads:—(1) the absolutely involuntary imitation—*i.e.*, imitation neither voluntary nor connected with a voluntary act; (2) involuntary imitation connected with a voluntary act; and (3) imitation entirely voluntary.

* Darwin, quoted by Romanes, p. 478. † “Beagle,” p. 206. ‡ “Rhet.” iii. I.

All these forms of imitation agree, I believe, in their initial step, attention. Without attention, I suspect that no imitation can arise, and I have a strong conviction that it is often, though not always, in proportion to the attention given. A man who bought monkeys to act from the Zoological Garden at £5 a piece, was willing to give twice as much if he might keep them three or four days in order to select one, because he found that whether a monkey would turn out a good actor or not entirely depended on his power of attention. If when he was talking or explaining anything to the monkey, its attention was easily distracted, as by a fly on the wall or other trifling object, the case was hopeless. On the other hand, a monkey which carefully attended to him could always be trained.*

Of the lowest form of imitation the elements seem to be—first, attention; and, secondly, a reflex action producing the like result without consciousness or volition or intention; and, thirdly, as a negative element or condition, the absence of any disturbing thought or idea—of any controlling volition or intellectual direction.

Of such imitation we have instances in the familiar infection of gaping or yawning, or even of laughter. Merely to see another gape often produces gaping in the beholder:—not often if occupied with serious thought, but more often if in a comparatively unthinking mood.

Other striking instances are found in the idiot or the patient suffering from softening of the brain. The microcephalous idiot whom M. Vogt examined is described by him as seizing and imitating each movement with the rapidity of lightning—strong evidence of close if unconscious attention.

A nunnery is, I suppose, an institution in which the pressure of thought is not very severe—where a small event can attract great attention, and where there are but few other thoughts necessarily present to countervail the effect of attention on the imitative principle. Such is the conclusion I should draw from two stories of nuns to be found in “*Zimmermann on Solitude*,”† the one event occurring in France, the other in Germany. In the first a nun began to mew like a cat; other nuns began to mew likewise. The infection spread till all the nuns in the very large convent began to mew every day at a certain hour, and continued mewing for several hours together, till their folly was checked by the threat of castigation from a company of soldiers placed for the purpose at the entrance of the nunnery.

The German nun was even worse. She began to bite her companions, who all took to the same habit, which is said to have spread through the greater part of Germany, and even to have extended to the nunneries of Holland and Rome.

Something like this, though in a very much smaller degree, is said often to happen to girls' schools in England: one girl faints in church,

* Darwin, “*Descent*,” vol. i. pp. 44, 45.

† Second part, 6th chap.

and several follow suit; the whole attention of the girls is drawn to their interesting comrade, and the service of the church or the periods of the sermon afford no adequate counter-irritant for the interest, and off they go.

In 1787 a girl at a cotton factory at Hodden Bridge in Lancashire went into convulsions at a mouse put into her bosom by another girl, and the convulsions spread amongst the girls till the factory had to be shut up.* The dancing mania which in the thirteenth century affected, it is said, one hundred children at Erfurt, and which again in the following century appeared at Aix-la-Chapelle, and brought together assemblies of men and women dancing in the most violent fashion, and spread into the Netherlands; and, again, the Tigrítier—a form of dancing mania known in Abyssinia†—all these seem to be distinctly attributable to the form of imitation which I am now describing.

Even insanity seems communicable by imitation. *Folie à deux* is the name which the French medical psychologists give to cases in which the delusions of an insane person are imitated by a previously sane companion. The subject has recently attracted considerable attraction both in England and in France, and interesting facts in relation to it will be found in the paper referred to in the note.‡

Lastly, whatever truth there may be in the stories of were-wolves, or men assuming the habits of wolves or of dogs, and running about on all fours like the creatures they affect,—whatever element, if any, of truth there may be in such stories, which are so inveterate as to have seemed an old superstition to Pliny in his day,§ must, I conceive, be attributed to a like unconscious imitation producing, by a reflex action in a weakened or diseased mind, the likeness of the object of its thoughts and attention.

It is impossible to pass away from the consideration of this kind of imitation without pausing for one moment to reflect on the most marvellous character of the operation which is involved in it. An action is observed, and then, without consciousness of that observation, without any desire to imitate it, the appropriate nerves set in action the appropriate muscles, and the like action is produced by the beholder. Call this action what we will, the fact remains equally marvellous, and fails to excite our wonder only because it is one of a group of equally strange facts in our constitution which are too familiar to arouse thought in the minds of most men.

These illustrations have reference to muscular activity, but equally if not more remarkable are the examples of the influence of imitation in the domain of sensation. The involuntary imitation of pain may sound strange to many, but it seems well established that not only

* Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," translated by Babbington.

† See Hecker.

‡ Dr. D. Hack Tuke on *Folie à Deux*, in *Brain* for January, 1868.

§ Lib. viii. cap. 22.

pain may be produced in this way, but also the physical symptoms that accompany pain, such as swelling and irritation. I do not rely on the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi (though the evidence as one sees it at second or third hand seems very strong), but on cases which have in recent years come under the care of medical men in England and France. In one case a lady suffered intense pain accompanied with a red mark on the ankle in consequence of sympathy excited by witnessing a child in whom she was greatly interested in great danger of having his ankle crushed by an iron gate; in another case a lady's lips and mouth became enormously swollen from seeing a child pass the sharp blade of a knife between its lips.*

We now come to consider what I have called the second form of imitation—viz., that which occurs when we voluntarily and consciously do an act, but, nevertheless, without volition, sometimes without consciousness, do it in a manner dictated by the principle of imitation. In these cases we do what others do, not from a wish to imitate them, but because it seems more easy or more natural to do as they do, and even if with consciousness, yet without any definite wish or desire to imitate our fellows. Suppose, for instance, I go into a shop to buy a necktie, and I buy one of the kind most in vogue, I do so, not because I have the remotest wish to be fashionable, or to imitate some leader of the *ton*, but because the colour and form prevailing have impressed themselves on my eye, and the trouble of selection is saved by following that impression. Even if I am conscious of imitation, I hardly determine on it or wish for it. If I were a man of fashion I should probably imitate some person with a full desire and determination so to do; if I were an æsthete, with a mind fully alive to the eternal principles which should regulate the colour of neckties, and fully conscious of the enormity of the prevailing shades, I should avoid the lapse into imitation as a mortal sin: and in either case I should be saved from the kind of imitation to which I refer. This evidently involves a certain passivity of mind as to the way of doing a thing. The same thing occurs in literature and in art: some great man writes or paints in a particular style, and all the little people follow suit, and are often vexed and honestly surprised when you tell them that they are imitating the manner and style of some well-known man.

Of this second kind of imitation another instance is, I suppose, offered by a fact not uncommon—such as this: an Englishman goes to reside in America or in Ireland, and after a few years, or even months, acquires the peculiarities of expression, the delicate differences of utterance which separate the speech of his place of residence from that of his place of birth. In this case there is no question of

* Dr. D. Hack Tuke, "Influence of the Mind upon the Body," 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 35 *et seq.*

volition; he probably desires to retain his national pronunciation; there is no consciousness, for he is generally surprised, if not annoyed, at being told by his English friends that he has acquired a new dialect or brogue, but he has given some attention to the pronunciation around him, and by a purely reflex action he comes to pronounce as he hears.

A still more remarkable case of the same kind is presented by the infectiousness of stammering. It is notorious that one person, especially if young, may catch the habit from another: and here the force of imitation, even more strongly than in the case of an acquired brogue, acts, not only without, but even against the wish and volition of the person. A strong desire—nay, determination—not to catch the trick is, I believe, no certain protection against the power of involuntary imitation.

This independence, both from volition and from consciousness, which characterizes so many forms of imitation, is very noteworthy. The attention may be given unconsciously, the act may be done unconsciously, and the imitation may be unconscious: and this is true, not only in the case of mechanical acts or bodily gestures, but it regulates also the influence of imitation on our highest nature. "Our moral standard," says Miss Wedgwood, "is influenced far more by those actions which we admire or condemn than by those which we endeavour to imitate. A thousand accidents decide what part of our neighbour's conduct shall be the model of our own, but our ideal acts on us at every moment, and influences our whole being in a region far deeper than the conscious will."*

The elements of this form of imitation therefore seem to be—(1) the attention given consciously or unconsciously to the act done by others; (2) the voluntary doing of an act connected with the object to which our attention has been drawn; (3) the doing of the voluntary act in an imitative manner; and (4) as a condition, the absence of any volition as to the particular mode of doing the act.

This kind of imitation seems to result from the natural desire of the mind to economize its labours: for I suppose that it is easier to do what is thus done before us than to do something else; and the reason is not difficult to suggest. The sight saves us the trouble of initiation—the throes of originality. Out of the infinite number of ways in which we might do a thing we must select one, and the eyesight suggests one: if we do not do that thing in that manner, we must reject the suggestion of our senses, and choose some other way, and upon some other suggestion, or upon some other principle, or for some other reason.

We come now to the highest form of imitation, that in which man seems to stand far ahead of his fellow creatures—I mean con-

* "The Moral Ideal," p. 76.

scious imitation. Here we consciously and voluntarily do some act which we have seen another do, or heard of another doing, or we make some sound like a sound which we have heard, or we assume some gesture which we have noticed, or we paint a picture like something which we have seen.

In this form of imitation the mind is again largely influenced by the principle of economy. Through the infinite possibilities of action at any one moment of time, the eye or the ear which has seen or heard something offers a guide ready at hand, which will save the pain of choice. The extent to which persons of social character and no great originality of thought do and say what they have seen done and heard said is a matter of amusement to any one who has a mind to perceive it.

But another principle in our mental constitution seems a main foundation of this kind of imitation. It is a curious fact that up to a certain, or rather an uncertain, point, the perception of identity or likeness between two things is in itself a source of pleasure to man.

Every one who has observed children knows the keen delight with which they first perceive the likeness between two things: that to recognize in a picture a thing which they have actually seen is a distinct enjoyment; that in the same way the second telling of a story, or the second playing of a game, seems to give an additional and independent pleasure to the child.

And so with ignorant people when they look at pictures, the great, if not the only source of pleasure seems to be the detecting of the likeness to something they know. They pass by the pictures which might communicate new ideas, and rejoice to find some face or some place which they know. "Law! ain't it like," is the genuine expression of their pleasure, and lets us see the source whence it is derived.

And so, even after the artists of Greece and Rome had reached their highest levels and done their best work, the critic of art found in the exactness of the likeness one of the highest, perhaps the highest, element of excellence. The birds that flew to the grapes of Zeuxis, the horse that neighed to the painted horse of Apelles, the painted curtain of Parasius that deceived Zeuxis himself, these seemed to Pliny,* and I suppose to the ancient world generally, to be the highest tributes to the excellence of the artists. Probably our modern art critics would look with considerable contempt on the judgment of their predecessors, and I am not concerned to consider the extent and the detail to which a portrait or a landscape should strive to imitate the original; but imitation—i.e., the production of one thing like another—lies at the bottom of the art, and even now, and even to the most cultivated beholder, the perception of this likeness is a sense of direct

* Lib. xxxv. cap. 10.

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pleasure. However much we may seek to lessen the sphere of mere imitation in art, it is, I suppose, certain that pictures which created no sense of likeness to any known thing would soon cease to please.

To this pleasure which human nature feels in iteration—repetition for its own sake—language bears abundant testimony. The forms of poetry in different languages are extremely various, but they are, so far as I know, all based on the repetition of something. In Hebrew poetry the poet relied on the likeness of the two limbs of each verse the one to the other, as a source of pleasure in the hearer; in Anglo-Saxon poetry the chief reliance was on alliteration, the repetition of the same letter; in the classical poetry of Greece or Rome on the repetition of the same arrangement of sounds of divers lengths; in our own on the repetition of the same series of emphasized and unemphasized syllables; in rhyme on the recurrence of a like sound.

But of all arts and crafts of human life, the stage speaks loudest of the pleasure derived by man from imitation. To say that that is the sole source of the pleasure conferred by the histrionic art, from its first rude elements to its highest development, would perhaps be to go too far. But that it is the main and principal one, cannot admit of doubt.

The stage, again, is one of the most pointed illustrations of the truth of Aristotle's remark that the imitation of pain gives pleasure. That tragedy should exist as a pleasure is an emphatic statement of it. The pleasure from the imitation conquers the pain from the pain, and we are pleased. So deep-rooted and so strong is our love of imitation.

I have thus dwelt upon the pleasure derived from the mere fact of repetition—of iteration—of which imitation is a particular instance. I must add one caveat before I part from the subject: repetition may be so frequent, even though of a thing pleasant in itself, as to grow wearisome and tedious, to become, in the language of Shakespeare, "a damnable iteration."

If we could get back to the cradle of human civilization and see the weakling in its swaddling clothes, we should, I suspect, find that the capacity for imitation in all the various forms in which it exists in man and the pleasure derived from its exercise were playing a vast part. Indeed, the thought which I desire to suggest for consideration is this, that the superiority of this capacity in man is one of the main causes of the great difference which exists between him and any other creature—of his progress in civilization and of his capacity for a moral and religious elevation beyond his own natural level.

Let us try to conceive in imagination the difference between a creature endowed with a great power and love of imitation and the same being without this endowment. The one would find in all the sounds of nature, in all the forms of natural things, materials which

he might make his own and convert to his own use; he would find in the habits and proceedings of other creatures, hints by which he might improve his own modes of action: and any exceptionally high level of intellectual or moral excellence reached by a single individual might become the object of imitation to the whole race. In the case of the same being, but unendowed with the gift of imitation, none of these things would happen: the same surroundings might exist, but they would be inoperative on his mental condition. The creature would be without means of lifting itself above the original level of its notions and instincts: it would have no fulcrum by means of which to erect itself above itself.

Is what I thus suggest verified by what we can know or surmise of the primitive life of mankind? "The Kamtschadales," says Captain King, who sailed with Captain Cook on his fatal voyage and continued the narrative of that voyage after his death*—

"The Kamtschadales very thankfully acknowledge their obligations to the bears for what little advancement they have hitherto made, either in the sciences or polite arts. They confess that they owe to them all their skill both in physic and surgery: that by remarking with what herbs these animals rub the wounds they have received, and what they have recourse to when sick and languid, they have become acquainted with most of the simples in use among them, either in the way of internal medicine or external application. But what will appear somewhat more singular is, they acknowledge the bears likewise for their dancing masters. Indeed, the evidence of one's senses puts this out of dispute: for the bear-dance of the Kamtschadales is an exact counterpart of every attitude and gesture peculiar to this animal, through its various functions: and this is the foundation and groundwork of all their other dances, and what they value themselves most upon."

The emu dance and the kangaroo dance of the Australian natives are no doubt in like manner derived by imitation from the animals which have most attracted the attention of these savages.

If we again imagine ourselves beside the cradle of the civilization of our race, and inquire what peculiarities of the human creature differenced it from its fellow animals and made civilization possible, we should find, I suspect, that one of the most marked of those peculiarities was the capacity to utter, to give out, to express, to make known to its fellows, in some form or the other, the images which were present to the brain and the thoughts which dwelt in the mind. Of these modes of utterance, speech has grown to be so completely dominant, that we sometimes forget the other means to which the race has had, and still has, recourse. The principal forms of human utterance may be classed under gesture-language, picture-writing, word-language, and word-writing; and at the base of all these the principles of imitation will be found to lie.

Gesture-language consists in the imitation by gesture of the prin-

* Captain King, "Voyage to the Pacific," by Cook and King, vol. iii. p. 307.

cial, or some one or more of the principal, characteristics of the thing to be described, coupled with a designation of things present by actually pointing to them. Such a language is found to subsist almost as a mother tongue amongst large congregations of deaf and dumb people, especially if ignorant of any other language, and it is carried to a great development or, I might say, perfection. It has been found, too, amongst the Cistercians labouring under the dismal rule of their order, and amongst Indian tribes often meeting, but ignorant of one another's speech.

Mr. Tylor has given a very curious account of this language as it exists in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution. Of the nature of this language one or two illustrations will be enough. The left hand closed so as to represent a chimney, with the right fore-finger placed over it so as to imitate steam, signifies a railway. A motion in imitation of that of rowing means England or Englishmen, whilst actions like cutting off the head and strangling depict the countries and people of France and Russia respectively. This mode of communication is plainly based on an imitation by gesture of the thing thought of.*

But the picture-writing of the savage tribes is not less plainly based upon imitation of another kind—viz., the production by the art of drawing of a likeness to the object thought of. Specimens of this kind of communication have come to us, especially from the Indian tribes.†

How far the imitation of natural sounds is the origin of word-language is a large and much debated question, at which I can only glance. "Words," says Aristotle, "are bits of mimicry."‡ This may be, and probably is, far too wide for an exact statement of the truth; but even the most zealous opponents of the mimetic origin of speech admit that "there are names in every language formed by mere imitation of sound;"§ and I am not now concerned to inquire into the matter more exactly. But if we may venture to conceive of the origin of speech from its present structure, I cannot, for one, entertain any doubt that imitation of this kind has played a certain not inconsiderable part amongst our first articulate forefathers. They listened to the noises of the wind in their pine-woods, or their alder-swamps, or the scattered birches on their hill sides, or heard the rapid flight of wild birds disturbed in their haunts; and by imitation they produced words like the *sough*, and the *sigh*, and the *whirr*, and the *whizz* of our own speech. They stood by the dark mere or the moorland stream, and *splash*, and *dash*, and *gurgyle* may recall the noises they heard. They listened to the inarticulate cry of their fellow-creatures, and words like

* Tylor's "Researches in the Early History of Mankind," 1865, chap. ii.*

† See Taylor's "Alphabet," i. 15. ‡ "Rhet." iii. 1.

§ Max Müller, "Science of Language," eighth edition, i. 409.

cuckoo, *hoopoe*, and *peewit* still recall the imitative names which they bestowed on them.

In like manner we have words descriptive of the noises produced by the collision of hard bodies, like *slap*, or *rap*, or *crack*; or of softer bodies, like *thud*, or *dab*, or *whack*; or of the sounds of animals, like *purr*, *buzz*, *hum*, *boom*, and *quack*; or of human interjectional or inarticulate sounds, like *ἄχος* and *ahe* from *ah*! or *geschmack* from the smacking of the lips, or *huff* from the inarticulate utterance of arrogance; or *cough*, or *hiccough*, or *giggle*, or *chuckle*, or *laugh*, from the familiar noises which they represent.*

The same fact was familiar to the Latins, as evidenced in their own language, and St. Augustine (who had taught rhetoric with distinction at Carthage) dwells in a remarkable passage on the harmony between the sound of the words expressing a thing and the thing expressed. The *tinnitus* of brass, the *hinnitus* of horses, the *balatus* of the sheep, the *clangor* of the trumpets, the *stridor* of chains are all illustrations of this coincidence.†

But the influence of the imitative principle on the structure of language does not cease with this simple mimicry of sounds. It tends to produce a likeness between some quality of the thing and the word expressive of the thing. If we contrast our words *rough* and *harsh*, on the one hand, and the words *soft* and *smooth*, on the other, we are conscious of a fitness in the respective words to the qualities signified. The Latins saw a like contrast between such words as *lenitas*, *voluptas*, *mel*, on the one hand, and *asperitas*, *crux*, and *acer*, on the other. Nor is it in single words only that this desire to fit the word to the action prevails. In the formation of sentences it has continued to claim a place amongst the ornaments of the most cultured languages. From Homer, with his imitation of the clattering of horses' hoofs, as they rush wildly on in confused medley—

πολλά δ' ἄναυτο, κάπαντα, πάραντ' αὖ τε, δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον—*Iliad*, xxiii. 116.

to Tennyson, with his—

"For the fleet drew near,
Touched, clinked, and clashed, and vanished,"

all poets have more or less loved and used this figure of rhetoric.

How far the manual and technical arts of human life owe their suggestion and origin to imitation is a point which, so far as I know, has not been fully considered. That the first canoe was made in imitation of a rotten tree which had served as a ferry boat; that the first pillar was constructed in the likeness of the erect tree; that the

* See Farrar's "Origin of Language," chap. iv.; Jambbock's "Primitive Civilization," chap. ix.

† See a passage from the "De Dialecticâ," cited, with emendations, by Max Müller, "Science of Language," eighth edition, ii. 348.

Gothic arch was made to represent the over-reaching boughs in some forest glade; that the triglyph in the Doric frieze represents the ends of the cross-beams which rested on the architrave—all this seems very probable, and suggests that further investigation might show that to a great degree imitation of the objects of Nature, or of earlier structures, underlies all the various arts and products of human labour.

I have hitherto dealt with the play and scope of the imitative faculty in the first inception of human civilization, in the acquisition of the arts and of the power of communicating ideas. Its part has, I suspect, been yet greater in the transmission from generation to generation of language and the arts and crafts when once acquired.

In respect of language we see this both affirmatively and negatively in a very striking way. We know that French children imitate their parents in speaking French, and English children in speaking English, and we know that (at least before Board Schools) men and women imitated their neighbours and spoke dialects, and that particular families have particular modes of expression or pronunciation which distinguish them even from their neighbours—all evidences of the extent and delicacy of the operation of the faculty of imitation.

If possible the negative instance is clearer to prove that imitation is the only means of the communication of language. A child born deaf cannot hear the sound of its parent's voice, and though quite capable, as regards its organs of speech, of producing the like sounds, does not in fact produce them, for the simple reason that imitation is wanting. Cut off the means of imitating one of the most precious possessions of our race, and the whole stream of tradition is stopped by an impassable barrier: the gift of speech which has passed from sire to son through untold generations reaches not the deaf child. What a light this single fact throws on the value of this tendency to the human race! If it did not exist, no acquirement of the parent would pass to the child any more than now the power of speech passes to the deaf child: every generation would have to start *de novo* from the dead level of untutored humanity.

But something has been done even for the deaf-mute. The utterance of speech by a human being produces two results—first, the most obvious one of a sound audible by the ears; and, secondly, motions in the organs of voice, including the top of the windpipe and the mouth. Now from the former of these the deaf-mute is cut off, and the most ordinary impulse to speech is withdrawn: the latter is still open to the sufferer, and by directing his attention to the movements of these parts, and allowing him to follow them by his finger, he is enabled, not only to associate with the movement the meaning of the words produced, but by imitation to reproduce, though imperfectly, the word spoken.

In these facts we have an illustration of what I may call the rich-

ness of our human nature in its power of imitation, and of the extent of its desire to imitate; for we have one and the same thing, speech, the result of two different kinds of imitation, one having its imitation in sound, the other in the perception of motion in another man's organs.

But it is not with regard to speech only that imitation is the means of transmitting acquirements from one generation to another. It would be too much to say that all teaching depends on imitation, but it would not be a very gross exaggeration of the truth. Are you drilling children or teaching gymnastic exercises? You show them how to act, and you bid them do as you have done. Are you teaching drawing or painting or any manual craft? You do the same. Are you teaching them how to read Greek, or to pronounce French? You do the same. The communication of pure statements of fact and of mere intellectual truth obviously involves nothing mimetic. But the teaching of everything which requires the pupil to do, as well as to know, does involve and rest upon imitation.

If this be a true view of the facts, it seems to follow that the whole progress of the race of man depends on the extent of this faculty; it enables each new generation to do with ease all that the preceding generations may have learned to do with difficulty.

We know well that imitation is strongest in youth; that in youth, too, it is easiest to learn; on the other hand, we know that in old age, habit is strongest. Now, what is habit? It may, I believe, be defined as the imitation of ourselves.

Seeing how much we imitate others, how we imitate most those with whom we are most and those whom we most esteem and love—it would be strange if we did not imitate ourselves, for there is no one else so habitually present with us as ourselves,—no one to whom we pay more attention,—rarely any one whom we more regard with affection. We have all the conditions necessary for abundant imitation, both conscious and unconscious. And to this correspond the facts with regard to habit: weak in youth, it grows with our growth, and gets more and more absolute with age; acts done originally only after thought, and with volition, get to be done all but unconsciously: and there reigns over us a power for good or for evil—as the nature of our habits may be—which renders change difficult, and the force of the example of others weak. Imitation of others and habit are mutually exclusive, only because we cannot imitate two different things at once. The mimicry of others, which is one of the most amusing traits of childhood, disappears, we well know, within a few years, and fixed habit is, as I have already said, one of the most distinctive traits of middle, and still more of advanced life. “*Imiter c’est un besoin de nature; nous imitons, jeunes autrui, vieux nous mêmes.*” *

* Roux, “*Pensées*,” p. 85.

I have spoken of the transmission of language and arts by imitation. Are habits transmitted by heredity? Does the child inherit, as a matter of nature, the acquired habits of the parent? The question is of high moment in estimating how far imitation adds to the original store of the child. But it is a question upon which just at the present time there is much controversy.

On the one hand, we have Mr. Darwin offering a collection of instances of inheritance which include amongst them cases of the inheritance of injuries and mutilations, especially, or perhaps exclusively, when followed by disease, such as that of the cow which having lost a horn from an accident, with consequent suppuration, produced three calves which were hornless on the same side of the head; and, again—and these are more directly to our point—cases of the inheritance of acquired habits under circumstances which seem to exclude as a possible source of error the imitation of the parent. English boys when taught to write in France are said to cling to their English manner of writing; an infant daughter in a cradle is said to have imitated the peculiar attitude in which the father was accustomed to sleep; and another little girl to have imitated her father in a strange way of expressing pleasure on his fingers, which the father had practised when a boy, but concealed as he grew older.*

Experiments have been made upon guinea-pigs by M. Brown-Séquard, and upon dogs by Messrs. Mairét and Combemale, which tend to show that artificially produced disease may be transmitted by descent through one or even two generations.† On the other hand, M. Weismann,‡ in his discourse upon inheritance, invites us to an opposite conclusion. He contends that the cases cited are of little or no scientific value; he adduces certain physiological reasonings or speculations which he thinks inconsistent with the alleged descent, he argues that the proposition is not essential for the explanation of the facts of the case; he further insists that new characters are not necessarily acquired characters, but that many of those commonly so considered really depend “on the mysterious collaboration of the different tendencies of heredity.” §

In this conflict of authorities it would be highly presumptuous if I were to assert any definite conclusion, but I shall venture to hold that there is some evidence in favour of the opinion that such habits may be transmitted by descent, and that this opinion has not at present been conclusively disproved or refuted.

If the descendible quality of habits be admitted, imitation will appear

* Darwin's “Variation of Plants and Animals,” ii. 6, 7, 23, 24.

† “Comptes Rendus,” vol. cvi. p. 607.

‡ “Ueber die Vererbung,” Jena. 1883; and Mr. Moseley's article, *Nature*, vol. xxxiv. p. 629.

§ Moseley, *Nature*, vol. xxxiv. p. 630.

to have greatly enlarged its power of transmitting the acquirements of one generation to the next, and so enabling that generation to start from a higher vantage ground than its predecessor. For that which was done first by an ancestor as a voluntary act, then repeated by him in imitation of himself until it grew to be a habit, may be done by his descendant as a mere matter of habit, vested in him by the laws of descent, and with infinitely less wear and tear, both physical and mental, than was expended on the act by the one who first did it. Each generation may not only receive, but acquire habits, and the sum of its received and acquired habits it may hand on to the next generation, to be in its turn augmented by the accretions of habits in that generation, and handed on with its new increment to the next following generation, and so on in succession.

In these two ways, the later generation starts with a larger stock of endowments than its predecessor by the force of the principle of imitation.

If it be, on one hand, a gain to do anything without the effort of thought, it is, on the other hand, very dangerous to live without thought. It is evident that the principle of imitation, very valuable so long as it helps us without thought to do as well as our forefathers have done, is very noxious when it prevents us from doing any better than they have done: and this is its effect where it is not counterbalanced by a perpetual inquisitiveness and activity of mind. Nowhere does the power of imitation show itself so mightily as in those states of society, like the Chinese, in which imitation is deified, is made the highest duty of life, and where everything which is not like what has been done before is regarded as evil. The absence of all imitation would produce a stagnation in human society, because each man and each generation of men would derive no benefit from what their forefathers had learned: the presence of no other principle of life must and does equally produce stagnation, because the whole thought of the community is hidebound in a case through which it cannot break—the whole life is that aptly described by Bede* as one of stupid habit—*vita stultæ consuetudinis*. It is only the co-existence of imitation with free thought and effort that produces a really healthy and progressive state of society. The danger of mere imitation has been strikingly depicted by Quintilian†: "What would have happened if no one had gone an inch beyond the precedent that he was following? In the poets we should have had nothing better than Livius Andronicus, in history nothing better than the annals of the pontiffs: we should still be navigating on rafts: there would be no pictures except silhouettes drawn from shadows cast by the sun."

It is difficult for an Englishman of the nineteenth century to realize a state of society which is really stationary: with our greedy appetite for new ideas, for new things, for reforms, for improvements, it is hard for us to believe that a great, if not

* "His. Ecc.," lib. iv. cap. 27.

† Lib. x. p. 184a.

the greater part, of the human race knows none of these things, and feels no such appetite, that it has gone on for thousands of years in the same way as it goes on to-day, and that it regards any attempt to introduce new thought or new modes of life, not merely as an impertinence, but as an impiety.

But even where the force of habit is not so powerful as to exclude all originality and all progress, we may trace its power in arresting improvement. I suppose that the peat hovels of the West of Ireland are very little changed since the times when St. Patrick preached to the ancestors of their present occupants. Imitation has checked any effort to improve the style of house-building.

We gain some measure of the force of imitation on the mind when we turn to its counterpart and complement—originality. We feel that real originality implies a marked superiority of mind, that in its higher manifestations it is a note even of genius. Now what is originality but the doing of a thing in a way in which we are not led to do it by the example of those around us? It implies that we have gone behind and below these examples, and have for ourselves thought out the plan of what is to be done from the principles applicable to it; and so act independently of the force of example.

And then, when once originality occurs, there follows one of the strangest of human follies and one of the most impossible of things, the imitation of originality:—so strong and deep is this principle of mimicry, that we try to imitate that of which the essence is that it is not imitation and that it is not imitable.

It is evident that the force of imitation will not be equal upon all minds: on those with large powers of acquisition, but small powers of origination, it will be large; on those in whom origination is more vigorous it will be less. Furthermore, it is obvious that different persons will be differently the objects of imitation—even of unconscious, unintentional imitation. The active, vigorous man and the bustling, showy woman will be more likely to be followed by their neighbours than the shy, retiring student or the quiet, dowdy pietist. But what above everything else seems to determine the force of imitation is the love or admiration of the imitator for the imitated. In these truths lies the familiar fact of the force of example, the infectious power alike of what is good and what is evil; and the further fact, that the influence of example is proportionate to the affection and regard which is attracted to the person who exhibits that example.

It is not only the living men and women who are the subjects of our admiration and of our imitation. The creatures of the poet and the romance-writer and the novelist all act on the human mind, and through it on the life and conduct of men, by the tendency which exists to imitate them. The anxiety of Don Quixote, under all the

strange circumstances of his strange career, to act in exact imitation of the heroes of his heart, under the most similar circumstances in their careers, is one of the strokes of nature in the immortal work of Cervantes. The like influence is terribly at work at the present moment, and those who are familiar with the administration of the Criminal Law, know best in how many cases the youthful culprit has been led to the commission of crime by the reading of some novel or story, in which Dick Turpin, or some such other mean wretch, has been depicted in a way which has fired his imagination, and produced a strong desire to emulate his deeds of violence or of robbery. Surely the moral responsibility of the novelist is not a light one.

It is difficult to over-estimate the solemn importance of these thoughts, if they be true, in reference to morals and our individual obligations. We have each one of us a tendency, both conscious and unconscious, to imitate the words and deeds, and even the thoughts, of those with whom we associate. But we imitate, not only others, but ourselves also; and hence, by our voluntary acts, we are placing the fetters of habit on our future lives, and binding our future conduct by our present acts, and thus narrowing the area of the activity of our wills. If our daily actions be true and strong and noble, and our thoughts are high and pure, we are rendering it day by day more difficult for us to do anything false, or weak, or base, or to nourish low or impure thoughts; but if our deeds and thoughts be low and bad, we are placing the possession of virtue and nobility further and further out of our reach, till at last it becomes a moral impossibility.

And if this be the momentous effect of imitation on ourselves, it follows that we are exerting a like influence on all around us. Every visible act, every expressed thought, forms a possible object of imitation to all within sight or hearing of us, and so on in an ever widening circle. Every single act produces a moral wave like the wave created by the fall of a stone into water. We have before us what Gibbon has well called "the infinite series, the multiplying power of habit and fashion."*

Nothing perhaps more impresses the mind with the solidarity of the human race than the thought of the enduring influence, through all succeeding generations, of the great men of old, of the love that is awakened anew in each wave of human life for the mighty creations of the mighty masters of song and of romance, and of the force of imitation which goes with and is intensified by this love. Imitation, it was truly said by that great patriot-statesman Sir John Eliot, is "the moral mistress of our lives."†

* "Decline," cap. lviii.

† Forster's "Life of Eliot," vol. i. p. 2.

I know of no more appalling example of the power of one life to influence another in far distant periods than that which is afforded by the strange and horrible history of the Maréchal de Retz. A man of noble birth, great wealth, great distinction as a soldier, and high in favour with his Sovereign, he took to the most horrible course of child-murder of which we have any narrative: and when at last driven to confession he made this statement as to the origin of his crimes. "The desire to commit these atrocities came upon me eight years ago. I left Court to go to Chansoncé that I might claim the property of my grandfather deceased. In the library of the castle I found a Latin book—Suetonius, I believe—full of accounts of the cruelties of the Roman emperors. I read the charming history of Tiberius, Caracalla, and other Cæsars, and the pleasure they took in watching the agonies of tortured children. Thereupon I resolved to imitate and surpass these same Cæsars, and that very night began to do so." *

If imitation be the moral mistress of our lives, she is also the religious mistress of our lives. It would be out of place for me to pursue this thought far. But of one thing there can be no doubt, that one of the mightiest forces in the propagation of religions consists, first, in the love which the founder has awakened in the breasts of his followers, and of those who through them have learned to know, and knowing, to love his character; and, secondly, in the force of the example of that founder, proportioned to the greatness and earnestness of his character, and to the love which he has awakened. Such a statement would be true of great teachers like Confucius and Gautama. Such a statement is emphatically true of the great teachers of Christendom—of St. Augustine or St. Francis; and above all, I speak it with reverence, I believe that what I have said is pre-eminently true of Him whom we honour as our great pattern and example. No life, no personality, has ever attracted such an outcome of love and affection as that of Jesus of Nazareth; no life has ever been lived so worthy of imitation. That imitation which this love has produced has, in thousands of men's hearts, made a change, has literally turned and altered the course of their lives, has converted them—it has literally made them turn away from sin, and so the righteousness of Christ has made them just and holy men. Heaven forbid that I should say that this is all that Christ has done for man, but like Thomas à Kempis, or whoever wrote the "Imitation of Christ," I believe that to imitate Christ is to be holy, and that the desire to imitate Him has been, and still is, a most operative force in human society.

Now, here I cannot but ask my reader to look back with me on the road we have taken; we have considered the mimicry of the monkey,

* Paring-Gould's "Book of Were Wolves," pp. 229, 230.

the pantomime of the child, the force of imitation, conscious and unconscious, over the adult man. Is it the self-same faculty which enables men to imitate the pattern of Christ, and so to grow holy in His likeness? I believe that it is, not because I deem holiness to be anything low or physical, but because I believe that all nature points upwards, as by an unconscious prophecy and forecast, to the development of a moral and spiritual nature. "Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

EDW. FRY.

LABOUR IN PARLIAMENT.

THOUGH labour representation has not as yet attained any great proportions, it is more than thirty years since the idea first took form in this country. In 1857, my friend G. J. Holyoake, himself an artisan in his youth, and a man who has never lost sympathy and touch with the work-people, was a candidate for the representation of the Tower Hamlets. John Stuart Mill then sent a generous subscription and a letter of hearty approval. The same distinguished Radical supported Mr. George Odger when he, some years afterwards, came forward for Southwark. Both Mr. Holyoake and Mr. Odger were defeated. The same fate befell Mr. Cremer, Mr. Howell, and other labour candidates in 1868, and it was not until 1874 that the late Mr. Macdonald and myself were returned as the first direct labour representatives to the House of Commons. The desire for special representation of the workmen, and the power to give effect to that desire, have alike increased since 1857. The extension of the suffrage in 1885 gave a new impetus to the movement in favour of labour representation, and in the present Parliament there are nine members, including Mr. Cremer and Mr. Howell, who are recognized as coming under the category of working-class representatives. The term "labour representative," though not easy to define, perhaps requires some definition. It is sometimes contended that every member of Parliament who has himself been a workman is entitled to be called a labour representative. That would include men who have been fortunate speculators, who may have become millionaires, and large employers, and would be manifestly too wide. On the other hand, some deny that any labour member has yet found his way to the House of Commons. They maintain that it is not enough for a man to have been an artisan or labourer, but that he must continue to follow his calling when not attending to his

parliamentary duties; others go so far as to contend that a man is not a labour member who does not continue his ordinary employment even when Parliament is in session. This, in theory, may look well enough, but in practice it is impossible.

The House of Commons has itself practically decided the point. Those whom it has accepted as labour members are, without exception, men who worked at their respective trades, and who still maintain a close connection with large associated bodies of workmen, such associations selecting and recognizing them as their representatives and spokesmen.

I do not intend to discuss at length the question of labour representation in Parliament. I may be asked, however, whether the principle of special representation is sound, and whether there is sufficient justification for it in the circumstances of our time. Are not class members and class legislation evils to be avoided rather than benefits to be sought? Are there any reasonable demands of the workmen that would not be readily conceded by the House of Commons even if there were not a single direct representative of labour in that assembly? I frankly admit—indeed, I confidently assert—that the sound doctrine, true for all time wherever representative government exists, is to select the candidate because of his character, his personal fitness, his general political agreement with the electors, and his ability to give effective expression to their opinions and convictions. The qualifications here enumerated are essential and vital; they are of much greater moment than the social status or the position in life to which the candidate belongs.

These sentiments are neither original nor profound. More than fifteen years ago, in my first speech, when responding to a requisition inviting me to be a candidate for the House of Commons, I declared that the workmen did not ask for class representation, but they resented class exclusion. I controverted the opinion, which had then, as it has now, its advocates, that labour members should not be politicians, but only class representatives, and I contended that while in a great industrial centre the candidate should thoroughly understand labour questions, still the one true principle was to select a member on the grounds of his personal character and his fitness to represent his constituents. The only justification for re-stating these commonplaces is that they are not unimportant, and they are too often ignored alike by candidates and by electors.

The best member, therefore, I repeat, is he who is free from class bias, who looks at every question on broad grounds of justice and humanity, who will speak and vote for what is right, though it may cut prejudice against the grain, and may militate against his own interests. Such members we have—mine-owners, railway directors, large employers of labour, who can be just and humane even when Mine Regulation Bills

and Employers' Liability Bills are under consideration. Not only are these men in the House of Commons, but they come in increasing numbers, and there were never so many of them there as now. Do these admissions destroy or even weaken the claim for labour representation? I think not. The ideal to be aimed at is one thing, the actual realized is another. It may be desirable to get rid of classes and class distinctions. To abolish class animosities and class prejudices is certainly devoutly to be wished.

But classes we have, and class representation. Officers of the army and of the navy, members of the legal and of the medical professions, railway directors, manufacturers, and mine-owners, bankers, financiers, and landlords, abound in our legislative assemblies. They assert the claims and they share the prejudices of the class or profession to which they belong. Only the few can wholly emancipate themselves from the prepossessions of their birth and their surroundings. Moreover, special knowledge is needed quite as much as good-will; and labour has certainly taken a higher position since working-men entered Parliament than it occupied before. When equality of fortune is established, or when men generally have emancipated themselves from class bias, then class representation will no longer be requisite. Meanwhile it is not only defensible, but it is necessary that the opinions, the interests, yea, even the very prejudices, of the workmen should find forcible expression in Parliament.

This view will not perhaps be seriously contested. The House of Commons should be as far as possible a faithful reflex of the nation. The labour members cannot complain of their reception by the House. Whatever its faults and failings may be—and it has many—that assembly is, so far as its own members are concerned, thoroughly democratic. It believes in, and practises, equality, and is free alike from condescension and from arrogance. Let a member know in substance what he is talking about—let him talk straight at the House—not up to it, still less down to it—and the House will accord him a fair hearing and will make generous allowance for his bluntness and inaccuracies of speech. Probably there is no place in the world where social position counts for less than in the British House of Commons. It may be unfair in its judgment of a man, but it never measures him by a mean standard; it estimates him by his character and ability, not by the extent of his possessions, and cares just as much or just as little for a peasant as for a lord. The same cannot be said with equal truth of any other assembly of Englishmen.

It cannot be contended that the work-people—who, according to Comte, are not so much a class, as the nation—have ever pushed to an extreme their demand for special representation. They have, indeed, always stopped far short of their legitimate claims. Whatever their

wishes may be, there are great, almost insuperable, impediments in the way of labour representation. The labour candidate, always a poor man, cannot easily cross the threshold of the House of Commons. That House has been called "a rich man's club." Money, no doubt, reckons for less now than formerly, but still it is hardly extravagant to say of the House of Commons that its "door is barred with gold and opens but to golden keys." The main difficulty of the rich man is overcome when he finds a constituency with the will and the power to elect him. The working-man has not only this preliminary obstacle to surmount, but he has to solve the problem of how his election expenses are to be paid, and to find the means of living, should his return prevent him from following his ordinary avocation.

The cost of elections has been greatly reduced by recent legislation, but it is still very high. At the last general election the amounts paid by candidates in scores of instances exceeded a thousand pounds, often reaching £1500, and rising to as much as £1700. The returning officer's fees alone, in numerous cases, were more than five hundred pounds, occasionally above six hundred, and reached as high a figure as seven hundred and thirty-four pounds. Two much-needed reforms are to relieve candidates of returning officers' charges, and to pay members of Parliament for their services.

Signs are not wanting that the old Chartist doctrine of payment of members—one of the few remaining points of the Charter which have not yet been even partially carried—is coming to the front. In the division last session, when Mr. Fenwick brought the subject forward in the House of Commons, 135 members voted in its favour and 191 against. This shows amazing progress as compared with eighteen years ago, when the question was last discussed in Parliament. Mr. P. A. Taylor carried but 24 members into the lobby in support of his motion, while 211 went against him, when he tested the opinion of the House in 1870. A minority of 24 increased into one of 135, and a majority of 211 reduced to 191, indicates some progress, and inspires the hope that the minority will before long become a majority. When the names of the majority, as recorded in the division list, are carefully examined and compared with another parliamentary paper since published, the result is not without significance. A Return "showing the names of all present members of the House of Commons who are in receipt of public money from the national exchequer, whether in the form of salary, pay, pension, or allowance of any kind," has just been issued on the motion of Mr. Fenwick. This Return proves that there are more than one hundred members of the present House of Commons in receipt of public money. Of these, fifty-eight voted against payment of members. It will thus be seen that if those members had

abstained from voting, there would have been a majority of two for the motion. Or if they had voted on the other side, there would have been a majority of sixty in its favour. True, some of the hundred and odd members referred to receive mere nominal sums as officers of yeomanry, &c., but forty-three of those who opposed the motion are paid more than £100 a year; thirty-seven, upwards of £500; and twenty-six of them from £1000 to £7000 per annum.

I am not challenging the right of these gentlemen to the money they get; on the contrary, I do not doubt that most of them, if not all, fairly earn their pay. Nor do I question their honesty in voting against payment of members while they themselves are, in many cases, actually in receipt of much larger amounts from the national exchequer than any one would be likely to suggest as fit remuneration for ordinary members of Parliament. I would only remark that, whatever may be their reasons for the course they have taken, they can hardly be opposed to the principle of payment of members; nor will they contend, I presume, that while a "groom-in-waiting" is a public servant who has fairly earned his salary, a member of Parliament is at his post merely to serve his own interests or ambitions.

The division of last July was remarkable not only on account of the largeness of the minority, but also by reason of its constitution. Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Trevelyan spoke in support of the motion, while all the leading men on the front Opposition bench, and nearly every Liberal in the House of Commons at the time, voted for it. This was quite in keeping with the traditions of the Liberal party. So far back as 1830, when the Marquis of Blandford of that day introduced a Reform Bill containing a provision for the payment of members, he was supported not only by distinguished Radicals like Joseph Hume and Sir Francis Burdett, but by Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Hobhouse, the two Whitbreads, Lord Ebrington, and by great Whig noblemen such as Lord Althorp, Lord Howick, and Lord John Russell. On that occasion, however, a direct issue was not raised; since the motion on which the division was taken was as to whether the time had, or had not, come for the House to pass a measure of parliamentary reform.

Payment of members concerns the labour representative and the trade unionist, but it does not concern them alone, or chiefly. Even under present conditions there are no difficulties that cannot be overcome by the great trade organizations. Payment is required not merely to enable workmen to go to Parliament, but to widen the area of choice for that assembly, and to place at the service of the constituencies, without reference to wealth or social position, the best political ability of the nation. The Radical party ought, therefore, to put this reform in the forefront of its programme.

It does not follow that, even with the lessened cost of elections and

payment of members, the direct representatives of labour in the House of Commons would be numerous. The struggle for existence of the workers, their poverty, their comparative lack of education, their jealousies and divisions, would all be impediments in their pathway to the legislative chambers of the world. All experience proves this. Every other country in Europe having anything like parliamentary government—with the one exception of Italy—pays a salary to its representatives. The same is true of the United States of America, of Canada, and of some other of our colonies. Yet in Republican America, with a wide suffrage, with a high rate of wages, with a long-established and an admirable educational system, though working-men have occasionally been elected to the State Legislatures, scarcely any have been sent to the Senate or to the House of Representatives at Washington.

In France, too, where both deputies and senators are paid, and where universal suffrage exists, very few workmen have been elected to the Senate or to the Chamber of Deputies. M. Tolain, who was a workman, has for many years been a member of the Senate, and has done good service on economic and labour questions. In the Chamber of Deputies the working-men have constituted themselves into an independent party, sometimes called the "*groupe ouvrier*" and sometimes the "*groupe ouvrier socialiste*." The party consists of some dozen members, the majority of whom were elected for the first time in 1885. Less than half of them are working-men in the sense of ever having been engaged in manual labour; the others are connected with the professional classes, such as barristers, solicitors, medical men, and journalists. The "*groupe ouvrier*" usually vote with the extreme section of the Republican party. It would seem, however, that they are not always agreed among themselves; since the outbreak of the Boulangist agitation, some of them have supported, while others have opposed, General Boulanger.

In Germany the situation is not dissimilar. That country is sometimes held up as a model to the working-class politicians of Great Britain. I have before me a newspaper sketch of a new labour party about to be formed, in which the writer declares that this new party will send to Parliament genuine labour representatives—men who, following the example of the Social Democrats of Germany, will "don their leather aprons and do a spell of hard work at their respective trades after they have finished their parliamentary labours." We are not informed how many such workmen are in the German Parliament; nor why, with payment for their services, it should be necessary for any of them to do double duty as workmen and as legislators. The Social Democrats derive their power from the working classes, but very few workmen have been elected. There are ten Social Democrats in the Chamber; half of them began life as workmen, but they have nearly

all risen into other positions, and there is but one workman, a cigar-maker, at present in the Reichstag. I am neither condemning nor criticizing the Social Democrats; I do not know enough of their difficulties to express either approval or disapproval of their methods. I believe they are men of character and ability, who have devoted themselves with courage and fidelity to a cause from which they have no personal advantages to expect. From them it is possible that we may learn much, but in the direction of labour representation Germany has, I am persuaded, little or nothing to teach us.

Sweden and Norway have much in common, and may be taken together. Both pay their members; both have an old system of government founded on a democratic basis. Sweden has had a long experience of workmen legislators. For more than seven hundred years sturdy yeomen, who till the fields they own or rent, have had a seat and a voice in their Parliament. Since the measure of parliamentary reform passed in 1865, the influence of these yeomen has greatly increased. They have proved an eminently conservative element; they have given to the deliberations of the Diet practical common-sense, and have added to the security and stability of the State. While the yeomen are strongly represented, very few artisans or wage-earners of any kind have been elected, Stockholm being the only town that has ever chosen workmen as members of Parliament. In the Norwegian Storting, again, the farmers are largely represented, having at the present time thirty-eight members. Probably there is not a legislative assembly in the world in which there is a more varied representation of classes than in that of Norway. In addition to farmers, there are clergymen, barristers, solicitors, schoolmasters, members of the civil service, shopkeepers, artisans—in short, men of almost every rank, class, and profession. If there must be class representation, this variety and completeness is so far satisfactory, but the proportions are not so fair. In the present Storting the official element is grossly over-represented. Eleven thousand civil servants and local officials return fifty-eight members, while 186,000 working-men elect but three.

All the labour members now in the House of Commons, except those whose homes and whose work are in London, are officials of trades unions, or are supported by those societies. They were selected by their own localities; they did not push themselves, and were not forced by others, upon their constituents. One of the essentials of success in such candidatures is this spontaneity and freedom from extraneous dictation. If the feeling of localities is not recognized, outside interference, whether by individuals or by societies, may hinder, but it certainly will not help. Though the labour representatives were nominated neither by club nor caucus, they are avowedly party men. They appealed to the electors as Radical politicians, were elected as

such; and, as a rule, they have acted and voted with the Liberal party. This has sometimes been made a matter of reproach, and it has been urged that the workman member should be neither Whig, nor Tory, nor Radical, but only a labour representative. Among those who most bitterly denounce existing parties, the opinion prevails that the working-men should form themselves into, and act as, a distinct and independent party. That view is no doubt honestly held by many persons who have a sincere desire to improve the condition of the labourer. I entirely disagree with them, and believe that little or no good, and much evil, would result from such a policy.

To attack is always easy. Our party system is vulnerable on every side. In theory it is open to criticism; in practice it is liable to great abuse. Its methods are often questionable, its actions sometimes degrading. The partisan who abandons his own judgment and blindly follows his leaders is despicable enough, and may be a peril to the State. But where there is representative government, the only alternative to party is faction. And faction, in the words of Bolingbroke, "is the worst of all parties." Faction, cliquism, "fighting for one's own hand," may minister to the vanity of the individual, but it seldom benefits either a class or the nation. Nothing effective can be done in Parliament except by the hearty co-operation of those who are in general agreement. The labour candidate appeals to the electors and is sent to Parliament as a politician. Even where the great majority of the electors are workmen, they are politicians as well as wealth-producers. From its very constitution the House of Commons is a political assembly. Nine-tenths of the subjects which come before it are of a political character. Many of those that are not strictly labour questions are quite as important to the workman as those that are. Will any one pretend that questions of peace and war—which may involve not only vast expenditure of life and treasure, but justice and good-will between one nation and another—land law reform, and all that it embodies, are of less vital moment even to the workmen themselves than factory inspection, the liability of employers, or even State regulation of the hours of labour? By forming a labour party we should not get rid of the evils of party, but we should multiply and aggravate those evils. The labour member is called upon—by those who wish him to concern himself solely with labour questions—to give up his conscience and judgment on the great majority of the subjects that come before Parliament, and this he is asked to do, forsooth, in order that he may emancipate himself from the thralldom, the degradation, and the corruption of party! This view is not less insulting to the workman than it is absurd in itself. It assumes that the worker is something less than a man and a citizen; that, as a mere tool of industry, he should separate himself from humanity, from great controversies between individuals and between

one nation and another, and concentrate all his energies upon matters that affect him as a manual labourer. As a temporary expedient that might be defensible, but it is utterly unsound, and therefore incapable of universal application. * We should strive to unite, not to divide men ; to efface, not to intensify class distinctions.

I do not deny—I resolutely maintain—that there are decided advantages in sending to the House of Commons men who, having been workmen themselves, thoroughly understand the workman's life and sympathize with his efforts to improve his condition. These advantages have been demonstrated on many occasions—in discussions on the Labour Laws, the Employers' Liability Act, the increase in the number of inspectors of factories and mines, the Amendment of the Mines Regulation Act, and other measures of a similar kind. Nor must it be supposed that I am insensible to the value of concerted action by the labour members. These members now consult and act together on all matters that specially affect the workmen. On purely labour questions they are actually, as they ought to be, a party ; while on general politics they rightly act with their natural allies, the Radicals, whose central principle is civil equality and whose object is the promotion of justice between man and man.

Though myself a convinced believer in the value of party, no one recognizes more fully than I do the necessity of the labour representative maintaining a position of perfect independence. He should be not only pure, but, if possible, above suspicion. I say, if possible, since it is not easy for a certain order of mind to believe that a member who is not rich can be honestly and unselfishly attached to party. These suspicions of little minds are inborn, and need not be heeded ; but it is on every ground desirable that the labour member should avoid entangling himself in the meshes of party ; that he should take care not to place himself under obligations which will make it more difficult for him to go against his party when he believes his party to be in the wrong.

What special legislation do working-men require ? What shall be the policy of the labour members, and who shall determine or dictate that policy ? The best, if not the only, way to discover this is to study the history of the trades union movement of this country, and to ascertain what is the collective opinion of working-men as deliberately expressed in their labour parliaments, their conferences and congresses. Whatever the mistakes, whatever the shortcomings, of these bodies, they have a splendid record of self-help and of mutual assistance, as well as of legislative achievement. Look at what they have done for their unemployed. During the year 1887 twenty-six of the principal trades unions, with a membership of 265,218, spent no less a sum than £209,879 in support of their unemployed members. The same societies for the same object have spent since their formation three

million, five hundred and fifty-nine thousand, four hundred pounds sterling.

While self-reliant, the trades unions have not hesitated to appeal to Parliament; but their political demands have always been characterized by moderation, and have been kept within strictly defined limits. From the repeal of the Combination Laws in 1824 to the passing of the Mines Regulation Act in 1887 scores of Acts have been placed upon the statute-book dealing with the rights and interests of labour. These measures have been carried on the initiative or by the active assistance of the unions. Some of them have aimed to protect life and limb in dangerous occupations, some to prohibit the employment of children of tender age and to regulate the hours of women and of young people; but the great majority of them, certainly the most important, have been passed to repeal unjust and oppressive laws and to establish complete equality between employer and employed. Heretofore the British workman has demanded neither monopolies nor privileges, neither pensions nor subventions, from the State; he has asked only for fair play, and has relied upon the power of association to win his industrial emancipation. Nor can it be said that this policy has been a failure. However severe may be the struggles and the difficulties of labour in this country—and they are in many cases intolerably hard—nowhere else has anything like so much been done by voluntary united effort and by legislation to protect life, to shorten the hours of labour, and otherwise to improve the worker's condition. The most progressive countries in the Old World and the New lag far behind us in these respects; and those that are endeavouring to overtake us are following in our footsteps and copying our example.

Any one present at the International Trades Union Congress lately held in London must have been impressed with two things—viz., the wretched condition of the working population on the Continent, and their tendency to look to the State to do almost everything for them. Their bad condition is apparent, not only in their excessively long hours of labour and the scanty pay which is so often the accompaniment of long hours, but also in the absence of laws, or in the want of adequate laws, for securing the health and protecting the lives of the work-people, and in the lax administration of such laws as exist. In many of these countries the elementary right of association is denied; public meetings, indoor and outdoor, are at the mercy of the police; there is one law for the employer, another for the employed, and, when these unequal laws are violated, one penalty is inflicted upon the rich law-breaker and another on the poor. The worker on the Continent is in a worse position as regards his legal status than was his brother on this side of the Channel at the beginning of the present century. Upon the State the continental worker's hopes are centred. Not only does he look to it for fair play, for the repeal of the cruel and unequal

laws which shackle and oppress him, but for the carrying of the social and industrial reforms which the British workman trusts to accomplish, in the main, through his own efforts by means of union and co-operation.

In America wages are much higher; but there too the work hours are exceedingly long. In many of the States there is an almost total absence of system and regulation in the workshops and mines. Recently something has been done to improve this by legislation. When there, I found that the best labour laws—those dealing with truck, with regulating factories, workshops, and mines—were nearly all modelled upon our Acts of Parliament. Their laws are seldom so strong as ours, however, and they are hardly ever administered with the same strictness.

Outside the Trades Union Congress, programmes have not unfrequently been put forward in the name of the labour party. Sometimes these have emanated from men who had no authority to speak for the workmen; sometimes they have come from representative bodies. Of the latter character is the National Labour Electoral Association. Among its officers and leaders are some of the most respected and capable men connected with the trades union movement. At the first annual congress, held in Sheffield in October last, what is called the "platform" of the labour party was adopted. This platform consists of fourteen "planks," beginning with payment of members, going on through nationalization of land and royalty rents, free education, disestablishment of State Churches, an eight hours' Bill for miners, and ending with the establishment by law of courts of conciliation for the settlement of trade disputes.

I am not at all inclined to minimize the importance of these proposals. Some of them, such as those dealing with land and royalty rents (really two branches of the same subject) and the regulation of the hours of labour, are of vital moment to the workmen. I have been endeavouring for some time to bring the question of royalty rents before the attention of Parliament; and I have just succeeded in getting the Government to grant a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject. To me it seems nothing short of iniquitous that enormous sums, amounting in the aggregate to millions of pounds, should every year be paid to landlords as royalty rents and way-leaves at a time when the mining industry has been passing through a period of almost unexampled depression, when the owners of mines have been receiving little or no return for their capital, and the workmen's wages have been reduced nearly to the starvation point.

The hours of labour is a question of still wider and deeper interest. At present in some industries the hours are scandalously and inhumanly long. I believe that in nearly every case they could, with

advantage to everybody concerned and with injury to none, be greatly reduced. Much has been done, and much more may yet be done, in that direction by the power of union. The State has shortened the working time of women and children, but it has declined—rightly, I think—to interfere with the hours of adult males. Whether that distinction should be maintained, and whether, if the hours of men are to be fixed by law, the proper limit for all trades shall be eight hours out of the twenty-four, need not now be discussed. One thing is quite certain: Parliament will not move on these lines except on the strongest pressure. Preliminary to any effective parliamentary action, the workmen must be agreed. That condition does not at present exist. At the recent Trades Union Congresses, both at the ordinary and at the international, it was abundantly evident that the workmen of the United Kingdom differ widely and radically on the question of the State regulation of the hours of labour. But to discuss this programme in detail would take me far beyond the scope of the present article. Personally, I could accept the majority of the planks, as we are told they were accepted at the Congress, “without discussion,” and I am not concerned now to controvert any of them. But I see no advantage, and some danger, to the interests of the workmen in putting down a great number of mixed propositions—some of great, others of comparatively small, importance; some ripe for immediate legislation, others in a very backward state—and in trying to compel every candidate for Parliament to accept or reject them as a whole. Several of the fourteen proposals are not strictly labour questions; they concern the workman as a citizen, not as a bread-winner. The majority of them would be accepted by nearly every Radical politician; and with regard to the remainder, the representatives of the workmen, and the workmen themselves, differ quite as fundamentally as those outside the ranks of labour. Whatever the value of this platform as a basis of propagandism, it is useless, and worse than useless, as the creed of a new party.

If I have tried to prove, by an appeal to the facts of history and the teachings of experience, that the self-reliant policy of the British workman has been successful, and that it shows a record in the improved conditions of labour without a parallel elsewhere, it must not be imagined that I am preaching a complacent optimism. Because much has been done, it does not follow that everything is satisfactory. The wretchedness of some of our workers is appalling—not the idle, thriftless, and profligate only, but the industrious and provident. Let any one inclined to rest and be thankful read the report of Mr. Burnett on the condition of the chain and nail makers of Staffordshire, and the evidence given before the House of Lords’ Committee on the sweating system. The strong hand of the law may have to be laid on the “sweater” of the East-end of London and upon the

“fogger” of the Black Country. Evils so great and palpable must be attacked. With regard to the best mode of attack, opinions will differ. The strongest believers in the virtue of self-help will readily admit the need for occasional State intervention. Our factory legislation may require modification, and we must not be too pedantic. When warned against Socialism, we should remember that some of the most beneficent laws passed during the last fifty years have been more or less socialistic. After all, it is only a question of degree; we cannot draw a line and declare dogmatically that State interference is right on one side and wrong on the other. Each case must be judged on its merits. But it may be well for those of the workmen who are so ready to look to the State, to bear in mind that State help always means management, control, and discipline by the State, and can be had only at the sacrifice of individual liberty. What the workmen in the past have asked, and what they will, I believe, demand in the future, is not alms, but justice; not privilege, but equality; not State management, but State inspection. On these lines much has been done, much still is required. Let Parliament do what it can to make a clear, free highway for the toiler; to remove every obstacle, to lighten his burdens, and to protect him from robbers, open and secret. If more than this is required—if the weak, broken-down wayfarer needs a lift—the assistance rendered should be discriminating as well as generous. Nothing should be done to weaken the self-reliance of the work-people, or, in removing one evil, evils ten-fold greater will be produced.

The great parliamentary controversies of the future will relate to the land, to religious equality, to education, to Home Rule, and to the industrial and social condition of the people. These social and industrial topics—not by any means the least in importance—are not party questions, and should not needlessly be brought within the range of party contests. Some of the other questions, associated as they are with powerful vested interests, cannot perhaps be kept outside party. Those who are in favour of freedom as against monopoly, of equality as against privilege, of the rights of the people as against the interests of class, have a tough battle in prospect. To act with effect they must be united; they can only unite so far as they are agreed. The workmen may have rights and interests which will bring them in conflict with classes, but they have none that are in opposition to the rights and the well-being of the community. My contention, then, is, that working-men have nothing to gain from Parliament by sectional action; that their true policy is to co-operate with that party with whose opinions they are in general agreement.

The labour representatives, a mere handful of men, hardly more than one per cent. of the House of Commons, are utterly powerless, except so far as they act with or secure the co-operation of others.

If they were much more numerous, I should still hesitate to recommend them to form themselves into a separate political party—especially into a party founded on the accident of class, a basis narrow and unstable—with the object, avowed or implied, of serving interests less broad than those of the whole nation. In principle I know that would be unsound; in practice I believe it would be either ineffective or mischievous. As to party, its evils, whatever they may be, cannot be cured by the creation of factions. Party, after all, is but the means to an end. Since it is an indispensable means, the true plan is to purify, to elevate, to ennoble it; to make it something better than a mean struggle for place or pay; to ensure that it is always—what I believe it usually is even now—the union of honest men, agreed on certain general principles, and banded together for the advancement of the public weal.

THOMAS BURR.

AGNOSTIC EXPOSITIONS.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY aspires to rouse his "countrymen out of their dogmatic slumbers," and, in common with many other Christians, I wish him a large measure of success in a task for which he is admirably qualified. There may be preachers who doubt whether "it is desirable to let the congregations of the faithful know of the results of Biblical criticism," and undoubtedly there are many who think that ordinary congregations need and are entitled to receive a more refreshing and morally nutritious fare than critical discussions would afford; but there is also a large and growing number who ardently desire that the people of this country should be fully acquainted with the actual condition of Biblical science at the present time. Whether their recent informant is as competent to instruct the general public on this matter as he is to arouse them to a sense of its importance is at best an open question. It may transpire that his personal views are somewhat in the rear of current conclusions, and that he is less exact in expounding the views of his selected authorities than might have been expected from his scientific discipline and the lucidity of his writings upon other themes. Should these discoveries ensue, he will, no doubt, hasten to confess his errors, and in the interests of science, if not of theology, will rejoice in the correction of any hasty statements that may have run too lightly from his facile pen.

These personal considerations are only of importance in so far as they affect the diffusion of what is really known and believed by the best scholars respecting the value of the New Testament documents. At the present moment preachers who found their addresses on the contents of these books are hampered by the prevalence of vague suspicions of their title to

be regarded as primitive and trustworthy testimonies to the life of Jesus Christ, and the expansion of His little band of followers into the Church. The most exaggerated and absurd notions are abroad as to the extent to which these testimonies are disputed. People are told by men of good character, high culture, and great repute, that their sources of information are hopelessly discredited, and that Christians have no reliable knowledge of their own Founder, and of his real teachings and claims. It is not obscurely suggested that in some mysterious region, of which Squire Wendover's library may be taken as a type, immense stores of historic information are concealed, and that if preachers dared to enter that awful sanctuary of suppressed knowledge, they would, if honest men, come forth vanquished, after the pattern of Robert Elsmere. As a result of these wild statements and bold insinuations many persons have naturally come to suspect that the ministers they hear, or have ceased to hear, on Sunday, are in the same pitiable condition as Elsmere, between the time when he shut his eyes at Oxford, and that later date when, after a long struggle to keep them closed, the light of the Squire's knowledge penetrated to his soul, dimming the glory of Christ's image, and driving him from his parish in despair. Nothing would please us better, however, than for those mysterious conversations to be reported verbatim to the public. Mrs. Ward, of course, knows what both the parties said, and might enlighten us; but, failing this, if Mr. Huxley would play the part of Squire to Canon Westcott's Elsmere, there would be more realism in their talk, and the result would no doubt be the same as was depicted in the novel. By any means, and by all means, let the results of Biblical criticism be made known, and only those who are base enough to love their own opinions better than truth can fear the issue.

Before discussing the more purely critical question, I must take leave to refer to the original subject of contention between Mr. Huxley and Dr. Wace. The Professor has made such boundless excursions, and scattered so many glittering shafts in the course of his two articles, that the public are in danger of forgetting how the disputation began. It may be pardonable, therefore, to reproduce the facts, which involve a point of great interest and almost vital importance in the great controversy of our age. The learned Principal of King's College read a paper last autumn before the Church Congress, in which he used words which have given great offence to the champions of Agnosticism. Having pointed out that Christians do not pretend to have a "scientific knowledge" of an unseen world or of the future, he went on to insist that the difference between ourselves and Agnostics is not that we profess to have such knowledge, and that they profess to be ignorant; but that, beyond the limits of scientific evidence, we believe what they disbelieve. On this account

he criticized the title Agnostic as misleading, observing, "He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic; but his real name is an older one—he is an infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever."

With the utmost respect for Dr. Wace, I must express my regret that the word "infidel" was used in this connection. It has evil associations which are better not revived, and I am not surprised that the father of the Agnostic denomination should be very angry. It is also to be deplored that the assertion was made that "the adoption of the term Agnostic is only an attempt to shift the issue, and that it involves a mere evasion" in relation to Christianity. But, without assenting to the use of the word "infidel," or to the imputation of unworthy motives to those who decline to live under such a label, I must insist that the real difference between Christians and Agnostics is precisely as Dr. Wace stated in his paper, and that Agnostic is a misleading term. By using the word knowledge in a different and most equivocal sense; it is easy for Mr. Huxley to turn round and say with a sneer: "Are there, then, any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professed theologian" (*Nineteenth Century*, Feb. 1889, p. 170). This may be smart fencing, but it simply eludes, and for many readers conceals, the issue, and holds up to scorn a statement which Agnostics ought to respect. Knowledge is a word with many shades of meaning, and is often used by the most exact thinkers in a popular sense, but when we say that we have no "scientific knowledge" of the unseen world, we are saying what few would dispute—viz., that we do not know unseen things in the same way as we know phenomena, or the laws of Nature which have been ascertained by an inductive process and verified by experiment. Mortal certitude myriads enjoy respecting the unseen. They have a sure confidence, on the strength of which they live, and for which they are, if needful, ready to suffer the loss of all things, and to die. In their abundance of faith and paucity of language they will often exclaim, "I know Him whom I have believed." But if you ask a theologian of the most dogmatic kind whether he has a scientific knowledge of the unseen, he may cautiously insist that he has some knowledge based on the data of consciousness which is more certain than any other, and also that he has a system of methodized beliefs which he claims to call scientific, but while thus guarding his meaning, he will rarely, if ever, hesitate to answer "No" to your question. If you ask an illiterate cottager the same question in a different form—i.e., translating it into a language he can understand—he will give you a similar reply. If you ask him whether he knows heaven in the same way as he knows his native village, whether he knows God as he knows his earthly master in yonder mansion on the

hill, or whether he knows the place of his expected future life as he knows the burial-ground where his father's bones are laid, he will smile at your absurdity in making such inquiries. No Christians to-day profess to be Gnostics, like those early sects which claimed to know the numbers and names and ranks of angels and all the secrets of eternity. As distinguished from them we are all Agnostics—*i.e.*, men who say—

“ We have but faith, we cannot know,
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.”

To test the soundness of the distinction thus insisted upon, we may imagine Tennyson's verse just quoted being submitted as a creed for the acceptance of a mixed assembly of Christians and Agnostics of Mr. Huxley's type. Putting the clauses separately, and of course on the understanding that all were to be viewed in relation to the Christian Revelation, there would be at once a divided vote on the words, “ we have but faith.” There are some who call themselves Agnostics, or “ Christian Agnostics,” who would accept the clause, but assuredly Mr. Huxley would not, and he justly claims “ patent rights ” in the name. Passing to the second clause, “ we cannot know,” every hand would be uplifted, as acknowledging an obvious fact, and there would be equal unanimity in voting for the third clause as an explanation of the fact, “ For knowledge is of things we see.” The remaining lines would have no meaning as proceeding from either Gnostics or Agnostics, but beautifully express the blended trust and aspiration of those who “ have but faith.”

“ And yet we trust it comes from Thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.”

I fail to see why Agnostics should be unwilling to admit that the absence of this faith constitutes the real difference between themselves and Christians. I rejoice to see how eagerly Professor Huxley labours to avoid the necessity of saying point blank that he does not believe Jesus Christ, or believe in Him. In this honourable anxiety he is a true representation of many who do not bow their knees at the name of Jesus, and do not put their trust in Him as a divinely commissioned leader, commander, and witness of mankind. To spare him and them all needless pain, I will call them by almost any title they prefer; but, in the name of all that is definite and clear, let us avoid cloudiness of thought and speech, and keep it before us that an Agnostic, as defined by the author of the name, is a man who is content to say, “ I do not know,” and to make that answer a shield against all appeals for religious faith. The old-fashioned infidel was a man who scoffed and denied; he was indeed a Gnostic, who knew the negative of almost all that Christianity affirms. Sneering alike at Deism and Christianity, he boldly said: “ There is no God, no future

life; man is but sentient dust, and unto dust he must return without any hope or fear of an awaking." To-day Deism and Atheistic Infidelity are out of date. As against Atheists, Agnostics agree with the old Hebrew poet that the man who says, "There is no God," is a fool, and, as against Deists, they agree with Paul, and with the Christian apologists of the eighteenth century, in declaring that man's unaided wisdom is not equal to the task of finding out the Almighty unto perfection, even supposing that such a being exists. A true Agnostic is usually respectful to Theists and Christians, and always to the person of Christ. It is quite possible, he admits, that Christ was commissioned from above to guide mankind into light, but he has no faith that this was so. Like the Pharisees, when questioned about the origin of John's baptism, he says: "I cannot tell; I do not know." The old-fashioned infidel derided faith as the mark of a weak character. The modern Agnostic sees that faith, and especially the Christian faith, has been the mightiest factor in human history. He owns that doubt is weakness, that doubt is a do-nothing spirit. But while faith has moved empires, made heroes, and turned the world upside down, the Agnostic feels obliged to forego the force he might derive from it himself, and concerning the only religion he can even imagine to be true, "I do not know," is the utmost he feels competent to say.

Before leaving this branch of the subject it may promote clearness, and possibly avert some useless contention, if I emphasize some points on which Christians and Agnostics occupy common ground.

The Apostle Paul, in one of his undoubted epistles, made very strong assertions respecting the limitations of human knowledge. "The world by its wisdom knew not God" (1 Cor. i. 21). "For who among men knoweth the things of a man save the spirit of the man which is in him? Even so the things of God none knoweth save the spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii. 11). These and many kindred utterances were formerly regarded as an affront to the dignity and sufficiency of human reason. Man, it was contended, needs no revelation, for he can find in Nature all requisite light about God and duty. These complaints are heard no more. Agnosticism is the slowly extorted confession of those whom Paul would designate the wise men and disputers of this world, that the ancient Biblical doctrine of man's intellectual limitations is true. In this respect at any rate, Christians may join with Mr. Harrison in regarding it as "a mere step, an indispensable step, in the evolution of religion; though, by its very nature, a step in which it is impossible to rest."* It is the human mind returning from a thousand fruitless efforts to effect a scientific exploration of the Infinite, and finally—yes, I think we may venture to affirm finally—saying, as it stands on the outer edge of things seen and temporal, "Thus far can we come, but no farther."

* *The Fortnightly Review*, January 1889, p. 150.

Another point of contact between Christians as represented by Paul and modern Agnostics may be observed in their common admission that a Divine Revelation is possible. Paul declared more than this, but his words include and have their entire dependence on the thought that Revelation is possible, and to this part of his doctrine all consistent and representative Agnostics are ready to give assent. In the "Articles of the Negative Creed," lately supplied at Mr. Gladstone's request by an Agnostic of a rather extreme type, I find the following cautious words: "That Darwinism . . . affords the true explanation of all that (apart from Revelation) we do or can know respecting this inscrutable First Cause, its attributes and relations to men, and such mysteries as birth, life, and immortality." This is called Article 2 of the Negative Creed, and in Article 3 the peculiar reference to Revelation is explained thus: "I have said apart from Revelation, for a revelation attested by prophecies and miracles is a conceivable proposition, and might teach us things which without it we could never know. But it is a question of evidence." Professor Huxley makes great fun of some portions of this pamphlet, and at last throws it up with an explosion of laughter. But he urges no *a priori* objection to a Revelation as such, and treats it as purely a question of evidence.

* One other point of agreement remains to be noted—viz., that Agnostics are at one with Paul in insisting that the reception of any professed Revelation involves a step beyond knowledge, taking knowledge in the strict sense of verified and demonstrable truth. I have previously implied this by insisting that the difference between the two parties is one of faith and no faith, but it will bear repetition and needs to be viewed under another aspect, as related to the subject of testimony. It may possibly be replied that some Christians appear to claim for their religious beliefs a similar kind of certitude to that which is reached in physical science, and I am not concerned to deny the charge. With rare exceptions, if not invariably, the error is merely one of expression; but, if some Christians assume the tone and attitude of Gnostics, their inconsistency can easily be matched by the dogmatism of sundry Agnostics, and the two together merely afford an illustration of human infirmity. Paul assuredly distinguishes between faith and knowledge. The keynote to all his teachings on the subject is given in words already partly quoted: "For seeing that in the wisdom of God the world through its wisdom *knew* not God, it was God's good pleasure *through* the foolishness of the preaching to save them that *believe*." Paul was quite aware that he could not prove the existence of God by the same method as one might demonstrate the existence of gold in a mine, or water in a well, or the saltness of the sea. He could not take a hard materialist into the heavens and show him God, or transport him into another state of being to behold

the forms of mortals who have put on immortality. He could not take him to Judæa, and demonstrate to his senses that Christ rose from the grave. An empty sepulchre might be accepted as scientific evidence that Jesus was not there, but it could not prove that He had risen and appeared to the apostles. These things were matters of testimony. This is no modern discovery, as authors who possibly have only lately seen it for themselves seem to think. We do not need any treatises, or articles, or novels, to teach us this. It depends primarily upon the testimony of Jesus Christ, as He is said to have told Pilate: "To this end have I been born, and to this end am I come into the world, that I should bear witness (or bear testimony) to the truth." Many of Christ's reported discussions with the Jews were respecting the value and credibility of His own testimony. In a secondary way the onus falls on the testimony of those who kept company with Jesus, and afterwards presented themselves to the world, saying: "We are His witnesses." In a third stage there arise the questions, How far do we possess a true record of their testimony? Does the New Testament contain trustworthy documents? These are questions which every man has a right to ask, and their answer is partially within the range of historic criticism and research. On these fundamental principles there need be no contention. All science, as Professor Huxley allows, rests upon a measure of faith, and all faith which transcends science must also have some starting-point and foundation of reason and knowledge. But in the last resort the Christian's religion is faith in Jesus Christ as the faithful and true witness of God. The questions which historical and critical science have legitimately raised must be settled by their appropriate methods for all who have been disturbed. But there is no science which can investigate the truth of Christ's testimony to what he designated "heavenly things." His witness relates not to a man, or men who lived under the conditions of space and time, but to an Unseen and Eternal Being whom He calls our Father. When once it has been established by history that He claimed thus to be an express messenger from God and guide to Him, we are all reduced to an equality in His presence, and must either believe or disbelieve. Science cannot render us any valid help. Her last word is that such a claim involves no impossibility. In the memorable language of J. S. Mill: "To the conception of the rational sceptic it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what He supposed Himself to be . . . a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue."* As judged by science God is possible, heaven is possible, immortality is possible, and, though it is impossible for our faculties to search out God, it is possible for Him to know us, and to send a messenger into our world

* "Three Essays on Religion," p. 255.

to direct our footsteps through the mysteries of this life, which, without the prospect of a sequel, is so unsatisfying. In the prospect of these possibilities, we are left to conclude upon our own responsibility what we will do with Jesus who is called the Christ. An Agnostic declines to believe in Him, and says: "I do not know, I cannot know, and will not tread where only faith is possible." A Christian recognizes the limits of scientific knowledge, saying "I believe," but presses forward, and by that faith he lives. "We walk by faith, not by sight," is the Christian motto. "We walk by sight, and not by faith," is a true summary of the Agnostic creed.

Some confusion has crept into the present discussion through a verbal mistake. Dr. Wace wrote: "It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe Jesus Christ." But in quoting this passage, Mr. Huxley interpolated the word "in" before the name of Jesus. It was clearly an inadvertence, and Mr. Huxley's apology may well put an end to personal altercation, but the remainder of his footnote upon the subject demands attention because it declines to recognize a distinction of importance. "But," he remarks, "what difference it makes whether one 'believes Jesus' or 'believes in Jesus' much thought has not enabled me to discover." The distinction, however, is sufficiently obvious. We may believe particular statements made by a notorious perjurer. A variety of considerations may convince us that for once he is speaking truth, and so we may "believe him," but our belief "in him" may in no degree be strengthened, and we should distrust him afterwards in any unsupported or improbable assertions. We should still doubt the man. Similarly we may on various grounds believe the testimony of an anonymous writer without forming any opinion about his general veracity. But if we believe "in" a man thoroughly and without reserve, we stand prepared to receive all that he may affirm respecting his own thoughts and motives, and whatever he may declare respecting persons and facts outside the range of our own researches. It is in this sense pre-eminently that Christians "believe in Jesus Christ." In the language of a theologian, to whom we are referred as a great light:

"If our definition of faith is just, and expresses the true idea attached by Jesus to the word, faith does not consist in a persuasion of the reality of an historical or doctrinal fact . . . but in a trustful and affectionate attachment to a person. . . . To follow Christ, then, is to enter into relation, not with His message only, but with Himself. . . . Such expressions as these determine the true sense to be attached to the phrase 'believing in Jesus.' . . . He made His own person the object and centre of the religious life He sought to awaken and enkindle."—Reuss, *History of Christian Theology*, vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

Insisting upon this fundamental principle of the Christian religion, there need be little difficulty in delimiting the spheres of faith and critical science. Without some information about Christ there can be no faith in Him, and it may be freely conceded that all alleged information is a fit subject for scientific investigation. "The question as to what Jesus really said and did" is one which cannot be excluded from the domain of historical and literary criticism, and we are thus brought without the least reluctance to that problem which "has occupied some of the best heads in Europe for the last century."

It has been truly said that the great question of the day is the "value of testimony," and, this being so, we might have looked for a searching and philosophical discussion of this high theme. Instead of this, however, we are regaled with a lively criticism of the Gadarene story, with a view to discredit either the Evangelists as witnesses to Christ, or Christ Himself as a witness to the mysterious facts which underlie the phenomena of mental disorder; we are also favoured with some strong statements about the dates and authorship of the Gospels.

It would be worse than useless to follow Mr. Huxley in his remarks upon what he elegantly calls the "pig affair," until we have considered the prior question of the writings in which that account appears. Even then I should decline to regard an isolated and subordinate incident as a test case for Christianity. If a man does not believe in Christ on other and broader grounds than a single miracle, or a series of miracles, affords, he will certainly not be converted by their description, or by any proof of their abstract credibility; but, on the other hand, one who does believe in Christ will not renounce his faith even if critics can convince him that the Gadarene tale ought to be cut out of the Gospels. It will, therefore, suffice to observe on this point, that the scientific lecture which the Professor promised to give has yet to appear. He opened his assault by saying: "I shall base what I have to say upon a case, the consideration of which lies strictly within the province of natural science, and of that particular part of it known as the physiology and pathology of the nervous system."* After this prelude it must have been somewhat disappointing to those who looked for a luminous exposition of physical facts to be told: "I admit that I have no *a priori* objection to offer. . . . I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist" (p. 177). The candour of this confession is its sufficient crown. But why such an imposing introduction to so small a modicum of scientific information? More important still, how came it that, after this admission in February, we are greeted in April with an almost, if not altogether, Gnostic assertion respecting "the theory of the nature of the spiritual world

* *Nineteenth Century*, February, p. 171.

involved in the story"? "Now, I hold that this theory is false; that it is a monstrous and mischievous fiction." If I, or, rather, if a writer with some pretensions to authority on the subject, were to declare on the contrary, "I hold that this theory is true, and that it is a profound and most serviceable truth," the one utterance would, from a scientific standpoint, be entitled to as much weight as the other, and that is very little indeed.

In his second article Mr. Huxley shows a truer appreciation of evidential value by offering some remarks on the resurrection of Jesus. This certainly is not an isolated or subordinate incident, but it cannot be profitably discussed until the prior question of testimony has been dealt with. It is, moreover, so vast a theme and involves so many problems that a few pages in the midst of an article would be totally inadequate for its due treatment. Having once been mentioned, it cannot be passed over in total silence, but I shall only offer a few comments on the method of attack.

Professor Huxley refuses to admit that Jesus died upon the cross, and sweeps away from the Gospel narratives everything which goes beyond Mark's statement that the grave was found empty. So much but no more he is prepared to admit, and sees no grounds on which a reasonable man can be asked to believe any more. But assuredly the "men of vast knowledge and critical acumen" whom he set himself to expound are not with him in thus curtly dismissing the accounts of Christ's reappearances. His authorities may deny the objective, and especially the corporeal character of the alleged phenomena; but they do not hold themselves excused from the task of explanation. The work of Strauss and Renan would have been much simplified had they ventured to evade this business. They deal in a tolerably free fashion with the narratives, but never conceal from themselves that the origin of the Christian church would be inconceivable apart from a firm faith in the resurrection on the part of the disciples. Even those authors who dispute Christ's death on the cross make some effort to reconcile their theory with the subsequent experiences which lie behind the evidence of Matthew, Luke, and John. That evidence is before us and may be rigorously examined, but it cannot be brushed out of sight. The problem which has taxed the ingenuity of so many eager critics can never be solved on Mr. Huxley's method. If Jesus did not die as his Roman executioners, and Jewish enemies, and weeping friends believed; if He really survived the exhaustive toils and excitements of His threefold trial, His scourging, crucifixion, and entombment; and if Joseph of Arimathea or any other accomplice rescued Him from the sepulchre, we require to be told how His subsequent appearances and disappearance can be accounted for on any hypothesis consistent with His ordinary honesty and with the unquestioned fact that His disciples believed in His resurrection. The difficulties of this theory are so

enormous that they justify the strong language of a writer who ranks high among Mr. Huxley's German authorities. "And what impossibilities meet us, from the rolling away of the stone to the restless travelling, those long journeys between Jerusalem and Galilee with His utterly exhausted vital forces, even if we grant to Dr. Paulus that His feet had not been pierced! Then there is the most impossible thing of all: the poor, weak, sick Jesus, with difficulty holding himself erect, in hiding, disguised, and finally dying—this Jesus, an object of faith, of exalted emotion, of the triumph of His adherents, a risen conqueror and Son of God! Here, in fact, the theory begins to grow paltry, absurd, worthy only of rejection, since it makes the Apostles either miserable victims of deceit, or, with Jesus, themselves deceivers. . . . On these grounds, the theory of apparent death has in recent times been rejected by critics almost without exception."—Keim, *Jesus of Nazara*, vol vi. p. 330.

Until Mr. Huxley has either fortified or abandoned the position into which he has ventured with so much critical, or possibly uncritical courage, his views may be left with this further remark that in putting them forth he cannot claim to be an expositor of the Tübingen school. The visionary theory which admits the death, and explains the subsequent appearances of Jesus to His friends as subjective phenomena, is the only one which now holds the field among those who deny an actual resurrection. This theory I have examined at some length elsewhere,* and cannot discuss in this article. It may not be amiss, however, to mention Keim's opinion of it as a pertinent illustration of the tendency of German thought. After a prolonged and friendly consideration of the theory, he finally turns round and repudiates it as untenable, because it leaves "the main fact unexplained, and indeed subordinates what is historically attested to weak and untenable views" (p. 358). Regarding the reappearance of Jesus as incapable of historic refutation, he declares it a legitimate object of faith.

"In making this assumption, faith is not only beyond the reach of refutation, since science is compelled to leave the mystery of the final events of Jesus's career unsolved without weakening the foundations of faith by a single comment; but it completes and illumines what to science remained an obscure point and a vexatious limitation of its knowledge. . . . Faith . . . begins to build at the point where science left off. If the visions are not something humanly generated or self-generated, if they are not blossom and fruit of an illusion producing over-excitement, if they are not something strange and mysterious, if they are directly accompanied by astonishing and clear perceptions and resolves, then there still remains one originating source, hitherto unmentioned—namely, God and the glorified Christ. Spinoza incidentally expresses this opinion, and those recent critics

* "The Mystery of God," chap. ix.

who are as little satisfied with the mythical as with the visionary, have reverted to this assumption of a higher power of a divine impulsion, or of a continued interposition of the glorified person of Jesus" (pp. 360, 361).

Returning to the question of testimony, I take note of some admirable remarks on the supremacy, and, indeed, the inevitable necessity, of private judgment which occur in Mr. Huxley's latest article, and of his modest disclaimer of originality in any of the arguments he has used in this controversy. He claims only to be an expositor, and that all his materials, "facts and reasonings alike," are "either identical with, or consequential upon, propositions which are to be found in the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute."* When observing that "not a solitary argument that I have used or that I am about to use . . . has anything to do with the fact that I have been chiefly occupied with natural science," he must have forgotten the introduction to his Gadarene discourse quoted above. In any capacity, however, he is always a welcome writer, and when he enters the field as an expositor of German critics his name must deservedly add weight to any opinions he may endorse. Claiming only an equal right of private judgment I propose to examine the accuracy of his exposition.

Unfortunately for us, and for the writers whose names are introduced, there is no attempt to state their individual conclusions, so that we may know to whom we are indebted for particular opinions and be placed in a favourable position for comparing the sermon with the text. I am afraid that if we were entirely dependent upon the exposition now offered to the public we should conclude that Renan, Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar formed a happy and united family of critics, whose works supplied a solid body of unanimous opinion and uncontroverted historical conclusions. We should also conclude that these scholars were agreed in affirming, as the result of their investigations, that we know absolutely nothing about the authorship of the Gospels, and that there is no proof that any one of these Gospels existed, as now found in the Bible, before the second century. It is inconceivable that Professor Huxley could have deliberately intended to convey so preposterously false an impression, and I would make no such imputation. It must be regretted, however, that in his first article he made no effort to prevent the public from falling into error, and also that he has made so lame and unsatisfactory a reply to Dr. Wace's criticisms, as appears in the Rejoinder of April. In the face of such quotations as Dr. Wace supplied (*Nineteenth Century*, March) to prove that the authors cited are gravely at variance with each other, their disagreements could not

* *Nineteenth Century*, April, p. 484.

be totally ignored, but the serious character of their differences has not yet been frankly acknowledged, while the misleading reference to them as conjoint authorities is defended in a passage which on examination only serves to render the original mistake more conspicuous. "The disagreements of a series of investigators do not interfere with the fact that each of them has made important contributions to the body of truth ultimately established. If I cite Buffon, Linnæus, Lamarck, and Cuvier, as having each and all of them taken a leading share in building up modern biology, the statement that every one of these great naturalists disagreed with, and even more or less contradicted all the rest, is quite true; but the supposition that the latter assertion is in any way inconsistent with the former would betray a strange ignorance of the manner in which all true science advances."*

To these observations we must all accord our full assent. But what have they to do with the subject? If Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar had been referred to merely as taking a leading share in the progress of critical science, the reference might have passed. But they were grouped together distinctly as setting forth "the main results" of criticism. What would Professor Huxley say if some expositor of natural science were to refer the public to the works of "Buffon, Linnæus, Lamarck, and Cuvier," as setting forth the "main results" of modern biological studies?

It is refreshing to see Mr. Huxley's appreciation of Mrs. Ward's article on "The New Reformation," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* for March. I quite agree with him that those who passed to it from Dr. Wace's article in the same number "must have enjoyed the pleasure of a dramatic surprise," but few indeed would regard it as "an anticipatory confutation." It was indeed an anticipatory confirmation of the most essential statements made by Dr. Wace. He at any rate has no need to regret the "Turk's head" so gracefully brought into this controversy, and if Mr. Huxley is satisfied with its results he must be easily pleased. Mrs. Ward has shown in the character of Robert Elsmere what she regards as the logical and consistent outcome in life and thought of the latest Biblical science, but she scarcely found her model in Mr. Huxley. If we may trust the indications furnished in his articles, his opinions far more nearly resemble the Squire's than those of the founder of a new Christian community at the East End, and he can scarcely imagine that the sketch of Mr. Merriman in "The New Reformation" is intended for a mental or spiritual likeness of himself. He has appealed, however, to Mrs. Ward, and invoked the aid of her literary besom, and, for the purpose of testing his own claims as an expositor, I am quite content with the appeal.

* *Nineteenth Century*, April, p. 482.

and would cheerfully assist in sweeping the lists with her admirable weapon, if such aid were required.

Here is what Mrs. Ward has to say respecting Strauss. She declares that there was in his "Life of Jesus" "a minimum of history, a minimum indeed of literary criticism." She further declares that "Strauss criticized the *contents* of the Christian literature without understanding the literary and historical conditions which had produced it. Of the real life and culture of the men who wrote it, of the real historical conditions surrounding the person of Jesus, he had almost as little notion as the dogmatic historians who undertook to answer him."*

Later on Mrs. Ward contrasts Strauss with two more recent writers and observes, "If you compare them with Strauss, you see with startling clearness how far we have travelled in half a century. There, an empty background, an effaced personality, and in its stead the play of philosophical abstraction" (p. 474). Will Mr. Huxley accept this verdict of his chosen authority, or will he still direct the public to Strauss as one who sets forth "the main results" of Biblical criticism?

With respect to Baur, Mrs. Ward is less severe in her judgments, but her first reference to him exhibits the extent of his agreement with Strauss, and his estimate of that writer's qualifications. "Baur, that veteran of knowledge, was struck, in the first place, with the fact which Strauss's book revealed, that a scientific knowledge of Christian sources was as yet wanting to theology; in the next, he was imbued with the conception that the Gospels had been till then placed in a false perspective both by Strauss and by New Testament criticism generally—that not they, but the Pauline epistles, represent the earliest and directest testimony we have to Christian belief" (p. 471).

Far be it from me to detract from Baur's reputation for massive learning, acute perception, and patient genius. As a bold and original critic, he did much to start new and fruitful ideas, and to provoke attention to little used materials of knowledge. But we are concerned now with the results of modern criticism, not its early efforts, and we have to ask Mrs. Ward to tell us how far Baur succeeded in achieving a satisfactory presentation of Christian origins. Upon this critical point she is most explicit, observing that, as compared "with Strauss's philosophizing," his work was history. "But it was not *pure history*. It was marred by a too great love of system-making, of arbitrary antitheses and formulæ, learnt, of course, from Hegel, which took far too little account of the variety, the *nuances*, the complexity and manysidedness which belonged to the early Christian life, as to all life, but especially the rich and fermenting life

* *Nineteenth Century*, March, p. 471.

of a nascent religion. The clue was found but . . . it had been too arbitrarily and confidently followed up. Again history protested, and again critical theology fell patiently to work" (p. 471).

No sign of "main results" here! History is again protesting! Of Mr. Huxley's four names, given as of co-ordinate authority, we have thus, on Mrs. Ward's showing, the second protesting against the first, and history protesting against both. Critical theology feels it needful to start afresh, is terribly dissatisfied with its "results" thus far, but bravely and rightly resolved to persevere. What then were the causes of its discontent? What was the nature of those deep wants of which it was conscious? Mrs. Ward shall tell.

"It was conscious of two wants—a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of the personality and work of Jesus, which Baur, who had thrown a flood of light on Paul, had notoriously left unattempted; and in the second place, it was striving towards a more life-like and convincing picture of the early Christian society" (p. 472).

Manifestly, without even attempting to get a "comprehensive understanding of the personality and work of Jesus," criticism could not begin to talk about "results," and therefore to supply the two great wants thus mercilessly laid bare her devotees were compelled to begin once more anew.

"The workers following Baur fell into different groups: Hilgenfeld on the right, softening and moderating Baur's negative conclusions; Volkmar on the left, developing them extravagantly, yet evolving in the process an amount of learning, ingenuity, and suggestiveness, which will leave its mark, when his specific conclusions as to the dates of the New Testament books are no longer remembered" (p. 472).

Thus Volkmar, another of the four united exponents of results, is shown as desperately resisting the tide of critical tendency, exaggerating Baur's negative conclusions, which have already been censured for their rashness by our court of appeal. Results of modern criticism are therefore not to be found in Volkmar. He was a learned man, but more ingenious than scientific. His "specific conclusions" on the points for which his authority has been cited are to be "no longer remembered!"

Only Reuss now remains for notice, and Mrs. Ward introduces him as an opponent of that Tübingen school, with whose champions Professor Huxley has grouped him in a critical "happy family." Mrs. Ward has no regrets to express over this opposition. It was in her eyes "admirable work," and it must be cordially agreed that, in withstanding Baur and Volkmar, Reuss sagaciously conducted criticism towards something far more like "results" than anything discoverable in their works.

"The scientific opposition represented by Reuss, Rothe, Ewald, and Ritschl did admirable work. It brought Baur's ideas to the test

in every possible way, and it supplied fresh ideas, fresh solutions of its own. Reuss's cautious and exhaustive method led the student to think out the whole problem for himself anew" (p. 472).

Thus Reuss is the only writer of the four cited by Mr. Huxley to whom Mrs. Ward will permit us to look for anything that can be deemed "the main results" of scientific criticism. Before closing this article I shall hope to find space for a few quotations from this author which are well worthy attention, but before doing so must allow the authoress of "The New Reformation" to shed a little more light on the subject of appeal. With regard to dates, Rolands is made to observe: "To throw back the Gospels from the second century, where Baur and Volkmar placed them, to the last thirty years of the first, is practically to surrender the bases of the rationalist theory" (p. 475). Merriman repudiates the inference, but accepts the dates as representing the present conclusion of the best scholars. It is thus acknowledged that as criticism has become more and more historic, and as wild assumptions and conjectures have been discredited by research, science has been returning towards those old-fashioned opinions upon which so much scorn has been cast during the last generation. But the return has not merely been to something like the ancient traditional views respecting the dates of the New Testament documents. Immeasurably more important has been the reactionary change of spirit in which the Gospels, and the sublime Person of whom they testify, are regarded. The super-human powers of Jesus are still disallowed by the writers Mrs. Ward so eloquently commends, but in their writings there is now no "empty background," no "effaced personality." The details of historic setting are full, and clear, and living. There is for them, and those who follow their guidance, nothing obscure or vague about the social, political, and religious conditions in the midst of which Jesus lived and acted. The outlines of His own character are sharp and strong in their newest portraiture, and His words are listened to and pondered without any suspicion that the conversations and sayings related in the Gospels are the counterfeit coin of a later age. The main results of scientific criticism, as understood and accepted by Mrs. Ward, are thus gathered up:—"This study of mine, which at first seemed to have swept away all, has given me back much. God—though I can find no names for Him—is more real, more present to me than ever before. And when in the intervals of my law-work, I go back to my favourite books, it seems to me that I live with Jesus, beside Gennesareth, or in the streets of Jerusalem, as I never lived with Him in the old days when you and I were Anglicans together. I realize His historical limitations, and the more present they are to me, the more my heart turns to Him, the more He means to me, and the more ready I am to go out into that world of the poor and help-

less He lost His life for, with the thought of Him warm within me" (p. 479).

Readers will now be able to decide how far the appeal has gone in Mr. Huxley's favour. His four authorities are broken up by their judge into mutually protesting and opposing parties, and, with one exception, shown to be obsolete. His dates are gone, with their speculative inventors; and a striking contrast has been exhibited between his desire to relegate Jesus to the realm of the Unknowable, and the loving and reverent zeal of the newest German criticism to portray the figure of one in whom it recognizes "that friend of God and man" who is the natural leader of our "inmost life." I cannot pretend to regard even these rich results of modern research and meditation as final or satisfactory, but, at any rate, their effect upon the mind is totally unlike the impression left by Professor Huxley's work as an expositor of German theological science, and it marks an altogether startling transformation since the days of Strauss. Possibly the result of his appeal may be satisfactory to the appellant's mind, and he will have no desire to recall or modify his exuberant expressions of gratitude to Mrs. Ward. But in any case I beg to appropriate his language, and to tender that lady my sincere thanks for this effective "clearing away of antiquated encumbrances from the lists of controversy." Her "long-handled Turk's head" has done good work, and those who had not previously read the "anticipatory confutation," but had formed an opinion of its contents from Mr. Huxley's exultant allusions, may possibly "have enjoyed the pleasure of a dramatic surprise."

Having heard from the selected referee that Reuss is the only scholar of the four cited, to whom we may look for "the main results" of critical science, it will be but fair to let him speak for himself. It may be useful to premise that Reuss rigorously refrains from mentioning the names of writers whose opinions he controverts, but since Mrs. Ward has told us that he is a scientific opponent of Baur, Volkmar, and their school, there can be no uncertainty about his personal allusions in the following passages, which are taken from his "History of the Canon of the Holy Scriptures." Commending his own "cautious and exhaustive" historic method as superior to that which it displaced, he observes:—"The philosopher, the theorizer will many times be tempted to sacrifice the facts to his principles; when these are laid down, he will pass over everything inconvenient, deny or pervert everything contradictory" (p. 392). With regard to the progress and present results of the historic method, he writes:—"The first gropings have given place more and more to intelligent and rational work. . . . The history of the literature of Christianity in its dawn is already marked in firm outlines; in short, the history of the formation of the collection, the sources of which, on the whole, run with all desirable abundance, has positively

"reached a degree of certainty which will be further increased, and which theorists are making vain efforts to depreciate" (p. 892). "The exegesis of our century, even the most conservative, bears the stamp of the historical point of view, while rationalistic exegesis has disappeared without hope of return. The natural origins are studied on the soil where the Bible was formed, which by no means excludes the belief in the providential action of the Spirit of God; and consequently the question of the canon, in so far as it depends on the study of the texts, has entered irrevocably, not into the sphere of a *doubt*, which would be the enemy of *faith*, but into the sphere of facts, which can only give to faith a more solid basis" (p. 396).

To those who fear that the unfettered criticism of the present day is likely to permanently undermine the influence of Jesus Christ, or of the Bible, Reuss has strong reassurances to offer. He does not believe that God's gift hangs on grammar, or on proper names, on precise dates, or on a mechanical preservation of the true gold of spiritual revelation from all human alloy. He holds that criticism has shown that the Biblical writings are "a really distinct and special literature," and that they suffice to bring the reader into true contact with the mind of Christ and with the Spirit of God, and that this is indeed their true function, and one which criticism can never take away.

Thus he writes: "If, in establishing the authority of the New Testament, we no longer pause over proper names open to doubt, but go straight to the truth which it proclaims and enforces on the conscience, are we acting contrary to the counsel which Jesus was the first to give regarding His own claims? Will His claims vanish away if we give heed to do what He commands us, to draw inspirations from His example, to enter into communion with His living holiness, in place of losing precious time in dissecting His personality? When His claims are verified by the process which He gave to His disciples, and all are bound to follow, will they not continue to assure to Him that absolute authority from which we derive the right of bearing His name? And inasmuch as His regenerating personality was reflected with greater brilliancy on His immediate surroundings, men, ideas, or books, will not that privileged circle for ever continue to possess a legitimate influence on the Church and on theology, an influence better assured than if it were founded on claims purely literary, and therefore open to dispute" (p. 402).

With these quotations from one of his selected authorities I must close for the present this inquiry into Professor Huxley's claim to the confidence of the public as an expositor of the last results of Biblical science. I quite agree with him that a final stage has not yet been reached. The near future must witness a renewed and arduous conflict between those of us who accept the testimony of the New

Testament writers to the superhuman powers and personality of Jesus Christ, and those who, like Robert Elsmere, feel competent to eliminate this element from the Gospels and Epistles without being guilty of literary larceny or a moral assault upon the holiness of the Christ they so sincerely love and so fervently desire to see enthroned in the affections of mankind.

Gratitude to Mrs. Ward for her anticipative service in this controversy falls far short of endorsing her conclusions. For the purpose of clearing the lists of antiquated rubble thrown down as if it were clean, new sand by Mr. Huxley, her Turk's-head has proved valuable. Criticism has not yet emerged from the broom and dust-pan stage of labour, and while dust is flying from the floor in clouds, sweepers may be excused for not seeing how much more is left. The Christ of Elsmere and Merriman is more like the Christ of history than the pale featureless ghost which flits with many strange contortions through the pages of Strauss. But before the world can accept the portrait as correct, and find in its supposed original the leader of modern life, many questions must be asked and answered. There is a chapter on the "Moral Perfection of Jesus" in Mr. Francis Newman's "Phases of Faith," which must be grappled with by those who invite us to revere Christ while repudiating His claim to wield an authority and to receive such honours and devotion as pertain to no merely human being. When the synoptic Gospels have been stripped most ruthlessly of all individual additions to the oral tradition or original documents on which they are supposed to be founded, this claim of Jesus remains unmistakably imbedded in their testimony. We must either admit this claim, or take our stand with Strauss in deeming Him a delirious enthusiast, with Renan in viciously applauding Him as a brilliant liar, or with Mr. F. Newman in sadly declaring "that in consistency of goodness, Jesus fell far below vast numbers of His unhonoured disciples." These dilemmas Mrs. Ward loftily leaves undiscussed: she being mistress of her own imaginations has been pleased to make the champions of Christianity emotional dwarfs. Rolands is almost as puny and unskilled a combatant as Robert. He sinks down under tropical torrents of declamation, and only contrives to gasp a few casual objections which obligingly furnish his opponent with points. Unless the Anglican Church has mysteriously sunk below its usual intellectual level, there must be few curates from Oxford or Cambridge who could not make a stiffer fight with Merriman than this modern "Mr. Feeblemind" is permitted by his literary creator to maintain.

I desire to cherish and express a warm sympathy with all who, like Mrs. Ward, feel the enthralling charm of Jesus. They who cling to Him with their hearts while unable to render an intellectual assent to the only estimate of His person which is compatible with reverence

for His sanity and goodness, are not to be numbered amongst His enemies. With Browning, in his "Christmas Eve," I would be cautious

"How I suffer to slip
The chance of joining in fellowship
With any that call themselves His friends."

It is something no doubt to be thankful for, that

"When the Critic had done his best,
And the pearl of price, at reason's test,
Lay dust and ashes lovable
On the Professor's lecture table—
When we looked for the inference and monition
That our faith reduced to such condition,
Be swept forthwith to its natural dust-hole.
He bids us, when we least expect it,
Take back our faith—if it be not just-whole;
Yet a pearl indeed, as his test affect it."

But the separation of elements on which Mrs. Ward insists, logically involves such a dissolution of Him whom millions worship, that only natures of the Elsmere type can exult in the residuum restored to us under the name of Christ. The analytical process requires indeed so much of what is *naïvely* called the translation of testimony, that it really translates Christ, not heavenwards after the manner of Elijah, but earthwards as a falling "son of the morning." For such a minor mercy as is offered in the new East-end gospel we must summon all we can of gratitude, but thanks are mixed with a sorrowful sense of something not quite rational in the gift.

"Surely for this I may praise you, my brother!
Will you take the praise in tears or laughter?"

Alliances in this world are generally limited by diverging aims in those who unite for a short space to promote a common purpose. Having employed Mrs. Ward's account of recent biblical criticism to correct Professor Huxley's exposition, I am well aware that here the alliance terminates, and that in the great struggle of our time all the forces of her pen are likely to be engaged against that faith which I believe enshrines a transforming energy for mankind. As against that faith many mutually antagonistic parties are in league, and the contest must be severe. But for this conflict we are not unready.

Those Christians who lack acquaintance with the story of religious controversy in the past and present centuries are sorely afraid of the impending shock, and would do all in their power to prevent or even postpone it. But that story is full of promise. We are now in a totally different position for the contest from that occupied by our predecessors. When Strauss began his work he scorned to discuss the possibility of miracles. Resting his case on "Hume's argument" as having "virtually settled" this question, he brushed aside every particle of the testimony he disliked. "History," he proclaimed, must renounce the "most honourable part of her problem the moment she is ready to admit the existence of miracle,

interrupting, as it does, the causation of one thing by another."* Thus fortified with an invincible repugnance, he proceeded to assign the Christian documents to the season most convenient for his theory, and in the name of history produced a romance from the depths of his own consciousness. Renan was equally imperious, and assumed in one or two sentences the whole case which requires to be decided. "It is an absolute rule of criticism," he asserted, "to deny a place in history to narratives of miraculous circumstances."† But the possibility of miracles is frankly admitted by philosophy and science, and can henceforth only be disputed by those who deny the existence of God. Hitherto negative criticism has been too ready to found itself on a supposed conclusion of philosophy, while philosophy, confessing its inability to advance any *à priori* arguments against the miraculous, has calmly relegated, and still relegates, the problem to the critics, by affirming that it is purely a question of testimony. This pleasantly easy process by which each throws the burden on an absent partner cannot much longer be maintained. Criticism has presented us with historic documents bearing her seal as honest, intelligent, and invaluable. She can never withdraw her gift. She is no longer the weapon of a party, but the instrument and servant of us all. Unhindered, therefore, by any abstract theories of impossibility, and frankly confessing that the value of primitive testimony to the miraculous is the great question of the day, issue must be joined afresh. Meanwhile, those of us who have satisfied our minds on this subject, and believe that Jesus Christ was more than man, and that He was raised from the dead in no mere visionary sense, are not likely to suspend our preaching of what we believe until its reasonableness is universally allowed. From the days of Paul until now preaching has been regarded as foolishness by many wise men in all generations. There is nothing modern in this idea. But despite its "foolishness" preaching has won its way in the earth by appealing to the hearts and consciences of men in the manner Renan applauds, and the testimony of those who have verified the claims of Christ, "by the process which He gave to His disciples," will always and most justly count as a factor in the production of faith, however lightly its evidential value may be esteemed in scientific circles and on controversial fields.

T. VINCENT TYMMS.

* "New Life of Jesus," vol. i. p. 197.

† "The Life of Jesus," p. 8.

PRICES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WHAT are "the best pictures" in the National Gallery? The question has hitherto escaped the *plébiscite*-mongers, although a set of answers to it would have been of considerable interest and value. The fact that ninety-nine men in the street out of a hundred preferred Frith's "Derby Day" to Raphael's "Madonna," would not indeed settle the question whether Frith is a greater painter than Raphael. But, on the other hand, the judgment of all duly qualified persons that Raphael is greater than Frith would not diminish the significance of the fact that the people in the street do not think him so. Worthless as a standard of intrinsic merit, the *plébiscite* may be of great value as a criterion of public taste. Given the pictures which a people most admires, and you may deduce the character of its perceptions, the quality of its mind, and even perhaps the calibre of its morals. But the difficulty is to find out what a people really does like. One may parody Browning's words:

"One may like what'er one likes
In art; the only thing is, to make sure
That one does like it - which takes pains to know."

Sincerity is not the key-note of *plébiscites*. You cannot be sure that a man tells you what he really does like; and it is not always his fault, for the chances are ten to one that he does not know himself. But one criterion remains—infallible so far as it goes—the criterion of cash. The prices paid for the pictures in a national collection depend mainly on two factors, and each of them depends in its turn on the taste of the day. The Director buys the pictures which he thinks the public want, and the price he has to pay depends on the higgling of the market between his desire to buy and the value given to the pictures by the current demand of the day. If we

ascertain, therefore, the prices paid at different times for the national pictures, we shall obtain some sort of index to successive stages of national taste.

Fortunately for the taxpayer, but unfortunately for the statistician, the materials afforded by the National Gallery to such an investigation are by no means complete. Of the 1250 pictures in the collection, more than 700 passed into it, not by public purchase, but by private gift or bequest. The prices paid by the last owners for such pictures are, indeed, in many cases ascertainable; but an inquiry into them lies beyond the scope of the present article. The pictures in question belong very largely to the Dutch and English schools—comprising the Wynn Ellis bequest, the Vernon gift, and the Turner bequest. Most of the Italian pictures in the Gallery have, on the other hand, been acquired by public purchase; and the public taste in such pictures can, therefore, be traced with tolerable completeness from the foundation of the Gallery in 1824 to the present day. But here another deduction must be made from the materials at our disposal. A considerable number of the 536 pictures,* which have been purchased for the Gallery, were purchased in "lots"; and it is impossible to affix any particular prices to individual pictures in such lots. Thus the 38 Angerstein pictures, with which the Gallery was started, were bought for the lump sum of £57,000. This gives an average of £1500 for each picture, but it would be very misleading to price them all at that figure, for they were of notoriously unequal value. Thus no one would have dreamed of giving £1500 each for the two "Groups of Heads" (Nos. 7 and 37), "after Correggio," which have long since been consigned to the cellars at Trafalgar Square. On the other hand, many of the pictures which came from the Angerstein collection are amongst the most valuable in the Gallery. For instance, to the Angerstein collection we owe the celebrated "Raising of Lazarus" (1), by Sebastiano del Piombo, which one critic described as "doubtless the greatest Italian painting in this country," and another pronounced "the second painting in the world." A more judicious criticism would perhaps describe the picture as large rather than great; but undoubtedly it is worth a great price—if only for its historical interest as the work which was painted under Michael Angelo's direction, "to bring the sweat into the brow" of Raphael. The Dutch and English pictures in the Angerstein collection, though fewer in quantity than the Italian, were not less valuable in quality. From it came the so-called "Portrait of Gevartius" (52), by Van Dyck—the picture which the artist used to carry about with him from Court to Court to show his skill; and from it, that noble portrait of Lord Heathfield (111), in which Sir Joshua has enabled us to read the

* The figures throughout this article extend to the end of 1887 only.

history of a siege in a hero's face. These are but a few of the gems acquired in the Angerstein collection; but they are enough to show that the "lot" was bought at a bargain. Mr. John Julius Angerstein was a great man at Lloyd's, and policies which he took up were by way of distinction called "Julians." The "Julian" pictures deserve to be as honourably remembered as the Julian policies.

The system of buying *en bloc* that obtained in the case of the Angerstein collection rules several other pictures out of any detailed calculations. Thus, two years later, three pictures were bought from Mr. Hamlet for the lump sum of £9000. It would be absurd to say that each of them was valued at a third of that sum, for one was obviously more valuable than the two others. This is Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" (85)—a masterpiece, which is at once a school of poetry and a school of art—famous not more for the splendour of colouring and skill of composition which delighted Sir Joshua Reynolds, than for the incarnation of the spirit of revelry which was celebrated by Charles Lamb. The second best of Mr. Hamlet's three pictures was also one of revel—the "Bacchanalian Dance" (62), by "the learned Poussin," from which Keats might have taken his chorus in "Endymion":—

"For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
To our mad minstrelsy!"

The third Hamlet picture was Annibale Carracci's "Domine quo vadis?" (9)—to mention which is enough to show how impossible it is to apportion the lump sum of £9000 by mere simple division. A similar remark applies to three pictures bought from Mr. Beckford in 1839 for £7350. Two were comparatively unimportant—"Holy Families," by Mazzolini (169) and Garofalo (170) respectively; but the third was Raphael's incomparable "St. Catherine" (168), "looking up to heaven in the dawn of the eternal day, with her lips parted in the resting from her pain." The next important purchase of pictures *en bloc* was in 1857,* when 31 pictures were purchased from the Lombardi-Baldi collection at Florence for the lump sum of £7035. These pictures were almost entirely of the early Florentine school, and chiefly of historical interest, among the most notable being Cimabue's Madonna (565), and Paolo Uccello's quaint "Battle of Sant' Egidio" (583). Three years later a very similar purchase was made. This was of the Beaucousin collection at Paris, for which the sum of £9205 odd was paid. The collection comprised 46 pictures,

* In 1884 two Correggios (10, 15) were bought together for £11,500 the two. But they are of such nearly equal value that it seems reasonable to price them at half that figure each. They are, therefore, included in the detailed tables given further on in this article. A similar method has been followed—with perhaps somewhat less justification—with Murillo's "Holy Family" (18) and Rubens's "Brazen Serpent" (59), which were bought in 1837 for £7850 the two, and with a few other purchases in later years.

But 13 of these were weeded out as unsuitable or unnecessary to the National Gallery. One may take it, therefore, that the remaining 33 pictures cost about the same as the 31 from the Lombardi-Baldi collection.* The Beauconsin pictures, like the Lombardi-Baldi, were chiefly of value as further illustrating the historical development of painting; but of the two purchases, the Beauconsin was, both in money and in intrinsic worth, the better bargain. The Lombardi-Baldi collection comprised no picture of high artistic merit; but from the Beauconsin collection came Titian's beautiful "Repose" (635)—one of the pictures painted by him for the King of Spain, and still bearing the Escorial mark; and the "Portrait of Ariosto" (636), by the same master, which, whether it be indeed Ariosto or not, is a splendid portrait. The Gallery owes the acquisition of both these collections to the good judgment of the first Director, Sir Charles Eastlake. A set of ten pictures which he had purchased a few years before from the Baron Galvagna, of Venice, was less successful. He paid £2189 16s. 10d. for the ten; but only three were retained for the National Gallery, and these were certainly dear at the price, even though one of them is Bellini's beautiful "Madonna of the Pomegranate" (280). Of the seven other Galvagna pictures, two were sold at Christie's for £130 9s., and five were removed to Dublin. It is interesting, by the way, that the person who set the precedent for packing off rejected pictures to Ireland should have been no other than Mr. Gladstone. This was in 1854, when, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he made a conspicuously bad bargain for the nation by purchasing the collection of Herr Kruger. Of the 64 pictures—belonging to the early Flemish school—which were comprised in this collection, 17 were originally hung in the Gallery; 10 were sent to Dublin; and the remaining 37 were sold at Christie's for £249 8s., or £6 14s. apiece. Of the 17 originally hung in the Gallery all but four were weeded out in 1802, most of the "refuse" being once more shunted off upon the much oppressed country of Ireland. It may interest the admirers of Mr. Gladstone, or his detractors, or both, to know that the four pictures which now remain in Trafalgar Square from his ill-starred purchase are Nos. 260, 261, 264, and 266. One of them is a picture of a Penitent (264). A statesman whose connoisseurship in painting was more trustworthy than Mr. Gladstone's was Sir Robert Peel. The purchase of his collection in 1871 is the last case of buying *en bloc* that has to be noticed. The collection consisted of 77 pictures and 18 drawings; and in supporting the vote for its purchase, Sir W. H. Gregory (one of the Trustees of the Gallery) paid it the following high tribute: "Now," he said, "we could enter the lists even with the Louvre as regards our

* The average price per picture was—in the Lombardi-Baldi collection, £327; in the Beauconsin collection, £200.

collection of Dutch masters. Besides the famous 'Chapeau de Paille' by Rubens (852), among the pictures bought was the *chef-d'œuvre* of Hobbema (830 ?) and two Peter de Hooghess (894, 895), which would be a joy to all who saw them. Nor were our own English artists omitted. There was Wilkie's celebrated 'John Knox' (894), and several pictures by Reynolds, among which the portrait of Dr. Johnson (887) would stand comparison with the finest works of the Italian pencil. There was an additional interest, too, connected with the collection, for it was the labour of love of one of our greatest English statesmen, and it was gratifying to see that the taste of the amateur was on a par with the sagacity of the Minister, for throughout this large collection there could hardly be named more than two or three pictures which were not of the very highest order of merit—a compliment which could be paid to few private galleries"—or, for that matter, Sir W. H. Gregory might have added, to few national galleries either. But if the country owes a debt of gratitude to the late Sir Robert Peel for forming so valuable a collection, it owes one also to the present Sir Robert Peel for selling that collection at so moderate a price. His willingness to let the nation have a cheap bargain was referred to in the same debate. Competent authorities have valued the Peel collection at £250,000. The price actually paid was £75,000. It is one of the curiosities of our subject that the price of these 77 pictures, nearly all of them, as we have seen, of the highest order of merit, was almost the same as that of a single picture bought from the Duke of Marlborough fourteen years later. Is the great Raphael really worth to the nation the whole of the Peel collection put together, with its numerous Dutch masterpieces, its Wilkie, and its eight Reynolds's? And if it is not, how much of the difference in price is to be attributed to a general rise of late years in the money value of pictures, and how much to the Duke of Marlborough's determination to sell in the dearest market, contrasted with Sir Robert Peel's willingness that his country should buy in the cheapest?

The collections which have now been enumerated comprised in all 210 pictures. There remain 326 pictures, which have, in nearly all cases, been bought for the Gallery singly, and the prices of which admit, therefore, of classification and comparison. The total cost of these 326 has been £353,758, or an average of £1085 each; but there have, of course, been the greatest possible varieties in the prices paid. It is in illustrating this variety, rather than in enumerating the whole list, that the interest of the thing lies. In the first place, therefore, a table is subjoined, showing all the pictures which have cost £2000 or over:—

TABLE I.—£2000 AND OVER.

Date of Purchase.	Artist's Name.	Gallery No.	Title of Picture.	Price.
1885	Raphael	1171	The "Ansidei Madonna"	70,000
"	Van Dyck	1172	Charles I.	17,500
1857	Veronese	294	The Family of Darius	18,850
1880	Leonardo da Vinci	1093	"La Vierge aux Rochers"	9,000
1866	Rembrandt (?)	757	Christ Blessing Little Children	7,000
1882	Velazquez	1129	Philip IV.	6,300
1834	Correggio	10	Mercury, Venus, and Cupid	5,750
"	"	15	"Ecce Homo!"	5,750
1882	Boticelli	1126	The Assumption	4,777
1844	Rubens	194	The Judgment of Paris	4,200
1825	Correggio	23	"La Vierge au Panier"	3,800
1837	Murillo	13	Holy Family	3,675
"	Rubens	59	The Brazen Serpent	3,675
1856	Perugino	288	Virgin and Child	3,571
1841	Francis	179, 180	Altar-piece	3,500
1860	Fra Angelico	663	The Resurrection	3,500
1878	Veronese	1041	St. Helena	3,465
1865	Carpaccio	750	The Doge Mocenigo	3,400
1868	Crivelli	788	Altar-piece	3,360
1879	Perugino	1075	Virgin and Child	3,200
1857	Pollajuolo	292	St. Sebastian	3,156
1882	Signorelli	1128	The Circumcision	3,150
1886	Ubertini	1218-19	The History of Joseph	3,150
1882	Ercole di Giulio Grandi	1119	Altar-piece	2,970
1852	Titian	224	The Tribute Money	2,604
1874	Piero della Francesca	908	The Nativity	2,415
1883	A. Mantegna	1145	Samson and Delilah	2,362
1846	Velazquez	197	Wild Boar Hunt	2,200
1862	Crivelli	724	The "Madonna della Rondine"	2,182
1874	Pinturicchio	911	Ulysses and Penelope	2,152
1840	Murillo	176	St. John and the Lamb	2,100
1863	Pesellino	727	The Trinity	2,100
1883	Matteo di Giovanni	1155	The Assumption	2,100
1853	Velazquez	232	The Adoration of the Shepherds	2,050
1868	Michael Angelo	790	The Entombment	2,000
1870	"	809	The Holy Family	2,000
1878	Lo Spagna	1082	Christ's Agony	2,000

Every one will have been prepared to find the famous Raphael heading the list; and every one has by this time taken sides on the question whether it was worth its princely (or, rather, ducal) price. It may, however, be interesting to point out to the curious in statistics that, though the most costly of all the national pictures *absolutely*, it ranks only third in costliness *relative to size*. For the "Ansidei Madonna" the country paid £14 per square inch. For Terburg's "Peace of Munster" (896) the late Marquis of Hertford (whose son, Sir Richard Wallace, presented it to the nation) paid at the rate of nearly £24 per square inch. But this rate is in its turn capped by the price paid by the nation itself for the tiny "Virgin of the Basket," by Correggio (23). The price was £3800—a sum, it has been calculated, "which would cover the little panel with sovereigns just twenty-seven times over," and which is equivalent to £20 per inch of

painted surface. The phrase, "gems" of the Gallery, is not, it will be seen, altogether metaphorical. As for the price of the "Assisei Madonna," it was unprecedented, but then so also were the circumstances of its sale unprecedented. No other large Raphael has been bought for the National Gallery, and no materials exist, therefore, for comparison. The only thing that one can say is that the fashion of running down Raphael which has come into vogue in some critical circles of late years has certainly not run down the price which his pictures command. A similar reflection will suggest itself to the reader who casts his eye down the other items in the above table. There are certain great masters—great by the consent of the best judges in many ages—whose pictures always have commanded great prices and always will. "Others abide our question; they are free." Thus in the present list there are Raphael, Van Dyck, Veronese, Leonardo, Velazquez, Correggio, Rubens, Michael Angelo. No Director of any public gallery would fail to buy pictures by any of these masters, if the means at his disposal permitted him to enter the market, and the prices he had to pay would depend on altogether different factors than phases of public taste. A partial exception should be made in the case of Van Dyck's "Charles I."; but what raised the price there was rather the exceptional historical interest of the picture than its exceptional artistic merit. With the next picture on the list it was this latter consideration that ruled the price. The "Pisani Veronese"—as it is called from its former owners—was declared by Mr. Ruskin to be "the most precious Paul Veronese in the world," and by Sir Henry Layard (one of the Trustees of the Gallery) to be "in itself a school of art, where every quality of the master is seen in perfection." That this estimate is shared by the world at large is shown by the offers which the Pisani family had in previous years received from almost every country in Europe. Veronese painted the picture, it is interesting to remember, at the Pisani villa at Este, where he had chanced to be detained, and left it behind him, sending word that it was to defray the expense of his entertainment. The princely price which England paid for the picture three hundred years afterwards decidedly justified the artist's words. But that the price was not excessive and that the market value of Veronese is independent of times and seasons, is shown by the figures of the other picture by him on our list. Sir Charles Eastlake bought the "Family of Darius" in 1857 for £13,650. For the "Vision of St. Helena"—a single figure—Sir Frederick Burton paid £3465 in 1878. If one is to compare the two purchases at all, the former was the better bargain. In the list of great masters taken from our first table, the reader has probably remarked two apparently curious omissions—Rembrandt and Titian. Had "Christ Blessing Little Children" been really by Rembrandt, and the "Tribute Money"

been really by Titian, the prices given would have been well justified. But, as a matter of fact, both pictures are apocryphal, and will be referred to later on amongst the nation's conspicuously bad bargains.

Keeping for the present to the above table, the reader will find the most curious points of interest to lie with the somewhat less famous masters. Besides the great men, says Mr. Pater in his "Studies in the Renaissance," "there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere; and these, too, have their place in general culture, and have to be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority." Of this select number of artists, who are not great by common consent, but who appeal by special gifts to special phases of temper, Mr. Pater names Botticelli as the chief; and nothing can show more clearly than do the prices at the National Gallery, how recent has been the renaissance of Botticelli himself. It will have been noticed that a picture by Botticelli—"The Assumption"—figures in "the table of £2000 and over," and is indeed the ninth most expensive on the list. But it was bought in 1882, in a generation which had come to make affection for Botticelli an article of "æsthetic" faith. This picture, however, was of quite exceptional interest and importance—of importance, for the very large number of figures contained in it; of interest, for its theological and historical associations. But other pictures by Botticelli which are on a less important scale have also been bought of recent years for very large sums. "The Nativity," for instance, was bought in 1878 for £1500, whilst in 1874 two mythological pictures ascribed to the same master were bought for £1680 and £1050 respectively. These pictures are not quite certainly by Botticelli; and if they are by him, they are by no means first-rate specimens. On the other hand, a very beautiful and characteristic picture by him is the circular "Madonna and Child" (275), now conspicuously hung on a separate screen in the first room in the Gallery. This was bought in 1855—in the age of the Philistines—for £159! It would now, we suppose, fetch ten times that sum, for since 1855 Mr. Ruskin has written Botticelli up as "a great reformer"; Mr. Pater has praised him for his plaintive melancholy, and the "æsthètes" have so completely adopted his quaint affectations for their own, that the praise of him has come almost to be the test of absurd connoisseurship. The place in this respect now occupied by Botticelli, was filled a hundred years ago, if we may trust Goldsmith, by Perugino.* The National Gallery has therefore no very cheap

* "Upon asking how he had been taught the art of a *cognoscente* so very suddenly, he assured me that nothing was more easy. The whole secret consisted in strict

bargain to boast of under the head of this painter. For indeed—besides the quaintness which had already in Goldsmith's day given Perugino a fictitious fame—there has always been a certain reflected splendour about his name as the master of Raphael. But it is curious to notice that Perugino prices have ruled higher in the present generation than in the last. In 1856, his great altar-piece for the Certosa of Pavia was bought for £3571; in 1879, another altar-piece was bought for little less—£3200. The latter picture, under the scale of prices suggested by the 1856 purchase, is not worth a tenth of that sum. The conspicuous position which Mr. Pater gives, in the Florentine school, for peculiar quality and special charm to Botticelli, belongs in the Venetian school to Carpaccio. Carpaccio, too, is, like Botticelli, a special *protégé* of Mr. Ruskin. "I say with pride," writes the author of "Modern Painters," "which it has become my duty to express openly, that it was left to me, and to me alone, first to discern and then to teach, so far as in this hurried century any such thing *can* be taught, the excellency and supremacy of five great painters, despised until I spoke of them—Turner, Tintoret, Luini, Botticelli, and Carpaccio." But the prices at the National Gallery show that "this hurried century" had found time for the cult of Carpaccio before Mr. Ruskin became its high priest. It was in 1872 that he proclaimed the new religion. But seven years before, the National Gallery had paid £3400 for Carpaccio's "Doge Mocenigo"—one of the least interesting and characteristic works by that master with which we are acquainted. One wishes that some of his more attractive pictures could now come into the market in order to see how far Mr. Ruskin's teaching has raised his money value. But the real discoverer of Carpaccio's special charm was a very different person. "There is nothing in the world more elegant," wrote Théophile Gautier in 1855, "more full of youthful grace, than the series of pictures in which Vittore Carpaccio has told the story of St. Ursula. This Carpaccio has all the ideal charm, the adolescent grace, of Raphael in his 'Marriage of the Virgin'; one could not imagine turns of the head more naïvely adorable, or figures of more angelic coquetry. I am astonished that the name of Carpaccio should not be more generally known." Sir Charles Eastlake when buying the "Doge Mocenigo," probably wished that the name of Carpaccio had been less generally known.

There are other items in the list of pictures which have cost £2000 and over, about which there will be something to say presently; but at this point it will be well to enlarge our purview by enumerating in a second table all the pictures which have cost £1000 and over.

adherence to two rules: they are, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino." ("Vicar of Wakefield," ch. 20.)

TABLE II.—BETWEEN £1000 AND £2000.

Date of purchase.	Artist's Name.	Gallery No.	Title of Picture.	Price.
1884	Gaspar Poussin	1159	The Calling of Abraham	£1,925
1855	Veronese	268	The Adoration of the Magi	1,977
1886	F. Walker, A.R.A.	1209	The Vagrants	1,858
1875	Andrea Solario	923	A Venetian Senator	1,880
1882	A. Mantegna	1125	Summer and Autumn	1,785
1869	P. de Hooch	794	A Dutch Courtyard	1,722
1837	Salvator Rosa	84	Mercury and the Woodman	1,680
1844	Guido Reni	193	Lot and his Daughters	1,680
1874	Botticelli	916	Mars and Venus	1,627
1882	Filippino Lippi	1124	The Adoration of the Magi	1,627
1864	J. S. Copley, R.A.	738	The Death of Major Peirson	1,600
1862	Hobbema	685	Showery Weather	1,575
1865	Ascribed to Velasquez	741	A Dead Warrior	1,549
1862	J. Ward, R.A.	688	Alderney Cattle	1,500
1873	A. Mantegna	902	The Triumph of Scipio	1,500
1878	Botticelli	1034	The Nativity	1,500
"	J. Ward, R.A.	1043	Gordale Scar	1,500
1882	(Venetian School)	1123	Venus and Adonis	1,417
1845	Guido	196	Susannah and the Elders	1,260
1868	Ascribed to Bouts	783	Exhumation of St. Hubert	1,500
1876	Moroni	1022	An Italian Nobleman	1,250
"	"	1023	An Italian Lady	1,250
"	"	1024	An Italian Ecclesiastic	1,250
"	Il Moretto	1025	An Italian Nobleman	1,250
1875	Gainsborough	925	"Gainsborough's Forest"	1,207
1863	Lanini	700	The Holy Family	1,200
1867	Rembrandt	775	An Old Woman	1,200
1879	Borgognone	1077	An Altar-piece	1,200
1882	Luca Signorelli	1133	The Nativity	1,200
1883	R. Ghirlandajo	1143	The Procession to Calvary	1,200
1859	Ruysdael	627	A Waterfall	1,187
1855	A. Mantegna	274	Virgin and Child	1,125
1856	Rubens	278	The Triumph of Cæsar	1,102
1859	Ruysdael	628	A Waterfall	1,089
1847	Raphael	213	Vision of a Knight	1,050
1874	Botticelli	915	Mars and Venus	1,050
1882	A. da Messina	1141	His own Portrait	1,040
1869	M. Marziale	803	The Circumcision	1,005
1862	Gainsborough	683	Mrs. Siddons	1,000
"	"	684	Dr. Ralph Schomberg	1,000
1871	Teniers	817	The Château at Perck	1,000

This table, it will have been noticed, is longer, and includes a much greater number of artists than the preceding. Indeed, it may be said generally that something between £1000 and £2000 is the normal price of an "old master" which is not quite in the first rank, but which is important of its kind. But what is perpetually changing is the list of masters to be included in any such category, and the relative importance ascribed to them. A comparison between the two tables gives one very marked instance in the case of Mantegna. In 1855, a "Virgin and Child," by him, was bought for £1125. This, says Dr. Richter, is "one of the choicest pictures in the National Gallery. Being in an admirable state of preservation, it enables us to become acquainted with all the characteristics of Mantegna's style." And so

marked is that style, that the whole epoch in the history of painting covered by Mantegna's life has come to be called the *Mantegnesque* period. But this appreciation of Mantegna is of comparatively recent growth. In 1855, our finest example of him cost only half as much as a less fine one of Crivelli. On the other hand, in 1883, a quite small *grisaille* by Mantegna cost £2362; and another £1785. If the prices of all the pictures were affixed to the frames in the National Gallery as they are at South Kensington, the untutored visitor would indeed marvel at the "Virgin and Child" of Mantegna costing less than half what was given for "Samson and Delilah." Nor is that the only curious discrepancy. In 1873, another *grisaille* by Mantegna was purchased—the "Triumph of Scipio" (902). It is a far more important work of its kind than either of the others, and of special educational value in the National Gallery for the contrast of its classical severity with the florid abundance in Rubens's treatment of a similar theme (278). Yet the "Triumph of Scipio" cost only £1500. It would thus seem that one may fix upon the decade 1873–83 as the precise time when the severe beauty and classical restraint of Mantegna came to be fully appreciated. The investigation becomes still more interesting when it is further noted that the period when Mantegna was cheap was also the period when Raphael was cheap and Guido Reni was dear. In 1847, Raphael's "Vision of a Knight" was purchased. The little picture, so beautiful in itself, so interesting as one of the earliest known works of the master, cost only £1050. What would it not fetch in these latter days, which have seen the "Apollo and Marsyas"—not so beautiful and not so certainly genuine as the "Vision of a Knight"—bought by the Louvre for £8000? As for Guido Reni, there are many works by him which his worst detractors allow to be beautiful; but there are others which his best friends cannot deny to be odious. Amongst the latter are the two large pictures in the National Gallery entitled respectively, "Lot and his Daughters" (193) and "Susannah and the Elders" (196). Yet they cost, the former £1680 in 1844; the latter £1260 in 1845—more, either of them, than any of Moroni's or Moretto's portraits, or than Raphael's "Vision of a Knight"! The onslaught made by Mr. Ruskin in "Modern Painters" on the later Italian schools has often been accused of exaggeration; but it is not always remembered what provocation he had in the taste which he set himself to chastise.

But if the vagaries of popular taste have burdened us with some bad bargains behind it, they have given us also many good ones. We have seen instances of this already, and shall find several more from the next table, which enumerates the prices between £500 and £1000.

* Mr. Morris Moore bought this picture at Christie's, in 1850, for £70 7s.

TABLE III.—BETWEEN £500 AND £1000.

Date of Purchase.	Artist's Name.	Gallery No.	Title of Picture.	Price.
1885	Marcello Venusti	1194	Christ Driving out the Traders	£966
1859	Giulio Romano	624	The Birth of Jupiter	920
1882	Gonzales Coques	1114-8	The Five Senses	910
1867	Paolo Morando	777	Madonna and Child	900
1869	Van Huysum	796	A Vase of Flowers	900
"	Cuyp	797	A Man's Portrait	990
1859	Lorenzo Costa	629	An Altar-piece	880
1882	J. Van Ostade	1187	Portrait of a Boy	840
1874	Signorelli	910	The Triumph of Chastity	840
1884	Hogarth	1161	Miss Fenton as "Polly Peachum"	840
1886	D. G. Rossetti	1210	"Ecce Ancilla Domini"	840
1861	Filippo Lippi	667	St. John the Baptist, &c.	833
"	Crivelli	668	The Beato Ferretti	833
"	L'Ortolano	669	An Altar-piece	833
1857	Il Romanino	297	The Nativity	804
1841	Perugino	181	Virgin and Child	800
1861	Rembrandt	672	His own Portrait	800
1864	A. Van der Neer	732	A Canal Scene	800
1878	Filippino Lippi	1033	Adoration of the Magi	800
1864	Girolamo dai Libri	748	Madonna and Child	790
"	N. Giotto	749	The Giusti Family	790
1846	An. Carracci	198	St. Anthony	787
1860	Garofalo	671	Madonna and Child	763
1862	Momling	686	Madonna and Child	759
1886	Bonifazio	1202	Madonna and Child	720
1885	Rubens	1195	Birth of Venus	672
1856	Lo Spagna	282	Glorification of the Virgin	651
1886	Ercole di Ferrara	1217	Israelites Gathering Manna	650
1858	Marco Basaiti	599	"Madonna of the Meadow"	641
1842	Jan Van Eyck	186	Jan Arnolfini and Wife	630
1844	Giovanni Bellini	189	The Doge Loredano	630
1845	Unknown	105	A Medical Professor	630
1862	Giovanni Bellini	726	Christ's Agony	630
1863	Andrea Solario	734	A Milanese Lawyer	630
1882	(North Italian)	1127	The Last Supper	630
1870	Teniers	805	Peeling Pears	600
1881	Lorenzo Lotto	1105	The Prothonotary Juliano	600
"	N. da Foligno	1107	The Crucifixion	600
"	(Early Sienese)	1108	Virgin Enthroned	600
1859	Il Moretto	625	An Altar-piece	577
1874	Crivelli	906	The Madonna in Ecstasy	577
"	Benvenuto da Siena	909	Madonna and Child	558
1858	Marco Palmezzano	596	The Entombment	537
1865	Moroni	742	A Lawyer	528
1882	(Venetian School)	1121	Portrait of a Young Man	525
1853	(School of Bellini)	234	A Warrior Adoring	525
1869	Marco Marziale	804	Madonna and Child	502
1867	Pollajuolo	781	Raphael and Tobias	500
"	Botticelli	782	Madonna and Child	500
1878	Francia Bigio	1035	Portrait of a Man	500
1885	(Florentine School)	1196	The Triumph of Chastity	500

In this table the proportion of purchases made before 1870 is larger than in either of the others, and the fact at once supports what has just been said above. The "old masters" which we admire so much to-day were very cheaply procurable a generation or two ago. The cheapness of Botticelli in those times has been already noticed.

It may now be paralleled by that of his master, Filippo Lippi. Thus, in 1861, his "St. John the Baptist and other Saints" (667) cost only £838. The picture is very charming in itself, and is of additional interest as being—like its companion in the Gallery (666)—one of those which the artist painted for Cosmo de' Medici, under the circumstances described, on Vasari's authority, in Mr. Browning's poem. Assuredly it would not go for so small a sum now. Of the increased appreciation of Perugino we have spoken above. The same thing may now be observed in the case of his pupil, Giovanni di Pietro, known better as Lo Spagna. A "Glorification of the Virgin" ascribed to him, fetched, in 1856, only £651. His "Agony in the Garden" (1032) cost, in 1878, £2000. But more marked still is the cheap price for which the nation's best Van Eyck was procured.

"If," says Mr. Ruskin, "the reader were to make the circuit of this collection for the purpose of determining which picture represented with least disputable fidelity the first intention of its painter, and united in its modes of execution the highest reach of achievement with the strongest assurance of durability, we believe that, after hesitating long over hypothetical degrees of blackened shadow and yellowed light, of lost outline and buried detail, of chilled lustre, dimmed transparency, altered colour, and weakened force—he would finally pause before a small picture on panel, representing two quaintly dressed figures in a dimly lighted room—dependent for its interest little on expression and less on treatment—but eminently remarkable for reality of substance, vacuity of space, and vigour of quiet colour: nor less for an elaborate finish, united with energetic freshness, which seem to show that time has been much concerned in its production, and has had no power over its fate."

This little panel is the famous "Portraits of Jan Arnolfini and his Wife" (186)—standing in their quaint Flemish interior, which is as spruce and clean now as when it was first painted five hundred years ago. The art of oil painting reached many higher flights in after centuries than were within the reach of Jan Van Eyck; but there is no picture in the world which shows better than this panel one great capacity of the art—its combination, namely, of "imperishable firmness and exquisite delicacy." The unsurpassable merits of Van Eyck, which Mr. Ruskin thus extolled forty years ago, are now universally admitted; and his "Madonna and Child" (8½ in. by 6 in.), from the Marquis of Exeter's collection, sold the other day for 2500 guineas. Had the annual Parliamentary grant not been suspended, this little picture would doubtless have been bought for the National Gallery. Its price, in proportion to size, would have far exceeded that of any other gem in the Gallery. Correggio's "Vierge au Panier" cost, as we have seen, £29 per square inch; the price of Van Eyck's "Madonna" was £51. The "Portraits of Jan Arnolfini and his Wife" is a much larger picture, its dimensions being 2 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. ½ in.; but in finish it is not less exquisite, in preservation not less perfect: in subject it is, perhaps, more interesting than the

"Madonna and Child." Yet in 1842 the National Gallery paid for it the paltry sum of £680 only, or at the rate of about 15s. the square inch. When we are tempted to sneer at the bad taste of our forefathers, do not let us forget the good bargains it enabled former Directors of the Gallery to drive for the benefit of our enlightened selves.

The tables given above will supply to the connoisseur ample materials for noting other instances of the same thing; and if space permitted an enumeration of the pictures which have cost less than £500,* many more conspicuously cheap bargains would come to light. Zurbaran's "Franciscan Monk" (230), for instance,—“a picture,” says M. Charles Blanc, “which it is impossible to forget, even if one has seen it only once”—was bought in 1853 for £265. Benozzo Gozzoli's large and beautiful “Virgin Enthroned” (283) was bought two years later for the astonishingly small sum of £137. The fine portrait of “Lodovico Martinengo,” by Bartolommeo Veneziano (287), was bought in the same year for £48. Van Eyck's “Leal Souvenir” (290), “an actual natural likeness, true as the face itself,” if ever there was one, cost £189 in 1857. In 1861, Piero della Francesca's “Baptism of Christ” (665), so interesting to the student of early technique, cost £241, and Antonello da Messina's “Salvator Mundi” (673), again full of instruction to the art historian, cost £160. The next year saw the purchase, at prices hardly less absurdly cheap, of four of the best known pictures in the Gallery. These are Andrea del Sarto's “Portrait of Himself” (690), on which Mr. Browning's poem supplies so beautiful a commentary, bought for £270; Moroni's “Portrait of a Tailor” (697), a picture “so well done,” says an old Italian critic, “that it speaks better than an advocate could,” bought for £320; Piero di Cosimo's “Death of Procris” (698), that quaintest of pictures which Mr. Austin Dobson has turned into so pretty an “old world idyll,” bought for £171; and finally, Lorenzo Lotto's admirable double portrait of a “Professor and his Brother,” bought for £320. Sir Charles Eastlake, during his long term of office, contributed vastly in all directions to the making of the National Gallery, but he seldom did so good a stroke of business as securing these four pictures in a single year for £1081. Sir Frederick Burton, falling on more appreciative days, had to pay more than that in 1876 for a single portrait by Moroni. One could not have a better instance of the fluctuations in public taste.

But no survey of prices at the National Gallery would be complete without some further reference to the bad bargains, as well as the good, of which those fluctuations were the cause. Some of these bad

* A list of all the pictures which are, or ever have been, in the Gallery, with their immediate *provenance*, the date of their acquisition, and the price (if any) paid for them, is given in the final appendix to the “Popular Handbook to the National Gallery” (Macmillan).

bargains have been incidentally referred to already. Of those that remain to be noticed the most conspicuous is perhaps the purchase of "Christ Blessing Little Children" (757), a large and very literally imposing picture in Room X., which was bought by Sir William Boxall in 1866 as a Rembrandt, and at a Rembrandt price (£7000), but which is now admitted to be at best by some pupil of his. It is easy to be wise after the event, but it certainly seems strange that the connoisseurs of the time, even if technical differences had escaped them, should not have seen a lack of Rembrandt's power about this work. A similar blunder was made by Mr. Uwins in 1852, when he advised, or did not prevent, the purchase of the "Tribute Money" (224) for £2600, on the assumption that it was a genuine Titian. The original work is at Dresden; this is at best a reminiscence of it by a pupil in his school. Then there is the famous portrait of a "Medical Professor" (195), which was bought by the Trustees in 1845 as a Holbein. The price (£630), it is true, was not a Holbein price, but the ascription of the picture to him was laughed out of the catalogue as soon as it was hung in the Gallery. "The veriest tyro," wrote Mr. Ruskin indignantly to the *Times*, "might well have been ashamed at such a purchase;" and very much ashamed the Trustees were when, immediately after the purchase, the hoax was discovered. There and then they subscribed £100 between them, which they offered to the dealer to induce him to be off with the bargain; but he declined, and there was an end of it so far as that particular purchase went.

But not an end of it so far as the management of the Gallery at large was concerned. The indignation caused by the bad blunders above noticed, and others, led to the appointment in 1853 of a Select Committee, which in its turn led in 1855 to the reorganization of the Gallery on its present basis—with a Director responsible for purchases and an annual grant of £10,000 at his disposal. Before that time the responsibility for advising purchases lay in an ill-defined way between the Trustees and the Keeper: innumerable chances were let slip owing to this multitude of counsellors and division of responsibility. When any proposal for purchase got through this ordeal, the Trustees had to go hats in hand to the Government of the day, with whom lay the ultimate responsibility of vetoing the proposal, or bringing in a vote for its execution. It is interesting, by the way, to note, as showing the rise in the value of Old Masters, as well as (or rather as partly caused by) the wider diffusion of artistic taste, that the same kind of misgivings that exercised Mr. Gladstone's Government over the special vote of £70,000 for the Blenheim Raphael, exercised Earl Grey's in 1834 over the vote of £11,500 for the two magnificent Correggios (10 and 12). "It is certainly a large sum," wrote Sir David Wilkie, one of the experts consulted, "for the pictures; but, giving this difficulty its due weight, I would

decidedly concur in giving this sum, rather than let them go out of the country, considering the rarity of such specimens even in foreign countries, and their excellence as examples of the high school to which they belong, to which it must be the aim of every other school to approach." Mr. Gladstone in 1885 had a justification which Earl Grey in 1834 could not have had. The purchase of the Blenheim Raphael was advocated even by the most advanced representatives of democratic constituencies. The petition which pressed on Mr. Gladstone this "departure outside the hard line of a severe economy in order at one stroke to raise to a higher level the collection of pictures of which the whole nation is proud, and which is a source of widespread and refined enjoyment to the poor as to the rich," was signed, amongst others, by Mr. Burt, Mr. Broadhurst, and Mr. Labouchere. "The working-classes," said the spokesman of another deputation, "are invariably in favour of the purchase of great works of art even at very high prices." In former times they had sometimes no need to favour such very high prices; for the fluctuations in public taste often allowed great works to be purchased at very low prices. And this fact brings us to a final conclusion which may usefully be drawn from the foregoing survey of prices at the National Gallery. The reader will no doubt have been struck by the paucity, in the tables of prices, of works by English masters. This has recently been made a matter of hostile criticism. "A National Gallery," it is said, with a taking equivocation, "should before all things purchase specimens of our national painters." There are many answers to this objection, into which it would be beside the scope of the present paper to enter; but there is one conclusive answer which cannot have escaped the reader of these pages. The public taste in art is so fluctuating that to buy the works of living masters is to court bad bargains. Each generation is very confident of the correctness of its own taste; but for all that, each generation in turn is liable to be contradicted by the next. A Director might indeed often do good business by buying up very cheaply the works of unappreciated artists. Poor Blake, for instance, would doubtless have been glad in his lifetime to have sold for £10 the picture which fifty years after his death was bought for £100. But to do this, a Director would need to be gifted not only with prophetic discernment, but with extraordinary callousness to popular criticism. The popular thing to do would be to buy the works of popular painters, and to buy them would often, perhaps even generally, be to buy bad bargains in the dearest market. The fate of many pictures by modern masters, which have been admitted to the Gallery by gift or bequest, is eloquent with warning. The pictures of West afford one instance. He was the great artist of his day—the representative of "our national talent," whose works would certainly have been selected by the critics of that time as deserving

of large recognition in our National Gallery. He was buried in full state in St. Paul's, and his biographer declared that he was "one of those great men whose genius cannot be justly estimated by particular works, but only by a collective inspection of the variety, the extent, and the number of their productions." Yet twenty years afterwards, pictures for which he had been paid 3000 guineas were knocked down at a public sale for £10; and at the present time, every West which had found its way into the National Gallery has been banished to the provinces. Possibly enough, some of them may hereafter be recalled. For it is only Time that brings any man's work to its proper level. "The works of those who have stood the test of ages," says a scroll in the central hall of the Gallery, "have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend." It is the adherence to this maxim, on the part of successive Trustees and Directors, that has made the National Gallery of England at once the most select and, in proportion to its quality, the least costly, in the world.

EDWARD T. COOK.

INDIVIDUALISM AND SOCIALISM.

BEFORE me, on my table here in Florence, lies a paper or prospectus of a certain London association, curiously styling itself (I know not why) the Liberty and Property Defence League, which enumerates as one of its chief objects, among others not now immediately interesting, "the advocacy of Individualism as opposed to Socialism, irrespective of party politics." This prospectus, with its cheering promise, was sent me by some kind correspondent somewhere (who omitted to prepay it), presumably because he had heard me described by somebody else as an Individualist (which is quite true); and because he thereupon jumped at once to the illogical and practically erroneous conclusion that I must therefore be necessarily opposed to what calls itself Socialism (which is of course a profound mistake). And as this mistake appears to be widely spread throughout Great Britain at the present moment, where fine old crusted Toryism, tricked out as Individualism, in the borrowed feathers of Liberty and Property Defence Leagues, is prowling about the country generally, seeking what good but weak-kneed Liberals it may devour unawares, it may, perhaps, be worth while to discuss briefly the supposed opposition between Individualist and Socialist, and to show that on closer examination it melts away for all practical purposes into a phantom of language.

I will begin by plunging at once *in medias res* with the fundamental principle which Liberty and Property Defence Leagues and all their kind so studiously avoid recognizing in any way: the principle that Individualism, in any true sense of the word, is only possible where all start fair, without any artificial handicapping whatsoever. A Liberty and Property Defence League which sets out with the indefensible principle that one man may own another as his private

chattel, or may hold an inalienable lien over some portion of another man's time or labour, or the product of his labour, or may monopolize more than his own fair share of the common stock of raw material, or (what comes to the same thing) of the earth's surface—is not Individualist at all, but simply rapacious, predatory, and lawless. Before you can defend liberty or property, you must be sure that the liberty is Liberty and that the property is Property: and this is just what these so-called Individualists, masquerading in other men's philosophical principles, borrowed with reservations from Mill and Spencer, wholly fail to do.

Let me illustrate my case by a short and palpably exaggerative parable. Once upon a time, in a certain island kingdom of the planet Mars, a number of prominent citizens, of Conservative tastes, shocked at the growing wave of Socialism, which was just then inundating the Martian world, determined to get up, on their own account, a Liberty and Property Defence League on the mundane pattern. So they invited to their deliberations a delegate from the parent body in London, who duly went over to assist the committee at their constitutive sittings. But to this English delegate's immense astonishment, it shortly appeared that the Liberty which the Martian society wished to defend was the immemorial liberty of the small hereditary red-haired caste to boil and eat a dozen each of the black-haired majority every year; while the Property whose interests they held so sacred was the immemorial right of each red-haired individual to levy a tax upon all ships passing through his own well-demarcated portion of the Martian seas, and to exact a toll of 90 per cent. upon all fish caught within its precincts. The London delegate, shocked at this discovery, pointed out with newly awakened warmth of sentiment that property, to be real, must be produced by the person who owns it, or must have been acquired by him from the original producer by free gift or fair barter; and that liberty meant the equal right of each individual to do as he liked, provided he did not in any way infringe the similar right of each other individual to do likewise. Upon which the Martian league, justly outraged by such revolutionary remarks, promptly expelled him as a Socialist, a Communist, and a public enemy.

Now, suppose we inquire how far the London League itself can lay any fair claim to be truly Individualist, and how far it shares in a minor degree these distorted ideas of the Martian society.

Individualism, I take it, is only logically and consistently possible if it starts with the postulate that all men must, to begin with, have free and equal access to the common gifts and energies of Nature—soil, water, air, sunshine; and to the common stock of raw material—stone, wood, coal, metal. Any other pretended basis for Individualism falls at once most feebly to the ground. For if your citizen has no

other right but the right of being turned out loose upon the desert sands, or driven from the fields and farms into the ocean by persons who have already monopolized all the soil, and allow him no resting-place for the sole of his foot, then it practically involves slavery and murder, and every other conceivable social monstrosity. Freedom of contract (as we know too well, alas! in the case of Ireland) is a mere verbal quibble for the landless man. To him, it means but the insult that is piled above injury. He must take the terms the monopolists and land-tabooers choose to impose upon him: and those useless and idle people, by virtue of their taboo, can deprive him, legally, of all the fruits of his own labour, except the narrowest possible margin sufficient for a human family to support life upon. If this is Individualism, then the Individualists of the old stock will have nothing to do with it. They have not so read their Mill on Liberty, and their Social Statics. They will leave it gladly with a cheerful countenance to its new godfathers and protectors, the Tories.

True Individualism, however, as understood by all the Individualist Fathers, means something very different from this. It doesn't begin halfway down the subject: it goes straight at once to the root of the whole matter. An Individualist is a man who recognizes without stint the full, free, and equal right of every citizen to the unimpeded use of all his energies, activities and faculties, provided only he does not thereby encroach upon the equal and correlative right of every other citizen. I add the last words in obedience to a time-honoured usage of language: but, as a matter of logic, the former clause itself includes the latter: for "full, free, and equal right" implies already the limitation stated in the second part of the stereotyped sentence.

In the world into which the British subject—we cannot yet say the British citizen—is actually born, however, no such right or principle as this has anywhere reached any general practical acknowledgment. On the contrary, the young citizen finds himself from the outset turned loose upon a world where almost every natural energy, and almost every kind of raw material, has been already appropriated and monopolized beforehand by a small and unhappily compact class of squatters and tabooers. Not one solitary square inch of English soil remains unclaimed on which he can legally lay his head, without paying tax and toll to somebody; in other words, without giving a part of his own labour, or the product of his labour, to one of the squatting and tabooing class, in exchange for their permission (which they can withhold if they choose) merely to go on existing upon the ground which was originally common to all alike, and has been unjustly seized upon (through what particular process matters little) by the ancestors or predecessors of the present monopolists. He cannot sleep without paying rent for the ground he

sleeps on. " He cannot labour without buying the raw material of his craft, directly or indirectly, from the lords of the soil, the encroachers on the native common rights of everybody. He cannot make anything of wood or stone: for the wood and the stone are already fully appropriated; he cannot eat of the fruits of the earth, for the earth itself, and all that grows upon it, is somebody else's. The very air, the water, and the sunlight are only his in the public highway: nay more, even there, for a single day alone. His one right, recognized by the law, is the right to walk along that highway till he reels with fatigue—for he must "keep moving:" and then he is liable, if he sleeps or faints in the open, to be brought up before the magistrates charged with the heinous crime and misdemeanour of being a vagabond; without visible means of support, who has paid no rent to the lords of the soil for a square yard of room on which to die comfortably.

The persons who uphold such an atrocious state of things as this are clearly not in any sense Individualists. The persons who thus (in the absurd and illogical language of our day) "own landed property"—a plain self-contradiction—are clearly aggressors upon the equal rights of others, impeding them in the free exercise of their energies and activities, and debarring them from their natural equal right of access to a fair share of the common stock of raw material. For such persons to describe themselves as Individualists, or to talk about the defence of Liberty and Property, is as absurd as for slaveholders to declaim about liberty or for brigands to prate about their sacred right to the ransoms of their prisoners. It is perfectly clear that they do not know, or will not learn, what Liberty is. I shall try to show a little later on that they do not know, or will not learn, the true nature of Property either.

But, for the moment, let us confine ourselves to Liberty alone. It is obvious to any one with a grain of logic in his composition, that the state of things described above contains within it the root-element of slavery.

For slavery or serfdom is a state of society in which one man is compelled to give up the whole or a portion of his labour or its products to another person, not by free barter, but by brute force, and in return for no adequate or just remuneration. Now, in no state of slavery is it possible or conceivable that the slave or serf should be deprived of quite everything: he must retain, or have returned to him (the distinction is immaterial), at least as much of the product of his toil as will suffice on the average to support himself, and in most cases his women and children. (I say in most cases to cover the specially hideous instance where, either because war makes up the loss, or because "it's cheaper to buy than to breed," the slave is systematically worked to death by the owner or landlord.) And the habit

of paying rent agrees with it in this—that each member of the community has to give up the whole or a larger or smaller portion of the product of his labour to another person (called a landlord), at least in return for the right to live upon a few square yards of soil, and often also for the right of access to the raw material or producing energies of the earth's surface. In the case of non-capitalist prædial labour, the citizen must practically pay everything but the narrowest possible life-supporting margin. What we commonly call an Irish landlord, for example, is a person tabooing for his own benefit a certain portion of the soil of Ireland, and exacting from every other person who lives upon it, in return for permission to use the soil, a fixed amount of the product of his or her labour. If the other persons won't submit to this unjust exaction, they are turned out upon the highway to starve, and are liable if they camp out even there to be imprisoned in turn for having no settled place of residence.

A system based upon this fundamentally false idea that every man except a favoured few must pay tax and toll for the right to live, is obviously one which encloses within itself the root-principle of slavery. Whenever a Liberty Defence League is started to oppose it, I for one, as a consistent Individualist, will be happy to give in my name to the committee.

Furthermore, any person who so tabooes a portion of the soil (above his own fair share) is not an Individualist, because he is an encroacher upon the free activities of others. He impedes several of his fellow-citizens in their natural right of equal access to all the raw material and energies of Nature.

Again, as to Property. Property, as conceived by the Individualist, means the product of a man's own labour, exerted upon his fair share of the common stock of raw material. That common stock is not and cannot itself be Property: for nobody made it, and it belongs in equity to all of us equally. For instance, the county of Sutherland, or the river Thames, or the Bristol Channel, or Trafalgar Square, cannot be property: nor can a square mile of ocean, or the sunlight that falls on the 5th of August, or a mass of coals in the bowels of the earth, or the stratum of air for five miles above sea-level in the City of London. If any man lays a claim to any of these natural areas or energies as his by birth, inheritance, or purchase, he is clearly encroaching upon the common rights and liberties of us all. If, for example, he charges us a royalty for the privilege of extracting iron from his mine, or exacts rent from us for the privilege of building our chimneys into his stratum of air, or appropriates 70 per cent. of the fish caught in a certain space of ocean, or compels us to bolt our shutters and remain indoors on the 5th of August unless we consent to pay him ten pounds a head all round for the use of his sunlight, then he is obviously encroaching on our rights, and treating as Property by brute force what is not and cannot possibly ever be so.

True Property consists of the product of labour, and it can be owned only by the producer himself, or by the person to whom the producer himself has freely given, bartered, or bequeathed it. To have stolen or plundered it gives no real title. And it must be the product of labour exerted upon the labourer's fair share of the common stock of raw material, and no more: if he has filched or unjustly appropriated the raw material, if he has taken more than his due proportion, if he has robbed another of the stuff from which he made it, his right in it is vitiated, and it is no longer Property in the Individualist sense of the term.

In the beginning of things, of course (to use a transparent but convenient fiction), no great difficulty was likely to arise about the question of this common stock of raw material. The hunter, for example, who deftly fashioned a flint hatchet out of a lump of shapeless stone; did not take largely enough from the general mass of raw flint then and there existing to make his draughts upon the common store worthy of notice. It was the labour expended upon the hatchet in the course of chipping, grinding, and polishing that gave it all its real value: and hence in this early stage, the question as to the right of access to raw material never assumed practical importance. From a very early time, accordingly, all sorts of encroachments were permitted by use and wont upon the common stock; at first unimportant, later, under the military organization, monopolist; until at last in our own time and in civilized countries, almost every form of raw material has been appropriated and tabooed by somebody somewhere. That evil legacy of the feudal system the European race carries with it everywhere. Soil, with its crop-raising and stock-feeding potentialities; moor, waste, bog, and woodland; tree, bush, shrub, and herbage; coal, iron, tin, and lead; nay, even in many cases, streams, rivers, water-power, and tides, have been converted by an evil use into what passes for Property by individuals; so that all members of the community at large are mulcted of a portion of their own real Property (I am not using the phrase in its topsy-turvey, etymologically indefensible legal sense) in order to pay for access in some form or other to the false or pretended Property of other people in space, air, and raw material.

This, it can hardly be necessary to point out, constitutes a real aggression against Property, a partial admission of the principle of slavery—that nobody can even exist in England without paying rent, that is to say, without giving up to an irresponsible monopolist some portion of the product of his own labour, in order to purchase the bare right of existence, and the freedom to exercise his trade or calling.

Now, I am not a visionary or revolutionary land-nationalizer. I don't for a moment mean to deny that this question of land, raw

material, natural energies, is complicated on every hand by many and serious practical difficulties. I don't for a moment mean to deny that money-purchase and investment of capital have introduced into the question all sorts of intricacies impossible of disentanglement. I don't for a moment mean to deny that it is mixed up with innumerable conflicting real rights—that in Westminster, for instance, it is hard to decide how much of the wealth now existing on the soil belongs by rights to the capitalists and builders; how much to the journeymen labourers and bricklayers; how much to the prime common stock of the community or to its joint earnings (the “unearned increment”), and how little, if any, to the so-called freeholder, the gentleman known as the Duke of Westminster. I don't for a moment mean to suggest that an immediate or even a gradual resumption of all this wealth, nay, a redistribution of its component parts between the true proprietors, individually or collectively, is practically possible or practically desirable. You can't unravel great tangles of fact and justice offhand like that on abstract principles. But what I do mean to assert is that all this embroilment, this hopeless embroilment, has come about through the absence of the Individualist idea in politics: and that the main thing we Individualists have now to do is tentatively and gradually to bring about, as far as in us lies, such remedial measures (however slight) as may redress the grossest of these gross injustices, and may pave the way for putting us all back to some small extent on a platform where we can start fair in the race for life, without finding our individuality encroached upon on every side by hampering monopolies.

And as Individualists don't like to see one man or set of men (say, for example, the Irish tenants) arbitrarily deprived of their own Property, the product of their labour, in order to provide for a set of idle people, who do and have done nothing on earth to serve them, I was glad when they said unto me, “We have got up a Liberty and Property Defence League,” imagining as I did from the mere name of the Society that its object must be to defend Liberty from violent encroachment, and to safeguard Property against unjust aggression.

Conceive of my surprise, then, when at the head of the list of officers of the League, I saw the name—of Mr. Joseph Arch? of Mr. Herbert Spencer? of Mr. William Morris? of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace?—oh, dear no, none of these, I assure you, but of the Earl of Wemyss, in plain black and white Roman characters.

Now this gentleman who is called Earl of Wemyss, but whose real name, I am given to understand, ought to be Charteris, sits as a member of a body known as the House of Lords—a body, which far from admitting the equal right of every citizen to unimpeded use of his own activities, actually lays claim to an inherited privilege of making laws irresponsibly of its own mere motion for the whole

community. The mere existence of such a claim, or the mere membership of such a body, in itself of course militates utterly against the central and most vital conceptions of the individualistic creed. But that is not all: this body has further, as a matter of common notoriety, placed itself often in opposition to the free exercise of their will by the citizens generally—for example, to take a big case, it has always endeavoured to prevent the people from obtaining a vote, that is to say, an equal right of management in the common political affairs of the nation: and to take a small one, it has interposed, and continues to interpose, iniquitous barriers against the free union of such citizens as desire it with their deceased wives' sisters—an incredible piece of busybody meddlesomeness. To belong to such a body at all is therefore *ipso facto* an obvious offence against the first rules of Individualism. It is equivalent to a constant and standing assault upon the free and equal liberties of others.

Furthermore, when I come to inquire, I learn in addition that this person, whose real name is Charteris, but who permits himself to be styled the Earl of Wemyss, owns or claims to own (say rather to taboo) some 62,000 acres, more or less, of British soil. (I don't guarantee the exact correctness of the figures given: I am writing in Italy, away from most British sources of information, and I take the statement at random from the first book of reference that comes to my hand: but a thousand acres or so, one way or the other, matter very little to the principle involved.) Now, I don't think it probable that the gentleman in question farms all that enormous acreage himself. In any case, he is encroaching on the equal rights of others; for if the soil of England were divided up fairly between us all, it is mathematically impossible that each man should get so much as 62,000 acres. Again, I learn from the same source that his rental is estimated at some £56,000 per annum. Now, that rental is so much money earned by others, or due to the prime producing value of the soil; and therefore in neither case really belonging to Lord Wemyss in any way. If he rack-rents (which I don't for a moment mean to suggest he does), part of it is really the property of the tenants: if he takes merely what is currently though absurdly known as "a fair rent," then all of it is the income of all of us together, as representing the annual dividend on the undivided common stock of raw material. Thus, in two important particulars, Lord Wemyss shows himself to be really on the side of confiscation and slavery, not on the side of property and freedom.

And now, *soyons sérieux*. Of course, we Individualists are not so narrow-minded as to object to Lord Wemyss and Lord Bramwell and all the rest of the Leaguers standing up, if they like, tooth and nail, together, for their preposterous privileges. Let them, by all means, get up a Confiscation and Aristocracy Defence League. But when

they begin to masquerade in borrowed feathers as Individualists, to trot about the country under other men's colours, the farce becomes absurd enough to demand exposure. The little doll they have dressed up to impose upon their admirers is not Individualism at all, when you come to look close at it: it is Privilege tricked out under false pretences.

With the Socialists, on the other hand, I do not for a moment deny that the thorough-going Individualists of the old school—the logical Individualists who insist on basing their Individualism on a firm and solid bottom of principle—appear at first sight to have profound differences. In theory, I think, most Individualists are utterly opposed to much that the Socialists proclaim as their end and aim. We do not believe, for example—we of the old type—that one man ought to be taxed to pay for teaching another man's children. We do not believe that one man ought to be taxed to pay for another man's books, or beer, or preaching, or amusement. We do not believe that the State, that *deus ex machina* of current Socialistic writing and thinking, should take aught from any man for any purpose save for the most necessary public objects of defence against external or internal enemies. Our ideal is the ideal of a world in which everybody should start fair at the outset, and every boat should stand thereafter by its own accidents.

But in the practical world, the world that men live in, ideals are not easily realized. The Socialist ideal and the Individualist ideal are both little more than phantoms or imaginary goals, towards which, by vague and uncertain ways, we are each, as we think, manfully striving. What is common to us both is a strong sense of the injustice and wickedness of the existing system. What we both hate is inequality and wrong. What we both aim at is a more equitable distribution of the goods of life among those who do most to produce and defend them. While our abstract principles seem to differ in some places as wide as the poles, our practical judgment upon most moot points comes as a rule pretty close to identity. The great question, in short, for every one of us at the present crisis, is simply this—Are we on God's side or are we on the Devil's? Are we for keeping up and obstinately defending these prime injustices, or are we for mitigating, modifying, and, if possible, abolishing them?

Moreover, the so-called Socialist is often found on strict examination to be a Socialist, after all, in name only. Feeling deeply the goad of these fundamental wrongs under which the proletariat at present smart, he accepts at once the Socialistic solution as being the first and easiest then and there offered him. But when one presses him hard as to the separate clauses and items of his creed, one finds generally that what he lays stress upon is the injustice itself, not the supposed Socialistic cure; and that in instinct and spirit he is

Individualist at bottom. I do not, myself, believe that true Socialism has, or ever had, any large following among the people in England. I believe the solid, somewhat selfish English mind really runs in quite another groove, and looks upon the world in quite another fashion. And I am perfectly sure that if it came to the pinch, anything like true Socialistic measures would rouse the fiercest opposition and indignation of nine out of ten *soi-disant* Socialists.

But the question is not going to come to the pinch at all, either now or at any time. In spite of Lord Wemyss and his alarmist friends, we are not in the slightest danger in England to-day of a Socialist revolution. There is no hope of anything so satisfactory. In the real revolutions actually in progress, the so-called Socialists and the real Individualists can work in harness side by side most amicably. Do we want to allow the Irish people a voice in the management of their own affairs? Every Socialist is with us to a man. Do we want to make the harpies who monopolize so large a portion of the soil disgorge some small fraction of their unholy plunder for public purposes? Every Socialist will join us in that just struggle. Do we want to equalize all forms of religious thought before the eye of the law, to depose the overfed hierarchy of a particular creed from the official position it has so grossly abused, and to restore to the people in its entirety the ecclesiastical wealth now arrogated to itself by a special faction? Every Socialist will rally with us gladly to that righteous crusade. In short, wherever there is a real abuse to be attacked, a monopoly to be assailed, a wrong to be righted, our cause and the Socialists' is one and the same. It is only when we come to imaginary reconstructive schemes for the remote future that we part company; and even then the difference between us is far slighter than most Socialists would themselves believe beforehand.

For reconstructive schemes—platforms—Utopias—are all of them more or less ideal and fanciful. When once we have got rid of certain grand fundamental injustices (which will take us a few hundred years more yet, at a modest computation), we and the Socialists may begin to quarrel between ourselves about the details and minutiae of our new commonwealth. But as long as we are both engaged in fighting a common foe—the monopolists and the privileged—we can afford to fight shoulder to shoulder. I quite admit that we old-fashioned Individualists are utterly opposed to board schools, to free libraries, to heavy municipal expenditure, to the taxation of some for the benefit of others. In principle, these things are all utterly unjustifiable. If we could only once start all fair, their injustice would at once be obvious to every taxpayer, Mr. Hyndman himself, I doubt not, included. But in practice they amount to little more than the rough justice of the unscientific Socialist: they mainly take from those who benefit too much by the common stock of raw material to give to

those who benefit too little. It is of no use preaching abstract principles of political economy to starving souls who see that another is unjustly absorbing the lion's share of the wealth they themselves have created. What we have got to do meanwhile is to wink at, and if possible to minimize, these infractions of principle, while we strive with the aid of all our allies to break down the vastly greater evil of the monopolies which alone give to such infractions a rude semblance of popular justice. In proportion as we get rid of the real inequalities, so-called Socialists, I firmly believe, will themselves begin to resist any aggression on the part of the State upon their own individuality. Seeing very well where the machine works wrong, they don't exactly know as yet how to right it. But as fast as each joint gets eased and reset, they will learn quickly enough how to prevent in future all needless tampering with it.

The fact is, nationalization of raw material, whenever it comes, or if ever it comes (say about the date of the Greek Kalends), will give the Socialist practically everything for which he is now so blindly fighting. (I prefer the somewhat cumbrous term "nationalization of raw material" to the more concise and customary "land-nationalization," because the latter phrase has a tendency to confine the view to the agricultural value of the soil only; whereas the word land really includes as well rock, coal, metal, water-ways, water-power, natural scenery, and the actual *emplacement* of all our cities, towns, and villages. And how great is the economic value of natural scenery alone one may recognize, not only if one looks at Torquay, Cannes, Aix-les-Bains and Carlsbad, but also if one remembers that a single squatter family at Niagara made a large fortune by admitting the public through a turnstile, at a dollar a head, to view the Falls, which its ancestors, I suppose, must originally have created.) Well, nationalization of this sort practically amounts to the realization in another form of the Socialist programme. Only, the Socialist fails to see just yet that this is the justest and most practicable method of attaining his aims. By-and-by, precisely in proportion as we arrive nearer and nearer the goal—as we remove every disability and smooth down every injustice—will the honest, hard-working, intelligent Socialist, the cream of the producers, begin to object to any State interference with his own fair earnings, for the benefit of the idle, the dissolute, or the incapable. In those days, it is not improbable, the incompetent and helpless descendants of do-nothing squatter or robber families will fare hardly at the hands of the quondam Socialist leaders.

But even nationalization of raw material itself is not at present a practical end: it is an ideal alone, a remote and perhaps unattainable ideal, towards which we can but slowly and tentatively approximate through hard fighting and by most gradual stages. If in the present generation we can only succeed in taxing ground-rents with

an adequate tax, we shall have done our utmost in that direction. How foolish then, how quixotic, how pedantic, how provincial to separate ourselves, in working towards practical and realizable aims, from those who are otherwise our best allies, because forsooth we differ, or think we differ, on some abstract points, which may possibly come to have practical significance some time about the twenty-fifth century! "We are all Socialists now," says the finger-post politician; so much the better then, say all sensible Individualists among us. The slight encroachments made by taxation upon the earnings of the individual—earnings already vitiated from the very outset by the unequal distribution of raw material—are as nothing compared with the steps taken towards a more equitable division of natural goods. For the capitalist himself, that great bugbear of Socialism (with whom we as Individualists have no personal quarrel), hangs in the last resort to the skirts of the squatter monopolist: without the inequality of wealth produced by monopoly, he would be rendered so insignificant as to be practically innocuous. If we could all be pure Individualists on an even basis at once, if we could get rid of all the artificial monopolies, the hereditary inequalities, the land-grabbing and coal-taxing, the ground-rents and tithes—then indeed we might have fair ground to complain of the slightest infringement of our personal liberty. But as long as all these greater evils and injustices remain unredressed, how absurd to make a noisy fuss about small contributions for the public good, which mainly fall upon the broad shoulders of those already too rich, through these very monopolies and unjust privileges! Individualism is only a tenable creed if it is thorough-going and consistent, if it bases itself upon first principles: to pretend to Individualism while upholding all the worst encroachments upon individuality in the shape of robbery from the common stock, with its consequent restriction of individual liberty to the right of starving in the public highway, is a sham and a delusion.

GRANT ALLEN.

RAILWAYS IN CHINA.

EVER since the opening of the Treaty Ports the attention of foreigners in China has been attracted to the development of the means of inter-communication in a country where the engineering difficulties to be encountered are comparatively small. The frequent recurrence of famine over the vast area of China, the enormous difficulties of transport with the consequent delay and uncertainty in conveying relief, and the increased price of all commodities in a ratio out of all proportion to the distance from the area of production, offered such strong arguments for the introduction of railways that it seemed impossible even for Chinese prejudice to withstand them, provided any feasible scheme could be produced. The most practical method appeared to be by way of demonstration, and accordingly a small line was constructed between Shanghai and Wusung, a distance of thirteen miles. In December 1876 the line was opened for traffic under a convention between the Governments of Great Britain and China, and for some time met with a fair measure of success. From December to October 175,995 tickets were issued, and the sum of \$38,258.78 was realized by their sale. Happily no casualty of any kind happened to passengers, and the promoters of the railway had reason to congratulate themselves on the complete success of their undertaking. But they had under-estimated the intense conservatism of the Chinese character, the dislike which such an innovation was sure to arouse among a nation profoundly affected by an ancient system of geomancy and imbued with a traditional reverence for the places of the dead, and, above all, the opposition to be encountered from the host of carriers by road and canal, already jealous of the slightest interference with their means of livelihood. With such potent influences arrayed against it, the railway bantling could hardly

be long-lived. It lasted barely a year. On October 20, 1877, the Chinese authorities purchased the line. The rails were torn up, the permanent way was destroyed, and the remains of the first railway in China are now lying rusting on the Formosan beach.

Meanwhile events had been moving rapidly. China had formally entered the comity of nations. Her political relations with foreign Powers were becoming closer and more involved. Emigrants were annually departing from her shores in increasing numbers to Australasia, the Straits Settlements, the United States, and Peru, and their care formed an additional and growing tax upon the resources of Chinese diplomacy. The national cohesion could not long withstand the disintegrating processes at work, and the barriers of ancient exclusiveness were crumbling away as surely and more rapidly than the Great Wall itself. It became necessary to appoint ambassadors and consuls at foreign Courts and at those places where large numbers of Chinese subjects had settled. It was soon found that Celestial diplomacy could hold its own against that of the West, but it was felt to be intolerable that all the advantages of a rapid means of communication should be on the side of the barbarian. The telegraph wire at any rate soared above the gods of the earth and the spirits of ancestors at rest within the tomb. It interfered with no man's property, and not even the most superstitious of the Censors had a valid objection to offer. In fact, all that was required was a fair start, and, that once obtained, the wires "forged ahead" until in 1884 there were 3089 miles of line open, and the Imperial authorities at Peking found themselves in direct communication with the Marquis Tseng, who was then their representative in Great Britain.

This was a great step in advance, and quite in keeping with the Chinese method of reversing the procedure of other countries. For once, the telegraph had given a lead to the railway, and other influences were at work to hasten its lagging steps. The veteran warrior and statesman, Tso Tsung-t'ang, lay sick at Foochow. He had seen the masterly subjugation of the rebels in Kashgaria during the long years between 1871 and 1877, where also his own victories had won for him a place in Chinese history beside the most famous generals of old. The Taiping rebellion had received its death-blow at Gordon's hand, but the constant fear of Russian encroachments on the Mongolian frontier, the extreme delicacy and even danger of China's relations with Japan, the restlessness of Corea under the Imperial suzerainty, and the impending difficulties with France filled his patriotic soul with trouble. It may be that with the prescience begotten by approaching death he foresaw the parlous times in store for his country, when France should reach her frontier on the South, when Great Britain should touch her borders on the West, and Russia should approach as near on the North. He was passing away, and on whom was his mantle to fall? His own

difficulties in grappling with an internal war had been heavy enough, but who could save China in the future when her enemies hemmed her in on every side? In a most touching memorial to the Throne, penned shortly before his death, he reviewed the situation, and, with all the weight of his tried patriotism and experience, urged the construction of railways as a first means of safety for his country. The appeal could not pass unheeded by either his countrymen or the Government. The effect on public opinion of such an utterance from one of China's noblest and most trusted sons, with all the weight lent by his subsequent decease, was indeed enormous. It soon became known that the Viceroy of Chihli and his *protégé*, the Viceroy of Formosa, were in favour of the project. In 1887 the Marquis Tseng returned from his duties abroad to take up an important position in the capital and to throw all his additional knowledge and experience on the side of reform. The same year an historical event happened which had an important bearing on the case. For the first time a prince of the royal blood visited a foreign settlement. Prince Ch'un, who is the father of the present Emperor, and a man of liberal views, journeyed as far south as Chefoo to inspect the Chinese fleet. For the first time in his life he came in contact with foreigners, and was able to see for himself the value of our modern inventions. On his return to Peking he laid the results of his journey before the Dowager Empress, and it soon became known that this wise and astute lady was also on the side of progress. The body of Censors, who there perform the functions of a parliamentary Opposition with us, were ominously silent, a sure sign of their consciousness that any protests of theirs would be ill received at Court. In a word, the times seemed ripe, and, after one or two preliminary memorials, the Imperial rescript was issued in March of last year and the die was cast. For the first time official sanction was obtained for the novel undertaking, and nothing remained but to put it into execution. The matter was happily entrusted to Li Hung-chang, by far the most enlightened and able statesman in China, and in his hands it was felt that success was assured.

But he had set himself a difficult task. To allay the hostility and smooth the susceptibilities of a conservative and superstitious people demanded all the care and tact at his command. The slightest mistake might mean failure, and to ensure success the greatest caution was necessary. His first step was to familiarize the people gradually with the new means of locomotion. The year before the rescript was granted, a small railway on the Decauville system was laid at Tientsin, and for a few cents the public were whirled round a circle of two or three miles. The snorting little engine was found on acquaintance to be not such a very dreadful object after all, and for several months curious and delighted crowds thronged the carriages. Meanwhile, Liu Ming-ch'uan had not been idle in Formosa, and a line of strategic

railway was being constructed in the very country where a few years before the old Wusung rails had been thrown down in contempt. The third and most important step, however, was made in Li Hung-chang's own province of Chihli. Tong King-sing, a man of great ability and with a taste for Western inventions, had opened at Tongshan the first colliery in China worked on foreign principles. The engineer-in-chief was Mr. C. W. Kinder, a man thoroughly honest, able, and reliable. Under his management, a railway had been constructed to convey the coal from the mine to the port of shipment, some twenty miles distant, and at this the authorities had been content to wink. Here, then, was a man ready to hand, and to him accordingly Li Hung-chang applied. The China Railway Company was formed, with Chinese directors indeed, but with European engineers, and work was at once commenced. *T'ieh lu lai la*, "The railways are coming," said Prince Kung once to Dr. Wells Williams at Peking. A decade and more has passed since then, and at last the prince sees his prophecy fulfilled.

The Tongshan line has now been extended until a distance of 81 miles has been completed—viz., Tientsin to Tongku, 27 miles; Tongku to Lutai, 25 miles; and Lutai to Tongshan, 29 miles. In addition there are 5 miles of sidings and branches. The line is a single one, the rails are of steel, and the gauge throughout is the 4 feet 8½ inches common in Great Britain. The four passenger and seven tank locomotives were, with one exception, imported from England.

Financially, there is every reason for believing that the new railway will be a success. The small Tongshan line has already paid a dividend of 6 per cent., and the extension will add enormously to its profits, tapping as it does a populous stretch of country and a busy centre of commerce like Tientsin. An additional feature is the extreme cheapness with which the line has been constructed. The country through which it passes is flat and marshy, and in certain seasons of the year liable to inundations. In consequence of this, an embankment of 8 feet in altitude was in some places required, some fifty bridges had to be constructed, and an extensive system of water channels was found necessary. Bearing this in mind, the total cost so far—viz., a million and a half of taels, or, say, under £4300, per mile—is exceedingly small, and reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Kinder and his staff.

A comparison between the Japanese and the Chinese is a favourite theme with travellers, who never tire of contrasting the former's rapid strides with China's timid steps along the path of progress. No doubt Japan is far ahead of China in all modern improvements, but her pioneering has been expensive work, and China has profited by her experience. The first railway in Japan, from Tokio to Yokohama, a distance of 18 miles, was completed in 1880 at a cost of £34,263

per mile. The difference in cost of the two railways is certainly remarkable, but the detailed items of expenditure are not sufficiently numerous to enable us to form an accurate comparison. The engineering difficulties of the Japan line were apparently no greater than in China, and the gauge was only 3 feet 6 inches, as opposed to the 4 feet 8½ inches of China. On the other hand, the line was a double one, but after every allowance is made it seems evident that the Japanese were heavily fleeced in their first railway contracts, and that the Chinese have profited by the experience of their neighbours.

In the numerous troubles and even riots that arose as the railway pushed its way past mouldering graves and through the well-tilled fields the Viceroy found an able ally in Wu Ting-fang, a man of great tact and energy. Combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, he managed with success to conciliate the prejudices of the small farmers, the bones of whose ancestors he was about to disturb. Wu Ting-fang spent some years in this country, and qualified himself with honours as an English barrister-at-law. The management of the railway is now virtually in his hands, and his foreign experience should stand him in good stead.

At the end of September the new line was opened for traffic, and trains are now running daily over the whole distance. Tickets have been printed, a time-table published in the *Chinese Times*, and crowds of natives are already availing themselves of the novel mode of conveyance. The engine-drivers are as yet Europeans, but the Chinese have shown a remarkable aptitude for work of this kind, and may soon be expected to replace their foreign competitors.

On the 9th of October, Li Hung-chang made his first journey of inspection. He was received at the Tientsin station by the foreign engineers and by an imposing array of Chinese officials clad in their robes of state. A body of foreign-drilled troops was stationed for some distance along the line, and by their smart appearance and soldierly bearing formed a striking contrast to the native braves, armed with ancient gingals and bows, and dressed in tawdry uniforms of black and yellow. The Viceroy entered the handsome saloon carriage built for him, and, amidst a *feu de joie* from the soldiers, steamed out of the station at 8 A.M. The carriage is provided with a bedroom, a lavatory, and rooms for the Viceroy's suite. The teak furniture was supplied by a firm of upholsterers at Shanghai, and the general decorations are tasteful and handsome. The Viceroy showed a lively interest in the new work, and to facilitate his inspection the train proceeded slowly, but during one part of the journey he was bowled along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and this speed could easily have been increased. After a short rest at Tongshan his Excellency returned to Tientsin, much pleased with the result of his visit. It would have

been extremely unfortunate had anything occurred to excite Chinese fears or prejudices, but happily the trial passed off without a hitch. A formal report has been ordered to be submitted to the Throne and to Prince Ch'un. Its tenor will undoubtedly be entirely favourable, and the railway system will receive its *imprimatur* immediately.

The first railway in China—the Wusung affair was merely an experiment—has thus been brought to a triumphant conclusion. With the record of previous failure before us, we must guard against being too sanguine, but for this railway there is no need to fear such a catastrophe as that of Wusung. It is not a foreign but a Chinese undertaking, with native directors, who will be shrewd enough to protect their own interests; and obviously it rests on a sounder basis. Its slow growth affords the surer hope of its stability, and it needs no prophet to foretell that once more China is entering on a new era of civilization. Still, we believe the growth will be slow, and until the capital is reached it is unlikely that any comprehensive scheme will be adopted. China has as yet only tasted the advantages of Western civilization, but the morsel has been large enough to excite her appetite for more. If Taku were again threatened, troops could now be poured in by the railway, and we should find the capture of the forts a more serious matter than it was in 1860–61. But Taku is not the only vulnerable point, and the railway must be extended to Shan-hai-kuan, which lies some eighty miles in an opposite direction, before the defences of the capital can be considered complete. It is practically settled already, however, that the first extension shall be some seventy miles north to T'ung-chou, an old port on the Peiho, fifteen miles from Peking. The provincial officials who are continually travelling to and from the capital on business, and the crowd of undergraduates who go there to be examined, can now sail from the south to Taku in a comfortable foreign steamer. As soon as the extension is completed, they will be able to traverse the distance between Taku and T'ung-chou with an ease and rapidity in striking contrast to the painful and tardy journey by cart to which they have hitherto been accustomed. At T'ung-chou they will be forced to disembark, and endure the torture of driving in a Peking cart over the thirteen miles of stone road by which Marco Polo travelled more than six hundred years ago. No one who has not made that journey can realize what it is to be cooped up in a springless cart, like an enlarged dog-kennel placed on wheels, and to be bumped and jolted over these blocks of masonry, one wheel now high in the air, rattling the unfortunate traveller's head against one side of the cart, and anon sinking deep in a bog, to send him flying with a lurch to the other, until, bruised and bewildered, he sees the gates of Peking loom in sight, and, with a sigh of relief, endures a final jolt as he passes under the ponderous archway. That journey will be the motor muscle of rail-

way extension. Human nature, even Chinese human nature, will not long endure the anomaly of spending three hours of peace and comfort over the first 130 miles of a journey, and three hours of pain and torture in covering the last 13 miles. The discomfort of it is a blessing in disguise, and when the Peking station is opened, and the railway whistle shrieks as we near its ancient walls, we shall draw our rug closer about us, and bless the old road for what it has brought. Once the exclusion of the capital is broken down, who can predict what will follow! The growth, as we have said, will be slow, and it is well that it should be so. No grand trunk lines will be attempted until repeated small extensions have been proved a success. That success may be considered assured, but the Chinese are right to prove it for themselves. And as the years roll on, we may conclude that first one province and then another will fall under the sway of the Iron King, until an arterial system of railways shall bear new life and vigour to every extremity of corporate China, and she wakes once more to feel her old strength, but with it a new potentiality for the safety and peace of her people.

With regard to the results which will spring from the introduction of railways in China, we may find a fair parallel in the benefits which have accrued to India since they were established there. Agriculture will receive a much-needed impetus, rebellions will be made impossible, the food of the common people will be cheapened, their luxuries increased, their standard of comfort raised, and the famine demon will depart, never to return. Wider and more general information will be diffused throughout the empire, and, with enlarged knowledge and sympathy, the old-time ignorance and exclusiveness will disappear. But with the peculiar conditions of Chinese civilization, reforms more interesting and unique than these will certainly follow.

From the difficulty and expense of travel, the inhabitants of the various provinces have been born and brought up in a state of seclusion beyond our modern experience. A Chinaman is, as a rule, born and buried within a radius of a few miles. Practically he is a stranger to his neighbour, and an astonishing variety of language is the result. In all, there are nearly 300 dialects spoken in China, many of which are as different as French and English. It is not uncommon to see a Southern Chinaman meet a countryman from the North, each utterly unable to comprehend the speech of the other. The facilitation of travel must in course of time do much to mitigate this babel of tongues, and the necessities of the case must produce some modification of one of the principal dialects from which a new universal language for China will be evolved. This hope seems the more reasonable as the written language is the same all over China. There is also a fainter hope of a reform in the written language itself, and perhaps a later generation may know the blessings of an alphabet, and exchange the

present cumbrous and involved ideographs for a system of phonetic romanization.

Railways will also produce an entire reform in the Chinese currency. The same reasons which have produced a variety of languages have also conserved the most bewildering varieties of weights and measures. There are no coins of any kind, with the exception of small brass and iron *cash*, of which from ten to twenty, or even more, are equal to a penny. For all large payments, lumps of silver are employed, which are generally, for convenience sake, moulded into the form of a shoe. In making a purchase you produce your silver, and, after one lengthened dispute as to its quality, you enter upon discussion number two as to the particular measure of weight to be employed, of which there may be several. In Peking, for instance, there are no less than five in common use. All this of course occupies much time, and it would be manifestly impossible for the train to wait while a bevy of passengers were conducting the purchase of their tickets in this way. A coinage will have to be adopted. The standard chosen will probably be a coin of silver, of one tael in weight, and equal to about 4s. 6d. of our money, and the smaller coins will be in decimal proportion. The convenience to the country and benefit to commerce of the new currency will be felt from one end of China to the other.

It will be necessary also to adopt a foreign standard of time. At the Treaty Ports there is a ready sale for cheap clocks and watches, and the Chinese who have dealings with foreigners have not been slow to appreciate their convenience. In Peking there is a considerable number of watchmakers, descendants of old Catholic families, who still practise the somewhat antiquated horology which their fathers learned from the early Jesuit missionaries. But the system in vogue throughout China remains unchanged from the days of antiquity. The entire day is divided into twelve periods of two hours each, beginning at 11 P.M. Each period is known by the name of some animal, and is further divided into eight *chih*s, corresponding to our quarters of an hour. The nights are in addition divided into five watches, which the patrols ring out from wooden drums, but there is no smaller subdivision than the *chih*. For timekeepers they have sun-dials, or clepsydras, or spiral incense-sticks arranged, like King Alfred's hour-candles, to burn for a certain length of time. If you ask the time of day, you will be told that it is near the dog, or two-eighths from the rat, but more approximately than that you cannot get. It is curious that a people so industrious as the Chinese, and so studiously economical in their habits, should never have reached a juster estimate of the value of time. To them, so far from time being money, money is everything and time nothing. He who aims at being the *superior man*, whom Confucius held up as a model for all time, must never be in a hurry. Everything must be done in a dignified and deliberate

manner, and the idea of a quarter of an hour, more or less, making the slightest difference to himself or any one else has not yet entered the Celestial cranium. It will be one of the greatest surprises in the life of a mandarin when he first stalks down to the railway station and finds that the train is timed to start to the minute and will wait for no man. Happily, there can be no objection, superstitious or otherwise, to the introduction of timepieces, and the railway clock will be the precursor of a new punctuality and despatch in China.

Changes so far-reaching and profound as these cannot fail to produce a sensible modification of the Chinese character. The odium and contempt in which foreigners are held, simply because they are foreigners, will melt away as opportunities for intercourse increase. Each nation may be trusted to discover in the other latent good qualities, hitherto unsuspected, and our present discordant relations will be reduced to harmony. But we are here entering on a temptingly wide scene, the outlines of which it is safer to leave the reader to fill in for himself.

We have as yet considered the question only from the Chinese point of view. The interesting point to ourselves is that the new railway sounds the death-knell of Chinese exclusiveness. The empire can no longer remain sealed, and now is the time for us to consider if we are in the best position for taking advantage of the vast field of commerce which may shortly be thrown open. Our consuls have recently borne a singularly unanimous testimony to the apathy of the British trader, and he must be on the *qui vive* now if he does not wish to see the benefits of the coming change pass into the hands of others. To begin with, the Chinese are totally unacquainted with modern engineering, and the railway construction of the immediate future must be done for them by foreigners. Both with engineers and traders a serious difficulty will be the want of men familiar with the Chinese language and mode of thought. For several years past the professor of Chinese at King's College has laboured, with a zeal and enthusiasm which deserved a better return, to supply this want. To meet the convenience of clerks and others unable to attend during the day, a series of evening classes was started, of which the first fruits may be seen in the successful career of some of Mr. Douglas's old students in China. But these may be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and the general result must be pronounced disappointing. Probably no attempt by an English professor to teach an oriental language without the aid of a native assistant is likely to be completely successful. But this is a desideratum which could and should be easily supplied. A greater and alas! almost insuperable difficulty remains in the apathy and indifference of those in whom indifference is least excusable. Foreign clerks employed in this country arrive

with a general knowledge of two or more languages, while your Englishman is accustomed to hold in contempt all languages except his own, and even to feel a certain pride in his ignorance. Our neighbours are more quick witted. Men are drafted off to China from the Oriental College at Paris, who on their arrival exhibit a very passable acquaintance with the rudiments of the Chinese language. A similar college has just been opened at Berlin, and the chair of Chinese is filled by Professor Arendt, a sinologue of the highest standing. True we have Professors of Chinese at our universities, but the teaching given is too scientific to be of much use to commercial men. Business men have neither the time nor the inclination to form even a tolerable acquaintance with Chinese literature or the flowers of official discourse. It must not be forgotten that the written language, the language spoken among officials, and the ordinary colloquial are practically three different tongues. It is the last which is necessary, and happily the colloquial is well within the reach of any one who cares to approach it in a spirit of patience and perseverance. With a Chinese teacher, under the supervision of a European sinologue, a two years' course would be sufficient to equip any one of ordinary ability and application with a fair talking knowledge of the colloquial which would prove of immense service to him in China. The importance of such a course on our future commercial relations with China is sufficiently apparent. The danger lies in delay. We have now a strong hold on the foreign trade of China, but when the interior is thrown open we shall see an enormous development in every branch of commerce. Foreign banks and trading-houses will become as much a feature of the inland as of the seaboard towns, and we shall have to strain every nerve to maintain our old lead, or the French and the Germans will be before us in the race.

CHARLES S. ADDIS.

"OUR GREAT PHILOSOPHER."

THE late Mr. Charles Darwin, upon one occasion, spoke of Mr. Herbert Spencer as "our great philosopher." *Laudari a laudato viro*, is a high distinction. And I am far from denying the propriety of much of the laudation of which Mr. Darwin is the object. But *enique in arte sua est credendum*. And philosophy was not Mr. Darwin's art. His diligence, his accuracy, his candour, as an investigator of a certain class of physical phenomena, were eminently praiseworthy. His dialectical powers were extremely feeble. In mental science he appears to have been absolutely unversed. I question whether he ever so much as looked into a metaphysical treatise. Hence his judgment about philosophy and philosophers is, in itself, of small value. But there can be no doubt that the view expressed by him concerning Mr. Herbert Spencer is widely prevalent. I propose to inquire whether that view is just. In what I am about to write I must take leave to use great plainness of speech—even at the risk of shocking a coterie of fond enthusiasts, who resent as flat blasphemy any questioning of Mr. Spencer's *ipse dixit*: who appear to consider it the noblest occupation of a rational creature "to wonder with a foolish face of praise" when their Master exhibits "the set of visual states which he knows as his umbrella," moving across "the sets of visual states which he knows as the shingle and the sea."* I am unfeignedly sorry to be obliged to offend these little ones who believe in Mr. Spencer. In truth, I may lay claim to some fellow-feeling with them. For, if Mr. Spencer will permit me to say so, I regard him with much admiration, sincere respect, and lively gratitude, profoundly as I differ from him. I admire the fertility and subtlety of his intellect, and his singular power of generalization. I respect the heroic courage and faith unflinching which have sustained

* "Principles of Psychology," second edition, § 462.

him in his colossal task: the sober enthusiasm which has led him to "scorn delights and live laborious days," careless of wealth and indifferent to popularity; intent, with noble singleness of purpose, upon the severe studies to which he has consecrated his life. I am grateful to him for the abundant light cast by his biological knowledge upon many dark places of psychology, and still more for exhibiting with a power both of analysis and synthesis, not likely to be surpassed, a phase of speculation which I must account vitiated by radical errors. But to point out those errors is a debt which we, who, as we consider, follow a more excellent way, owe to our day and generation. And the obligation is rendered all the more stringent by Mr. Spencer's wide popularity. The explanation of that popularity is not far to seek. It is due, in part, no doubt, to those great endowments of Mr. Spencer, of which I have just spoken. But it is due also, and far more, to this: that his theory of man and the universe is recommended as "scientific:" as a brand-new theory formed in independence of the great intellectual traditions of the human race. Few serious students of philosophy, probably, will reckon Mr. Spencer among the prophets. But such students are rare in England. To the vast majority of those who are commonly called "educated men" the very alphabet of metaphysics is unknown. Of the experimental sciences they more commonly possess some tincture. And the fact that Mr. Spencer's method is essentially physical, is *prima facie* a recommendation to them of his system. Professor Max Müller has well remarked: "It is short and easy . . . to be a philosopher, not by studying Plato and Aristotle, Berkeley and Kant, but by ignoring if not by despising them." "Such a philosophy by appealing, as it always does, to the common sense of mankind, is sure of wide, popular support."* "Common sense," indeed, is the indispensable foundation; but it is by no means sufficient for these things without a certain intellectual discipline. To mention one point only: philosophy has a terminology of its own: time, space, force, motion, mean one thing for the metaphysician and another for the physicist. Common sense may, however, avail to judge the question whether Mr. Herbert Spencer is a great philosopher. And so avoiding, as much as possible, all technicalities, but holding fast by the elementary principles of ratiocination, let us now enter upon the inquiry.

First, then, to begin with the beginning, What is philosophy? Joubert supplies us with a neat answer to the question: "Je, d'où, où, pour, comment, c'est toute le philosophie: l'existence, l'origine, le lieu, la fin et les moyens." With this, I suppose, Mr. Spencer would not disagree. It seems, indeed, to be involved in his own distinction: "Science is partially unified knowledge; philosophy is completely

* "Science and Thought," p. 145.

unified knowledge."* "Completely unified knowledge!" Well, unquestionably, a philosophy which completely unified knowledge, would be a perfect philosophy. We may admit that as the ideal. In proportion as it approaches such an ideal, a philosophy is great. In other words, in proportion as it satisfies the intellect, and increases the limits of rational knowledge. If its principles are objectively true and certain, if they are founded in the order of being and eternal reality, they can be justified on rational grounds. If their root is in the constituent principles of the human intellect, the mind will be bound by its own intrinsic laws to accept them; they will internally cohere; they will be symmetrical, for between all speculative truths there is correspondence or analogy: *natura sibi ubique consentanea est*. All philosophy is a search after unity. Hitherto, philosophers have confessed that only an imperfect synthesis rewarded their endeavours. Mr. Spencer claims, apparently, to have been completely successful in the quest. The secret of the universe has been revealed to him. What is it?

The foundation of Mr. Spencer's philosophy is the clear and emphatic distinction drawn in his "First Principles" between the Unknowable and the Knowable. The sentiment of a First Cause, infinite and absolute, is, according to Mr. Spencer, the eternal and secure basis of all religion. This Deity, whom, hidden more or less under anthropomorphic disguises, the votaries of all creeds ignorantly worship, declares he unto them as The Unknowable. Next, he bids us turn to the physical sciences, taking as our guide experience. Every persistent impression made upon our consciousness, reveals to us an external reality, a reaction, a resistance, and, consequently, a force. The indecomposable mode of consciousness is force. All ultimate scientific ideas are traceable to experiences of force.† But it is one of the most striking discoveries of the nineteenth century, that forces are intimately connected, are correlated: and this discovery has been largely employed by Mr. Spencer in his theory of the universe. He regards all forces as manifestations of the dynamic energy everywhere diffused, which co-ordinates the whole range of phenomena, past, present, and future: an immanent and eternal energy, at once active and passive, subject to perpetual revolution, and maintaining all things in an ever-changing equilibrium. But what is this dynamic energy? We know not. Whether we analyze what passes within or without ourselves, its essence escapes us. Thus the last word of physical science, as of religion, is that "the Power which the Universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable."‡ In this "ultimate truth" of The Unknowable, "this deepest, widest, and most certain of all facts," is "the basis of [their] reconciliation."§ We can know, then, in the strict sense of knowing, only the

* "First Principles," fifth edition, § 37. † *Ibid.* § 15-21. ‡ *Ibid.* § 14. § *Ibid.*

phenomenal manifestations of The Unknowable, and these we can know only as purely relative and subjective realities. "Even the highest achievements of science are resolvable into mental relations of co-existence and sequence, so co-ordinated as exactly to tally with certain relations of co-existence and sequence that occur externally."* These manifestations, "called by some impressions and ideas," Mr. Spencer prefers to distinguish as "vivid" and "faint." "Manifestations that occur under the conditions called those of perception"—Mr. Spencer means sensuous perception—"are ordinarily far more distinct than those which occur under the conditions known as those of reflection, or memory, or imagination, or ideation."† "Manifestations of the 'vivid' order precede, in our experience, those of the 'faint' order."‡ "Those of the one order are 'originals,' while those of the other are copies."§ "What is the meaning of this? What is the division equivalent to? Obviously it corresponds to the division between *object* and *subject*. This profoundest of distinctions between the manifestations of the Unknowable, we recognize by grouping them into *self* and *non-self*. These faint manifestations, forming a continuous whole, differing from the others in the quantity, quality, cohesion, and condition of existence of its parts, we call the *ego*: and these vivid manifestations indissolubly bound together in relatively immense masses, and having independent conditions of existence, we call the *non-ego*; or rather, and more truly, each order of manifestations carries with it the irresistible implication of some power that manifests itself; and by the words *ego* and *non-ego* respectively, we mean the power that manifests itself in the 'faint' forms, and the power that manifests itself in the vivid forms."|| "The totality of my consciousness is divisible into a faint aggregate which I call my mind; a special part of the vivid aggregate cohering with this in various ways, which I call my body; and the rest of the vivid aggregate which has no such connection with the faint aggregate. This special part of the vivid aggregate, which I call my body, proves to be a part through which the rest of the vivid aggregate works changes in the faint, and through which the faint works certain changes in the vivid."¶ And, "the root-conception of existence, beyond consciousness, becomes that of resistance, *plus* some force which the resistance measures."** Mr. Spencer's philosophy then requires as "a primordial proposition," as "a datum," the acceptance of these two separate aggregates, as constituting the world of consciousness, and the world beyond consciousness, and the ascription of both to the action of one single cause, which he terms, "The Unknowable." Thus is "the unification of science" "complete," and "philosophy reaches its goal."†† That one and the same law every-

* "First Principles," § 25. † *Ibid.* § 43. ‡ *Ibid.* § 44. § *Ibid.* § 44. || *Ibid.* § 44. ¶ "Principles of Psychology," § 462. ** *Ibid.* § 466. †† "First Principles," § 40.

where rules, applying alike to organic life, to the individual, to society, to the life of the earth, to the solar system, to the whole of cosmic existence, is a postulate essential to Mr. Spencer's philosophy. The law is identical because the life is identical, for throughout the universe there energizes a Force, "indestructible," "inscrutable," "unknowable," "absolute," "the ultimate of ultimates." Mr. Spencer's theory may be shortly and accurately described as an attempt to find the solution of the problem of the universe in a sole law: the persistence of force under multiform transformations. Physical forces, vital forces, mental forces, social forces, are all only different manifestations of the self-same force. Nature is merely a vast sphere in which it works eternally, bringing to life, bringing to death, integrating and disintegrating, everywhere throughout what the Buddhists call "the whirlpool of existence," always repeating the same monotonous, never-ending process. The history of the minutest living organism on earth is precisely the history of a world system. Evolution, equilibrium, dissolution—that is the brief epitome of the career, whether of a star or of a worm. The phenomena of human life, of human history, like the phenomena of astronomy, of geology, of physiology, are, in Mr. Spencer's philosophy, nothing but metamorphoses of the one dynamic principle at different stages of intensity, infinitely varied combinations of the same elements. Such, sketched in the roughest outlines, is the vast philosophical edifice which this bold and patient thinker has reared. What place therein has the race of man? It is an insignificant factor in the sum of things, produced, and, in brief time, to be destroyed by the never-ceasing action of eternal forces. A recent German writer has well put it: "What in Mr. Spencer's philosophy is universal life? A succession of beings and of forms expressing the combinations of the same elementary phenomena in a determinate order. What is each individual life? An insignificant moment in the infinite varieties of movement. What is humanity? A collection of those moments. Individual life, all history, are but imperceptible episodes in the immense, eternal work of Nature: accidents without future and without meaning, infinitesimal quantities which the thinker may neglect, in the universal and infinite *processus*." This is the answer which the most popular school of modern philosophy gives to the question, "What is man?" His personality is an illusion. His immortality is a dream. The race will perish like the individual. The earth itself will perish when the sun which vivifies it becomes extinct. Death will assert its reign over the immensity of the world systems which people space. True, the elementary forces which constitute the present order of things will enter into other combinations. Force is eternal, and the only eternal. New universes, peopled by new forms of being, will come into existence, and will in their time disappear.

But what is that to me? To me, in the presence of this overwhelming vision, the words of Pascal come home with even more appalling meaning than they could have borne for him: "Lost in this little corner of the universe," "plunged in the abyss of those terrible spaces which encompass me," "I am affrighted like a man who, in his sleep, has been carried to some horrible desert island, and there awakes, not knowing where he is, nor how he shall escape." How he shall escape? No there is no escape.

Now, what are we to say to Mr. Spencer's gigantic hypothesis? Well, in the first place we may observe that, notwithstanding its air of novelty, it is a very ancient hypothesis so far as its root idea is concerned. It is substantially the old atomistic theory of self-existent matter, fixed in quantity, indestructible, itself producing all its changes, through the antagonistic forces whereof it is composed. I am far from imputing this antiquity as a fault. I am as far from questioning Mr. Spencer's claim to originality. It has been observed by Goethe that the most original authors of this new time are those who have the power of presenting what has been said before as though it had not been said. And certainly in Mr. Spencer's hands the theory of Democritus has assumed quite a fresh aspect; so marvellous is the industry with which he has collected his facts from all departments of the experimental sciences; so singular the ingenuity with which he has systematized them; so consummate the art with which he has employed "the loose abundance of his phraseology" to veil the gaps in his argument. Mr. Spencer's philosophy is, in fact, a vast system of speculative physics. Even his account of the operations of the human consciousness is given in language derived from matter and motion. He appeals to what it is the fashion to call "experience." Does "experience" bear him out? His metaphysic is mechanical, his psychology is biological. We may reasonably ask from him the kind of proof which mechanists and biologists offer. There are three fundamental doctrines upon which his vast edifice rests. If they fail, the whole superstructure falls of necessity into the abysses of time and being above which he has sought to rear it. I mean his doctrines of Causation, of the Relativity of Knowledge, and of The Unknowable. Let us examine each a little in detail.

First, then, what warrant has Mr. Spencer for identifying all the facts of physical and mental causation? Why, even the unity of natural forces is by no means established. Every atom is subject to the action of at least six powers—gravity, chemic attraction, chemic repulsion, polarity, cohesion, elasticity—which are irreducible to one another. Nay, chemistry reckons some seventy simple bodies, of which sixteen form the ultimate elements of the human organism, and each of these sixteen—probably each of the seventy—would seem to have its own proper causative power. "Force," says

Du Bois-Reymond, "is nothing else than an abortion of the irresistible tendency to personification." To which we may add that Mr. Spencer's great sole law of the Persistence of Force is nothing else than an illegitimate corollary from the unquestionable fact of the conservation of energy. The experimental sciences offer no warrant for his assertion that "the quantity of force always remains the same." The doctrine of the persistence and indestructibility of Force as taught by him is an amalgam of physical dogmatism and metaphysical error. The existence of a *prima materies* is as unproved now as in the days of Berkeley. There is no real oneness known in matter. We can by no means affirm the existence of one primordial physical substance: of one ultimate physical cause. The utmost we can assert is that the ponderable substances are subject to the same laws. Still less are we warranted in affirming that what Mr. Spencer calls, in his question-begging* phraseology, "the vivid aggregates" and "the faint aggregates" are the outcome of the same dynamic energy. Mr. Spencer's "vivid aggregates" are experiences of sensation. His "faint aggregates" are remembered experiences of sensation. Mr. Spencer does not, of course, say that life is merely motion. He knows that it is more than that. Still, if there is any meaning in words, his object is to find the origin of consciousness in the nervous system;† to represent thoughts as generated‡ from things; to establish the identity of intellectual concepts and material impressions; to exhibit* mind as the outcome of the association of sensations. But Mr. Spencer's postulate is open to two fatal objections. In the first place, his doctrine that ideas are only "copies," and "faint copies," of past experience, personal and racial, is untenable. His confusion of psychical with physiological facts, of consciousness with the phenomena of sense, is contrary to observation, which testifies that ideas and impressions differ not in degree but in kind. Of what concrete or

* "Question-begging," and something more indeed. The late Professor Green has well pointed out, "It is only by a misuse of terms, according to Mr. Spencer's own showing, that this vivid aggregate is called an aggregate at all. The 'states of consciousness, which form it,' have none of them any permanence. Each 'changes from instant to instant.' To speak of such states as 'aggregating' or as 'segregating themselves' is a contradiction in terms."—Works, vol. i. p. 393.

† "These separate impressions are received by the senses . . . [and are] all brought into relation with one another. . . . But this implies some centre of communication common to them all, through which they severally pass, and as they cannot pass through it simultaneously they must pass through it in succession. So that as the external phenomena responded to become greater in number, and more complicated in kind, the variety and rapidity of the changes to which this common centre of communication is subject, must increase—there must arise an unbroken series of these changes—there must arise a consciousness."—"Principles of Psychology," § 179.

‡ I am well aware that Mr. Spencer prefers to speak of co-ordination. But Professor Green has shown, with unanswerable logic, "On the strength of the admitted determination of subject by object—the converse determination being ignored—things are supposed [by Mr. Spencer] to produce the intelligence which is the condition of their appearance. Through qualities which in truth they only possess as relative to a distinguishing and combining consciousness, and through the 'registration' of these in the sentient organism, they are supposed gradually to generate those forms of synthesis without which in fact they themselves would not be."—Works, vol. i. p. 388.

physical things, made known to us by sensation, can abstract thoughts be the copy? * Secondly, Mr. Spencer has absolutely failed to show that "the law of metamorphosis which holds among the physical forces holds equally between the mental forces," that life and intellectual energy may be brought under his great formula of the persistence of force. What is his argument? It amounts to this: that mental action is contingent upon the presence of a certain nervous apparatus, the activity of which again depends upon a particular chemical constitution: that the evolution of thought and emotion varies with the supply of blood to the brain, and with the condition of the blood: and that the effete products separated from the blood by the kidneys, vary in character with the amount of cerebral action.† Such are Mr. Spencer's "proofs" of the correlation of mental and physical forces. Proofs! He does not take us within measurable distance of proof. Who doubts that "the proportion of phosphorus, present in the brain, is the smallest in infancy, old age, and idiotcy, and the greatest during the prime of life?"‡ or that "tea and coffee create gentle exhilaration?"§ or—if I may present him with a still more striking illustration—that a pinch of snuff clarifies the intellect? The concomitancy, the parallelism between material and mental changes is constant, perhaps invariable. But Mr. Spencer is as well aware as I am, that of the connection between physical motion and psychical change, between the brain and thought, between neurosis and psychosis, we really know nothing. We are almost entirely ignorant of cerebral physiology. Recent discoveries may have traced the nerve fibres of sensation and motion a little further towards the circumference of the brain; but they have entirely failed to reveal to us the properties of the caudate nerve-cells of the cerebral convolutions. Mr. Spencer, indeed, admits that "how a force existing as motion, heat, or light can become a mode of consciousness, how it is possible for aerial vibrations to generate the sensation which we call sound, or for the forces liberated by chemical changes in the brain to give rise to emotion—these are mysteries which it is impossible to fathom." || He pleads, however, that they are not profounder mysteries than the transformation of certain physical forces into each other. But it is not a question of the relative profundity of mysteries. Mr. Spencer forgets that the transformation of certain physical forces into each other is an ascertained fact; whereas the transformation of a physical force into mental energy is a mere nude hypothesis. There is not a shred of direct

* Take an illustration from St. Augustine: "An vero cum audire triasse general questionum, an sit, quid sit, quale sit; sonorum quidem quibus hæc verba confecta sunt imagines teneo et eos per aures cum strepitu transisse ac jam non esse scio. Res autem ipsas quæ illis significantur sonis, neque ullo corporis sensu corporis attigi, neque usquam vidi præter animum meum."—Confess. l. x. c. 10.

† "First Principles," § 71. It is, of course, impossible for me to reproduce the whole of this chapter, which should be carefully read in order to appreciate the strength—or weakness—of Mr. Spencer's argument. I have referred to what appears to be the culminating portion of it.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Ibid.*

evidence to support it. Nor can I admit the validity of the analogy upon which Mr. Spencer relies. In the phenomena of the material world the production and succession of movements take place according to invariable rules. It is perfectly true that here, too, we do not know the how of the causal nexus. Still, we can, at all events, follow the various phases of the metamorphosis and ascertain the order of antecedents and consequents. Far other is it in the sphere of vital force. Here there is mechanism, indeed: but there is something more; there is spontaneity, there is consciousness: *apparent diva facies*. In the invisible world of intellect, of spirit, which is properly the domain of the metaphysician, the analogy disappears altogether. Professor Bain admits the "total difference of nature" between "the two extreme and contrasted facts termed Mind and Matter."* There is simply no measurable relation between the intellectual effect and the physical fact alleged as the efficient cause; between—let us say—the vibration of atoms and thrills of gratitude; between the compounding of molecules and the composition of verses. Mr. Spencer is of opinion that "nothing can explain the non-acceptance" of his doctrine except "an overwhelming bias in favour of a pre-conceived theory."† But in truth nothing save an overwhelming bias in favour of Mr. Spencer's theory can explain its acceptance. The burden of proving it lies upon him. And he has no proof to offer. In fact, the sole ground why he calls upon us to receive it—under pain, as it were, of intellectual reprobatation—is that his philosophy cannot get on without it. That is true enough. But it is hardly a sufficient argument why we should subordinate reason to faith, and accept descriptions as though they were explanations.

Before I go on, I should like to say one word more on this question of the unity of natural forces. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that all the phenomena known as affinities, or elective attractions, could be reduced to the merely mechanical action of molecules. Well, even then, although in these complex phenomena there were no other elementary principles than mechanical forces, they would still constitute real properties, verifiable by experience. The composition of elementary principles in the world of living beings exhibits not merely simple collocation, but organic arrangement. Vitality, or a vital principle, is indeed, as we all know, peremptorily banished by authoritative persons to the limbo where repose aquosity and other discredited "metaphysical entities." There are, however, savants—Claude Bernard was one of them—who declare that a creative and directive idea (*une idée créatrice et directrice*) governs the formation of the organs. Nor is there any immediate prospect of the extinction of this school by the doctrine which explains every organism, all life, all thought, by the simple play of cellular activities. Let us, however, go a step

* "Mind and Body," p. 134.

† "First Principles," § 73.

further in our hypothetical concession. Let us suppose that this view were incontestably established. Even then we should be far from the identification of the vital properties of bodies with their chemical or physical properties; very far indeed from the identification of thought with motion. Let me here borrow some pregnant observations from Mr. Romanes:—

"Suppose that physiologists should discover a mechanical equivalent of thought, so that we might estimate the value of a calculation in thermal units, or the 'labour of love' in foot-pounds: still . . . we should have only cut a twist of flax to find a lock of iron. For by thus assimilating thought with energy, we should in nowise have explained the fundamental antithesis between subject and object. The fact would remain, if possible, more unaccountable than ever that mind should present absolutely no point of real analogy with motion. Involved with the essential idea of motion is the idea of extension: suppress the latter and the former must necessarily vanish; for motion only means transition in space of something itself extended. But thought, as far as we can possibly know it, is known and distinguished by the very peculiarity of not having extension. Therefore, even if we were to find a mechanical equivalent of thought, thought would still not be proved a mode of motion. On the contrary, what would be proved would be that, in becoming transformed into thought, energy had ceased to be energy: in passing out of its relation to space it would cease to exist as energy. . . . Therefore, the proof that thought has a mechanical equivalent would simply amount to the proof, not that thought is energy, but that thought destroys energy. . . . We may, therefore, quit the suggestion that the difficulty experienced by Materialism of showing an equivalency between neurosis and psychosis can ever be met by assuming that some day mental processes may admit of being expressed in terms of physical." *

I venture to hold, then, that Mr. Spencer has no sufficient warrant for identifying all the facts of physical and mental causation: that his theory of the transformation and equivalence of all forces is not reasoned truth, but unproved theory; that his "ultimate of ultimates" is as purely hypothetical as the *Chimæra bombinans in vacuo*, popularly supposed to be so dear to the mediæval schoolmen. Let us go on to another primary postulate of his philosophy: his doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge. I say advisedly *his* doctrine, because there is a doctrine of the relativity of knowledge with which I have no quarrel, and which is by no means his. It is perfectly true that our knowledge is relative to our mental constitution; *quidquid recipitur secundum modum recipientis recipitur*. We know nothing perfectly: because to know anything perfectly we must know it in its connection with everything: *Denn jede Strasse führt ans End der Welt*. Absolute knowledge is possible only to the Absolute Being. Again, I am quite prepared to admit that mind and matter both proceed from an Infinite Substance, and that knowledge is founded on the discovery by the human intellect of their relations. But when Mr. Spencer teaches the relativity of our knowledge, he means

* "The Fallacy of Materialism": *Nineteenth Century*, December 1882, p. 877.

something very different from this. I will show, in his own words, what it is that he means:—

"If," he insists, "Life, in all its manifestations, inclusive of Intelligence in its highest form, consists in the continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations, the necessarily relative character of our knowledge becomes obvious. The simplest cognition being the establishment of some connection between subjective states answering to some connection between objective agencies [some connection! but the whole question is what connection] . . . it is clear that the process, no matter how far it be carried, can never bring within the reach of Intelligence either the states themselves or the agencies themselves."* "The general truth . . . is that though internal feeling habitually depends on external agents, yet there is no likeness between them, either in kind or in degree. The connection between objective cause and subjective effect is conditioned in ways extremely complex and variable. . . . The relation between outer agent and inner feeling generated by it depends on the structure of the species.† . . . *We are brought to the conclusion that what we are conscious of as properties of matter, even down to its weight and resistance, are but subjective affections produced by objective agencies that are unknown and unknowable.*"‡

These last words contain the gist of Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the relativity of our knowledge. He does not deny that the external world exists. On the contrary, he strenuously combats that denial. But he insists that we can know nothing of it beyond the impressions produced by its states upon our states of consciousness. From our sense perceptions, which are but subjective modifications of something unknown, we draw certain inferences regarding it: its weight, for example, or its resistance. And that is all the knowledge of it to which we can attain: a knowledge of relations between relations. Is this a valid doctrine?

Now, in the first place, we must of course admit that all our knowledge of the external world is gained through the senses: there is no other channel. But does it follow from this that all our knowledge is merely sensation?—an inference from our sense perceptions? An inference! But that supposes a process of ratiocination. And surely, as a matter of fact, it is not by any such process that our first knowledge of external objects is gained. Consciousness itself testifies that there is in the mind a power to cognize external objects immediately and intuitively. It is the experience of every child as he

"—learns the use of 'I' and 'me,'
And finds 'I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.'"

The distinction between subject and object is, I say, a primitive fact of consciousness, and to recognize it is a condition of all sound

* "First Principles," § 25.

† "Principles of Psychology," § 78.

‡ *Ibid.* § 86. The italics are mine.

thinking. The images presented to our intelligence by the eye, the ear, the touch—Aristotle and the schoolmen after him called them *phantasmata*—are the *direct* results of these perceptions. We may go on—we do go on—to reason about those images: to judge, to compare, to abstract. Passive sensation does not constitute knowledge in the true sense. The instrument of knowledge is thought (*quo cognoscimus*). Knowledge (*quod cognoscitur*) is what is gained by thought. There is a perception of sense, a synthetic judgment of objectivity, which is a direct act. There is an analytical interpretation of that perception, an intellectual appropriation of it (*das Bewusstwerden*) which is a reflex act. Mr. Spencer confuses the two. I should like to make this evident, if I can, to "the general reader": and really, if we put aside sophisms and sophistications, there is no great difficulty in picturing to ourselves the intellect at its actual contact with the presentments of sense. I take into my hands a stone. I am directly conscious of it as an otherness: a non-self. Feeling proper, sensation, reveals to me so much. And I proceed—this is the next step—to interpret the sensation intellectually, to *cognize* the stone as hard and heavy. Thus does the thinking subject respond to the stimulating object, and "convert the feeling into a felt thing." Here is something more than sensation: here is an interior expression of sensation, formulated in words: here is intellection. Surely so much is clear. But we may advance yet a step further. From the cognition of the stone as hard and heavy, we may by comparison, reasoning, abstraction, advance to the general concepts of hardness and weight. These are the three steps in our knowledge which Kant distinguishes as Experience, Understanding, and Reason; and which, under whatever names, are commonly admitted by metaphysicians. It is perfectly true that the weight and resistance of which I am conscious, are "subjective affections." It is not true that they are *but* subjective affections. What is in the intellect, Aristotle observes, is not the stone but the idea of the stone: οὐ γὰρ ὁ λίθος ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ, ἀλλὰ τὸ ἔδος. But the idea of weight, the idea of resistance, has an objective value. The knowledge which the intellect obtains concerning its various objects is not wholly relative.

"The relativity of our knowledge." There is one thing which Mr. Spencer quite ignores in all that he has written upon this theme. And that is that the relations of things are rational. But to say this is to say that those relations possess an element of objectivity. Mr. Spencer excludes the rational element from knowledge. He makes of it merely sensuous experience, compared and synthesized. For him, ideas are merely general abstract relations between phenomena. For him, our intellectual horizon is bounded by the experimental sciences.

His method appears to me to be exactly described in the well-known verses of "Faust":—

"Wer will was Lebendigs erkennen und beschreiben,
Sucht erst den Geist herauszutreiben;
Dann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand;
Fehlt leider! nur das geistige Band."

"Das geistige Band." Yes. That is exactly what is wanting in Mr. Spencer's philosophy. His synthesis is merely an attempt to generalize the physical sciences: an attempt not judged by the chief masters of those sciences especially successful. It is not rational, intellectual, spiritual. And that is its condemnation. You will never succeed in explaining man and the universe by what is lowest in man and the universe. The physical sciences will never reveal to you the highest form of universal truth. We possess faculties of intuition, of intellection, of sense. Mr. Spencer does not recognize intuition. And intellection he confounds with sensation. He seeks to know mind through matter. Leibnitz truly observes, "it is only by what is within us that we have any knowledge of what is outside." The right starting-point in philosophy is in the natural operations of the intellect. In the happy words of Coleridge, "Metaphysics are the science which determines what can and cannot be known of being and the laws of being *à priori*—that is, from those necessities of the mind, or laws of being, which though first revealed to us by experience, must yet have pre-existed, in order to make experience itself possible; even as the eye must exist previously to any particular act of seeing, though only by sight can we know that we have eyes."* The object of the intellect is being or truth—*ens vel verum commune*—Aquinas tells us. This idea of being is the root of all our knowledge. Nothing is known save as being. And things are cognizable so far as they participate in being. To this language itself witnesses, for there is, in strictness, only one verb: the verb *to be*. By all means let us recognize the category of Becoming. But let us not overlook, with Mr. Spencer, the equally real category of Being. Things are related. True. But Mr. Spencer might have learnt from "the old hermit of Prague, who never saw pen and ink," "That that is, is." Yes. Things *are*. They have their separate identity. "Things are what they are." They have their own nature. The *principium individuationis* of the schoolmen is a fact: an ultimate fact: that is a mystery. "Omne individuum ineffabile." "One can only understand what one can make," Aristotle warns us. "Stay," says the Alchemist to his weeping wife, in Balzac's powerful novel: "Stay: I have decomposed tears. Tears contain a little phosphate of lime, some chloride of soda, some mucus, and some water." Is that all that a tear is? "Life," according to Mr. Spencer, "is adequately conceived only when we think of it as the continuous adjustment of internal relations to

* "The Friend," vol. i. p. 253 (Pickering's Edition).

external relations." * Is life really no more than that? Does this decomposition explain the living man? How is it that I know aught external at all? Without the oneness, continuity, and identity of the thinking subject it would be impossible to unite the elements of sensible knowledge: "to grasp together the manifold of intuition into the unity of apprehension;" as Kant speaks. The simplicity and persistence of the Ego is the very condition of knowledge. Being is a primitive intuition of the intellect, lying at the basis of each act of cognition, and it is formulated by us under the affirmation, 'I am I.' † The conscious Ego reveals self and non-self as entities: as objective realities.

It is an old saying, and a true, that the various questions with which philosophy is occupied are summed up and concentrated in one: the question of the Infinite. Let us go on to consider Mr. Spencer's teaching on this high matter:

"We are conscious of the Relative as existence under conditions and limits; it is impossible that these conditions and limits can be thought of apart from something to which they give the form: the abstraction of these conditions and limits is, by the hypothesis, the abstraction of them *only*; consequently there must be a residuary consciousness of something which filled up their outlines; and this indefinite something constitutes our consciousness of the Non-relative or Absolute. Impossible though it is to give to this consciousness any qualitative or quantitative expression whatever, it is not the less certain that it remains with us as a positive and indestructible element of thought." ‡ "Though the Absolute cannot in any manner or degree be known, in the strict sense of knowing, yet we find that its positive existence is a necessary datum of consciousness: that, so long as consciousness continues, we cannot for an instant rid ourselves of this datum: and that thus the belief which this datum constitutes, has a higher warrant than any other whatever." § "It is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist, as The Unknowable." ||

This is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Absolute; and here, as it is sometimes said, is the differentiation of his philosophy from Materialism proper. Certainly he does not teach that external phenomena, *Kraft und Stoff*, are what they seem: that Matter as we know it, or Motion as we know it, is the thing-in-itself. On the contrary, he expressly tells us that "Matter and Motion, as we think them, are but symbolic of unknowable forms of existence:" that "Mind also is unknowable," and that "were we compelled to choose between the alternatives of translating mental phenomena into physical phenomena, or of translating physical phenomena into mental phenomena, the latter alternative would seem the more acceptable of the two." ¶ Nay, more,

* "Principles of Psychology," § 131.

† Mr. Spencer admits that "no hypothesis enables us to escape" from "the belief in the reality of self" ("First Principles," § 20), although elsewhere he assures us that personality is a fiction.

"First Principles," § 26.

§ *Ibid.* § 27.

|| *Ibid.* § 31.

¶ "Principles of Psychology," § 63.

that "it is impossible to interpret inner existence in terms of outer existence."* Elsewhere, however, Mr. Spencer endeavours to accomplish this impossibility. Thus, to cite one instance only—not the strongest, but the most singular—he tells us: "We have good reason to conclude that, at the particular place in a superior nervous centre, where, in some mysterious way, an objective change or nervous action *causes* a subjective change or feeling, *there exists a quantitative equivalence between the two*":† the "good reason," apparently, being that "nerve centres disintegrated by action are perpetually re-integrating themselves, and again becoming fit for action." This "good reason," I must take leave to say, appears to me "exceeding good senseless." Mr. Spencer does not seem to possess even a rudimentary knowledge of the value of evidence and the nature of proof. Moreover, "a quantitative equivalence!" All physical phenomena, of course, can be expressed in terms of quantity. But what has quantity to do with feeling? This by the way. What I am, at the present moment, concerned to point out is that Mr. Spencer certainly does seek to interpret thought and feeling as manifestations of force. He tells us expressly that mind is "composed of feelings and the relations between feelings."‡ They are "the materials out of which . . . Intellect is evolved by structural combination."§ But his "feeling" is in truth mere sensation. And thus we pass "without break, from the phenomena of bodily life to the phenomena of mental life."|| "It is inferable that all psychical relations whatever, from the necessary to fortuitous, *result* from the experiences of the corresponding external relations."¶ Mr. Spencer teaches, over and over again, that thought and feeling can be interpreted only as manifestations of force. But matter and motion also are "differently conditioned manifestations of force." Whence it would seem that mind and matter are identical. But what is this force in the metamorphoses of which we have the explanation of the wondrous All? Mr. Spencer's doctrine concerning it is not consistent. He regards it as "a relative reality." Body and mind for Mr. Spencer are both relative realities. "Feeling and nervous action are the inner and outer faces of the *same* change."** They are "the subjective and objective faces of the same thing," but we are "utterly incapable of seeing, and even of imagining, how the two are related."†† In the Unknowable Ultimate Reality the two modes of being are one. Dualism has only a relative and phenomenal value. But, on the other hand, "the current belief in objects as external independent entities has a higher guarantee than any other belief whatever: our cognition of existence, considered as noumenal, has a certainty which no cognition of existence,

* "Principles of Psychology," § 63. † *Ibid.* § 47. The italics are mine. ‡ *Ibid.* § 77.
§ *Ibid.* § 76. || *Ibid.* § 131. ¶ *Ibid.* § 189. The italics are mine.
** *Ibid.* § 51. The italics are mine. †† *Ibid.* § 56.

considered as phenomenal, can ever approach."* I do not attempt to harmonize these discordant oracles. And I should much like to see the man who can harmonize them. At all events, Mr. Spencer's doctrine of The Unknowable is asserted, as we have seen, in good set terms. At the outset, however, it is open to a fatal objection. "Thinking," Mr. Spencer teaches, "is relationing."† Now, if Mr. Spencer is right in holding that the Absolute is out of relation to thought, he is certainly wrong in affirming *any* consciousness of it. If our knowledge is limited to conditioned experience, we cannot possibly know, in any sense of knowing, the Unconditioned. Mr. Spencer ingenuously confesses, indeed, "the consciousness of something which is yet out of consciousness is mysterious."‡ The mystery is akin to one of which we read in the history of Baron Münchhausen, who, upon a certain occasion, is related to have lifted himself out of a river by his own periwig. Upon Mr. Spencer's own showing, only by going out of ourselves, only by transcending what he over and over again lays down dogmatically as the impassable limits of intellect, can we attain to any acquaintance with the Absolute. In no other way can what is out of consciousness be a necessary datum of consciousness. The truth is that Mr. Spencer here darkens counsel by words without knowledge. The Unknowable really means the irrational: the self-contradictory: that is the non-existent. Everything, in so far as it is, is knowable, though not necessarily to this or that grade of intelligence. *Esse* and *percipi* are synonymous. To affirm that a thing is, and that it is unknowable, is a contradiction in terms. We must know it, and that in the strict sense of knowing, in order to assert that it is; in order to bring it into the category of being. I remember hearing, while an undergraduate at Cambridge, of a clergyman of vague theological views, then an ornament of the University, who, upon one occasion, had to read the Athanasian Creed in his College chapel. When the service was over, a friend said: "Now, do you really believe in the Deity about whom we have so positively asserted so much?" "Well," he replied, "perhaps there may be a Kind of a Something." Mr. Spencer is, of course, at liberty to conjecture with this cautious divine that there may be a Kind of a Something out of consciousness. But I demur when he proceeds to erect his surmise into "a datum of philosophy," and to assert dogmatically, "The God that we know, is not; but the God that we know not, is."

I very confidently contend, then, that Mr. Spencer's fundamental doctrine of The Unknowable is as untenable as are his other two fundamental doctrines of Causation and the Relativity of Knowledge. And here, I may remark, that as his erroneous theory of relativity has led him thus to label the Supreme Object of knowledge, so a true

* "Principles of Psychology," § 448.

† "First Principles," § 25.

‡ "Principles of Psychology," § 448.

theory of relativity would have saved him from the antinomies in which he is hopelessly involved with regard to this high matter. The more the manifold relations of things are examined, the more clearly are they seen to be rational, which is another way of saying that they reveal a law, in the proper metaphysical sense of the word. The world is intelligible. It is Kosmos, not Chaos. That is the postulate with which physical science itself starts upon its triumphant career of investigation. Wordsworth sings of "All thinking things, the objects of all thought." The classification is just. Goethe somewhere tells us that in the subject, the human intellect, there are ideas corresponding with the laws in the object, external nature. The thought in my mind is fitted to grasp the thought in the universe. The reason, wherein we consist, it is, that rules in the microcosm of the leaf and the macrocosm of the fixed stars: *alligens a fine usque ad finem, fortiter suaviterque disponens omnia*. The relations of things, I say, themselves testify of Objective Reason. But in truth Mr. Spencer's vast volumes are a huge outrage upon reason. Absorbed in the attempt to make, by physical methods, our higher faculties out of our lower, he puts aside the self-affirmations of the intellect which are the primary sources of all knowledge. I speak of those *à priori* or necessary truths which are laws of thought because they are absolute uniformities, intuitively known as self-evident. Upon such truths physical science itself rests. "The uniformity of Nature," for example, "that what has uniformly been in the past, will be in the future," is one of them. And it is essential to the physicist. He cannot take a step without it. Dr. Bain well calls it "the one ultimate premiss of all induction." But Mr. Spencer does not recognize the faculty of intuition. In truth it is incompatible with his doctrine of The Unknowable. The primordial verities which it reveals to us he explains as lapsed sensations, as experiences of the race transmitted from age to age by heredity in organic form to the individual. He does not appear so much as to understand what metaphysicians mean when they speak of "*à priori*,"* of "ideals," of "laws of thought." He exhibits no acquaintance with the philosophical import of the word "necessity." He refers it, in the last analysis, to quantities of matter, to modes of motion more or less complicated. But those absolute laws, whether of physics, of mathematics, or of morals, which dominate all experience, which are intuitively discerned by the pure intellect, acting *à priori*, are, in truth, independent of the senses. They have their deep foundations in the Infinite Mind, in the Absolute and Eternal. Immutable and transcendent, they are, in the words of Leibnitz, "what God eternally thinks." They are irreversible even by

* For example, Mr. Spencer pronounces the indestructibility of matter "an *à priori* cognition of the highest order." It is not an *à priori* cognition of any order, high or low.

the Omnipotent, for they are grounded in His nature, and "He cannot deny Himself." Here, and not in any integrations and disintegrations of matter, in any collocation and displacement of molecules, is the ultimate basis of metaphysics. "Totus ordo metaphysicus," Cardinal Franzelin writes, "constituitur legibus necessariis essentialium, quæ leges ideo sunt necessariae, quia divina essentia eas postulat. Unde ipsa essentia divina, non libera voluntate, est ex necessaria sua perfectione, est fons et mensura totius etiam veritatis ordinis metaphysici."*

The truth is, that Mr. Spencer has approached philosophy from the wrong side. His psychology is but physiology thinly disguised in a few metaphysical rags and tatters. Yet, with all his parade of physical science, his system is not really founded upon experience at all. Its three cardinal doctrines, which I have examined in this paper, are assumptions, not facts. It is the most conspicuous example of the *à priori* method with which I am acquainted. I do not doubt, but strongly affirm the legitimacy of that method, when rightly used. Hypothesis has, for example, a well-understood place, even in the experimental sciences. To give only one instance, What is the undulatory theory of light but an hypothesis?—an excellent working hypothesis: but undemonstrated as yet. Again, great physical discoveries have never been the mere result of laborious analysis, of conscious induction. They are due primarily to the exercise of a power analogous to "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet. The facts of the material world lie before men throughout the ages. Generation after generation gazes at them and discerns nothing beyond the dead letter of the bare phenomena. At last a gifted man arises, whose eyes are opened to see in them that which no one else had before seen, who, in Aristotle's phrase, "finds the similitude in things diverse," who reads their meaning, and formulates their law. What is it that enables him to do this? An intuition of genius. And what is an intuition of genius? What but a virtuality, an energy, a presentiment, a divination of the intellect? It is perfectly true that the physicist uses the experimental method to test and verify this prophetic anticipation. It is equally true that an idea *à priori*, is his *primum movens*, his point of departure. But Mr. Spencer, while professing to go by experience, starts, like a mediæval theorist, with the assumption of those absolute principles, the value of which we have considered, and endeavours to rear upon this problematical conception his theory of the universe. I am far from finding fault with Mr. Spencer's desire for a synthesis which shall unify all knowledge. I suppose we have all, more or less strongly, a sense of the secret solidarity of all truth, of the hidden oneness of all existence. We begin with Dualism. But we cannot rest in it. We thirst "to find the one in the manifold."

* "De Deo," p. 316.

All philosophy is a search after unity. And in some sense we are all philosophers, even the least metaphysical of us. We seek to bring into harmony our knowledge, our emotions, our wills, as they centre round ourselves and the invisible powers, by whatever name we designate them, in whom, for one reason or another, we believe. Of all the attempted solutions of this great problem, none seems to me less successful than Mr. Spencer's. It is surely—to borrow the words of Professor Virchow—"a tyranny of dogmatism, which undertakes to master the whole view of Nature by prematurely generalizing theoretical combinations."

So much must suffice, for the present, to explain why I decline to salute Mr. Herbert Spencer as "Our Great Philosopher." I am by no means insensible to the value of the mass of facts which he has so diligently collected. I admit that some of his generalizations unquestionably hold good, and that others may very likely be satisfactorily established hereafter. I allow that his speculative history of the universe undoubtedly contains large elements of truth. But it appears to me that his system of philosophy rests upon no sufficient ultimate grounds; that his primordial principles lack foundation in the order of being and eternal reality; that his ratiocination is not seldom a mass of contradictions, and a plexus of ambiguities.

Let us, however, suppose his theory to be accepted. Let us suppose that he has, in truth, exhibited the simplest elements of the world, the ultimate principles of things: that he has reduced all of which we have knowledge to his one law—the persistence of force under various transformations. Does that, after all, constitute a real explanation of the great enigma—"Je, d'où. où, pour, comment?" The problem of individuation would remain the same. "Pourquoi y a-t-il quelque chose?" asked D'Alembert. And he could only answer "Terrible question." Does Mr. Spencer even so much as pretend to tell us, why anything exists? Why it is itself, and not something else? Does he bring us any nearer to a constituent explanation of things? Does he not leave "one who feels the immeasurable world" exactly where he found him? "The immeasurable world." Yes; to feel that is the beginning of wisdom—and the end: to feel that the mysteries that encompass us are great, are ineffable. It is in vain that Mr. Spencer seeks, by grocer's scales and carpenter's plummet-line, to reduce them to averages and mechanism; to persuade us that they are darkness in themselves, however dark to us. "We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love." Can any one live by Mr. Spencer's philosophy? Its inadequacy to life is its condemnation. The key to the problem of existence is not sensation, but personality. And it is to be sought, not in the charnel-house of Physics, but in the spiritual temple of Pure Reason.

W. S. LILLY.

THE INDUSTRIAL VALUE OF TECHNICAL TRAINING.

SOME OPINIONS OF PRACTICAL MEN.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE subject of technical education will probably soon engage the attention of Parliament, as the Government has undertaken to deal with it during the present session.

I have, therefore, as President of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education,* willingly acceded to the request of the committee, that I should write a few words of introduction to a series of statements collected by our secretaries, which may serve to clear up some points which have been raised with reference to this important question.

*THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF TECHNICAL EDUCATION. *President*: Lord Hartington, M.P. *Treasurer*: Sir John Lubbock, M.P. *Secretaries*: Sir Henry E. Roscoe, M.P., Mr. Arthur H. D. Acland, M.P. *Assistant Secretary*: Mr. Llewellyn Smith, 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. The Association for the Promotion of Technical (including Commercial and Agricultural) Education aims at encouraging those educational reforms which will improve the capacity, in a broad sense, of all those upon whom our industries depend. Its object is not to interfere with the teaching of trades in workshops, or with industrial and commercial training in the manufactory and in the warehouse. It desires (1) To develop increased general dexterity of hand and eye among the young, which may be especially useful to those who have to earn their own livelihood, and at the same time improve rather than hinder their general education. (2) To bring about a more widespread and thorough knowledge of those principles of art and science which underlie much of the industrial work of the nation. (3) To encourage better secondary instruction generally, which will include a more effective teaching of foreign languages and science, for those who have to guide our commercial relations abroad, and to develop our industries at home. With these and similar objects in view, the Association desires to bring about an improved organization of the industrial education of both sexes in accordance with the needs of various districts. One of its main purposes is to stimulate public opinion by encouraging consultation and discussion between the representatives of various localities on the subject generally, and on any legislation that may be proposed, by conferences and meetings in various towns and villages: and by the diffusion of information in a cheap and popular form. The association wishes, where it can do so, to make better known the work of existing institutions, and to act in harmony with all those who are interested in bringing about more effective progress in a matter of the utmost importance to the country.

My own interest in this subject arose from circumstances which directed my attention to certain points which appeared to me to be of the highest importance. These were the prevalence of complaints, in many branches of our industries, of the increasing severity of the competition of foreign countries, the comparatively large progress which had been made in the development of the technical and manual training of the industrial population of other countries as compared with what had been attempted in our own, and, lastly, the eagerness with which large numbers of persons seemed to have taken advantage of any facilities, in this direction, which private or philanthropic exertions had placed within the reach of the people.

The Association has not sought to impose upon the country any exact imitation of anything which prevails in other countries. Its main purpose has been to call attention to, and to promote discussion on, the subject, and one of its first objects, in the attainment of which it may claim to have been partly, though not fully, successful, has been to reduce into more definite form that somewhat vague demand for technical education which has been expressed in the country for several years past.

Lord Armstrong has lately written two articles on the subject in another Review. While I fear that we cannot claim him as an advocate of an extension of educational agencies which would make some scientific and technical instruction accessible to large classes of the people in a degree which has been found practicable in other countries, and is certainly widely desired in our own, there is much in Lord Armstrong's articles with which we are in accord. Nevertheless we have had frequent evidence that the opinions therein expressed have tended to produce a discouraging impression, and, as we believe, to delay the introduction of reforms of the primary education of the working classes, which he is as anxious as we are to bring about.

The subjoined statements, mainly by capable business men, on the bearing of technical training on various industries, will be found, partly to supplement, and partly to modify, the positions which Lord Armstrong took up.

We wish to guard ourselves from giving the impression that the present article touches more than a small part of the objects we are seeking to attain. Any one who will read the publications of our Association will see that it has always striven to broaden rather than to narrow the aims of the movement for technical education, and we are at one with other educational reformers in insisting that considerable changes in primary and secondary education must precede technical training in the strict sense of the word.

We are most anxious to see a Bill passed this session giving powers to localities to deal with this question. In July last I urged the importance of this matter at the annual meeting of the Associa-

tion, and what I said then, I venture to repeat here. "I trust the Bill will not be delayed beyond another session, because, while we admit that a great deal is to be done by individual, and specially by local effort, we feel that, legislation having been proposed, the suspense and uncertainty which now prevail have the effect of paralysing that very local effort which we desire to call forth, and the uncertain position in which we find ourselves is delaying in some places the undertaking of all work of this character."

In the present article the educational aspects of the question, which are of the highest importance, have been expressly put aside. The only question dealt with is the possibility of materially increasing the industrial efficiency of the nation by means of technical and scientific training. All that has been attempted in the following pages has been to place before the readers of this Review opinions of some leaders of industry, and we have not appealed either to professional educationalists, or to working men, of whom many are giving the movement their cordial support, and feel its importance quite as keenly as those from whom we quote.

Neither does the article in any way pretend to be exhaustive as regards the industries of this country which may be affected by technical education. It only claims to present a few samples of the opinion on this question of those who have an intimate business knowledge of various important branches of industry.

A few words have been added at the close of these statements by the secretaries of the Association, but the value of the article depends on the unanimity of opinion which is expressed to the effect that improved education in various forms has a direct and most important influence on the industrial efficiency of the nation, and it is for the purpose of stimulating and widening this influence that our Association exists.

HARTINGTON.

By ROTHERHAM & SONS, WATCH MANUFACTURERS, COVENTRY.

IN giving an opinion as to the need and value of technical education in the watch manufacture, it is, perhaps, necessary to define what is usually understood by this term among watchmakers. It is the course of instruction pursued in the various schools of horology in Germany, France, and Switzerland.

Briefly stated, the mode of instruction is as follows:—The student is put through a course of geometry and mechanical drawing to enable him to draught correctly the various parts of the watch. The drawing is done on a greatly enlarged scale, and the reason why the

given proportions are adopted are indicated and demonstrated. Immediately following on this class teaching, he is called upon to pass into the workshop, and to make each piece from plain strips of brass and steel, conforming strictly to a reduced measurement and following out the related proportions of the drawing he has just executed in class. This is held to be the most direct way of imparting a just admixture of theoretical and practical knowledge in watchmaking.

Very striking results are to be seen in any of the continental schools of the success of this system of training, both in the excellence of the work produced and in the speed at which the training progresses. The complete course of instruction usually extends to three, and in a few cases to four, years. We see nothing vague in the practice of these schools; no very high ideal of technical education is sought after, and the instruction has a direct bearing on horology, pure and simple.

A careful comparison of these results with those obtained by the seven-years system of apprenticeship, which is the rule for training watchmakers in this country, has gradually led us to the conclusion that it would be beneficial to the trade that similar schools should be encouraged and established in England.

We should, perhaps, here say that our firm has had a somewhat considerable experience of the apprenticeship system, as, up to ten years ago, we always had an average of eighty apprentices under training at one time in the various branches of the business; this average has since fallen to thirty, although the total number of those in our employment is now greater than at any former period. And in view of the radical changes introduced in the processes of manufacture, and of the automatic machinery brought into use during the past ten or fifteen years, it has become clear to us that this method of training is doomed to extinction through unsuitness for the altered circumstances.

A point bearing on this subject, and not to be lost sight of, is that, with the altered conditions of life that surround them, lads are not now so disposed to enter into the long service of a seven-years apprenticeship. We can think of no provision so calculated to meet this lapse of the old order of things, and supply the present wants of the trade, as a scheme whereby trained men from such schools as we see working to this end on the Continent should, after a few years of general experience in manufacturing, become foremen in the various workshops, and centres from which technical information may be brought to bear on the general run of workmen whom they control and direct.

Until a year or two ago, only one such school existed in the United Kingdom, and that in London, with a very restricted course of instruction when compared with foreign schools. Latterly one other

has been started in London, and one in Scotland, each in a small way. Since 1887, Coventry has established a Technical Institute, with a horological section. This institute has been started mainly by the liberality of the manufacturers connected with the two old staple industries of the city—i.e., the ribbon and watch trades, both of which are now subject to the keenest of foreign competition.*

It is, of course, a debatable question whether industries strained by a fierce antagonism should be left to fight without the substantial municipal and national support given to these institutions elsewhere. But be this as it may, it is obvious that those who, in a bad time of trade, set to work to start such an institute must have been strongly possessed of a sense of its importance to the industries in which they were engaged.

II.

MR. IVAN LEVINSTEIN, OF I. LEVINSTEIN & CO., CHEMICAL AND COLOUR MANUFACTURERS, MANCHESTER.

PROBABLY in no branch of chemical industry is technical instruction of greater value than in the coal-tar manufacture, with which I am connected, and in no branch has our progress, compared with that of some of our competitors, been more unsatisfactory. For example, the exports of coal-tar products from Germany increased from 195,380 cwts. in 1884, to 319,922 cwts. in 1887, while, as is well known, our exports in these articles have been decreasing. Although this remarkable progress on the part of Germany is, in my opinion, by no means exclusively due to the superior education of their scientific chemists, still the fact is indisputable that greater attention ought to be paid to the training of our young men who desire to enter colour works. Every year a large number of young men issue from our technical schools, who wish to find employment as chemists, the majority of whom are by no means adequately prepared for the purpose. Manufacturers continue to show a preference for German or Swiss chemists, to whom they are often willing to give much higher salaries than to men incompletely trained in our own schools. The whole of the blame of this state of things is not to be laid on our technical schools, especially the best of them; the fault lies to some extent with the parents and advisers of these young men, who, in entire ignorance of what is really required in these days of progress, expect that a youth, having received a mediocre general education and spent two years at a college or technical school, ought at once to be able to earn a livelihood as a chemist in some of our works. We have already far too many of these half-trained chemists. It is not increased quantity but improved quality which we want, and unless

* The Institute has, since its foundation, received a generous endowment and gift of land from a prominent citizen of Coventry, lately deceased.

this fact is fully recognized, the erection and establishment of new colleges and technical schools will do very little to improve our position.

The study of chemistry is very laborious and difficult, and no youth should decide to embrace such a career, in any of its departments, unless he has a natural inclination and talent for scientific work, and the means to devote a considerable period of time to the acquisition of a thorough knowledge of general subjects, as well as of the science to which he intends to give special attention.

It is clear that the existence of the two first of these requisites can only be ascertained by developing science teaching throughout our educational system.

No difference should be made in the general and scientific education of the student whether he intends eventually to become a teacher or a professional chemist in a manufactory or on his own account; because the ultimate choice will depend largely on circumstances and on individual capacity. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake to believe that a chemist in a manufactory or works requires less knowledge of the science than a teacher or an experimental chemist.

Now, as regards the arrangements in the teaching institutions which profess to prepare and complete the education of chemists, I would advise that no one should be admitted as a regular or ordinary day student who has not passed a very strict and high-class examination in general subjects. Further, no certificate of efficiency should be given unless the student, after having passed the preliminary examination, has attended, for at least three years, the course of lectures on chemistry and kindred subjects and the laboratory course prescribed at one or other of the recognized institutions.

By this time he will probably have made up his mind as to whether he intends to adopt the career of chemist in works, or that of an experimental or analytical chemist. In either instance he might with advantage continue his course of study for another twelve months, substituting for any subject which had no special bearing on his future work a course, say in chemical engineering and the construction of chemical plant, or, if he intends to seek employment in colour, dye, bleach, or print works, a course in dyeing, printing, and bleaching. It is obvious, however, that it is not sufficient that the youth himself should possess all the qualifications required; his successful training will naturally depend largely on the teaching staff, and it is especially to the selection of teachers of chemistry that very great attention must be devoted. They should not only be capable teachers and distinguished men of science, but should also possess talent and originality, and they should be placed in such a position as to be entirely independent of the necessity of undertaking any work which lies outside their sphere.

III.

BY MR. SWIRE SMITH, OF SMITH & McLAREN,
WORSTED SPINNERS, KEIGHLEY.

FROM my own experience, as a spinner of worsted yarns for weaving and other purposes, I may say that for many years my firm has made certain qualities of yarn which we have supplied to local manufacturers, and also to manufacturers in Saxony. The looms in both cases were English, and several years ago the English and foreign manufacturers used the yarn for identically the same kind of plain goods. In those days our machinery was mainly employed in spinning for the home trade, and but a small proportion of the yarn was exported. Gradually, however, and especially when the fashion was against them, home manufacturers found great difficulty in selling their plain goods, and in many instances were compelled to stop some of their looms. The goods had always been wanted in the past, and they argued that they would be wanted again. But there was another reason why they did not change the character of their goods. They did not know how to make novelties and saleable fancy goods. While, however, the sale of our yarns to home manufacturers seriously declined, the exports steadily increased, and for four or five years past our machinery has been mainly employed in spinning yarns for foreign looms, while similar looms in local establishments have been idle. I have made special visits to Germany to ascertain the cause of this remarkable state of things, and I have found that while the English have been manufacturing plain goods in the piece, the Germans have been dyeing the yarn in the hank, and weaving it, in many colours, into novelties and fancy goods of great variety. They have been able, in the first place, to give a better price for the yarn than their English rivals, and to pay commission, freight, and duty upon it, and then in many instances they have sent back the goods to be sold in England. The advantage of the Germans over their English rivals has been in their superior treatment and arrangement of the materials of which the goods are composed. Almost without exception in the weaving establishments of Saxony, the employers and the industrial leaders responsible for the designing, dyeing, and finishing of the goods have received scholastic instruction in art and chemistry, while in many instances they have supplemented this instruction by attending weaving and dyeing schools for the direct purpose of applying artistic and scientific knowledge to the purposes of textile manufacturing. Till recently the same classes in England have received no such instruction, which undoubtedly accounts, in my opinion, for the fact that many of the German manufacturers of mixed fabrics have greatly

surpassed the English in the production and sale of those goods which are selected by the buyers because of their attractiveness and superiority in style.

IV.

BY MR. J. A. BROOKE, WOOLLEN MANUFACTURER, HUDDERSFIELD.

It has been contended by some authorities that, setting aside all considerations of moral or intellectual improvement, the workman is not, from an industrial and utilitarian point of view, benefited by technical education—*i.e.*, that the hewer of wood and drawer of water is not rendered more efficient by the possession of technical knowledge.

I am convinced that this view is wrong, at least so far as concerns the textile trade (woollen manufacture), with which I am practically acquainted.

For example, men employed in scouring and dyeing wool and cloth have, generally speaking, no technical and scientific knowledge. Such knowledge, however, on their part would prevent many a serious mistake, as the wool and the cloth are frequently damaged by what we may call a rule-of-thumb use of chemicals.

A man might work in a dyo-house as a journeyman, stirring pans, &c., all his life, without a chance of learning how to dye; and yet I know of instances of men who, having learnt how to manipulate pans and dye wools in the dye-house, have in the technical school learnt the science of their trade, and have thus, without the slightest help from their foremen, become themselves valuable and successful foremen. Improved machinery has simplified the task of the manual worker, but more than ever we require overlookers and foremen of all kinds scientifically trained, to enable us to maintain the standard of our manufactures, and such overlookers and foremen are at present difficult to get.

The actual workmen, however, no less than the class of foremen, are vitally interested in technical instruction. It is the working class which supplies us with overlookers and designers, and overlookers and designers in turn become managers and foremen. It is thus impossible to separate the interests of the various grades of workers; all are industrially as well as economically interdependent.

Again, the firm with which I am connected had for many years been engaged in the manufacture of plain cloth. We have been compelled to change with the fashion, so that we now make many kinds of cloth, requiring considerable skill in design. In making this change we have not had to introduce a single designer from the outside; our own young men, educated in our technical school, have been equal to the occasion. I feel, then, that we, as a firm, owe a

great deal to this school. I am sure that many other manufacturers in this district would bear the same testimony.

We in Huddersfield are in an exceptional position, but I hold it to be a matter of national concern that, in every centre of industry, there should be similar educational facilities within the reach of all classes.

V.

By MR. J. CRAMP, of PIZZIE & CRAMP, RIBBON MANUFACTURERS,
COVENTRY.

THERE can be no doubt in the mind of any ribbon manufacturer that a technical training would be of the greatest possible advantage to both warehousemen and weavers.

It should be premised that the weavers engaged in this industry must be divided into two classes. (*a*) The weavers working at home on their own looms; (*b*) the factory operatives.

The first of these bodies comprises many thoroughly intelligent, skilled, and capable workmen, but also not a few who are only half-trained for their work. It is difficult, in writing for non-technical readers, to give instances of this lack of knowledge, but the following may perhaps be readily appreciated.

The cards used to produce the pattern are prepared by a draughtsman and stamped, and mistakes are of frequent occurrence.

The half-taught weaver recognizes the blunder in the fabric, but is utterly unable to rectify the mistake. The competent man, with a hand punch and a bit of gummed card, will remedy all in half an hour. His neighbour must take down his cards, walk often four miles, leave them at the stamper's, and return the next day to fetch them, frequently, to my own knowledge, wasting two whole days.

The great bulk of the factory operatives are "hands," not weavers, the real weavers being the foremen, who start the loom, leaving the so-called weaver to piece threads and replace exhausted weft; in their case therefore intelligence is no longer called for, and the old pride in producing is extinct. If a master gets cleanliness, deftness with fingers, and general alertness, he has to consider himself fortunate.

The case of the employes in the warehouses is worse than that of the weavers. During apprenticeship they are supposed to be taught "the whole art and trade" of a manufacturer. What they actually learn is to weigh quickly and enter correctly. They know nothing of the mechanism of the loom; if they detect a fault in the article, ignorant of the cause, they cannot prescribe the remedy.

Not one in ten can colour a ribbon successfully, and quite as large a proportion would fail, if set to dissect and give estimate for a ribbon from a small pattern.

Space does not permit me to multiply my observations, but everything mentioned here is taught, and taught successfully, in foreign technical schools. I am perfectly aware that even if such instruction were universally accessible in our own country, only a small percentage of workmen would probably avail themselves of it. But none the less is it desirable that opportunities should be within the reach of all.

VI.

By SIR JOSEPH C. LEE, COTTON SPINNER AND CALICO PRINTER,
MANCHESTER.

THE development of the workman's capacity cannot be achieved satisfactorily, and less now than formerly, by the means of factories and workshops. In such schools, a lad learning his trade develops his faculties to the extent only to which the skill and knowledge of his master enables him to do so, or if what is required of him is the execution of some simple process in manufactures, the development of his faculties stops when he has become proficient in that process. Beyond this he has no knowledge. His lesson in either case has been learnt once for all, and it was taught to his master before him by a workman whose knowledge, if practical, was only empirical. Thus in calico-printing the men who serve the machine know little or nothing of the art they are engaged in beyond that which appertains to the special department to which they have served their time.

The consequence of this system is that workmen cannot escape from the groove in which they have been placed, and that originality and invention are almost entirely destroyed. Lord Armstrong would answer that men of genius can by self-instruction rise superior to the evils to which I point. But we must remember the modern conditions of a workman's life. The modern demand from machines and workmen is for quantity, and this is so insistent, and the rush and hurry of production are so engrossing and incessant, that no opportunity is left for diversity of experience, for observation and practical experiment, without which self-instruction is impossible. I may give, as an instance, out of the numerous cases which have come under my immediate observation, the case of a plasterer who came to me declaring that he felt he was capable of becoming a highly skilled workman, but had no opportunity or means for study and experience outside the groove in which he found himself compelled to work. By means of a scholarship in a technical school he obtained the opportunity he desired, and he is now employed by a firm as chief designer and modeller.

The province of technical schools is to supplement workshop

practice, and to offer opportunities for learning which workshops and factories do not afford. The entire body of workmen need not, of course, receive the higher species of instruction, which by the adoption of processes of selection would only be given to those who might be found fitted to receive it.

The object of technical schools should be to develop the faculties of workmen, and at the same time, and in the course of that development, to give them a knowledge of the principles upon which they work, and of the working of the machines they use, and to afford means of obtaining practical information on matters immediately connected with their own particular trade.

The fault which has been committed in many existing technical schools has been to divorce principles from practice; to teach scientific principles, and to expect the pupils to apply them in their trade. A workman is, as a rule, unaccustomed to generalization, and he is incapable of understanding the practical bearing of scientific principles upon his particular trade, unless he is led to discover them for himself through the actual exercise of his work.

VII.

By MR. JOSEPH LEIGH, COTTON SPINNER, OF STOCKPORT.

THE leading trades of Stockport are cotton spinning and weaving, and the manufacture of felt hats. Stockport is the centre of the latter manufacture. In addition to the manual and machine labour required in the making of a felt hat, there are many delicate operations to be performed—two of which, namely, the “dyeing” and “proofing” of the fabric, demand a knowledge of chemistry of a very high order. To maintain our position we have to overcome the fierce competition of other countries, especially Germany, where the superior scientific education is of great advantage to its manufacturers. Some of our employers have for years made use of the science classes in this town, assisting the more promising of their employes to obtain, in addition, the practical teaching at Owens College and the Manchester Technical School, but something much more convenient and comprehensive is wanted.

There is a growing opinion that, owing to the variety of colour and finish now required by the consumer, those manufacturers, whether here or abroad, who can command the highest skill in chemistry and dyeing will take the best departments of the trade, leaving the indifferent to be content with the more laborious descriptions and a proportionately meagre remuneration. It is proposed to make the teaching of these subjects one of the main features of the new Stockport Technical School.

The other industry to which I have referred is that of cotton spinning and manufacturing. This, in Stockport, has had a very chequered career. At one time the custom was to produce an immense quantity of easily made goods at a cheap rate; but gradually, though surely, these classes of goods have become unremunerative, and the manufacturers have been driven upon others, requiring more ability and care in their manipulation. Here again, as in the hatting trade, the demands for novelties can only be met by employing more highly trained men.

In cotton spinning, and to some extent in hat manufacturing, the raw material has to go through many different processes before it is ready for the market, and irregularity in any stage may pass undiscovered until the finished article reveals the defect; but the subdivision of labour in these factories is so complete that very few of the workmen are familiar with all the processes, and it will be one of the objects of the technical school to supply this deficiency. Again, a very great service will be rendered to those entering a cotton mill if they be taught the details of the construction of each machine they will have to make use of. The mechanism of a watch is simplicity itself compared with that of some of the machines required in cotton-spinning. In this respect, they present a great contrast to those used by the engineer or machine-maker. These machines, again, are so interdependent, that to stop one and pull it carefully to pieces for examination would be expensive, because of the disturbance it would cause to the other departments. Hence it happens that very few opportunities occur in the mill itself for mastering the details of construction; the most fortunate have but few opportunities of obtaining such information; the workmen themselves have none. In the technical school there will be placed the more complicated of these machines; and the students, whether intended for masters, managers, or workmen, will be made familiar with their intricacies.

VIII.

By MR. H. S. CROPPER, ENGINEER AND MACHINIST, NOTTINGHAM.

A STRONG case may be presented against the cry for the teaching of specific trades in technical schools; but the objections do not apply to such technical teaching as shall simply supplement that of the workshop, where alone manual skill can be acquired. Viewed from a local standpoint, we require that a youth should learn the art of his trade under his employer, and the science which underlies that art in the technical school. It is an undoubted fact that many celebrated men have achieved wonders without education, technical or otherwise; but it can scarcely be doubted that in most of the cases the same results

would have been achieved with education, years earlier. In former times the uninstructed inventor often spent months or years in devising a mechanical movement which, under present-day instruction, would occur to his mind as readily as the use of the multiplication table.

I am myself engaged in the making of machinery for the manufacture of lace. Up to the educational era of 1870, the whole progress of this manufacture, which is the chief staple trade of Nottingham, may be described as a system of expedients; but since that date so many of our artisans have become familiar with the use of the drawing-board and all else which this implies, that expedients are rapidly undergoing extermination in favour of mechanical principles, with the result that old machines are unable to compete with modern ones. The same principle holds good in every branch of the manufacture. An instructed workman produces more lace, of a better quality, with less waste of material, and less wear and tear to the machine, than an uninstructed one, machine and material being equal in each case.

Years ago all our designs were of French origin. A local school of art has altered all that, and French lace-manufacturers are now by no means unwilling to copy our designs and styles. In the dyeing and finishing of our laces we were formerly excelled by the manufacturers of Calais and Lyons. Thanks to a little scientific instruction, given both privately and in the evening classes at the University College, we claim at least equality with our foreign competitors. What we ask is that such instruction should be extended and made accessible in centres where at present it is not available, and that it should be provided by the community for the community.

IX.

BY MR. WILLIAM MATHER, M.P., OF MATHER & PLATT,
SALFORD IRON WORKS, MANCHESTER.

AT the Salford Iron Works we have for fifteen years past made it a rule that we would try to train good engineers. We have generally somewhat over one hundred apprentices. In former days these boys were encouraged to attend night schools and science classes. The result was very unsatisfactory. We then established a science school, under our own special control, as part of the concern, and insisted that every boy must attend at least two nights per week, or leave our employment. The result has been eminently satisfactory. On inquiring of our Works manager as to the careers of the hundreds of young men we have trained during the last fifteen years, he said: "I cannot give the present position of each man, but this I know, that as soon as they leave us they are picked up readily. Some have good

positions abroad, and I believe every one is doing well; and so they ought, for they are better trained than any young men I have met outside, of the same class."

Progress in the workshops and school entitles an apprentice to a share in annual prizes, and finally to a certificate of merit, signed by the firm. We require quite a number of skilful and intelligent men to go to all parts of the world, and our method furnishes them, with this disadvantage only for us, that they often remain away, and so we lose their services. All our positions of trust are filled, as vacancies occur, by the best of these young men, while the rest, as workmen, with us or elsewhere, take much more interest, and display a higher intelligence, in their work. The one difficulty we have is in the first year. The lads come to us from school with no practical ideas of any kind; they are, generally speaking, dull, and incapable of thinking for themselves. This fact has led us to adopt a period of probation of some months to test the disposition and mental qualities. The science school soon discovers all we want to know. In the majority of cases the compulsory attendance at the school brightens up the whole boy and enlists his interest in his daily work. We do not discharge more than five per cent. during the period of probation, and we have never had to discharge one for neglect of school after the first year.

But it is obvious that such a method of meeting the shortcomings of our present system of education cannot be generally adopted. I am convinced it would not be necessary, if the children of the working classes received a more practical training in the elementary schools, and if opportunities were afforded for secondary and technical instruction to follow. I have strongly urged parents to keep their boys at the Manchester Manual Training School, after the ordinary school, up to fifteen or sixteen years of age, in consequence of my experience with lads who leave school at thirteen or fourteen years; and, to all who can afford it, I invariably advocate a further training at the Technical School in Manchester when certain natural abilities are displayed which a higher scientific training will develop.

At present the evening schools of science and art under the South Kensington system are not fulfilling their functions satisfactorily. It is not to be expected that these classes can be eagerly sought when boys during their school life remain in ignorance of the subjects with which these classes deal; and even of those students who do attend regularly, and having good memories take prizes and certificates, very few really grasp the principles underlying the subjects taught in such wise as to make them serviceable in industrial occupations. If, however, during day-school life, preliminary science and art instruction, aided by manual exercises, formed a part of the common school system, there can be no doubt that the evening science and art classes would become as popular as they would be beneficial.

In technical schools the means should be provided also to pursue science in the abstract for original research with the attendant result of general culture.

Under no circumstances ought an attempt to be made to teach a trade. It is a delusion and a snare to assume that the educational process in the school can in any way supplant the actual experience of the manufactory or workshop; in fact, the latter will become more obviously necessary to the technical student, and more ardently entered into. For those who leave the schools at thirteen or fifteen years, the actual work in the selected trade will be all the more congenial when manual work has been associated with education all through school life.

My views on this question are not influenced by foreign competition or the fear of it in the future. My firm has continually to compete with French, German, and American firms in many countries, and I have never felt a sense of defeat. But none the less do I foresee that, in following the law of human progress, all industry and every person engaged therein must be more intelligent, more scientific, and more enterprising in the future, in order to maintain the prosperity of the country.

X.

BY MR. ARCHIBALD DENNY, OF W. DENNY & SONS,
SHIPBUILDERS, DUMBARTON.

THE following is a sketch of the training which, in my opinion, is necessary for an engineer or shipbuilder. It is the course that was followed out in my own case, and is being followed out in the case of my younger brother.

After a good general education has been received at school, on the modern, as distinct from the classical, side, a lad should serve two or three years as an ordinary apprentice, either in a yard or in an engine works, and, after that, attend a technical college, bearing directly upon the profession chosen, either at home or abroad.

The advantage of attending such a college abroad is, not only that a foreign language is acquired with very little labour, but also that, at present, the technical colleges abroad are in advance of those at home, and also are more numerous, although this is an unenviable distinction which I hope Great Britain will not long possess.

As to the value of men so trained, I hold that it is great, so long as they simply use their college training as a basis for acquiring practical knowledge. Unfortunately, many highly trained mathematicians allow their faculties to become obscured by figures, and do not sufficiently use their common sense to check the result of their calculations.

This, I think, has been to a certain extent the fault of some of our continental friends, who have trusted too much to mere school training, which can never 'by itself' produce either good engineers or shipbuilders.

All apprentices admitted to our drawing office have to undergo a competitive entrance examination in mathematics, mechanics, and geometrical, freehand, and mechanical drawing.* We had several reasons for introducing this system. First, that we might be certain, in taking in a boy, that he was intelligent and had a fair knowledge of elementary mathematics, mechanics, &c. Secondly, to prevent ourselves from being burdened with useless gentlemen apprentices, recommended by business friends. These are put over the same ferry as all the other apprentices, and can only enter our drawing office in competition with them. I hold also that our awards scheme is a very important incentive to technical education, and we have found it most beneficial.

We do not, in our own yard, provide any special technical education, further than having the very best possible library of technical works bearing upon shipbuilding; which we place at the disposal of our drawing-office staff; and we also allow them to use our drawing-office in the evening, and supply them with paper, &c., gratis; but we, as a firm and also as individuals, encourage as much as possible the technical education provided by the evening classes under the Science and Art Department of South Kensington. I myself am convener of the Science section of the School of Science and Art, and these classes are largely taken advantage of by our apprentices.

I think that a certain amount of practical knowledge is necessary before a man can thoroughly appreciate a scientific course, and it is merely a question to decide in each individual case how much is necessary, or how much he can afford to get. Perhaps the best way, could it be arranged with employers, would be to allow apprentices who wished it to work in the yard or engine works during the summer, and attend a course at college during the winter.

I should be delighted to see a great change carried out in the present system of higher education. As a matter of fact, at the present moment there is scarcely a school to which a man may send his children, in which the teachers are capable of imparting perfectly any further knowledge than Latin and Greek; and hence I heartily concur with the object of the National Association for the Promotion of Technical Education, where it says that one of the objects is "the improvement of the training of teachers." If we once had the teachers we would very soon train the boys.

* See Rules of the Leven Shipyard, section ii.

XI.

(THE TRAINING OF THE FARMER.)

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART.

SUCCESS in farming depends on four points:—1, familiarity with the habits of animals and the symptoms of their diseases; 2, management and organization of labour, whether human labour, horse-work, or machinery; 3, keen observation of the weather and growth of plants and animals, and much forethought and activity in taking advantage of opportunities; 4 (above all), judgment in marketing.

These conditions of success are not new. What specially wants attention now is the need for turning to practical account the light which science throws on the rationale of good practice, and on the means of improving that practice, and the question to be settled is the direction which education should take to enable the farmer to acquire and use this knowledge.

I must say, without hesitation, that to attempt to master the many sciences which bear on agriculture, as some persons appear to propose, is to attempt an impossibility. What is wanted is to train the minds of young farmers—to give them a thirst for inquiry, a sense of accuracy and of the certainty of natural laws, of the imperfection of our knowledge, and of the need for progressive modification of our present impressions. It is also important that a young farmer should be an adept in work—he ought to be able to use the pitchfork or the spade, to shear a sheep, to feed a threshing-machine or a chaff-cutter, and to make up a rick, as well as the best men on the farm.

If I were asked to frame a scheme of education for a young farmer, I should first advise that in his early years he should be interested in the animals on his father's farm, and in simple manual operations. Natural object lessons should of course form part of his elementary education, and I may add that such object lessons, if well taught, will be of the greatest value to the children of labourers as well. His secondary education should include a careful mathematical training, especially in the form of applied mathematics, so that he may acquire clear habits of calculation and a knowledge of geometrical measurement, the laws of force and locomotion and of fluid pressure, and something of mechanism.

Concurrently with this training of the reasoning and calculating powers, observation should be cultivated by experimental chemistry, first elementary and then as applied to farm practice.

After that must come the period of apprenticeship, responsible work under a good business man.

I think there is no branch of technical education in which it is more necessary (than in the education of the farmer) to keep clear the distinction between *school* and *apprenticeship*. By apprenticeship I mean coming in contact with actual business conducted with a view to profit, and having responsible tasks to perform.

It is almost impossible for a model farm attached to a school to be a real business; illustrations of the teaching must affect the conduct of the work. On the other hand, it is very difficult for a practical farmer, while conducting his business, to be a regular teacher, except by way of example or discipline.

XII.

By SIR HENRY DOULTON, OF THE LAMBETH ART POTTERY.

THE Lambeth School of Art has been of the greatest assistance, in many ways, to the business in which I am engaged, ever since its establishment.

In addition to such training as may be obtained in the existing Art Schools, it is presumed that Technical Schools propose to provide, 1, scientific instruction in the various processes of manufacture with a view to the intelligent understanding of their relation to each other; 2 (in some cases), practical training in the handicraft of these processes themselves.

It may be noticed that in proportion as the processes become complicated and dependent upon each other, especially if requiring expensive and intricate plant for conducting them, greater difficulties arise in technical instruction apart from the manufacture. In proportion, however, as the scientific or artistic assumes greater importance than the practical in a manufacture, technical training becomes more valuable. I do not believe that the more complicated forms of handicraft can be successfully taught in technical schools; I therefore think there is a tendency to overrate the possible benefits which may result from an attempt to do so.

Nevertheless, I am favourable to some method of transfer from the Board school to technical day schools, for a course of (say) twelve months, from the age of twelve to thirteen, previous to the taking up of a trade. This course of instruction might be preparatory to a further series of evening classes, bearing more directly upon subjects cognate to the special manufacture chosen. I favour this plan because the time during which such instruction can take place is necessarily limited; and it is doubtful whether the removal of the stimulus of commercial competition for any long period, and the isolation of a lad from the influences among which he will have to battle for existence, may not tend to induce habits which will disqualify him from successfully pursuing his avocation in life.

In the training of several hundreds of young girls for delicate

manipulative employment, it has been my experience that, however good the physical formation may be, the training of the hand at a certain age is absolutely necessary. Few girls succeed in obtaining any degree of manipulative proficiency if this training is commenced after the age of fourteen, however intelligent they may have been. I prefer to commence at thirteen years, rather than at an earlier age. Familiarity with materials, their construction, strength, &c., may be conveyed by object lessons and Kindergarten work in junior and infant classes with advantage, and the want of this knowledge has proved a great drawback to many of our younger girls. All this is, however, distinct from the training of the muscles for delicate manipulative processes, which is best acquired between the ages of twelve and fourteen.

XIII.

By MR. J. HUNTER DONALDSON, LATE OF GILLOW & Co.,
ART FURNISHERS, LONDON.

IN the business with which I have been connected for many years, we have found it comparatively easy to make good workmen in the purely mechanical departments; but when knowledge of form, style, or colour is wanted, the number that are found efficient is very limited, and their work has to be produced under direct and expensive artistic supervision.

For many years our plan has been to select promising students from the neighbouring schools of art to enter our drawing offices. They have continued to attend the classes at the school of art, combining this instruction with the actual works designed in the studio connected with our factory. I consider this mode of training to be the best, because it brings the theoretic teaching of the school into close touch with the practical conditions of business production. I could name many cases in which the most highly skilled artistic workmen have been produced by this system of combined school and workshop training.

The maintenance of schools of art is essential to the success of such a business as that with which I have been connected. The high place taken by France in the application of art to various handicrafts, is largely to be traced to the great amount of attention which the Government has long bestowed on schools of art, and the liberal encouragement it has given to artistic education in other ways.

While schools of art should in no case trench on the province of the workshop, by aiming at production of articles for sale, the training in design there given should be more "technical" than at present, in this sense, that it should have more relation to the materials in which the design has to be executed, and the necessary conditions under which it must be practically carried out.

There are several improvements which I would suggest in English art education.

1. Instruction in the rudiments of drawing in primary schools should be more widely diffused, so as to prepare children for higher instruction in art classes when older.

2. *Elementary* teaching in drawing being thus provided for, Government support to schools of art might be mainly given to schools of a higher standard, to which only students of proved capacity would be admitted. The instruction should be gratuitous, as in France, or at least the fees should be very low. Such teachers only should be employed as could give specific instruction in the kind of art that is to be applied, and who themselves possess a sound knowledge of the various styles.

3. Technical museums in all manufacturing towns should be supplied with fairly complete sets of drawings and models of the best types of such work as is carried on in their respective districts. Competent persons should be employed to lecture periodically on such models, &c.

4. All objects now in duplicate at South Kensington should be given to Edinburgh and Dublin.

XIV.

BY MR. W. R. MAGUIRE, OF MAGUIRE & SONS, SANITARY ENGINEERS, DUBLIN.

OUR firm has employed for many years artisans and apprentices in various branches of industry, in plumbing, metal work, smith's work, joinery, brickwork, &c. We have given up hopes of any marked improvement in the ordinary artisan in technical and theoretical knowledge, considered apart from his skill as a handicraftsman, but we entertain good hope for our apprentices. We are bound, under apprenticeship indentures, either to teach them, or cause them to be taught, their several trades. We are ourselves engrossed with the management and control of our business, and we have not time to devote to the instruction of our apprentices; nevertheless, having obtained the necessary teachers' certificates in plumbing, metal-plate-work, joinery, masonry, brickwork, &c., we made arrangements, before the technical school was opened in Dublin, to remain at our factory one night every week to give instruction in the special science subjects underlying the trades which our workmen practised daily in our workshops. Our classes were attended by about seventy lads and men.

We soon perceived that our weekly factory classes, held thus and attended voluntarily, could not be made fully to supply the educational wants of our apprentices, nor could we continue to devote more time

to them ; and our foremen had less time at their disposal for teaching than we had.

Since that time, partly by our own exertions, a public technical school has been opened at Dublin. We now send our apprentices there, paying their fees and compelling their regular attendance, when they are in town, by the terms of their indentures, under penalties mutually agreed upon. They receive there a sufficient education both in the theory and practice of their trades, when taken in close conjunction with their daily workshop routine practice, to enable them to become first-class artisans. Some of our lads have passed and obtained certificates of honourable grade. These have acquired a more confident way of setting about their work, and greater skill in doing it ; they never make the awful mistakes into which uneducated artisans fall.

XV.

By MR. G. N. HOOPER, OF HOOPER & Co., CARRIAGE BUILDERS,
VICTORIA STREET, LONDON.

My experience of technical instruction in carriage-building extends over twelve years, when the first class was opened in the West End of London. Since then two other classes have been started in London, at the Polytechnic and the United Westminster Schools.

The method of instruction is the same in each of the classes. There is a short lecture on some branch of the industry or on the materials used in carriage-building at home and abroad, and the students write answers to questions during the week. Part of the evening is occupied in making, to a reduced scale, working drawings of a carriage, drawn full size on the black board, and accompanied by explanations.

Whilst it is very desirable that the students should have at least an elementary scientific knowledge, no pure science is taught at these classes, but only the application of scientific principles. To coach workmen (in one branch especially), a knowledge of advanced geometry is, under another name, indispensable when laying out working drawings. But as the men who attend the classes do so for the sake of acquiring practical knowledge, they would quickly lose interest in any purely scientific course. The endeavour is to supplement workshop practice by imparting technical knowledge, difficult (if not impossible) to obtain in the hurry and bustle of the workshop.

I regard these classes as beneficial to all who attend them. The apprentices and younger men are thus very soon enabled, by the aid of the working drawing, and accompanying explanation, to set out their work for themselves, instead of having to wait years before they can

pick up the requisite knowledge in the workshop, where the pressure to turn out work rapidly precludes adequate teaching of this kind.

The technical lectures and discussions tend to check the usual tendency to mechanical routine, and unthinking repetition of conventional processes, and they thus greatly facilitate the introduction by an employer of any new plan he may wish to adopt.

The superiority of the men who have received instruction in the technical classes is recognized by others than employers in England. From India and the Colonies applications come periodically to the teachers, asking for men to fill situations in which skill and technical knowledge are essential. A young man has just been selected as assistant superintendent of a large coach factory at Calcutta, entirely owing to his connection with a London trade class. Two others have preceded him under similar circumstances to the same city; another manages the most important coach factory in Singapore.

But, as a superintendent and employer of skilled workmen for more than forty years, I must add that no amount of school training will produce a first-rate workman. There must still be the workshop practice to acquire skill in the use of tools.

Changes in the conditions of production have rendered the old system of apprenticeship unworkable; it is for the present generation to devise means to take its place. I think that technical classes, supplementing workshop practice, may be made to serve this purpose.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

The above statements are but a selection from the many communications which have reached us in response to our request for opinions of practical authorities on the application of technical training to their own industries. If we had appealed to theorists or teachers, a case could have been presented which at first sight might seem stronger. This, however, we purposely avoided. The volume of such evidence is already very great, and what needs now to be brought out is the view rather of the consumer than of the producer of technical instruction—the authoritative judgment of men in daily contact with actual business life, as to the actual value and the proper limits of the training given in the school as distinct from the training given in the workshop.

The statements which are printed above, though clearly affording only a scattered and fragmentary view of the subject as a whole, give nevertheless, as we conceive, a far juster view of so complicated and many-sided a problem than any argument, however elaborate, written from the point of view of a single industry, or by a single authority, however eminent.

One of the points most clearly brought out is the diversity of requirements of different trades. In some, as in the chemical industry, the chief (though not the only) want is a scientific training of a high order for a few experts. As Mr. Levinstein points out, it is quality rather than quantity in which we are deficient. The chief mode in which such training may be assisted by the Government, is through the proposed grant in aid of University Colleges. But in this case it must be confessed that the chief defect lies in the demand rather than in the supply. If English chemical manufacturers realized the importance of a high order of scientific talent, and were willing to pay its price, they would soon be supplied with as highly trained men as they could desire, from such centres as Owens College or the Central Institution of the City and Guilds Institute. Here, therefore, in a special degree Professor Huxley's remark before the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction is true, that "of all practical measures that could be taken for the advancement of technical education and scientific teaching, the most important would be that employers should show that they valued it."

It may be asked how far this conclusion is consistent with the demand for diffused science training. In the first place, there are many smaller chemical works, and many industries in which *some* chemical knowledge is of value, but in which it would be out of the question to employ a highly paid expert. In such cases as these, means of scientific and technical teaching within easy reach may be of the utmost value, whilst no benefit would be derived from a few centres of higher instruction scattered over the country." In the second place, Mr. Levinstein supplies the link between the training of the many and the training of the few. No one can take the high polish of the expert's education unless he has a natural capacity and inclination for the pursuit. This capacity and inclination can only be discovered by the diffusion of elementary instruction in science. Thus the net must be spread wide even though the fish to be retained in its meshes are but few.

So in relation to the textile industries Mr. Brooke and others emphasize the fact that it is useless to expect highly trained managers and foremen to "emerge" from an untrained and uneducated class of manual workers. If it be true that it is here that the value of technical training first comes in, it follows conclusively that at least the foundation of technical training must be laid lower down.

When we turn from the great industries to the smaller handicrafts the case is rather different, for there the possession of technical knowledge is often of the greatest value to the actual workman, not merely in view of the possibility of his becoming a foreman, but in order that he may become a better workman. Good examples of this are afforded by industries in which a knowledge of drawing is of importance, such as carriage-building or watch-making, which are dealt

with by Messrs. Hooper and Rotherham; or such handicrafts as plumbing, in which the evidence of Mr. Maguire seems to us to be final as to the value of school training in conjunction with workshop practice.

Again, Mr. Leigh justly points out the fact that the number of stages through which an article has often to pass before completion, and in any one of which it may be spoilt by bad workmanship, is so great under the modern conditions of division of labour, that many classes of workmen are vitally interested in the technical training of those engaged in any one of the stages of production. Thus the influence of the Nottingham School of Art on textile design, to which Mr. Cropper alludes, is felt by the workmen engaged in all the processes of lace manufacture.

Some writers argue as though all that is wanted is a slight extension of science and art classes; all distinctly technological instruction being (somewhat crudely) grouped under the head of "the teaching of trades," and as such, condemned. We entirely agree in deprecating any attempt to teach trades in schools for reasons given below, but, as Sir Joseph Lee contends, we cannot expect workmen unaccustomed to generalization to apply purely scientific principles for themselves. Mr. Hooper holds a similar opinion from the point of view of the carriage-building industry, and any one who is acquainted with the actual working of the technical school will know that, whatever theory may be adopted at the outset, the teacher is continually compelled, if only by the pressure of demand, to go out of his way to give instruction in the application of science and art to industries. A single example will suffice. To some of the chemistry students in the evening classes at the People's Palace School, a knowledge of the testing of oils is of importance in their daily work, and some of them recently asked for the starting of a class in this subject. Such instruction is distinctly *technical*: it forms no part of an ordinary science course. Ought the teacher of the classes to have therefore declined to give it? No one but a pedant would say "Yes." Still though such instruction as this has a direct bearing on a special industry, it by no means amounts to the teaching of a trade.

Another point may be emphasized here (which is brought out by Mr. Brooke, Mr. Hooper, Mr. Swire Smith and others), namely, the much greater ease with which a workman or foreman, trained by the combined system of school and workshop, is able to adapt himself to the constant alterations in the conditions of production, which characterize the course of modern industry.

It is sometimes said that the cry for technical education is vague and ill-defined. It is unfair to criticize a demand which has necessarily different meanings from the point of view of different industries, on the ground that it cannot be compressed within the limits of a single clear-cut formula.

There is nothing hazy about our general programme. The improvement of elementary education by the encouragement of object lessons, by the extension of drawing teaching, and by the increase of facilities for the teaching of science, and for simple manual training, is not a matter about which there is much difference of opinion. Nor are our proposals for the organization and improvement of secondary education, or for its provision in those many districts where there is no intermediate education under public supervision, such as usually meet with much opposition from the theoretic point of view. What is ~~now~~ wanted is not to define more clearly, but *to get the thing done*.

But beyond this laying of the foundations of technical education, we ask for facilities to enable a workman (whether artisan, foreman, or manager) to become a better workman by studying the science and art underlying his trade in the school, side by side with practice in the workshop. And, moreover, such schools should serve as centres of information, where, as in the library attached to Messrs. Denny's drawing-office, the latest results of scientific research made may be accessible to all, and where (as Mr. Mather points out) such research may be carried on. It is needless to dogmatize as to the particular trades which will or will not benefit by such facilities. It is enough that there is a consensus of opinion among the practical authorities we have quoted, that in many industries the altered conditions of production are fast rendering some such instruction a necessary supplement to workshop practice for the production of the most highly skilled workman.

Nor does it concern us to argue whether the breakdown of the apprenticeship system is due to faults of the workmen or of the masters, or to inevitable changes in the methods of industry. It is enough that in many trades it is practically dead, and no one seriously thinks it can again be galvanized into life. More and more, as we are told in the above statements, the bustle and hurry of the workshop preclude the thorough teaching of principles, and more and more therefore is there a need of some outside teaching not imparted under the pressure of production for profit.

There is here no thought of imitating foreign apprenticeship schools, for English authorities agree that the workshop is the place where the practice of trade must be learnt. The province of the school is to supplement the training of the factory, not to supersede it. The conditions of the school cannot be the same as those of the factory, and the special value of the school training would be lost if there was an attempt to assimilate the two. A lad who has learnt the principles of dyeing at the Yorkshire College ought to be able to dye a fabric to a given tint; but it is in the dyehouse that he learns to dye it at a given price. Again, there is much to be done in the way of agricultural education by the school and the model farm; but, as has been

pointed out, the model farm cannot be a real business, conducted for profit, and much of the farmer's training must be gained elsewhere.

It is unnecessary to multiply examples of a point on which stress is laid throughout this whole article, whether the subject be the teaching of the engineer, the farmer, the plumber, or the cabinet-maker. But the question of the exact province of the technical school is of the greatest importance, for the suspicion with which the whole movement is regarded by some trades unionists rests on the misconception that an attempt is to be made to open new channels whereby a lad may enter a trade without passing through the ordinary course of preparation in the workshop. Such an attempt would end in failure, and, even if successful, would disorganize the labour market by artificially overcrowding the trades which could be most advantageously learnt in the technical school. It is therefore important that in any measure for the provision of technical instruction, Parliamentary grants should be strictly confined to those students who are working, or preparing to work, at the industries to which such instruction applies. And it is most desirable that in framing any scheme, full weight should be allowed to the advice of men of experience in business, whether masters or workmen.

And this leads to the final question as to the duty of the State in the matter.

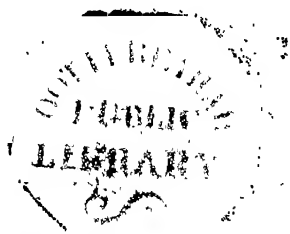
No one asks that a centralized scheme of technical instruction should be framed for the whole country, and directed from South Kensington. The various needs of localities, to which attention is called above, must be met by a variety of methods. Subject to some guarantee of efficiency, the utmost freedom should be left to local authorities to meet their own needs in their own way. What we ask is that where the industries of a district would be benefited by such instruction as technical classes can afford, the law should no longer prohibit local authorities from supplying the deficiency if they think fit. And if Parliament supplement such local contributions by an imperial grant, as is now done in the case of science and art teaching, it will perhaps have done all that it should be called on to do in the matter.

The results may not at first be very striking, but at least there are some towns which, to our own knowledge, are now waiting, with funds ready for use, for the powers which have been so long promised, and so long delayed. If local activity is not to be entirely paralysed, an end must be made of the present state of suspense by legislation, which ought to be passed through Parliament at once.

HENRY E. ROSCOE.

ARTHUR H. D. ACLAND.

ARBITRATION OR THE BATTERING-RAM?



SINCE the summer of 1887, that is to say, practically for two years past, I have been engaged in an effort to promote the interests of peace in Ireland, pleading for the adoption of the methods of friendly conference and of arbitration as a means of bringing about an equitable and lasting settlement of the questions so long at issue between the landlords and the tenants. It has now been suggested to me that by noting down for publication in an English periodical such as the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW some of the leading incidents that have marked the course of my effort in the cause of peace, I may perhaps in some degree help forward the work in the success of which I am naturally so deeply interested.

To some extent I am inclined to think that this may be so. A letter of mine was recently published in the *Times* and other leading London newspapers in advocacy of the adoption of arbitration as a means of settling the questions in dispute on those estates in Ireland where at present the relations between landlord and tenants are severely strained. My proposal, put forward in that letter, happens to have attracted a good deal of notice in the Press both of England and of Scotland. I have indeed no reason to complain of the general tone of the comments that have been made upon it. But I have observed with regret that, amongst the comments that have been made, there are not a few which, either in substance or in tone, are of a nature directly calculated to hinder the advance of the movement, now happily in progress, in favour of the adoption of arbitration. It is possible that, as has been suggested to me, a plain statement of some of the leading facts regarding my prolonged advocacy of this method of settlement may be of some use in checking the evil influence of the comments to which I refer.

I may state at the outset what the obstacle is which I wish to remove, and for the removal of which an earnest and united effort should, I think, be made by every sincere friend either of the landlords or of the tenants in Ireland. Its nature is almost sufficiently indicated by the following extracts from the *Times* and the *Scotsman*.

The *Times*, in its issue of the 8th of May, has the following comment upon my recent proposal of arbitration:—

"There could be no more instructive admission of the virtual collapse of the latest form of agitation than the letters from Archbishop Walsh which we published yesterday and to-day. . . . He would be delighted to get a form of arbitration which would allow the tenants to surrender without too much injury to the *amour propre* of their advisers. That is what his letters amount to, and that is a striking confession of defeat, as well as a dexterous attempt to cover defeat by substituting a novel proceeding for the action of the appointed Courts."

The *Scotsman* of the same date has the following:—

"Why should there be any arbitration in such cases? One excuse has been found for it on the ground that it would *build a bridge for the retreat* [of the organizers of the tenants' combination]. But is the State concerned to build a bridge for them?"

The traces of the perverse spirit by which such articles are inspired are unhappily to be met with everywhere throughout the country. In the far north, the *Aberdeen Free Press* describes my recent action in this matter as "more than suggestive of a breakdown" in the operations of the National League. The purpose of my appeal, "not to put too fine a point on it," the writer adds, "is to provide a means of letting the Nationalists out of the very inconvenient position in which they are now placed, and of obviating the necessity for an open and unconditional surrender." In the south the *Kentish Mercury* throws its little contribution into the caldron by asking, "What is the meaning of this sudden change of front," and whether it is "possible to put any other interpretation on it than that it is a surrender?" At Sheffield, the *Daily Telegraph* has an article describing my proposal as an incident in a general process of "climbing down;" my "zeal for arbitration" is slightly spoken of as "new-born;" and the only favour shown to my suggestion is that of representing arbitration as "a golden bridge" which "Unionists" may well condescend to show their magnanimity in providing for the "retreat" of the discomfited tenants. At Bristol, a leading newspaper, the *Bristol Times*, goes even a step farther. In an article, headed "The Fruits of Resolution," after openly deriding what it describes as my "new-born desire that peace and tranquillity may be restored to Ireland," and justifying its derision by the broad assertion that "the Archbishop has not hitherto given many proof of his

attachment to the cause of peace," it goes on to represent my letter as establishing the inference that "the agitation for Home Rule is on its last legs." Again, at Manchester, I find the *Examiner* parading my proposal as evidence that in my opinion the position of the tenants is hopeless. This journal also endeavours to prop up its view of the case by pointing out how "singular" it is that I did not "come forward earlier in the interests of peace." I had, it says, "an excellent opportunity of doing so," on a noteworthy occasion about twelve months ago, but "at that time," it assures its readers, I "did not move."

This line of comment is surely very deplorable. I cannot but see in it a source of serious danger to the chances of a peaceful settlement. The tenants, it must be remembered, whilst perfectly willing to make peace, are in no mood just now to sue for it. From the beginning they have indeed indicated in many ways their willingness to make peace, provided only that it be peace with honour. There is, I should say, no reason to doubt that they are still as willing as they were at any previous time to bring the vexatious conflict honourably to a close. Counting upon a continuance of their previous attitude, I made without misgiving my recent proposals in favour of arbitration. These proposals have been, as I felt confident that they would be, cordially endorsed from the tenants' side. They now await only the acceptance of the landlords. But it is sufficiently clear to me that I shall soon find the tenants' endorsement of them peremptorily, and perhaps angrily, withdrawn, if these overtures continue much longer to be misrepresented in their drift and purpose by criticism so unfair and so irritating to the tenants and to their advisers as that of which I have now quoted so many typical illustrations.

I am willing to assume that the critics in question, or at least many of them, are honest in their interpretation of what they regard as the most salient and significant facts of the case. They have been suddenly confronted, and possibly to some extent startled, by what seems to them a totally new departure. A "sudden change of front;" the unexpected appearance of "a new-born zeal for arbitration;" the "singular" fact of an appeal such as mine being now made to English public opinion by one who had failed to "come forward earlier in the interests of peace," and who had indeed shown his utter want of concern for those interests, by indefensibly neglecting "an excellent opportunity" that had presented itself for the interference of a peacemaker, at an earlier stage of the struggle—these things seemed, I dare say, to require some explanation. I do not even suggest that there is necessarily any want of fairness in the attempt made to account for them in the way that has commended itself to so many of the critics. It seems to have been assumed by them that my recommendation of a friendly method of

settlement was a new and unprecedented fact in the progress of the case. Starting from that assumption, the most honest and impartial of observers might well come to the conclusion that the struggle had now entered upon a new phase in which the tenants were being hopelessly worsted, so that the conviction had forced itself upon the minds of those who sympathize with them that a call for a truce, as a preliminary to a pacific settlement of the dispute, was the only remaining means of averting disaster from the tenants' cause.

Manifestly unfounded though this theory is, the fact that it has been set up is calculated seriously to prejudice the cause of the tenants. I owe it to them, then, that I should do my part to free them from the disadvantage at which my pacific intervention seems unfortunately to have been the occasion of placing them. I can, I think, best do so by noting down, in compliance with the suggestion that has been made to me, those previous incidents in the case which seem to have escaped either the attention or the memory of many of those who have now taken upon themselves the grave responsibility of writing so flippantly about it.

I have thought it right to make this preliminary statement as to my personal position in the matter. For in what I have now taken in hand to do, I am under the grave disadvantage of having to write mainly about myself.

The main fact to be put upon record is that my recent intervention in favour of the adoption of a friendly method of settlement was in no sense a novelty, so that in no way could it be regarded as justifying the notion that the case of the tenants has in my opinion entered upon any new phase. There is nothing whatever in my recent action to give grounds for any such belief. That action is in no sense a novelty. As to my having neglected any earlier opportunity that presented itself for pacific intervention, I have, I fear, to acknowledge that, on the contrary, perhaps with undue persistence, but at all events persistently, in season and out of season, for the past two years I have literally pursued the Irish landlords and their advisers with appeals and suggestions in the interests of peace. In all this my action may have been wise or unwise. But at all events in the interest of the tenants I am bound to secure that it shall not now be ignored or misrepresented to their disadvantage.

In August 1887 an organization, under the name of "The Landlords' and Incumbrancers' Association," was formed in Dublin for the protection of the other interests in land, as distinct from those of the tenants. The formation of this body seemed to me to present a favourable opportunity, the first that had arisen, for bringing about a conference in which the various questions at issue could be considered in a friendly spirit by representatives of the two great

contending classes. The tenants, on their side, had long been organized into a fairly compact body. The landlords had not in any effective sense been organized at all. While such a state of things had continued, it was practically impossible to bring together, in conference or otherwise, persons who could claim with authority to speak as representatives of the views of the contending classes. The difficulty seemed to be in great measure removed by the formation of the new defensive organization on the landlords' side. Seizing, then, upon the opportunity that in this way presented itself, I at once addressed to the editors of the Dublin newspapers, the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Daily Express*, and the *Dublin Evening Mail*—the first a leading Nationalist organ, the two latter, representatives of the "Unionist" and landlord views—a letter, in which I suggested the holding of a friendly conference with the object of bringing about, through a friendly interchange of views, an equitable and lasting settlement of the points in dispute between the landlords and the tenants.

My letter, which appeared in the newspapers of the 29th of August 1887, at once became the subject of considerable public discussion. At the tenants' side, and by the newspapers favourable to their views and claims, the reception recorded to my suggestion was most favourable. But in the opposite quarter, almost at once, the workings of the spirit of mischief began to make themselves felt.

There is, in fact, scarcely one of the phrases now so freely employed by hostile critics in referring to my recent letter, which was not similarly employed in derision of my effort in 1887. Out of the scores of quotations by which, if necessary, I could illustrate this remark, I need give but one.

The *St. James's Gazette*, in commenting on my recent letter, holds up its hands in amazement at what it has the hardihood to describe as my now "suddenly appearing as the champion of peace," and interprets my doing so as a practical confession that "Mr. Balfour has beaten the agitators all along the line." This journal at all events cannot venture to plead in excuse for this mischievous line of comment that it was ignorant of what had occurred in 1887. Here is what it wrote on the evening of the 29th of August in that year, the evening of the day on which my letter was telegraphed to London as having appeared in the Dublin newspapers of that morning:—

"Few more curious political documents have appeared lately than the letter from Archbishop Walsh which we reproduce on another page. . . .

"The Archbishop volks from the upas-tree line of argument. . . . It is no longer war to the knife, but an offer to treat. . . .

"It is not at all the shrill note of defiance which we were promised as the result of the Crimes Act. The intrinsic value of the suggestion may not be great, and probably is not; but the mere fact of its having been made is noteworthy, and should confirm the Government in their present attitude of promising resolution. For a few days they have been moderately firm, and now comes a flag of truce."

I do not think that I ought to resist the temptation to add one other instructive example. The *Bristol Times*, one of the journals whose comments on my recent letter I have quoted in the opening paragraphs of this paper, published on the 30th of August 1887 an article on my proposal of the previous day. The article is headed, in somewhat uncomplimentary phrase, "An Archbishop's Joke." This trustworthy organ, which now assumes an air of amazement at what it is not ashamed to describe as my "new-born" desire for peace and tranquillity, and which endeavours to pass off upon its readers my recent letter as the indication of a totally new departure conclusively demonstrating that the policy of Coercion has at length triumphed, wrote as follows on my proposal of August 1887 :—

"Archbishop Walsh had some reason, we suppose, for making *this posterous proposal*, but to those who cannot follow the workings of his mind, his letter seems to be a not particularly brilliant jest.

"Those who like to take the Archbishop seriously will *note the significance of the circumstance* that his letter appears at a time when the British Government have obtained power to *throttle the agitation*."

I refer to these comments on my former proposal for two reasons. In the first place, they place in a curious and not very creditable light the statements now made that the desire for peace manifested in my recent letter is "new-born" and totally unexpected. Again, they very clearly indicate the sort of reception which any one who is known to sympathize with the tenants must be prepared to meet with if he ventures at any stage of the struggle to suggest that a friendly method of settlement should be substituted for that of conflict and of strife.

The effect on the Irish landlords of the encouragement so mischievously held out to them from England to pursue a policy of blind resistance speedily became apparent. On the 15th of September 1887 the first meeting or Convention of their new organization was held in Dublin. The assembled delegates of the landlords could not, of course, altogether ignore my proposal. Nor could they, on the other hand, openly reject it. They took a middle course. They politely put it aside. One of their resolutions contained a courteous expression of thanks to me for what I had done. But the delegate who proposed the resolution took care to secure that this act of courtesy should not be misunderstood. This gentleman, Mr. Richard Bagwell, D.L., made the announcement that "we"—that is to say, the elected delegates of the landlords of Ireland—"are inclined" to think "that this is not the time for the Conference."

After this proceeding, my project of a Conference was, for the time, at an end. Not altogether unnaturally, the tenants and their representatives in the Press showed some indications of satisfaction at this result. They, it must be remembered, had not sued for peace. They were not indeed unwilling to make peace, but, at the same time,

they felt convinced—and many an Irish landlord has since sadly learned, to his cost, how fully the history of the past two years has established the accuracy of their forecast,—that every day's delay in the settlement of the question could not but tend to make the terms of the ultimately inevitable settlement more and more favourable to them.

On the other hand, at the landlords' side, mutterings of discontent at the action of their delegates soon began to make themselves heard. One well-known landlord, Mr. Villiers Stuart, in his anxiety to undo the mischief that had been done, strove to demonstrate in the newspapers that it was a mistake to suppose that my proposal had been unfavourably received at the Convention. A Mr. Saunders, the Honorary Secretary to the Executive Committee of the Landlords' Association, also rushed into print with the same object. I am content to state the result of this exculpatory proceeding in the words of one of the leading organs of the landlord party in Ireland, the *Dublin Evening Mail*. In its issue of the 1st of October 1887 that journal wrote as follows:—

"According to Mr. Saunders, the Archbishop is mistaken in supposing that his proposal of a Conference was unfavourably received by the Executive Committee. We can only say that this mistake, if it should happily turn out to be one, was one in which the Irish public very largely participated. . . .

"The Committee should, of course, take some notice, and a courteous notice, of the Archbishop's conciliatory proposal, and the notice they took was a minimum. They commended his Grace's kindly expressions, and they reciprocated his 'wish,' as if it was a counsel of perfection, lying outside the sphere of practical politics.

"The resolution did not explicitly assert this, but the speeches, which are always regarded by the public as keys to the interpretation of resolutions, declared that 'this is not the time when the Conference can be carried out.'"

The plea set up by Mr. Stuart is thus dealt with:—

"Mr. Stuart, . . . speaking of the resolutions passed by the committee on the 15th September, denies that there was anything in them to 'shut the door' on the Archbishop's amicable proposal. Literally speaking, that is true enough; but resolution and speeches taken together, though they shut no door, politely bowed the proposal out of the room. . . .

"What did the Irish Press of all parties say on the subject next day? As to ourselves, we entertained no doubt on the matter. 'It is not likely,' we observed, 'that the Conference can now take place, but the fact that such a commendable proposition emanated from Archbishop Walsh should not and will not be forgotten.' The *Irish Times* gives expression in its own way to the same interpretation. . . . The *Daily Express* of the same date devotes a long leader to the resolutions, five in number, of the Executive Committee, but does not think it worth its while to comment, or so much as to make mention of the fifth, referring to the proposed Conference.

"The Dublin Press, therefore, may be held to be practically unanimous in regarding the Archbishop's proposal as rejected.

"Whatever may be the grounds on which the Executive Committee acted, or rather avoided acting, on Archbishop Walsh's suggestion, they did in point of fact give it the cold shoulder, and pretty well hustled it out of the arena of public discussion."

This, then, as described by the *Dublin Evening Mail*, was, for the time, the fate of my first proposal in the direction of peace. It was "hustled," by the elected representatives of the Irish landlords, "out of the arena of public discussion."

The landlord organ from which I have been quoting went on very naturally to observe that if the delegates had really changed their minds, and had come to wish that the Conference should be held, they should "deal with the matter in a different fashion from that of September 15th." "And," it added, "the next step, we take it, lies with them, and not, as Mr. Stuart thinks, with Archbishop Walsh." Hereupon Mr. Stuart, in his not unpraiseworthy anxiety to see the project saved from total shipwreck, published in the newspapers some correspondence which had passed between him and me upon the subject. But with the utmost promptitude a letter was addressed to the *Times* by Mr. Bagwell, the gentleman of whom I have already spoken as the mover of the resolution at the landlords' Convention, publicly protesting against Mr. Stuart's action in the matter.

In that letter, Mr. Bagwell, writing "as mover of the resolution" by which my proposal had been so courteously shelved at the Convention, thus summarily extinguished the last remaining chance of the conference being brought together:—

"Mr. Villiers Stuart has thought proper to open negotiations with Archbishop Walsh. . . . Allow me to state that Mr. Stuart had no authority whatever, either from the Convention itself, or from the Executive Committee appointed by it, to open negotiations with any one."*

* Of the various obstacles by which I found myself obstructed in my effort to bring about the conference, one of the most serious was that resulting from the unhappy tendency of the landlord party in Ireland to look down with indifference, if not with contempt, upon all their fellow countrymen, outside their own restricted class.

In commenting upon a suggestion which I ventured to make at one stage of the proceedings, with the view of calling the attention of the landlords' delegates to a very important aspect of the Land Question which it was perfectly clear to every outsider they had altogether overlooked, one of their leading organs, the *Dublin Daily Express*, undertook to recall me to a sense of the proprieties of the case in the following terms:

"We regret that His Grace should consider that a body of gentlemen such as assembled last week comprising the *élite* of the whole country, *not merely in social rank, but, we say unhesitatingly, in intelligence, ability, and general knowledge of the subject*—have failed to grasp the whole situation."

This was on the 19th of September 1987. A very different note was given forth about a fortnight afterwards when it had become evident that the result of allowing the "intelligence, ability, &c." to run riot with the case had been to render it practically impossible for me to continue to press my project upon the attention of the country.

For, on the 1st of October, in the same year, the *Daily Express* wrote of these *élite* delegates as follows:

"His Grace, we venture to suggest, should not expect from plain country gentlemen the same precision of thought and expression which from his own literary habits he has acquired."

And these are "the *élite* of the whole country," to whom, at a critical stage in the proceedings, it was all but an insult to offer a suggestion with the view of saving them from shipwrecking their case by the adoption of a resolution pledging themselves to a crude and manifestly impracticable policy!

The case now seemed all but hopeless. My position, too, in reference to it had become exceedingly awkward. There was scarcely a Nationalist newspaper in Ireland that did not beg of me to abandon my efforts at pacification, and to leave the landlords to their fate. My "flag of truce," as one of them expressed it, "had been fired upon"; it was, the writer continued, "the last flag of truce" that the Irish tenants would ever consent to see sent out to the camp of their oppressors.

Now at length, as it would seem, the leaders of the landlord party became alarmed. They had apparently failed until then to realize how the case really stood. Probably from a mistaken notion that the tenants were eager for a settlement, they would seem to have assumed that it was open to them to postpone, as might suit their convenience or their policy, the taking of practical action in acceptance of my proposal. It was now sufficiently evident that this notion could no longer be entertained. But even in the critical state of affairs thus reached, the Committee of their organization seemed incapable of acting with the vigour or with the directness which alone could have enabled them to put an end to the deadlock resulting from their previous policy of inaction. A curious expedient then was resorted to. At a meeting on the 14th of October the Committee adopted for publication a strangely worded document, one sentence of which, portentous in length as in complexity, seemed intended to convey the idea that if I could see my way to renewing my proposal, I might now rely on its being more favourably received.

This assurance was, of course, not worth much. Such as it was, it came too late. Probably to every one of intelligence in the country, except apparently to the members of the Committee themselves, it was manifest that if, after all that had occurred, I were then to renew my proposal, I should find my action promptly and publicly repudiated by the leaders of the tenants' organization in every parish in Ireland. The comment made upon this proceeding of the Committee by the Conservative organ from which I have already quoted is worth transcribing. The *Dublin Evening Mail* of the 15th of October 1887, dealt with it as follows:—

"The subject is hardly worth writing about. If a twentieth part of the *green report*, delivered in plain, practical English, and making some substantial advance to meet the Archbishop, had been passed at the late Convention, something might have come of his Grace's suggestion; but the iron is no longer hot, and yesterday's able stroke will not make much of an impression upon it.

"There are certain tides which must be taken at the flood if they are to lead to success. This one was not taken in time, and so is likely to lead nowhere. Archbishop Walsh, it seemed to us from the first, gave every encouragement to the other side to come forward."

The prospect, no doubt, was discouraging enough. But even then

I did not altogether despair. I was inclined, indeed, to hope that if the judicious advice of the *Dublin Evening Mail* were taken, and the "willingness of the landlords to enter into a Conference" were "practically demonstrated by a further advance" on their part, I might, even at the eleventh hour, be able to bring about, at least in some degree, the realization of my project. But, as I indicated in a letter to the Dublin newspapers of the following day, the previous practical rejection of my proposal by the landlords had so seriously altered the aspect of the case, that I was no longer able to speak with anything like confidence of the prospects of success. In my letter I referred especially to the painful fact that this tardy action, such as it was, on the part of the landlords' Committee had not been taken until a week after I had felt constrained to declare in a published letter that

"I could no longer continue the struggle against the resistance, active and passive, with which my suggestion had been encountered."

It was, as I also pointed out,

"by no means indicative of a very earnest desire on their part for the holding of a Conference in the interests of peace, that the elected representatives of our Irish landlords should have no practical action upon my proposal until after all this had taken place,"

and that they had, in fact, taken action upon it only after

"their own deliberate and persistent silence in reference to it, and the open repudiation of it by some of the more outspoken of those whom they represent, had virtually extinguished the last hope of its realization, and had brought it to be regarded by universal consent as an offer rejected, and consequently withdrawn."

Weeks passed over without any practical step being taken. In the meantime, something little short of an outcry was raised, I must say, as it seemed to me, not unnaturally, from the Nationalist side, against my further continuing in my attitude of expectancy. Very soon the feeling came to be unmistakably manifested that the temper of the tenants and of their advisers had been too sorely tried by the process, in which the landlords were then freely indulging in not a few districts throughout the country, of harrying the tenants by vexatious and cruel evictions. It was made plain to me from many quarters that it would be a mere waste of labour to continue my effort to induce the landlords to negotiate a peace, unless I could first induce them to enter into a truce.

This, then, was the point to which it next became necessary to direct my efforts.

About this time, in the latter portion of October, 1887, I had occasion, as it happened, in the discharge of my ordinary diocesan

duties, to visit the parish of Arklow, in which is situated a portion of the Coolgreany estate, the only estate in my diocese on which the tenants had entered into the combination known as the Plan of Campaign. Being on the spot, I made it my business to visit those tenants individually. Having ascertained the state of the case, I came to the conclusion that there could be no better way of setting about the removal of the obstacle which unfortunately barred the way to a general pacification, than by proposing a settlement by arbitration of the dispute on this one estate. Here, at all events, the prospect seemed a hopeful one. The tenants, so far as I could observe, were in a perfectly reasonable state of mind. And I had no reason to think that the landlord would be less reasonably disposed than the tenants to come to an agreement on reasonable terms. Besides, the case seemed to me to be one in which, on many grounds, a settlement would be to the advantage of both the contending parties. I therefore lost no time in proposing a reference of it to arbitration.

In an "interview" published in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* of the 24th of October, 1887, I stated my view about the Coolgreany dispute as follows:—

"The whole case seems to me in its present condition a case that cannot possibly be settled except by arbitration. . . .

"I take it on myself to say for the tenants that they would not object to a reference of the whole case to any fair arbitration.

"Let two arbitrators be chosen to represent each side, with power, if necessary, to call in an umpire.

"If the agent of the estate, when he reads your report of this interview in the *Freeman's Journal* of Monday, accept this view, well and good. If he does not accept it of his own motion, let it be pressed upon him to do so by the united advice of those whom the landlords of the country have chosen to represent them and to devise means of protecting their interests in the present crisis. . . .

"If we cannot have a Round Table Conference on the Land Question in its general bearings, let us at least have one on the case of the Coolgreany tenants. I should think that the success of the lesser project would bring us a very decided step nearer to the success of the greater one. . . .

"I have not the slightest doubt that it would be successful. I should be surprised if the arbitrators were to find it necessary even to call in an umpire. At all events, with or without an umpire, a satisfactory settlement, I have no doubt, could be reached."

In reply to an observation that my proposal was certainly one not to be ignored, I said—

"I should hope indeed that it will not be ignored. And if it be not, there is no reason why the Coolgreany tenants should not be back again in their homes, after making a substantial lodgment to the credit of the landlord's bank account, long before Christmas Day."

This, it will be remembered, was in the October of 1887.

I should add that in the interview I stated most explicitly that,

until some practical step was taken in the direction of a truce, I saw clearly there was no prospect of giving effect to my original proposal of a Conference on the Land Question generally. For myself I added—

“Until yesterday I knew nothing of evictions, or of the results of them, except what I had heard about them from those who could speak from personal knowledge. It is very different to see things with one's own eyes.

“I now, for the first time, know what eviction means; and the result of it is that, so far as I am concerned, there can be no further parleying on the subject of a Conference on the Land Question in any of its general aspects until I have seen my way quite clearly as to the protection of my own people on the Wexford mountains.”

I should perhaps explain that I indicated also in this interview my idea of the basis on which the arbitration should proceed. It was that the reduction to be granted to the tenants should be determined, not by any capricious estimate of the arbitrators, but by the standard, as ascertained by them from the Official Returns, of the Judicial Rents then being fixed by the Courts of the Land Commission throughout the county in which the estate was situated. As a matter of fact, it was legally impossible for the tenants to have access to the Courts. My suggestion, then, was that it should be referred to competent arbitrators to do for them what the Land Courts were doing for their neighbours generally throughout the county.

This, then, was the second step in my attempt to bring about a peaceful and amicable solution of the difficulties of the Land Question. Like the first, it was an absolute failure. For, so far as I have ever been able to ascertain, no notice whatever was taken of my proposal thus publicly made. Yet I think there are few who will now take it upon themselves to deny that it was a proposal entitled at all events to some consideration.

The next point in the progress of the case was a somewhat ludicrous one. The Executive Committee of the Landlords' Association held another meeting early in the following month, and, loftily disdaining to take notice of anything that I had been at the trouble, so frequently during the preceding month, to endeavour to make plain to them, they published the somewhat impractical announcement that they were

“ready to meet and to confer with duly accredited representatives of the tenants of Ireland”—

not indeed upon the point which I had some weeks before so plainly stated should now be regarded an essential preliminary to any general consideration of the Land Question, but

"to confer upon the terms and for the purposes mentioned in the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh's letter of the 27th of August."

That is to say, when it was months too late, they came forward with an announcement of their willingness to accept a proposal which was no longer before the country, and which in fact I had long previously been constrained publicly to withdraw in consequence of their having, to use the words of one of their own organs in the press, "politely bowed it out of doors" in the first instance, and then "hustled it out of the arena of public discussion."

It is hardly necessary to add that no notice was taken of this singularly irrelevant proclamation of the Executive Committee.

Early in the December of 1887, I left Ireland for a stay of some duration in Rome, where I was engaged for the following four or five months in some important ecclesiastical affairs.

Some time before the business in which I was chiefly engaged was completed, the well-known Decree in condemnation of the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting was issued by the Holy Office.

One of the criticisms quoted in the early portions of this paper is based upon the allegation that, although an excellent opportunity for the intervention of a peacemaker presented itself about a year ago, I nevertheless "did not move" on that occasion. My recent letter to the *Times* and other newspapers in recommendation of the adoption of a peaceful method of settlement is on this ground represented as singularly open to suspicion.

Now the occasion in question was the issuing of the Decree to which I have just referred. What, then, are the facts of the case as regards that stage in the course of events?

The business in which I was engaged being still incomplete, so that it was clear I should not be in a position to return to Ireland for at all events some weeks, I endeavoured, by a letter from Rome, in pursuance of my previous action, to turn to account in the interests of peace the new state of affairs that had arisen consequent upon the issuing of the Decree. On the 7th of May 1888 then, in a letter addressed to the *Freeman's Journal*, and published also in many other newspapers, I wrote as follows:—

"Not many years have elapsed since a great constitutional struggle was happily terminated in Parliament by the business-like and simple expedient of dealing with it in a private and friendly conference between the leaders of the two great political parties whose interests it vitally concerned. Why could not something of the kind be now done for Ireland?"

My reference, of course, was to the conference of political leaders, by which the burning question of the re-distribution of seats, in connection with the Reform Bill of 1884, was so satisfactorily solved. I believed then, as I believe still, that there is no reason whatever to

suppose that the settlement of the Irish Land Question, if taken in hand in the same spirit, would be found to present any greater difficulty.

It is melancholy to have to add that, in this instance as in⁷ which had preceded it, no heed whatever seems to have been paid to the suggestion. This, then, was my third failure.

Being, however, by this time fairly well accustomed to failure and to rebuffs, I was in no way deterred from renewing my suggestion on the first suitable occasion that presented itself. I had not long to wait. On reaching London, on my way to Ireland after my prolonged absence in Rome, I had an opportunity of again publicly explaining my views in reference to the Decree of the Holy Office and its bearing on public affairs in Ireland. I availed myself of this opportunity once more to express my belief in the efficiency of the method of friendly conference for the solution of the more urgent difficulties of the Land Question.

My remarks on the subject were published in the *Freeman's Journal* of the following day, the 21st of June 1888. They were as follows:—

"I think it better not to state my own view [as to the outline of the measure by which the urgent difficulties of the Land Question could be met].

"My proposal is necessarily crude. It would be useful only as a basis for a conference among three or four practical men.

"In my letter written from Rome [on the 7th of the preceding month] I alluded to the friendly private conference held a few years ago between some leading members of the two great parties in the State, which resulted in a general agreement, and secured the passing of the Reform Act.

"I should think that the preservation of peace and order in Ireland during the coming winter, to say nothing of the happiness, and perhaps I should add, of the lives of Irish tenants, might be worth making a similar effort for.

"I have no doubt that the problem, so far as present needs are concerned, could be satisfactorily solved in the way I have suggested.

"A few men of business, in earnest about the work, and representing the different parties in Parliament—men like Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Parnell, Mr. John Morley or Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, and Mr. T. W. Russell*—could come to terms over it in a very few conferences. A proposal formulated in such a conference could be passed into law without either difficulty or notable expenditure of time."

This was my fourth proposal publicly made in the interests of peace, and, it is wearisome to have to add, my fourth failure.

But I was far from having yet abandoned my view that it might be found possible by means of arbitration to bring about a settle-

* It is hardly necessary to state that if my project were now to be taken up with any view to a satisfactory practical issue, I should not include this gentleman's name in my list of persons likely to prove useful members of such a conference.

ment on some one estate, and that even one success thus achieved would be of substantial help in the work of general pacification.

The Coolgreany estate, which I have already described as lying in part within my own diocese, was the only one in reference to which I could feel myself free to take formal action. On the 21st of July 1888 I addressed, then, the following letter to the landlord:—

“4, Rutland Square,

“DUBLIN, July 21, 1888.”

“DEAR SIR,

“I trust you will pardon me for thus writing to you on a matter in which I naturally take a very deep interest—the present position of the Coolgreany tenants.

“The Rev. P. O'Donnell, C.C. of the district, tells me that in compliance with a wish of yours, he has had a conversation with you on the subject. He has stated to me the substance of what was said on the occasion, and I think it right to assure you personally that in so far as he spoke to you of me, and of my willingness, which he very properly assumed, to give you any help in my power towards bringing about a settlement, he simply expressed my own views and feelings in reference to this most unpleasant case. As it may have escaped your notice at the time, I wish to say that nearly a year ago, when I visited the Coolgreany district on the occasion of a visit to the parish of Arklow on ecclesiastical business, I took the opportunity of publicly making a suggestion that the case ought to be settled, and that it was one which could without much difficulty be settled by means of a friendly arbitration.

“I am naturally anxious about the welfare of the tenants, as they are members of my flock. I trust, then, that you will not think it an intrusion on my part to write to you, now that a chance seems at length to have arisen of having a satisfactory and honourable settlement effected.

“I may say at once that I am fully sensible of the difficulty which you mentioned to Father O'Donnell in your conversation with him. There are, as every one must feel, special difficulties to be encountered by a landlord who makes what can be regarded or represented as a “surrender” to his tenants. In the Coolgreany case, as in every similar one, this difficulty exists quite independently of the question whether the reduction originally sought for by the tenants was, or was not, a reasonable one. Anxious therefore as I am to see a settlement effected on terms that can be regarded as fair towards the tenants, I make no difficulty in saying to you that I am no less anxious to see that settlement effected in a way involving no unnecessary pressure upon you. The continuance of the present deadlock is good for neither landlord or tenants. It is unquestionably bad for both.

“So far as I have been able to ascertain, the tenants have from the beginning been anxious for a reasonable settlement of the dispute. The concession sought for by them was, as I am informed, a reduction of 30 per cent. The reply of the agent, as I am informed, was a refusal to give any reduction, at all. Then the Plan of Campaign was adopted on the estate. A deadlock ensued. The question now is, What is the best way out of the existing difficulty?

“In the hope of being able to give some help towards the solution of this critical problem, I take the liberty of stating my view of the case as it stands.

“I think I can count upon the willingness of the tenants to make great efforts, and, if necessary, great sacrifices, to comply with any conditions of

settlement that I may find myself able to put before them as equitable. But, at present at least, I can see no grounds on which I should be justified in saying to them that any reduction short of that which they have sought for could be regarded as in any sense equitable. For, so far as I can see, the reduction in question is feebly less than that granted by the Commission Courts throughout the country. Now the decisions of those Courts seem to me the only available standard of judgment in the case.

"Possibly, however, an outlet from the existing difficulty may be found in the fact that such a standard exists. It would seem at all events that the not unnatural unwillingness on the landlord's part to accept unreservedly, at the close of a protracted struggle, the terms originally proposed by the tenants, may to a large extent be removed by dealing with the case on the basis of a reference to the decisions of the Courts, instead of on that of a percentage of reduction as formulated by the tenants' demands.

"To put the matter in other words, what I mean is this—that without any abandonment on the landlord's part of any principle previously contended for, a proposal might now be entertained to come to terms on the basis of the decisions actually given, say, during the last two years, in the Courts of the Land Commission throughout the County.

* "If you think that a settlement might reasonably be effected on this basis, I shall be very happy indeed to use any influence at my disposal to have all points of secondary importance arranged, by arbitration or otherwise, in a manner as satisfactory as may be, to the landlord, as well as to the tenants.

It would not be straightforward of me if I did not add that, so far as I can see, the percentage of reduction that would be fixed, if the decisions of the Courts be taken as a standard, would be at all events equal to that which the tenants have sought for. Possibly even it might be greater.

"This being so, I feel that I ought to suggest another alternative course, as apparently free from difficulty.

"I do not think it should be very difficult to induce the tenants to lower the terms of their original proposal, say from 30, to 25, per cent. But if they were to be recommended to do so, it would seem a matter of obvious equity that they should in this case be allowed the option of bringing their cases into Court to have judicial rents thus fixed for them. At least, I could not see my way to recommend to them any formal lowering of their terms as originally proposed, unless some such alternative were made part of the proposal. For it would be an obvious and indefensible inconsistency on my part to recommend to the tenants the acceptance of any terms less favourable to them than those indicated by the action of the public tribunals of the country.

"The proposal, then, that in the interests of both landlord and tenants in this unpleasant and difficult case I would venture to submit to your consideration would be, in outline, the following:—

"To refer the case to arbitration as regards all matters of detail—the reduction of rent being previously fixed, either (a) on the standard indicated by the decisions of the Land Commission in the county, say, during the last two years: or (b) a reduction of 25 per cent., with the option of having judicial rents fixed by the Land Commission.

"I trust that whether this suggestion may commend itself to your judgment or not, you will at all events appreciate my motive in thus interfering in the matter with a view of bringing about a settlement.

"Believe me to be, dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

✕ "WILLIAM J. WALSH,
"Archbishop of Dublin."

I cannot conceive on what grounds the rejection of this proposal can be justified even by the ingenuity of the most mischievous of the mischief-makers who are now busying themselves in the unholy work of raising up fantastic obstacles in the way of the adoption of arbitration as a means of settlement in Ireland. But I must regretfully record the fact. My proposal was rejected.*

This was my fifth failure, and it cannot, I think, be wondered at that at this point I became indisposed to continue to press my views in favour of conciliation, either upon individual landlords or upon the landlord party as a whole.

Recently, however, my hopes of the ultimate settlement of the Irish Land Question by conciliatory methods were somewhat revived by the success of the arbitration in the case of the Vandeleur estate. I said so in my recent letter to the *Times* and other London papers. Taking occasion, then, from that success, I ventured to renew my advocacy of arbitration as likely to prove an effective means of solving at least the more pressing questions at present at issue between landlords and tenants in Ireland.

It is satisfactory to note that, notwithstanding all that has occurred in the past, my suggestion has been strongly and unanimously sustained by the tenants' organs in the Irish Press. To speak only of the Dublin newspapers, I am able to quote the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Nation*, the *Irish Catholic*, the *Evening Telegraph*, and, most satisfactory of all, *United Ireland* itself, as having emphatically endorsed my proposal.

That proposal is still before the landlords and their advisers for acceptance. What their action in reference to it may be, time alone can reveal. But it would be an unpardonable, I might almost say a criminal, omission, if I did not add that even already there are some serious indications that the patience of the tenants and of their political leaders has been too sorely tried by the ungracious, not to say unfriendly, spirit in which my proposal has been received in certain quarters.

United Ireland, in fact, within the last day or two, has called upon me to withdraw it. I have resisted the appeal. For I can scarcely suppose that I shall again have an opportunity of putting forward any proposal of the kind. I deem it a duty, then, if necessary, to exhaust

* I do not wish even now to make any comment on the action of the landlord in this case. The door is still open. I am unwilling to take any step that may bring upon me any share in the heavy responsibility of finally closing it. I fear that if I were to publish the rest of the correspondence that took place between the landlord and myself, the publication might give rise to some such embarrassment.

I have therefore abstained from asking this gentleman to permit me to publish the letter which I received from him in reply to my proposal; and I consequently abstain from publishing a further letter of mine, written to him at the close of the correspondence, as it would be unintelligible without reference to the letter from him to which it was a reply.

whatever influence I may happen to have with the tenants of Ireland in endeavouring to induce them, in restraint of every feeling of resentment, to maintain their present most praiseworthy attitude of conciliation. The more steadfastly they maintain this attitude, the more forcibly must it be brought home to the honest public opinion of England, by the persistent refusal of their oppressors to submit the cases in dispute to the test of an impartial arbitration, that Irish tenants are even now abandoned by English law as victims to a system of oppression which their oppressors themselves practically treat as incapable of justification before an impartial tribunal, but against which, unhappily, the law provides no remedy.

✠ WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

THE MYSTERY OF OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

IT is a matter of common remark that all popular interest in legislation and the legislature seems to have perished ; and certainly the truth seems to be that it has become very feeble, and to have taken a new character. The Parliamentary reports are still read, but they are read with a difference. Nowadays, that page of the newspaper upon which the House of Commons debates are recorded seldom undergoes the investigation exemplified in Hogarth's picture of the Politician—the gentleman who, in his eagerness to correct or to inflame his opinions, is burning a hole in his hat with the candle he reads the news sheet by. The debates are scanned for amusement, and in search of what are called “scenes in the House of Commons.” When there are no scenes there is very little interest ; and many a reader, who cannot be accused with perfect truth of indifference to politics or ignorance of affairs, turns for similar entertainment to a “fracas in Hyde Park” or an account of the last new comedy. And while there is no general interest in the legislation upon which Parliament employs itself, there is no desire that it should be put aside for any other. Apathy more complete, or more strongly marked with the indifference of contemptuousness, has never been known in our time ; and yet it began just when “new blood” and fresh forces of an active insurgent order were brought into the direction of political affairs by a wide extension of the suffrage. It is a remarkable change, but not inexplicable or likely to last for ever, any more than the similar indifference which has crept over provincial France ; though there it has gone on for a long time, spite of all the rousings of a dozen revolutions. Some part of the explanation in our own case may be found in the general degradation of the House of Commons itself, or, at any rate, in the prevalent belief that it is becoming more

and more disreputable. Some other part of the explanation may be that there are no commanding or interesting personages in the House to fix attention or to inspire curiosity. Yet more to the purpose is the fact that the old programme of reform and of demand for relief has been exhausted ; and that nothing in the new programme (which we may safely prophesy will be Socialistic, and such as the old stern school of economic Radicalism would have "scouted") has yet been worked into any bold presentable shape. It is not our present purpose, however, to account for the obvious and by no means un contemptuous indifference of all classes of society to Parliament and its proceedings, or to explain the decline of popular interest in home politics. That interest will revive by-and-by, when the new programme begins to take shape and form ; which may happen two or three years hence, when the next elections for Parliament and the County Councils are fought at the same moment. But, for the time, there it is—this dead indifference ; and it strangely coincides with as complete an absence of concern for all that relates to foreign affairs and our vast commercial empire beyond seas. Had this great matter of interest superseded the other, an old experience would have been repeated, and that would be all. But it is not so. If there is nothing in domestic politics to excite ardent discussion or anxious speculation (I put aside the Irish debates, which are amongst the very causes of the general fatigue and disgust), there is quite enough of obvious uncertainty in other affairs to fix attention, and yet all goes unregarded.

As to the uncertainty of our relations with other European Powers, as to the inquietude of their relations amongst themselves, there can be no doubt in the mind of anyone who chooses to address himself to the subject. There is peace ; it is not unlikely that peace will continue ; though for how long the wisest and most knowing statesman in Europe would decline to say, unless his questioner were content that prophecy should range within the limit of months. Nevertheless, the uncertainty of international relations was never greater, perhaps, than now, or than it has been for some time past. True, there does not seem to be much difficulty in guessing how the various Continental States, or the more important of them, stand to each other at the moment. What bargains this Government may wish for, what agreements that Government may fear and will endeavour to avert or destroy—all this is comprehensible without the aid of special insight or perfect information. But the outcome is all in the future. While certain imperative necessities, or ever-menacing dangers, or unrestrainable ambitions and "destinies" press on every one of the great Continental States, nothing is determined but the creation of enormous armaments to provide for them somehow. All the rest is provisional, and exposed to the operation of various influences that we know to exist, though

they are still withheld from falling into any set current. So that, in short, what the actual relations of these Governments will be to each other in the moment of crisis is not a matter of certainty in any European Cabinet. What each of them want is of course no mystery; nor what they are determined to avert or achieve by any means at their command. The one grand end upon which all Frenchmen are united—the restoration of their military prestige—is not a secret. The two oppressive dangers that keep German statesmanship in a chronic condition of anxiety, these we know: the fecundity of a resolute and relentless breed of Socialists, and a Russo-French alliance of the dictatorial and fighting kind. Of Russia we need hardly speak; no tribe, no principality or power was ever more stubbornly set upon the attainment of objects more manifest, and none was ever more indifferent to sacrifice in the choice of ways and means. Of Austria's desperations, of Italy's necessities, we may speak with equal confidence. They are very great; they must be provided for; so far as armament can do it, they are being provided for, with the utmost rapidity and no counting of cost. But for these nations, as well as for the others we have named, the question still remains, "What alliances and agreements shall we come to at last?" They may know what they would prefer, and some of them are already bound in a treaty understanding. But it is very doubtful whether any one of the great Continental Ministers feels confident that he will not be ultimately forced into alliances which he does not prefer, or believes that the treaty arrangement aforesaid is much more than provisional.

This would be true, if only for a reason that can never be got rid of. In all international arrangements of the kind that Prince Bismarck has been labouring so long to bring about, accident must be reckoned with as a possible disturbing element. At this hour, for instance, the murder of the Czar, or great labour riots in Berlin, might make a vast difference in the outlook of affairs. But more important matter has to be taken into account than accident that may or may not happen, and that must always be risked. There are special reasons for the political uncertainties of which we have spoken above; and they are to be found in the strength and independence of Russia, and the weaknesses and dubieties that come into view when England is regarded. Suppose it true, as I am strongly inclined to believe it is, that the Russian Government is resolved to keep clear of all engagements for an indefinite time; that, while enlarging and consolidating its enormous military strength, that Government means to reserve its ever-increasing power of bargaining to the last moment (which it is well able to do)—here at once is a very strong element of uncertainty for all the other Continental Powers. Yet, as uncertainty, it would be a comparatively small matter, but for

the dubiety that invades the calculations of those Powers when they look to England. If it seemed that our Government must take this or that line in the end, more than one Continental Cabinet would be easier than it is at present; while, as for ourselves (I mean, for as many of us as take thought for the future of the Empire), we should be much easier too, if we were conscious of strength enough to back any policy that might be decided on. But that is neither their position nor ours. Of course it is possible for foreign statesmen to make sufficiently good guesses. For example, it may reasonably seem to Prince Bismarck a certain thing that a few years more of Russian operations in Persia and Central Asia will leave England little choice in presence of any Russian declaration that "so it shall be." And to make terms with the Czar for the mere sake of peace, or to pay a far higher price than any yet mentioned for alliances to withstand him—these seem the most probable alternatives in that case.

Meantime, however, nobody appears able to say how the future is regarded by our Government, or whether it has any policy, any plans, or what the drift of any such plans or policy may be. This is all the more remarkable because Lord Salisbury knows that it is not with us as it is with the German or the Russian Governments for example. By both the main lines of policy are fixed, and no change in the *personnel* of administration is likely to affect them. In this country, who can say? In a year or two England may have a Government the very appointment of which would be a challenge to movements abroad that might well determine, in a disastrous way, the whole future of the Empire. Indeed, if Lord Salisbury, who is both Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, were forced to say what he thinks on that point, he would almost certainly declare his opinion that precisely those consequences would ensue on the return of Mr. Gladstone and his friends to office. But if so, then we might suppose that his lordship would take care to lay down in his own time such definite lines of policy as could not easily be traversed by his successor. Something of that kind was done when the new Navy Bill was framed. Avowedly, that Bill was so drawn that its provision of money for ships could not be withheld by another Administration in another Parliament without special direct action. We all understand the motive, but we see no corresponding desire in the direction of foreign policy. Of course there may be such a desire; by possibility, some action may have been taken on it; but, as a matter of fact, there is neither sign nor token of anything of the kind. If it be true that the return of Mr. Gladstone to power would be a challenge to movements abroad that might prove disastrous to us, we must suppose that Lord Salisbury does not see his way to prevent the chance of that by the adoption of any clear, preventive policy of his own.

Indeed, though we hear a great deal at public dinners and such-

like gatherings of his lordship's foreign policy, who knows what it is, or whether he has got one at all? Of course it may be wise upon the whole—in spite of the danger of leaving the door wide open, at a time like this, to the vagaries and impulses of the most careless director of foreign policy that England has ever known—to form no policy; but to drift on and wait “the development of events.” If, indeed, England were as mightily armed as in common sense she ought to be, that would be a perfectly intelligible course to take. And then we should be in no doubt about our position, nor our allies and rivals either. Our Foreign Minister could speak to us and to the world with the frankness of the German Chancellor, and we should understand him and be content. If in that state of things he said that he saw no pressing reason for entering upon agreements or bargainings with other Powers, and that he had no policy at all except to avoid giving offence and not to suffer too much of it, we should listen with satisfaction and trouble ourselves no further. But that is not our case. It has been observed by naturalists and fishermen that the lobster who has shed his shell has no resource but to diplomatize amongst his well-mailed friends and allies; that a bold port, a lordly front, is ineffective to avert dismemberment. And though I say it with sincere deference (knowing how easy it is to be confounded by the superior information of the Foreign Office), it seems to me that a half-armoured lobster without a policy is in no worse case than the British Empire in a similar condition. Nor does it appear at all likely that the Prime Minister can think otherwise; and therefore we must fall back upon the supposition that a policy there is.

Then what is it? We do hear, indeed, that there is such a thing. Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is often praised by politicians and journalists of high authority as something in which, amidst all our domestic troubles, we may find the utmost comfort and confidence. It would appear, therefore, to be a known policy: definite, in full working order, and obviously successful. Yet it has never once been described, even in outline. No “general idea” of it has ever been published by those who speak and write of it with the confidence of intimate knowledge. Even if we seek for no more than the basis of it, we find no satisfaction. We start from official assurance that it does not rest upon a system of alliances. We know that it cannot rest on the compact isolation which is the main defence of Russia; nor upon an enormous preponderance of naval strength like that which we enjoyed so long after the destruction of Napoleon's fleets; nor upon “latent resources,” which are no resource when warships take two years to build and wars are decided in one. Possibly, the answer may be an epigrammatic one: as that we need not look for bases, since the policy so highly praised is the policy of having none.

* But if that is the case, we really are in the condition of the half-armoured lobster in a similar state of destitution. Or it may be that they who call upon us to admire Lord Salisbury's foreign policy have nothing to go upon but the fact that England is at peace; and that, indeed, we may confidently say is the whole truth of the matter. We are at peace. Nobody quarrels with us (openly); we are quarrelling with nobody; and of course that is a very satisfactory state of things so far as it goes. But its existence is perfectly consistent with the total absence of anything that can be called a policy. It is consistent with the merest do-nothing drifting—with that simple-hearted waiting upon Providence which most of us are equal to. In short, we are again led back to contemplate our own condition in the likeness of the half-armoured lobster without a policy; and I cannot believe that any one would knowingly call that a state of things to rejoice in as fortunate, or to be proud of as a product of statesmanship.

It must not be supposed, however, that my intention is to accept this account of the facts off-hand, or by any means to accuse the Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary of the drifting, the simple-hearted waiting upon Providence in the midst of so many threatening portents, which must be inferred from that account. Should any one be disposed to say that to do so would be arrogant and offensive, I should agree with him; and I give notice of agreement before he speaks. The Prime Minister is known to us all as a profound student of foreign affairs; and I, for one—though I do not suppose it to be of much consequence to anybody—always picture him as brooding in the solitudes of Hatfield, day after day, over these high matters and all that may come out of their complications. It is in the highest degree improbable that he has no policy. The likelihood is that he has two or three; or, at any rate, more than one. This may be said with a certain measure of confidence, because if any policy had been definitely adopted some inkling of it would have descended to us, either from indicative action, or through the hintings of the official Press where the adopted policy was a matter of rejoicing or otherwise. So we should expect, looking to the usual order of things. But not a syllable is heard on the subject. And that may all be right too, under certain conditions; as, for instance, that there is such a thing as a definite British policy, and that it has been already communicated in the right quarters, or that there is no danger of its being confined to the Minister's breast too long and communicated too late.

But though it is true that the foreign relations of England are as much a matter of solicitude for one Englishman as another, I shall be told, perhaps, that this is a sort of business which no mere outsider should presume to meddle in or speculate about, except in the privacy of his own thoughts. It is a questionable restriction.

though it is one that I observe to be commonly acknowledged and acted on just now. But it may be remarked upon as a curious circumstance, that the people of this country is the only considerable one in Europe that has no idea of what its foreign policy is (if there be any), or even what its tendencies may happen to be. The Germans know perfectly well what their rulers are aiming at, what alliances they would prefer, what understandings they have been striving for, what others they have been and may again be forced to attempt (I am now thinking of Russia) not as a first but as a second alternative. There is not much of a Government in France, but there, too, the people are well aware of what the Government is "up to" in foreign affairs, and of certain means of carrying out their desires which their rulers fondly count upon. Few educated Russians are left in doubt as to what the Czar is thinking of; though in every case, of course, circumstances may re-shape means to ends in some degree. Here we are completely in the dark; and if Lord Salisbury were to announce to-morrow either one of two absolutely different foreign policies, nobody could ground any expression of surprise upon a single spoken word of his. It may be a perfectly satisfactory state of things if we knew all about it—that cannot be denied; but it has never been customary since the days of Charles the Second, and is the more curious for the reasons indicated in the first part of this article. We are all agreed that recent changes have brought the government of the country under democratic control. Hosts of intelligent electors, many of them prepared for the business by a little education and an immensity of newspaper reading, have lately come in to assist the democracy in grasping and guiding the political machine. "Our masters," Mr. Lowe called them, and after him Lord Derby, when they were neither so numerous as they are now nor so conscious of their power. Most of them may be presumed to have some inkling of the fact that their bread depends upon trade, and trade (most certainly in a country like this) upon a wise, precautionary, resolute foreign policy. They cannot be unaware that these are no halcyon times of the Great Exhibition of '51, but times pregnant with conflict and change of such magnitude that they must affect the fortunes of this empire much, and may affect them enormously. They have been told often, and told truly, that the wisest man in Europe can give no assurance that this conflict and this change may not begin within six months. Nevertheless the English people seem to care no more whether the Government of which they are masters has any prepared policy, or what it may be if any such thing happens to exist, than they care for what goes on in the House of Commons.

Curious, but not without advantages by any means. It would be a serious thing if the public, which can know very little of the ins and outs of foreign politics, and cannot always be made acquainted with

their more grave particulars, should take that business in hand in the noisy, dictatorial, democratic spirit. It would never do if a Foreign Minister were not allowed to work in the dark sometimes, and go his way without peremptory questioning. Nothing can be more manifest than that. But there is danger for the Minister in a democratic country who never seeks, if otherwise he does not obtain, some understanding of the drift of popular sentiment and opinion, and yet more danger if nothing is done to instruct and guide them in affairs beyond popular knowledge. In these days a Foreign Minister with no popular opinion to back him, with nothing visible behind him but apathy and indifference, must stand at a great disadvantage with other Ministers in times of diplomatic conflict. He is thereby deprived of an answer which has been of the utmost service many a time: the answer, namely, "Whatever my own wish in this matter, I dare not: look to the state of popular feeling in my country, remember that I am a more Constitutional Minister, and judge for yourselves." Speaking generally, these are affairs on which few men are able to form a confident opinion; but it cannot be a mistake to assert that a Minister who voluntarily deprives himself of the visible support of popular feeling in his dealings with other Governments must have a perilously high estimate of his personal authority. No man in Europe can boast of so much weight of that kind as Prince Bismarck, and no one has as much right to reckon on it as well earned. But, arrogant as the German Chancellor was made by nature, he is too well disciplined in the conduct of affairs to dream of doing without the support of popular opinion, carefully instructed in his own wisdom, constantly indoctrinated with his own views, and stimulated by the obvious exertion of his own energetic and not too fastidious patriotism. Unequalled as the Chancellor's personal authority is in affairs diplomatic, he does not think it enough to go upon when more can be commanded in the shape of a whole nation admitted to his mind and echoing his voice. That is not the way in England. Here Lord Salisbury proceeds upon an entirely opposite method, relying upon his personal authority alone. Impossible to believe it the better method, for the reasons already indicated; and there are others beside. It is not good that a nation like this should be left without instruction and inspiration in matters of which it is ignorant, upon which it may easily be misled, and which yet are of the profoundest importance to it. It is not good that the spirit of the nation should be damped and deadened systematically by the withholding of all instruction, all confidences, all appeal. Lord Palmerston had a better way with the country, to mutual profit; and though it may not be possible for any Minister nowadays to follow altogether in his footsteps, to go some distance upon them is not only possible but right. What would a Minister like Lord Salisbury have

to fall back upon if his policies were not approved when they became known at a sudden crisis? Since the affairs of Europe are not all in his keeping, since the plots and plans of other Powers are far less under his control than they would have been if he had ruled in England forty years ago, who is to say that he might not be forced into policies of a most unpalatable sort without any preparation for them in the minds of the people? What warrant has he that the democracy, which is left in ignorance and apathy now, might not rise upon him then? Would it not be better if he had the people in partnership with him all along, so to speak, to the avoidance of passionate disappointment or the anger of ignorance suddenly awakened to the truth? Does Lord Salisbury suppose his personal authority so great that, whatever he may do or have to do, the democracy will take it at his hands without a murmur when the time comes, because the hands are his? If he does, he proceeds upon a very unsafe assumption, and one that, considering the complications of the time, may possibly involve himself in much embarrassment and the country in commotion of a most untimely kind.

That meanwhile Lord Salisbury has the confidence of the country as director of its foreign affairs there can be no doubt; and the fact that he has that confidence may be advanced as an answer to a great deal of what I have said. But the fact that it is given to him in the shape of a blank cheque, upon faith alone, and on representations that have little of a substantial or ascertained character to back them, adds so much to his responsibilities that he must feel them very heavily: so heavily, perhaps, as to hang upon him in an intimidating way. And whatever may be the general confidence in Lord Salisbury's wisdom and caution as Foreign Minister, we cannot all of us rest it in full composure on faith alone, or be quite happy in knowing that the whole future of the Empire may be determined by one cryptical mind to whose workings nobody is admitted. That may be all very well for the subjects of a potentate like the Emperor of Russia, with an all but impregnable territory to defend and millions of soldiers at hand to cover or to repair a blunder. It is not so well for us, whose case is quite different. Unquestionably, the foreign affairs of the Empire cannot be carried on in public. Undoubtedly, they must be left to its Government. Further, we do all agree that it is precisely in the most troublesome times that we should trust the most. But what do we mean by a Government when we acknowledge the necessity of its being allowed to manage foreign affairs without much inquiry? We mean a Cabinet: we mean a small committee of picked men. We do not mean one man; or, if we did, it is not in the most troublous times that one man should be trusted most. Now it may be said with certainty, I believe, that as regards foreign affairs we are strictly under the one-man *régime*.

Ministers control their several departments much more independently than the public supposes; while as for the Foreign Office, Lord Salisbury is the Foreign Office. He is also Prime Minister, whom no other can question, and his departmental affairs are not Cabinet affairs. They are kept strictly to himself; and on various occasions he has made it clear, when questioned in Parliament, that he resents inquiry not only as indiscreet (as it might be), but as a sort of impertinence. But for that—and perhaps in spite of it—we might well regard his position with commiseration. The double duty of the Premiership and the conduct of foreign affairs must impose on him enormous labour; and though his Cabinet is a good Cabinet, truth constrains us to say that there are not many men in it to whom he could resort for the counsels of born statesmanship. Another misfortune—supposing him willing to consult with anybody, which has never yet been asserted—may be touched upon. In times not very remote, the Prime Minister was expected to take advice from three or four territorial magnates, who, though they rarely entered on official business, were bred to politics, and made their own the affairs of a country in which they had a great stake as proprietors and a great pride as princes: such men, I mean, as the Dukes of Northumberland, Bedford, Devonshire. No considerable business could be settled till the Prime Minister ascertained what these gentlemen thought about it. Their political power in the country being very great, the Minister had to consult them whether he liked it or not; and since they were Englishmen and men of affairs, their counsels were presumably an advantage and a safeguard to the State. Now there is an end of all that. No man in Lord Salisbury's position is bound to consult anybody; and I only repeat a matter of common observation, and sometimes of complaint, that what our chief Minister is not bound to do he never does of choice. In the domain of foreign affairs, at any rate, men about him of the highest rank, of known capability and insight, are as ignorant of how we stand, or are likely to stand, as the most careless tinker on the highway; and are no more consulted.

It is with no pleasure that these remarks are made, but very much the contrary; and something more remains to be said before we come to a most important admission in Lord Salisbury's favour. Even supposing all true that has gone before, we may yet be able to gather satisfaction and confidence from the actual conduct of affairs, and from a survey of the present position of England in Europe. Now here we have little to go by. It is true that we are at peace; that nobody is quarrelling openly with us, and that we are quarrelling with nobody. But there are more ways than one of accounting for what on the face of it, is much to be grateful for. There may have been no provocations to strife, either accidental or designed; or, if there have been, they may have been disposed of with no loss of dignity at

the moment, and no promise of any other loss in the future; or menace and disturbance may have been put away at the cost of both those penalties. What do we know that tells upon these questions? Not to go "behind the scenes," where it is easy to get lost, we may look to Samoa, Zanzibar, and to another matter that shall be presently touched upon. As to the first, there was a very accurate and instructive article in the *Nineteenth Century* for last Nov.; but that is by no means the only source of fear that a far too slavish deference to German susceptibilities led us into something like a betrayal of duty and a loss of honour. Moreover, it seems pretty clear that, if we had not been picked up and hitched on by the American Government, we should have drifted yet farther into humiliation. If it can be said with truth, as we do not know that it can, that our Government protested against the harsh and presumptuous aggression of the Germans before America interfered, it must also be said that no heed was paid to the remonstrance. Our interests, duties, engagements were precisely similar to those of the United States; but no attempt was made to protect the one or fulfil the other till the Government of the great Republic showed us the way. That is not as it used to be. The Zanzibar story is too well and too fully known by this time to need dilating on. There, beyond doubt, our Government submitted to a palpably insidious and injurious bond of comradeship with Germany; and this was done upon a scarcely veiled menace of interference with us in Egypt if the alliance, with its wretched disguise of putting down the slave trade, were refused.

In Nyassaland we behold another illustration of the same kind of thing. There our trading and mission stations have been suddenly plunged into what Lord Salisbury himself describes as a "desperate struggle" for existence with the Arab slave-dealers. Portugal claims the territory, which is not hers. She cannot herself hunt the Queen's subjects out of it, but while her friends, the slave-dealers, are well supplied with powder and shot, she uses her sea-board rights to prevent the English from obtaining arms, wherewith to defend themselves. Lord Salisbury is appealed to, and confesses himself helpless. He will still do what he can diplomatically, but holds out no hope of being able to dissuade Portugal from deliberately crippling these harmless subjects of the Queen in their struggle for life with gangs of slave-dealers. Portugal! But what if the Germans are strong partisans of Portugal in Africa? That they are, and so all is explained.

The last known exercise of pressure seems even more significant. It is quite impossible to suppose that the withdrawal of our Ambassador from France at the recent celebrations of 1789 was an independent and voluntary act. The withdrawal of an Ambassador is at all times a serious thing; it cannot be done with excuse except on grave occasions; and it could never have occurred to

an English Minister that dignity, morality, or policy demanded that England's representative should ostentatiously turn his back upon a national celebration with which we have nothing in the world to do. If the proposal had been to celebrate the Terror, and if Lord Lytton had been expected to figure in the ceremonial, it would have been a different thing. But 1789 was not 1793; Lord Lytton was not required to take part in the festivities; and he could be no more accused of countenancing them by remaining in Paris than of assisting at an *émeute* if an event of that kind had broken out while he was asleep at the Embassy. The French Revolution is ancient history; its celebration at this time of day is no State affair of ours one way or another; and they must have a poor opinion of Lord Salisbury who suppose that he thinks otherwise. In certain Continental Cabinets, however, different ideas prevail. There the French Revolution, merely regarded as an uprising for liberty, is detested; and since they could not allow their representatives to remain in Paris during the fêtes of 1889, we may suppose that they "invited" our Government to withdraw the Queen's Ambassador also. What the answer to such an invitation would have been twenty years ago there can be no doubt at all. Downing Street would have replied that Her Britannic Majesty's Government saw no reason for giving unnecessary offence to France in a matter which was not the business of anybody out of France, or for taking a step which, if it might be understood as a reproof to revolutionary crime, might also be interpreted as sympathy with tyrannic absolutism. And who can doubt that that would have been Lord Salisbury's answer had he been as free to speak his mind as Palmerston was? Who can doubt it when he reflects upon the too great animosity against England which existed in France already, and on the minor but not unimportant fact that the goodwill of the French Government was necessary to save the Sugar Bounties Convention from a somewhat ridiculous failure? No. We are forced to conclude that Lord Lytton was withdrawn from France needlessly, improperly, offensively, upon invitation from abroad; and, if so, then nothing that has happened of late years more clearly marks the changed position of England in Europe than submission to it.

And now let us take up Lord Salisbury's defence. We are not to suppose for a moment that there would have been any lagging in the case of Samoa, any submission to menace in that most significant Zanzibar business, any toleration for the malicious conduct of Portugal in Nyassaland, or any withdrawal of our Ambassador from France, if he had not believed submission necessary and obedience the better part. In every case, what was done was not done willingly, but upon a sense of expediency amounting to compulsion. But in every case the interests of England were jeopardized, her honour damaged, her

pride lowered. And so if our Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary has no foreign policy; if he leaves the door open to the mischance of which we have spoken above; or if, having a policy, he keeps it in his own breast a dead secret, at the risk, of communicating it too late, what is the explanation? Not necessarily, by any means, that he is a dreamer, hesitating and undecided, or arrogantly determined to carry on his designs free from all criticism and interference at home. Of course that may be the explanation, but we know of a more reasonable one. The complexities of the situation may be so obscure and so embarrassing that no safe policy can be formulated, declared, or even hinted, for the same reason that compelled submission with disgrace in the matters above mentioned. And the reason? Want of visible physical force to back up a resolve or a refusal. Were England possessed of adequate armaments, it would yet be wise, no doubt, to stand by and "await the development of events;" but the very existence of those armaments would help in developing them the right way, and there would be no insistence meanwhile on the petty humiliations and insidious injuries which we are now compelled to put up with. Further let me say, that in that case there would be far less need of these timid proceedings in the conduct of foreign affairs, which leave the nation in absolute ignorance of the most important part of its business and the foundation of all. The Government would be under no compulsion to deprive the country of instruction and information in these great affairs, thereby, as I have said, damping and deadening public spirit systematically. Neither would the Government itself be deprived of the enormous support of an instructed and determinate public opinion in the business of diplomacy; nor need it run the risk of springing on an unprepared democracy some unpleasant if inevitable surprise. Lastly, in that case there would be no plausible need of absolute secret one-man government in a most important region of affairs, even though the one man available may not have made convincing proof of the rare combination of qualities necessary for such a post on such conditions.

It will be seen, I hope, that my chief intention is to show what responsibilities and difficulties are thrown upon the Government, what risks the country runs, what destructive humiliations are imposed upon it, what ignorance it is compelled to live in, and what dependence on the character and capability of a single individual working in the dark—all because we do not choose to put on the strength which we shall never do long without.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

ORPHEUS IN ROME

IRRELEVANT TALKS ON THE USE OF THE BEAUTIFUL

"IT'S curious," said Baldwin, looking less into the reality of that Roman theatre than into the vague places of the past, "that one of the few remaining shreds of my old musical lore—for I could have talked about *Orpheus* by the hour together when you were a naughty little girl, dear Donna Maria, and I a big wool-gathering lad, indeed we should doubtless have had terrific Gluckist and Piccinist fights in the nursery—it's curious that one of the few impressions remaining to me from my eighteenth-century days should happen to be that of the original singer of this very opera—the man for whom Gluck composed his *Orpheus*."

"Ah!" exclaimed Donna Maria quickly; "tell us this minute. You wretched Baldwin, I thought you were going to say that you had forgotten that you had ever cared for old music at all."

Baldwin smiled wistfully, that new smile of his which affected Donna Maria like a sigh. He was, indeed, thinking how much he had altered, not merely since those distant eighteenth century days, but since much more recent times, since, almost, he had seen Donna Maria last. This dear little woman, with her charming conventional dresses and charming unconventional movements, seemed as foreign to him as that music which had once said so much to his soul, and would now, he foresaw, say so little. She had herself become a sort of performance like this opera, an external, indifferent spectacle, with the rapid delightful variations, from frivolous chatter to learned theorizing, and from earnest intensity to childish self-ridicule, of her breezy, gusty, sunny nature.

"Well, yes, perhaps," he answered. "Perhaps I have a clearer impression of Signor Gaetano Guadagni—his name was Guadagni, and he was a Lombard like you, Donna Maria—than of myself in the

days when I made his acquaintance in old music books and memoirs. Anyhow, I used to see and hear him whenever I turned over the pages of *Orpheus*, or when I hummed over any of its airs in my memory. Do you care to hear about my friend the ghost? I only wish I knew by heart some of Dr. Burney's Gibbonian sentences, rolling and rumbling like the coach that must have carried him to the Opera. To begin with, my friend Guadagni appears to have been a most beautiful person, and he was a first-rate actor, sufficiently to induce Garrick to give him wrinkles. He had not a big voice—many of the greatest singers of that time, when singing was a great art, had not—and he sang in a way of his own, preferring airs with slight accompaniments, long pauses, and few notes, like Gluck's. And these few notes he did not regularly swell and diminish like other singers—at least like other singers of his day, modelling passages with the breath—but took at once with full voice and let them dwindle, fade, die away, notes and phrases, like an Æolian harp or an echo. Can't you imagine him sighing through those songs, with their constant little murmuring, drooping closes, a sort of disembodied voice, a ghost among those ghosts in Hades and the Elysian Fields? Then they tell us that his acting was not merely passionate and pathetic, but extraordinarily good to look at. Old Burney says his gestures would have been 'excellent studies for a statuary;' and one comes away with the impression of an unbroken succession, fluctuating and moving with the music, of beautiful and noble movements, completing in their spontaneity, and suggestiveness and charm, the sort of permeating poetry of the music and of the story, which has become, apart from its own beauty, redolent with the sentiment of all the poets who have repeated it, and all the ages that have listened. It is difficult to define in words what I feel to be the sort of acting fit to accompany music, something quite different from the acting of a mere spoken play: movement and expression which shall obey the same necessities of measure and grace and nobility as the melodies themselves, and seem as spontaneous and inevitable and self-unconscious as the melodies on the lips of the singer. Think what Gluck's *Orpheus* must have been, performed in this way, all its poetry embodied by this great artist? Poor old Signor Guadagni," went on Baldwin after a pause, and laughing at his own enthusiasm for a singer he had never heard, "his end was pathetic. Instead of being run through the body or poisoned by some jealous husband, or exiled by the brother of some over-susceptible electoral princess, with the laurel wreath of *Orpheus* still on his brow, he had the misfortune of turning into a comfortable citizen of Padua, of growing quite old, and in his old age, childish. A certain young Lord Mount Edgembe, to whom Guadagni was an inherited object of enthusiasm, went to call on him when on the grand tour,

and found poor old Orpheus amusing himself with a child's puppet show—wasn't it sad and comic? And the saddest thing is that he's dead and gone, buried in a corner of Padua, and that we can none of us ever see and hear him."

"Who knows?" answered Donna Maria, with a little excited air of mystery. She had been listening with extraordinary interest, and (had Baldwin noticed it) with evident efforts to suppress a series of exclamations; and, towards the end of the little panegyric of that long silent singer, she had communicated by looks and signs to their friend Carlo a preemptory order of discretion.

"Who knows?" she allowed herself to repeat. "There is evidently something uncanny about your friend Guadagni; and since he has had this caprice of haunting you, don't you think he may some day take the whim of reappearing to us all on earth?" But Baldwin had already relapsed into that listlessness which now seemed to have become his normal condition.

"I think," said Carlo, coming forward in the box, while the violins began tuning for the overture, "that it would be a great mistake on the part of this delightful eighteenth-century spectro to reappear before Baldwin. Baldwin doesn't care any longer for old music, any more than he cares—really and actively—for antique sculpture. In the interval of thinking about other things, of neglecting art for what he considers more practical concerns, Baldwin has become a modern."

Donna Maria furled her fan with a disputative eagerness possibly fatal to its Louis XV. workmanship.

"Baldwin has had congestion of the brain and malaria," she exclaimed, "if that's what you mean by becoming modern; and Baldwin has let all the dreadful things of the day—pauperism, and scepticism, and the horridness of all classes, all the things which you modern critics don't try to deal with, by the way—eat into his soul until he can't think of anything else, and can't enjoy any art, or any simple, pleasant thing."

"Pardon me, Donna Maria," replied Carlo, smiling at her warlike temper, "I maintain that the pre-occupation of all these horrid modern things—which interest me, truly enough, only for their psychological value—has resulted, not in making our friend indifferent to all art, but in turning him into a completely modern man, to whom all this classic art—the art of Phidias as well as the art of Gluck—can have an intellectual, historical value, but not the real artistic value of being the expression of his own soul, its aspirations, and wants, and weaknesses."

"But where's the pleasure of expressing this wretched—soul?" began Donna Maria impetuously. But she stopped; for at that moment the first notes of the overture, the first crisp notes of that orchestra of violins, came rustling through the theatre as the wind which disperses the clouds rustles through the plumes of the mountain

pires. A few minutes later all discussion had been forgotten. For into the slowly unfurling chorus, drooping with grief, of the mourners about Eurydice's grave, there dropped unexpectedly, but with the slow directness of falling tears, four notes of an unexpected voice, and Orpheus was walking across the stage and ascending the steps of the tomb. Those four notes, carrying the name of Eurydice, belonged to a low soprano voice. But instead of the disturbing fact of a woman dressed up as a man, they conveyed to the hearer, quite simply, naturally and irrefutably, the presence of a demi-god. The slender creature, leaning against the side of the tomb, and arranging its garland with listless fingers, and eyes which looked not, was indeed a woman. One knew it in a second, but in a second also one had forgotten. And when, after dismissing the make-believe bullet shepherds and shepherdesses, all rouged and bewigged, Orpheus came forward with the face and movement of a melancholy young faun, bewailing Eurydice and begging her back of the gods, that fifth-rate Italian stage, those cardboard trees and wooden rocks, had disappeared and a new stage taken its place—a valley of Thessaly, made out of the rustle of violins, the quavering echoes of the solitary hautboy, and the fresh, cool notes of that young, supple voice.

"I am glad," remarked Carlo, "that the last air of the first act, by a forgotten mediocrity, called Bertoni, should have stayed in. It shows, by the fact of its not jarring with the rest, that Gluck, after all, was a man of the eighteenth century just like another. It ought to bring home to us, what Donna Maria won't admit, that all this *Orpheus* music may interest us, and even, once we are in the right frame of mind, give us a certain amount of pleasure, but that it can never become a reality in our spiritual life like that of Schumann and Wagner, and even like Grieg and Boito, because it isn't the product of our own times and our own minds—I'm not speaking of the technical part of the matter. I never once suggest that *Orpheus* is not a great and perfect work of art. I merely maintain that it is the work of a thoroughly bygone past, of a completely extinct art; and that, produced in utter unconsciousness of what the modern soul would be, it no longer answers to the wants of us moderns."

"But at that rate," exclaimed Donna Maria angrily, "you would cut off all art that we haven't made ourselves—you would renounce Homer, and Dante, and Raphael, and every ancient statue that was ever dug up!"

"I do renounce them," answered Carlo, composedly; "and I renounce most emphatically and particularly all those colonies of white, naked, motionless and emotionless men and women whom Antiquity has devolved upon us: creatures with whose mentality, if they have any, we no longer have any connection, and whose bodily excellence we can appreciate only as a result of infinite study, and a study, observe, mainly of themselves; since all our ideas of comely nudity are

taken from those self-same statues. And in the same way that an antique statue can be appreciated and enjoyed only through a study of antique statues, so, I maintain, an opera of Gluck can be enjoyed only as the result of a study of Gluck and Gluck's contemporaries. For I don't believe that the people in this theatre, much as they may applaud, enjoy this music as they would enjoy, some of them Verdi's *Trovatore*, and others Wagner's *Tristan*. You must remember that all music, if decently performed, is rather enjoyable than not, just as any well-made statue is more interesting to look at than not, although a statue by Rodin may be more interesting to us than a statue by Scopas."

"What do you say to this, Baldwin?" asked Donna Maria, expecting that, as formerly, her old friend would make short work of all modern heresies.

But Baldwin seemed unwilling to be drawn into the conversation.

"I think," he said, "that there is considerable truth in what Carlo says. Only, as regards the antique, I must remind him that we enjoy no sort of art, no sort of beauty whatever, without a certain apprenticeship. The modern man may eventually be more interested in a *Dame de Comptoir* by Manet than in a *Madonna* by Raphael; but he will be interested in neither, at least as a work of art, without a certain previous habit: people require to be taught how a wall covered with posters really does look from a certain distance quite as much as how a naked arm bends in a certain action; in fact, antique sculpture has half taught them the one, and modern painting has not yet taught them the other, since they usually maintain that modern painting tells lies. Oh, no, previous apprenticeship does not tell against any art's real power: we all require a little time to see the beauties of any new sort of landscape; we appear to have required all the centuries of centuries to appreciate the charm of a grey sky and wet road. But, as to music, I confess there is a difference, due to the fact that music does not imitate the things about us, and to the fact, also, that there is no time to keep vivid, to perform and re-perform, all the various styles of all the various ages: such a performance as this is necessarily exceptional, and it is a resuscitation. The question remains: Are we restoring life to a thing that can live, or are we galvanizing a corpse? I have cared too much for this old music, and I now care too little for music of any kind to be able to answer."

"Oh, that malaria, that malaria!" exclaimed Donna Maria, "not the physical malaria merely, but the spiritual one, all the horrible pre-occupations which either make modern folk utterly ill, like the air of an ill-managed hospital, or drive them to live off intellectual drugs, absinth and opium and haschisch, and heaven knows what filthinesses besides, like Carlo's little pessimists and *décadents*."

"Absinth or haschisch or opium, if you will," answered Carlo, with the enthusiasm of a neophyte, "or even, if you will, ourare, that drug

which strings up to agony the nerves of sensation and paralyses the nerves of action. I never said that the art of modern times is milk, or wine and water, or the vermouth and quinine you make us drink against fever after our drives in the Campagna. I never said that. But, poison or not poison, this modern art has spoilt us, with its acrid flavour, its heady strength, its visionary fumes, for any art like this. We may drink of this clear stream of Gluck's music, and say, 'Oh yes, very good water, quite delicious, and, doubtless, free from every kind of deleterious matter,' but our soul is still athirst, and we run back to Wagner and Schumann, and even to Tosti and Marzials."

Again Donna Maria's anger was interrupted by the rising of the curtain; or, rather, diverted from Carlo's *décadent* æsthetics to the extreme badness of the *mise en scène*, to rows of Father Christmasses and ladies in grey waterproofs, who bellowed and gesticulated as unhappy shades at the gates of hell, and the chains of thick thighed and tight waisted furies who capered about in the rose-coloured Bengal light.

"Listen, Baldwin," she whispered, quickly wheeling herself round and presenting her back to the stage, "but for Heaven's sake don't look till you're told."

Suddenly, close upon the rattle of that chorus, surging and sinking like the angry but impotent sea upon the beach, came the thin weak notes of a harp, and the notes, imploring and helpless, of that voice of a young god of the woods, beaten back and returning to implore, till the chorus of the warders of hell, growing slower and fainter, waxing surprised and compassionate, at last gave way, and bade the gates of Hades roll back on their hinges.

"Now, turn round, Baldwin!" whispered Donna Maria.

The crowd of demons and spectres had fallen asunder, and down the rocky path leading into Hades, came Orpheus, triumphant but in terror. The light of our earth, filtered wan through the rocks, made a blue and ghostly halo round his head, bleaching the gasping lips and the tremulous hands, and turning to silver the strings of his lyre and the laurels of his crown; while, as he descended, with precipitous steps and long, frightened pauses, the red vapours of hell caught the embroideries of his cloak, licked the hem of his tunic, and wavered in strange splendours of ruby and gold all round him.

"Ah!" exclaimed Carlo, with suppressed enthusiasm, "it is a figure, all glittering with mystic jewel-lights, for one of your great pre-Raphaelite painters, or for Gustave Moreau."

The chorus began to fade away before the victorious mortal, and Orpheus, with a bound, descended from the rocks; descended, but only to stagger and cower, overcome by the terrors of below, made dizzy and faint by the sudden granting of his prayer. Then, raising the beautiful arm which was shielding his dazed and deafened young

head, he flung it joyfully in the air, and grasping with the other his lyre, rushed forward to the fiery portals, his face changed from terror to triumph.

For a little while they did not speak. Carlo sat humming the air of the last chorus at the bottom of the box, rapping out its metre on his chair back as if it had been composed to-day, instead of a century and a quarter ago, and Donna Maria was watching the effect it had produced on Baldwin, until, disappointed with his apparent listlessness, she suddenly clutched his hand and asked—

"Well, haven't you got anything to say?"

"What is the name of this singer?" he merely answered.

"Helen Hastreiter," answered Donna Maria.

"Did you think," asked Carlo, "it might be the ghost of Signor Gundagni?"

II.

"Yes," answered Baldwin; "I have spent the whole morning at the Vatican; and what is still more satisfactory—at least with your classical intentions—I have fallen in love with a little marble Muse."

Donna Maria affected him, at that moment, as a creature infinitely charming but decidedly comic, a child to whom you could talk only nonsense and tell only fairy tales. She had driven up to fetch him, in visiting splendour, with liveries and prancing horses, and stated that it was quite indispensable she should pay a dozen calls or leave a score of cards. Then, with an exclamation, a little crow of delight, at the spring winds and gleams of sunshine, she had announced that it was far more indispensable to walk on the grass in Villa Borghese; and, scattering the cards all over the carriage, had seized Baldwin's hand and said: "I want to speak to you very seriously. I saw you again at *Orpheus* last night. Are you more classic?"

"Aren't you satisfied with me for having fallen in love with my Muse—I forget what she's the Muse of; at all events, neither of political economy nor of pessimistic philosophy."

"I don't know," said Donna Maria gravely, as the carriage rolled into the yet unfrequented park. "I want to know whether you are serious, Baldwin. I want you to be in earnest a little, for I have been thinking of very serious matters."

"Not the calls you ought to be making, and the serious results of your delay, Donna Maria?"

"Which of us is frivolous—you or I?" asked Donna Maria angrily. "Listen. I have been thinking all these days about what you said when we went to *Orpheus*, and what Carlo said about you. It doesn't matter what Carlo says about himself: he's only a boy, and he'll get bored with his pose of moroseness and decadence soon enough; besides, he enjoyed *Orpheus* tremendously, and said so afterwards

quite brazenly, as if he hadn't been pretending the contrary the whole time, dear creature. But it's different with you, Baldwin. If *Orpheus* bores you, if you find that all the beautiful things you cared for are merely so many cast aside toys of yours, then things are going very badly with you, poor Baldwin. If all this is true, then you may as well give up worrying about pauperism, and pessimism, and your responsibilities and everybody else's; your mind will be in just as bad a state as the rest of the world, and it won't be you who can improve matters. Don't interrupt and say that in order to be of any use one must be stirred up, one must even have been sickened by things—I know that perfectly; it's logical. But in order to help to remedy matters, one must get over that condition of nausea; one must be sound in all one's feelings, and perceive things as they are, without exaggeration or sickness. You used to tell us so yourself; you can explain these things much better than I. Only you seem to have forgotten it all; perhaps because you've worried too much and been ill. And the use of me is to remind you. I haven't brains like you, and can't explain *why* one ought to love classic things, and be, in a way, classic in one's life; but I'm somehow constituted in such a way that classic things please me, and I prefer being healthy-minded and natural; and I feel that those ancient people and Goethe were right, that they were going with the grain of Nature, doing like the trees, and the sunshine and the wind—do you understand?—and I feel young, and am determined to remain young, even at eighty; and all the rest of you are growing old, and are pleased at growing old. That's why I mind about *Orpheus* and the Vatican; I can't analyze it deeper."

Baldwin was listening attentively, although he could not help smiling at the earnestness in that dear, childish face, with something of a Luini's angel in its irregularity. It seemed so natural now to be back with her, experiencing the fluctuations of this warm, gentle, gusty nature, which shook you into quicker life, and warmed you into momentary happiness, like the capricious wind and sunshine of that Roman spring among the leafless acacias, the solemn ilexes.

"You are quite right," he answered. "I have been ill, in spirit as well as in body; but I have known that I was ill; I have regretted it, I have longed to be my old self again; you see, I mind the evil of the world too much to enjoy being a pessimist. And I have associated this state of illness with the indifference which I feel, or have felt, for the art I once cared for. Do you think I was happy, the other night, when I thought that *Orpheus* was going to be nothing to me? But let me tell you about this morning in the Vatican. Do you know, I often wondered, on my way back to Italy, how I should be affected, after two months of illness among that foreign silent Oriental art, by a return to the familiar things of antiquity, I remembered that a double-headed Janus, with archaic rows of curls and narrow smiling

eyes, had given me a little pang of recognition and pleasure when I had met him unexpectedly on the fountain of a Moorish palace at Seville. Then I went to Naples. The museum there struck me with a sense of the familiarity of antique things, but the familiarity akin to indifference and contempt. I suspected that I must be growing into what Carlo calls a modern; one who cares for art only as a mirror of his own personality. But it has turned out quite differently. You will laugh; but I am really quite childishly pleased that the Vatican, this morning, was not the Naples Museum all over again; I really enjoyed myself there tremendously."

Donna Maria had rudely broken into the middle of Baldwin's speech, by jumping up with a "Stop, stop!" to the coachman, as she recognized in a neighbouring path a friend's smart wet nurse and baby. She made no apology for her interruption, but, bending over the back of the carriage, kneeling on the seat, sent out her deep, warm voice in a big "O caro, caro!" at the sight of that fat, pouting creature, of all that lump of soft pink flesh and soft blond hair. Then she turned again to Baldwin, and listened very attentively.

"I really enjoyed myself so much this morning," he went on. "I liked it all, as I used to when I was a lad, and believed that beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all we know on earth, and all we need to know, and all the rest of it. I liked the sarcophagi with the big masks gaping upon them, the porphyry baths and the water sparkling in the fountains; I liked the innumerable inferior little marble people, fauns and athletes and Venuses by no one in particular; I liked their being so clean-limbed and cheerful-minded, and I liked the quantities of them all about."

"Now why does one like them?" suddenly burst out Donna Maria, stopping the carriage and springing out where the marble horses splash in the big central fountain. "Why does one like them, not merely admire them, you know, and why does one know that it's right to like them?"

"But some people don't like them, Donna Maria. I didn't like them at Naples, and Carlo says that it's only habit and conventionality that makes us pretend to like them at all."

"That's it," she answered triumphantly, as the water plashed deep blue among the hoofs of the sculptured horses, and manes grown golden and russet with age and lichen—"that's just it. Why do we know that you must have been morbid when you disliked the antiques at Naples, and that Carlo's moderns must be horrid, dreadful creatures, if the antique does not please them? I have thought of it very often, and I know why. The explanation is the same as why do we know that people are morbid—unless they are utterly stupid—who do not enjoy, but in a way much stronger than mere admiration, the sight of clouds moving about like to-day, and branches bending and water spirting like this fountain? Look at those trees

in front of us," she continued, pointing with her parasol to a group of slender bays shooting up their clustered boles from the short anemone-starred turf. "We admire them, but we do something more, for we admire also anything that is well done, a horrible sonnet of Baudelaire and a dreadful Spanish saint by Zurbaran, for instance."

"We like their being beautiful," suggested Baldwin, as they wandered under the tunnel of twisting ilex branches, black and scaly like rhinoceros trunks, at whose end a little circular temple gleamed white in the fitful sunlight.

"Not merely that, for morbid things are sometimes beautiful, and things which give one a certain disgust: the blood, for instance, welling out of Regnault's decapitated Moor. You don't understand what I mean. We like this moving sky, and this rushing wind, and we like these trees, with a kind of sympathy for the life, the health, the strength that is in them. We recognize in the trees, in the way in which they grip the ground with their roots, and shoot out their branches, and poise and push forward their leaves, the sign of life, something that says 'this is the way that Nature prefers,' something like what we feel when we are young and healthy and strong. And it's the same with the statues: they may be good antiques, or bad antiques, but we recognize in them the kind of symmetry of body, the kind of balance of mind, the sort of life, in short, which goes with Nature's intentions, and to which we approach when we are sound and simple and good."

"But Nature's intentions," objected Baldwin rather sadly, "are sometimes that we should be weak and ill and worthless, that we should not strike strong roots or shoot out vigorous branches."

"Yes, but then Nature gets rid of us as quick as she can. Of course, she does often produce weak and miserable things, but she doesn't like them, so I suppose she produces them because, somehow or other, she can't help herself," answered Donna Maria, with an easy Pagan tendency to personify. "And that's the reason why I wanted you to enjoy yourself at the Vatican to-day. It's a sign of spiritual health."

"What a Greek you are, Donna Maria," laughed Baldwin, as they sat down on the steps of the amphitheatre, watching the red and black seminarists playing at football on the grass beneath the pines, and the lizards darting among the dwarf marigolds and sprouting vetches among the stones.

"I don't know about that," mused Donna Maria, drawing patterns with her parasol. "I shouldn't have liked the Greeks for many things, I daresay. Perhaps they weren't what I call *Greek* in everything, either. And, after all, every art, at one time or another, whenever it has cared for beauty very much, has been Greek in that sense, however little like Greeks people may have been at that time. Titian is Greek in so many things, and Giorgione in that pastoral

with the people playing under the trees, and Gluck's *Orpheus* is Greek, though Gluck wore a horsehair wig and took snuff. It's very odd to think of."

"You are just in time, Carlo," cried Baldwin, as the young man, who had followed the carriage from the gate, came up breathless across the grass. "Donna Maria has been explaining in what consists the healthiness of the antique, of the classic, and why we all care for it when we are healthy. Now you may explain once more why no sincere modern can care for it at all, and why no sincere modern can take any but an historical interest in Gluck's *Orpheus*, to hear which, by the way, I learn that the sincere modern yourself has been already five times."

"Oh, bother historical interest, and classicism, and modernness!" exclaimed Carlo, throwing himself on to the steps of the hippodrome, one arm under his head, and his eyes fixed upon the ever-changing sky, where moist blue patches and loose grey cloud wreaths chased each other in the west wind. "We are all classic on a day like this and in a place like this. Look at the bay trees bending in the wind; look at the dear lizards darting about, and the red and black Etruscan beetles among the acanthus leaves (one has just run up my sleeve, bless him!); listen to the south-west wind in the pine branches and in the ilex trunks. There! those are the pines, a rustle; they are the violins and the tenors; and the hollow ilxes—do you hear?—quite different. Those are the violoncellos and double-basses, with every now and then a big thump of a kettledrum when a branch is snapped. And there's the scent of the bay leaves; the sun has half baked them already, and the melting resin of the pine trunks. How good! And there's something else, too. Ah, it's the pale yellow jonquils in your dress, Donna Maria! how right of you to bring them, since Nature hasn't had the sense to make them grow here. Did I say I was a modern? How idiotic! It was the red plush of the theatre seats made me think it. Do you hear? That's the overture of *Orpheus*—la, la, la; ta, ta, ta; ti, ti, ti—sweeping across the grass just now. And there's the first chorus—it's the ilxes do it; don't you expect to hear those four notes—those beautiful middle soprano notes, like a viol—Euridice—dropping in? Don't you expect to see *Orpheus* walk down the steps of the little temple there, with his head drooping and his hands hanging loosely, like Antinous?" And Carlo, with his arms still crossed beneath his head, lying on the steps of the circus, sang out, in his big bass voice, those famous four notes, "Euridice!"

Donna Maria and Baldwin had burst out laughing.

"Why do you laugh?" asked Carlo, interrupting his performance. "I am quite serious. I am classic, the trees are classic, the grass also, and the sky: the whole world is classic. You surely don't expect me to say that I am modern, do you?"

"It's all very well," exclaimed Donna Maria, suddenly digging her parasol into a soft patch of green among the stone steps, "but I want to know why it all hangs together; why the day is classic, and the place, and why it all has to do with antique statues and Gluck's music, and the Hastreiter's acting? What makes things classic, Baldwin? What is being classic?"

"The classic," answered Carlo solemnly, contemplating one of his feet, raised in the air as he lay there; "the classic is the ideal. As to the ideal, why, the ideal is that quality which is noticeable in the classic. And it was all, somehow, invented by the late Plato—Euridice!"

"Be quiet, Carlo!" cried Donna Maria; "look here, I want to understand this, Baldwin—I understand that some things are classic because, as I told you before, they seem to go with the grain of Nature, like these trees and this grass and this sky; they seem to be living the life that is the most liveable; the statues and Gluck's music and a lot of other things."

"I understand that," continued Donna Maria. "But there is another kind of beauty, just as beautiful, which is *not* classic, which has nothing to do with a day like this, which does not make one feel that it goes with the grain of Nature. For instance, the beauty of the last act of Wagner's *Tristan*. It is beautiful, as beautiful as *Orpheus*, but it's a beauty that makes one feel not well, but vaguely ill."

"Oh," cried Carlo; "if you are going to apply hygienic standards to beauty, I shall go and perform first *Orpheus* and then *Tristan* on my piano at home."

"Do so," she replied contemptuously. "You see, Baldwin. I *am* hygienic, I *am* practical. So why shouldn't I apply hygienic standards to beauty? It is the only way of measuring its practical value in life."

Baldwin did not answer. He was struck by this simple remark, so simply given out by Donna Maria, who sat there among the fitful gleams of sunshine, like some little antique dryad—a thing more than usually connected with Nature—dressed out in fashionable visiting gear.

"Is the classic that kind of beauty which is hygienic? Yes, I stick to my expression, Carlo. Is it the sort of beauty which makes life easier to us?"

Carlo had straightened himself and was thinking. "Yes," he answered, instead of Baldwin, "the classic is what you call hygienic beauty. It's things as they should be, bodies as they should be, arms and legs and backs and heads as they should be; it's emotion as it should be; and that's why I return to my old theory. No sort of classic art can really thoroughly express, reproduce mankind as it is, because our arms and legs, and our thoughts and emotions, are *not* what they should be; and that is why all classic art must necessarily

be less intimately human, less potent; in fact, less great than the modern art which is not classic, which gives us our bodies and our souls not as they should be, but as they are."

Baldwin smiled at Carlo's return to his theories. "Eurydice!" he sang under his breath.

Carlo understood the criticism. "Well, yes," he answered quite simply; "just to-day I am classically disposed. It's the weather, and having heard *Orpheus* last night, and expecting to hear it again this evening, I am happy, and I like things to be as they should be. But it is an individual mood, an individual moment. How often do you expect me to be in it?"

"Very often—most often," exclaimed Donna Maria angrily, "considering how little you see of the miseries of the world, and how young you are."

"Less often, perhaps, for that very reason," said Baldwin; "when you are less young, and less free from painful thoughts, you will be less interested, perhaps, in the representation of the things, the imperfections that harass you; you will court the moments of feeling things as they should be, instead of things as they are."

"Perhaps!" exclaimed Carlo, indifferently, rising from the grass and leaning against a pine trunk. "At all events, to-day I feel classic; I want to be classic, I want to forget modern art, I want to walk on the grass in Villa Borghese and smell the bay leaves and pine branches, and Donna Maria's jonquils, and I want to talk about Gluck's music, and to think about that wonderful *Orpheus*, leaning on the sarcophagus in the attitude of Praxiteles' Faun, and wandering about with the bowed head and languid hands of the Antinous, and making one feel altogether as if the young grasses and budding bushes, the wind piping in the pines and playing double bass in the ilexes, had produced between them all a divine sylvan creature, whose movement is naturally music, whose speech is naturally song."

"Yes," answered Donna Maria, "but I also want to know why we should want to talk about *Orpheus* in this place and on this day, why the remembrance of that music, the remembrance of that gesture, of the wonderful piece of poetry which Gluck and the Hastreiter have made between them, should affect us in the same way as all these beautiful natural things that make us feel happy and strong. We shouldn't be thinking of Wagner's *Isolde* in this way under the pine trees, any more than we should be thinking of Sarah Bernhardt's *Fédora*; and I want to know why?"

"You want to know, Donna Maria," said Baldwin, as they brushed through the laurel and box hedge which enclosed a little dell, dank with arum and cyclamen leaves, where the first birds were singing in the ilexes. "You want to know why I should have been reconciled to antique sculpture, converted afresh to the true gods, immediately after hearing *Orpheus*? Why, the little Muse with whom

I fell in love to-day at the Vatican had certainly been playing on her pipe one of Gluck's melodies."

"Ah!" sighed Carlo, catching at a laurel twig above him, "Donna Maria is not a modern Italian and a descendant of those terrible practical Romans for nothing. She wants to know why classic music is hygienic."

"Why, yes," she answered; "of course I do. It's most important. If art had not a possible effect upon our spiritual welfare, it would have no more importance and dignity in our lives than any frivolous amusement."

"Oh, the moral value of art!" groaned Carlo.

"Listen," went on Donna Maria, addressing Baldwin; "I can understand some things, but not others. I can understand that beauty is independent of, though occasionally connected with, what we call right and wrong. I can understand that beauty may be sometimes hostile to our high feelings."

"I deny it!" cried Carlo enthusiastically.

"Can't it? Think of Baudelaire's poems and many of Swinburne's: they are beautiful, but they appeal to things in us which are low, savage, which are bad for our moral health. I return to Wagner's *Tristan*. Yesterday afternoon, at my house, the governess and the music-master played me the whole of that 'Death of Isolde,' arranged for four hands. It is magnificent. As beautiful, quite, as Gluck's 'Elysian Fields,' and much more stirring. But while this is holy, that—I mean Isolde—is unholy. I felt it very strongly, and wondered why. While I was wondering, I suddenly recollected a book of anthropology I have been reading: an awful catalogue of primæval ferocities and madresses. I understood then. This most modern of all music suggests all the wild beast in mankind. It is a long, horrible, hysterical attack put into music: the furies of speechless sobbing, writhing, suicidal passion."

"Well; and why not, if, as you say, it is beautiful?" asked Carlo.

"Because," answered Baldwin, as Donna Maria seemed rather at a loss to explain herself; "because whenever art plays with the animal within us, rouses these primeval passions, it attains perhaps its most potent emotional effects, but it becomes morally detrimental. The later growths of the soul—gentleness, enthusiasm, pitying sorrow—do not afford to art matter, as it were, so magnificently combustible. But it is only when touching such more recent, nobler emotions, or at least in leaving the others untouched, that art has a morally sane effect. Orpheus, in Gluck's music, in the Hastreiter's singing and acting (so measured and harmonious and delicate), is a gentle, tender, chivalrous creature; above all, a civilized human creature. Isolde—and to get the full equivalent, we ought to imagine Isolde acted by a Sarah—is a savage, or a woman in whom the revolt of the ferocious

powers of love and despair have quenched all higher emotions, without which the higher animal, man, is not *stane*, because not complete."

"Thank you, Baldwin, you have helped me to explain myself. But now comes the inexplicable. I understand why the Isolde music is, however beautiful, morally debasing. I know that certain combinations of rhythm and harmony lash our nerves in the same way as the passions which they suggest; I understand that music which has the movement, the catch in the breath, the irregular throb of sobbing, should remind us of an hysterical fit. It's quite easy to understand why some music represents what Carlo calls *emotion as it ought not to be*; but why should certain other music represent *emotion as it ought to be*? I see why a beautiful antique should suggest spiritual health. It suggests bodily health, calmness, moderation: a person like that could not well be morally ill; it is an ideal, suggesting another. But music like Gluck's imitates nothing, and therefore ought to suggest nothing. I understand why it does not strike us as unholy; but why should it strike us as holy? And yet that whole performance does: the music of Gluck, and the gestures and expression of the Hastreiter impress me like a religious ceremony, but the ceremony of a religion of innocence and strength and light, not of a religion of mystery, and sin, and weakness."

"I also want to know why," said Carlo, his natural passion for discussion getting the better of his more whimsical, lazy desire to enjoy, and to dream—"not because of the hygienic quality of Orpheus—oh no, I positively abhor the juxtaposition of poetry and carbolic acid—but because I have often puzzled to understand why certain performances make one feel good. Do you remember, Baldwin, a certain Livonian singer—a very different creature from the Hastreiter—whom you heard years ago at our house—a common, coarse creature, but who sang like four-and-twenty angels?"

"Of course, I do, Carlo; and I remember quite well, how, in the intervals of the performance, while she was strumming irrelevantly, you kept whispering to me that it made one understand that the beautiful is the same as the good."

"Yes," went on Carlo. "It made me think of all the good people I knew. My enthusiasms and aspirations seemed to rush to me on the wave of her voice; she seemed to sing to me all that I value most in life, not explicitly naming the things, but giving their essence, the emotions which they bring; and then, when I looked at her, talked with her again, what was she? Prose, prose, threefold prose! I remember feeling quite humiliated afterwards that such a woman, such a thing, as this can, even for a few minutes only, be so much to one, so fill one's nature; I remember feeling a sort of pride and satisfaction when, the day after hearing her, I found that a word of a certain friend of mine, a look in his eyes in talking of his lost mother, had made me feel as happy, as noble as this singing—quite proud to:

find that a merely moral thing could move me as much as that voice. How is that? It all hangs together," he added, apologetically, "with Donna Maria's curiosity about the moral wholesomeness of Orpheus."

"I think," answered Baldwin after a pause, as they walked over the sere grass and rustling dry leaves beneath the pinkish, bare oaks low down in the park. "I think I could explain my idea best in a metaphor. Imagine, then, that there is in our nature a peal of bells, which are set ringing but rarely, and set ringing by various ropes. What sets each ringing is any unusual beauty, any unusual goodness, or nobility or tenderness, all, in short, that is desirable and rare; the ideal in some form. These bells may be set in motion by a beautiful sight, for instance, and then, to this sight of a beautiful person, of hills, or sun and water or flowers, there unites the echoes of the previous vibrations of those soul bells; associations rush upon us of noble sounds and noble feelings, vague, sometimes scarcely to be defined or recognized, but connected with the present experience in their essential power of giving noble delight: we hear the notes of present joy, the echoes, or rather the harmonics, of the joy that has been. The ideal, the desired, the desirable of our less selfish instincts, all unite and redouble the original emotion. Your Livonian singer opens the doors of a paradise in our own soul—a paradise into which she may be as unable to penetrate as the shadows on the grass, the clouds in the sky, the trees and the flowers, the lines and tints of the hills; all the fair inanimate things which add vaguely to their glory, are unable to perceive the deeds and words of heroism or tenderness which somehow evoke them in our thoughts; as the flowers which we lay on the bier of the beloved, the incense we burn on an altar, are unable to love or to worship. We are so made that nobility drags out nobility, and beauty, beauty. We feel good in the presence of great bodily perfection. Beauty, it seems to me, is not merely, as Rossetti has it somewhere, genius; beauty is goodness. We are the nobler for the delusion, nay, rather, the great reality of association which we feel."

"Then," asked Donna Maria, eagerly; "music which does not arouse in us the thought or feeling of violent or enervating passion—music which is merely beautiful—becomes in so far not merely passive as regards our spiritual welfare, but absolutely actively conducive to it?"

"Undoubtedly, it seems to me," answered Baldwin; "and that is why such music as Gluck's does certainly suggest *emotion as it should be*, even as antique sculpture shows us arms and legs as they should be."

They had come to those high lying pastures under the pine trees. The grey sky was in a tumult, the south-west wind was making big music in the branches, in the hollow trunks of the ilexes, bending the slender, clustering bay trees, shaking the pine tops; and yet, one knew and felt, gently assisting the anemones to unfold in the grass.

"Look!" cried Carlo, suddenly darting forward, "here is some-

thing for Orpheus!" and he began breaking long, green, berried twigs from off a great laurel branch, which the wind had snapped and thrown on the grass. "And there! the pine branches!"

The woodmen were lopping the branches in a little pine wood; the green, spruce branches lay in heaps under the trees, ready to cart. "May I take?" cried Carlo to the astonished woodmen. And he filled his arms with the fresh, supple, resinous green.

"Wouldn't that," he added, "symbolize Gluck's music, that beautiful Orpheus, with his wayward, half serious, half childish smiles of a young faun?"

"Yes," answered Donna Maria absently, and turning quickly to Baldwin. "Then it is true that there is an art which shows us ourselves as we are, and another which shows us ourselves as we should be? It is true, then, that it is better for us to care for the art which does not merely express ourselves, but suggests something better? Then I am right that there is classic art, and that classic art is wholesome art—that there is a moral value in some sorts of beauty?"

"Certainly," answered Baldwin, smiling at her eager determination, while his eyes followed Carlo scouring the grass for more fallen bay branches.

"Then," went on Donna Maria, "I was right in thinking it so sad that you should care no longer for Gluck's music—I was right in being delighted that you should have liked the dear statues in the Vatican once more?"

They had come up to the carriage, which was waiting at a bend of the road, near a little temple of Apollo, screened among laurels, and reduced, in two centuries, from an imitation ruin to a real one.

"Well," asked Carlo, about to place his armful of green in the hood. "Well?"

"Well," answered Donna Maria, a sudden brightness in her eyes; "we will send it all this evening as an offering to Orpheus."

And taking the mass of pine branches and laurel twigs, she removed the big bunch of jonquils from her breast and laid it gently upon them.

III.

They were in the theatre once more, Donna Maria, Baldwin, and young Carlo. The silence had been broken by the violin prelude of the third act, a page which is marked in the score "slow and sweet," and which seems, in its equal, flowing movement, its suffused sadness, to carry the soul, upon some reedy, willowy stream, up to the shores, into the heart of the land of the happy dead. The happy dead, the heroes and heroines whom Æneas saw in Hades, were but sorrowfully represented by a crowd of brazen minxes in muslin and sandals, of pantomime warriors in firemen's helmets and blond wigs, and by a distressing chorus of draggle-tailed shades of both sexes, who presented each other

with the same triumphal garlands at least fifty times over, turning out their toes and rolling their eyes in appropriate fashion, and stood watching, or, rather, not watching, the pirouettes of a little gauze-skirted shade who was presumably a trifle more happy than the rest. But the music of Gluck blotted out this questionable Elysium. After those bars of introduction, of voyage, as it were, to the land of shades, there arose the reedy voice of a hautboy, quavering in unearthly heights over the tremulous violins. All other instruments are instruments; but the hautboy, with its soft shrillness, its quivering breath, or at least this particular hautboy of Gluck's, is like the ghost of a human voice: a human voice which has issued from its mortal coil, leaving it far below in a denser atmosphere, and soaring itself into a stratum of sound where it trembles in isolation, panting and palpitating like the waves of heat in the summer air. The hautboy rose above the violins, meandering in long intricate cadences, turning back upon itself in clustered little notes like minute wing-beats, throwing itself out again in gradually swelled notes, folding up in gradual silence, only to start off afresh in new labyrinths of melody, or to fly rapidly up and down the steps of giddy little scales: a long instrumental solo, accompanied by the orchestra, which seems simple when we examine it, but which (the highest effort, perhaps, of Gluck's genius) carries with it a sense of infinite remoteness, of the peaceful but vast glades inaccessible to living feet. So strong was this impression, that when the chorus came forward, headed by Eurydice, and sang that this was the sacred land of eternal repose, one was ready to believe it, and to feel, when the orchestra began to prelude the coming of Orpheus, and to twitter and murmur and ripple and rustle with the birds and waters and leaves of Elysium, that the demi-god had really penetrated into fairy land. Orpheus came forward, the laurel crown on his head, the lyre by his side, a quaint, triumphal creature, radiant with the new sunshine of Elysium and its immortal air, radiant with the hope of Eurydice. And when the cardboard clouds had rolled away, and he stepped into the midst of the happy shades, he was met by a song of welcome, wide, solemn and sweet. But among the ethereal music, its serenity suffused with sadness, Orpheus stood out as a strange and foreign thing, a living creature among the shades, with restless limbs and impatient, passionate young face, waiting with tremor for the given back Eurydice.

Then, when the chorus was hushed, and its last orchestral echoes had died away, he began to look round, but with eyes that dared not see (for such was the promise given to the gods, that he should not look upon Eurydice till safe upon our earth), and slowly to move, to wave to and fro, to a music which seemed to result from his movements rather than to control them. Silent, without a word or a note, he turned to one group of shades, then to another, averting his eyes,

extending his hands, imploring Eurydice to come forth, imploring that they should make him sicken with hope and suspense no longer. Then quickly he cut his way into the crowd, turning aside with outstretched arms, like so much woodland leafage, the creatures that he met; striking deeper into the crowd with trembling hands and anxious, averted eyes, silently moving to that twisting, winding music, till it was plain that Eurydice was not there; and he returned, with imploring face and wearied gesture, to wait impatiently once more. Suddenly a light came into his eyes, a curious smile, childish, eager, on to his lips; he raised one hand as if to catch some unheard sound, and then, quickly, softly, like one following some sudden magnetism, glided into another group, rapidly shoving aside the women as he went, till he stopped suddenly behind one woman, hesitating, drawing in his breath, his hopes and fears on tip-toe. With that odd smile, childish, half crazy, he laid his hand on her shoulder, the light of joy flooding his thin, irregular, boyish face, and taking her by the hand, led her, his heart visibly panting with the sighing, panting music, out of the crowd. The music moved in wide waves, oscillated in little sharp detached notes; and Orpheus's hand, raised behind the girl's head, hesitated, and trembled with suspense. Then, with infinite joyful gentleness, it descended, slowly, slowly, over her face, feeling for the well-known features. But at the second touch the joy in his face died out, smouldered gradually into doubt and disappointment. Holding her still by the hand, he let that other exploring hand droop in disenchantment, convulsed with uncertainty and fear. The music swayed, as if nodding yes and no; again, as it moved in delicate, hesitating, detached notes, the hand of Orpheus descended across the girl's face, but languidly this time, timidly, and with a little shudder. The music rose to a closing cadence, the hand was withdrawn, Orpheus fell a step back, his face faint with disgust; the hand holding the girl's grasped it yet a second in horror and indecision, it brought her nearer him for a heart's beat, then, as the music ended the cadence, it pushed her aside, and hurled her arm away in loathing.

"O happy dwellers in Elysium," burst out the passionate recitative of Orpheus; "keep me no longer in suspense; give back Eurydice to me."

"The Fates fulfil thy wish," answered the chorus in a great, massive phrase; and that song of welcome began once more, but calling upon Eurydice, bidding her rejoin her living lover; and turned, this time, into the solemn farewell of the land of Death. Orpheus stood there silent, with bowed head, clasping his hands, grinding them in suppressed impatience; and, as the chorus drew to an end, there came up to him, suddenly from behind, and rapidly placing her hands on his shoulders, the long-sought Eurydice. At that well known touch,

her lover gave a start, but not of joy: his slender figure shrank in her clasp, his face paled and shuddered, overcome by the greatness of happiness, by the sense of supernatural things.

Then, after a second, his white, convulsed face was flooded with joy, his arms were flung round Eurydice's neck, and, passing his hand lightly over her face as he went—to feel, if not to see it, at least—he led her away, silently, swiftly, borne off with her, as it were, on the last notes of that sweet, solemn song of farewell from the dead.

The last bars of that chorus were echoed by the violins; the stage was empty, the curtain falling. But no one spoke. More poignant than any grief was this great, dearly-bought joy—silencing, overpowering.

"I wonder," said Baldwin, after a long while, "whether they have carried her your pine and laurel branches, Donna Maria?"

"I know they have," answered Carlo. "I spoke to your footman just before the last act: he had given them, and swore he had been silent."

"Do you think she will appreciate such an offering, unconsecrated by a florist?" asked Baldwin, sceptically. "Will she understand what it means?"

"What does it matter whether she does?" exclaimed Carlo cynically. "Most probably she won't; but we shall never be the wiser; and when one will never be any the wiser oneself, and one has a silent footman to screen one from others, why shouldn't one have the satisfaction of indulging in a bit of sentiment? Those branches were not intended to please her, bless you! They were intended to please ourselves, to put the finishing touch to our impression."

Donna Maria was rather overcome with the sense of having made an idiot of herself, more especially as she could see the tip of several huge pads, baskets, bolsters of complimentary flowers protruding from the side scenes, ready for presentation. To have sent an armful of pine branches to an actress, and she a woman of the world! But at Carlo's explanation she flared up.

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "that's beastly, beastly! I'm willing she should throw it all on her fire; but I *won't* presume to be cynical."

A breath of south-west wind among the pine trees, a scent of bay leaves and shaken spruce, of growing grass and opening flowers, swept across Carlo's mind.

"And yet," he said, "we have all seen instances of artists, not merely singers and actors, but painters and writers, being apparently totally impervious, foreign to the sort of impressions which their work produces; living unconscious of the kind of images and emotions which their art awakens in others, incapable of perceiving its kinship to what we feel as its closest relation; in fact, being the particular human beings among a thousand whom we should put aside as un-

worthy of listening to their own music, of seeing their own pictures and acting, even of reading their own poetry."

"But how," persisted Donna Maria, her mobile face pathetically showing her vision of those branches crackling in the singing-woman's grate—"how can a creature give us what she has not got herself? Or do you suppose it possible that she gives but a fortuitous combination—ordered by some automatic mechanism of her nature—of tones and gestures which, like the fortuitous combinations of lights and shades and colours in trees and meadows, makes shape, has character and suggestiveness only when perceived by our mind, existing to her as so much dead matter. It's absurd! absurd! Explain it if you can!"

"I see," answered Carlo laughing; "you are determined that she should understand the connection between Orpheus and the Villa Borghese. But, listen, can we not suppose—and daily experience obliges us to form some explanatory supposition, does it not?—that in certain beings, endowed with special powers of evoking poetry for others, there exists, as it were, an interruption, a separation, between this artistic entity and their entity as men and women, and that what circulates into the whole life of the beholder and listener, mingling with their hourly feelings and perceptions and fancies, remains isolated in these special creatures, dammed up, like water in a reservoir, in a special corner of their nature?"

"Ah," put in Baldwin, "you will never persuade Donna Maria of that; you will never persuade your own feelings, however much you may persuade your reason. We suffer from, or rather we enjoy, a special delusion, a sort of intellectual mirage, in virtue of which half the charm in all things which are charming lies in the suggestion that there must be more charmingness beyond. The delusion is due, I suppose, to the seeming logical connection between a visible and an invisible, a given and a giver; the joy we have received makes us look to a joy which we shall receive. The poetical faculty within us is exactly this power of creating for ourselves a something beyond; of making for ourselves an unreality out of every reality. Half the charm of the music of Gluck is that it suggests to us those pastures in the Villa Borghese; half their charm will always be in future that they suggest to us the music of Gluck. Half the charm of Orpheus is that Orpheus must be so much more charming: that could we only know this youth, redolent to us of meadows and woodland, full of a life so keen and tender, we should touch (as we think) a thing to whom woods, meadows, life, and love must mean much more than to ourselves; one who could tell so many things, enrich our nature by so many."

"And then you are quite pleased at the possibility of all this being nonsense!" cried Donna Maria; "of our finding a creature who

has less of all this than ourselves: knowing less, feeling less. You find it quite satisfactory; forsooth!"

"Not satisfactory, but in a sense consolatory," answered Baldwin. "It shows us, indeed, for the hundredth time, that in this world all is isolated, dispersed, imperfect; but it shows also the power, the irresistible impulse we possess of uniting, concentrating, and perfecting by our vision, our perception, our feeling. Great as is the art of the artist, the art is more potent still of him who perceives, who connects the single work, the single art, with life, intermeshing it with all life's nerves and arteries. And therefore I should not repine too much were Orpheus to throw pine branches and laurel twigs upon the fire, unconscious of the poetry which he evokes. Wander over thy wooden stage among thy cardboard trees, my poor Orpheus, move thy beautiful arms and open out thy passionate eyes, sing thy woodland, meadowland songs! We know thee when we meet thee again, thou or thy brethren, as we know when we come across the laurels and cypresses of Pindus. We know thee, Orpheus, and recognize thy face. But, behold! when we look in it, 'tis the face of one who has neither gesture nor voice; it is the face of one of our own dear friends." And Baldwin lightly pressed Donna Maria's little childish fingers, lying disconsolately on the elbow of her chair.

The last act was drawing to a close. Eurydice had implored and stormed, Orpheus had kept his word to the gods, and neither looked nor explained; until at length his courage had failed. He had looked, but only to see Eurydice sink dead a second time. When the dreadful reality had become clear, or half clear, he had gently lifted her from the ground and wrapped her in his cloak. And now, after calling on her vainly, in supplication, in agony, and finally almost in anger, he sank down, as the violins played the last bars of the famous air "*Che farò senza Euridice*," on the seat beside her, clasping her dead hands in his hands, and hiding his head on his dead love's breast.

"Well," said Carlo, as they were moving away, and in order, after that silence, to say something. "what is, after all our discussions, the moral value of the beautiful?"

"To make us believe that there is good in ourselves and others," answered Donna Maria.

"And that great artists are not necessarily automata," added Baldwin, apologetically.

For, in that last pathetic scene, when Orpheus had taken off his cloak to spread over Eurydice, there had been revealed, twisted into the girdle of his tunic, a long twig of laurel, of the sort that grows not in theatre dressing-rooms, but in the high-lying pastures of the Villa Borghese.

SPEECH AND SONG.

PART I.—SPEECH.

IN dealing with the two great forms of vocal utterance, it will be most convenient to take them in their historical, or at any rate their logical, order. Whatever “native woodnotes wild” our hypothetical half-human ancestor may have “warbled” by way of love-ditties before he taught himself to speak, there is no doubt that singing as an *art* is a later development than articulate speech, without which, indeed, song would be like a body without a soul. • I will, therefore, treat of speech first; and it will clear the ground if I begin with a definition. Physiologically, speech is the power of modifying vocal sound by breaking it up into distinct elements, and moulding it, if I may say so, into different forms. *Speech*, in this sense, is the universal faculty of which the various *languages* by means of which men hold converse with each other are the particular manifestations. Speech is the abstract genus, language the concrete species.

I am happy to say it does not fall within the scope of my present purpose to discuss the origin of language, a mysterious problem, on which the human brain has exercised itself so much and to so little purpose, that some years ago, I believe, the French Academy declined to receive any further communications on the subject. The origin of the *voice* is a different matter. The vocal function is primarily a means of expression. I see no reason for disagreeing with Darwin, when he says that “the primeval use and means of development of the voice” was as an instrument of sexual attraction. The progenitors of man, both male and female, are supposed to have made every effort to charm each other by vocal melody, or what they considered to be such, and by constant practice with that object the vocal organs became developed. Darwin seems inclined to believe that, as women have sweeter voices than men, they were the first to acquire musical powers

in order to attract the other sex, by which I suppose he means that the feminine voice owes its greater sweetness to more persevering culture for purposes of flirtation. I do not know whether the ladies of the present day will own this soft impeachment, or whether they will be flattered by the suggestion that their remote ancestresses lived in a perpetual Leap Year of courtship. Other emotions, however, besides the master passion of love had to be expressed; joy, anger, fear, and pain had all to find utterance, and the nervous centres excited by these various stimuli threw the whole muscular system into violent contractions, which in the case of the muscles moving the chest and the vocal cords naturally produced sound—that is to say, voice. These movements, at first accidental and purposeless, in time became inseparably associated with the emotional state giving rise to them; so as to coincide with it, and thus serve as an index or expression thereof. From this to the voluntary emission of vocal sounds is an easy step, and it is probable enough that the character of those sounds was primarily due to the “imitation and modification of different natural sounds, the voices of other animals and man’s own instinctive cries.” *

The mechanism of the voice is extremely simple in its general principles, though highly complex in its details. Fortunately a knowledge of the latter is not required for the comprehension of the main facts relative to the production of the voice, and I shall not further allude to them here. Vocal sound is produced solely in the larynx, an elementary fact which must be thoroughly grasped, as many absurd notions are current even among people who should know better, such as that the voice may be produced at the back of the nose in the stomach, and elsewhere. The larynx is a musical instrument of very complex structure, partaking both of the reed and the string type, the former, however, distinctly predominating. It is essentially a small chamber with cartilaginous walls, which is divided into an upper and a lower compartment by a sort of sliding floor, or double valve, formed by the two vocal cords. In breathing this valve opens, its two lateral halves gliding wide apart from each other, so as to allow a broad column of air to pass through; in speaking or singing, on the other hand, the valve is closed, but for a narrow rift along its middle. Through this small chink the air escaping from the lungs is forced out gradually in a thin stream, which is compressed, so to speak, between the edges of the cords, that form the opening technically called the “glottis,” through which it passes. The arrangement is typical of the economical workmanship of Nature. The widest possible entrance is prepared for the air which is taken into the lungs, as the freest ventilation of their whole mucous surface is necessary. When the air has been fully utilized for that purpose,

* “Descent of Man.” 2nd ed., 1882, p. 87.

it is, if need be, put to a new use on its way out for the production of voice, and in that case it is carefully husbanded and allowed to escape in severely regulated measure, every particle of it being made to render its exact equivalent in force to work the vocal mill-wheel. When the air is driven from the lungs up the windpipe it strikes against the under surface of the floor or double valve formed by the vocal cords, which are firmly stretched to receive the shock, forces them apart to a greater or less extent, and, in rushing out between them, throws them into vibration. The vibration of the vocal cords makes the column of air itself vibrate, and the vibration is communicated to the air in the upper part of the throat, the nose, and mouth, from which finally it issues as sound. The vocal cords are the "reeds" of the vocal instrument, and as, owing to the extraordinary number and intricate arrangement of their muscular fibres, they can change their length and shape and thickness in an almost infinite variety of ways, they are equal in effect to many different reeds. If the vocal cords cannot move so as to bring their edges almost into contact, or if there is any substance between them which prevents them from coming together, the voice is destroyed; if there is anything (such as a growth) in or on one of them, its vibration is more or less checked, and hoarseness is the consequence. The primary sound generated in the larynx is modified by the shape, size, and density of the parts through which the vibrating column of air has to pass before it issues from the "barrier of the teeth." These "resonators" include the part of the larynx above the vocal cords, with the little sounding board, the epiglottis, covering it; the upper part of the throat or pharynx, the nasal passages with certain echoing caves in the bones of the skull which communicate therewith; and the mouth, with the soft palate and uvula, tongue, cheeks, teeth, and lips. It is to these resonators, as well as to the size and shape of the larynx itself—and those parts, like the features of the face, are never exactly similar in any two individuals—that the distinctive quality, or *timbre*, of the voice is due.

Timbre is the physiognomy of the voice by which the speaker can be recognized even when unseen. Just as the face may be lit up with joy, darkened with sorrow, or distorted with passion, so may the voice be altered by strong mental emotion. This is due to the influence of the mind on the nervous system, which controls every part of the body; if it be stimulated, increased action will be excited; if disordered by shock, feeble irregular movements will be produced, the limbs will shake, and the voice tremble. From the effect of peculiarities of physical conformation on the voice it will be readily understood that *timbre* may be, in some degree, a national or racial peculiarity. There are also certain physical types which correspond to particular *timbres* of the voice. I have noticed this

particularly in persons of like complexion even when different in race. Thus, a certain sharp metallic clearness of articulation is often found in individuals of ruddy complexion, light yellow hair, and hard blue eyes, whilst rich mellow tones, with a tendency to *portamento* in ordinary speech, are often associated with black hair and florid face. A remarkable point is that the same voice may be altogether different in *timbre* in singing from what it is in speaking. The difference is probably due to the fact that in singing the resonators are, instinctively, or as the result of training, managed in a more artistically effective manner than in ordinary speech.

Speech differs from song as walking does from dancing; speech may be called the prose, song the poetry of vocal sound. Mr. Herbert Spencer has defined song as "emotional speech," but this term might with greater justice be used to designate the hysterio-epileptic oratory which threatens to become acclimatized in this sober island, or even to the exchange of amenities between two angry cabmen. It would be more accurate to call song "musical speech," using the word "musical" in its strict sense as signifying sound with definite variations of tone and regularity of time. But, just as there may be "songs without words," so there may be speech without voice, as in whispering. Sound, as we have already seen, is produced in the larynx, but articulation, or the transformation of meaningless sound into speech, is performed in the mouth; in speaking, therefore, the two parts work together, the larynx sending out a stream of sound, and the mouth, by means of the tongue, cheeks, palate, teeth, and lips, breaking it up into variously formed jets or words. In other words, the larynx supplies the raw material of sound which the mouth manufactures into speech. Time, which is an essential element of song, is altogether disregarded in speech, whilst the intervals of tone are so irregular as to defy notation, and are filled up with a number of intermediate sounds instead of being sharply defined. The voice glides about at its own sweet will in speaking, obeying no rule whatever, whilst in song it springs or drops from one tone to the next over strictly measured gaps. In singing, short syllables are lengthened out and cease in fact to be short, and (except in certain kinds of dramatic singing and in recitative) the accent naturally falls on the vowels and not on the consonants. In speaking, only the lower third of the voice is employed as a rule, whilst in singing the greatest effect is generally produced, except in the case of contraltos and basses, by the use of the upper and middle notes. In speech the range of tone, even in the most excitable persons, hardly ever exceeds half an octave; in singing the average compass is two octaves. Singing tends to preserve purity of language, the rules which govern the utterance of every note also affecting the articulate element combined with it, and

keeping the words cast in fixed forms—a stereotype of sound, if I may venture the metaphor. Speech, on the other hand, like handwriting, is always changing. As Max Müller says: “A struggle for life is constantly going on amongst the words and grammatical forms in each language. The better, the shorter, the easier forms are constantly gaining the upper hand, and they owe their success to their own inherent virtue.”* Thus speech not only tends to split language into dialects, but each dialect is being continually, though imperceptibly, modified, not only in construction but in pronunciation. The pronunciation of an Englishman of Chaucer’s day would be unintelligible to us, whilst that of one of Shakespeare’s contemporaries would be as strange to our ears as the accent of an Aberdeen fishwife is to the average Cockney. If the speaking voice has a distinctly sing-song character—that is to say, if it proceeds by musical intervals—the result is as grotesque as it would be to talk in blank verse, or, as Sir Toby Belch says, “to go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto.” On the other hand, the speaking voice becomes most sympathetic in its quality when it approaches the singing voice, the musical character, however, being concealed by the variety of its inflections. It is important that in speaking a musical note should never be recognized; the effect is as unpleasant to our ears as an accidental hexameter in a sentence of prose was to the ancients.

Wide as the difference is between speech and song, the great gulf fixed between them is partly filled up by intermediate modes of using the voice which partake of the nature of both. Thus there is the measured utterance of declamation, which may be so rhythmical in time and varied in tone as to be almost song. On the other hand, the *recitativo* of the opera approaches speech. Various intermediate forms between speech and song may be heard in the ordinary speech of certain races, notably in Italians, Welshmen, and the inhabitants of certain parts of Scotland and England. The Puritans, as is well known, uttered their formal and affected diction in a peculiar nasal tone; and the term “cant,” though properly belonging to their sing-song delivery, came to be applied to the sentiments expressed by it. Many of the ancient orators, to judge from the description left us by Cicero and Quintilian, would seem to have *sung* their speeches, the style of declamation being, in fact, expressly termed *cantus obscurior*. As they generally spoke in the open air, and to vast audiences, this artificial mode of delivery may have been necessary in order to make the voice reach further than if they had spoken in a more natural way. C. Gracchus used to have a musician behind him while he spoke, to give him the *note* from time to time with a musical instrument called a *tonarion*. A similar plan might, with much advantage to the “general ear,” be adopted by certain modern orators, the *crescendo*

* *Nature*, January 6, 1870.

of whose enthusiasm expresses itself in increasing intensity of shrillness.

Those who have not given much attention to the subject are apt to think of speaking, as Dogberry did of reading and writing, that it "comes by nature"—that it is, in fact, an instinctive act, which no more needs cultivation for its right performance than eating or sleeping. This is a great mistake. Speaking, even of that slipshod kind which is mostly used in ordinary conversation, is an *art*, and as such has to be *learned*, often with much labour. The complicated muscular actions, the nice nervous adjustments, the combination of these into one harmonious effort directed to a particular end, and, finally, the mastery of all these movements till they can be produced automatically without a direct and continuous exercise of will-power, form a complex process which takes years to learn, and which, by many, is even then very imperfectly acquired. Good speaking is a higher development of the art, which bears the same relation to speech as ordinarily heard that the horsemanship of an Archer or a Cannon bears to the performance of a costermonger's boy on the paternal donkey.

A man who speaks well not only makes himself intelligible to his hearers without difficulty to them, but with a minimum of effort on his own part. If the voice is properly used the throat hardly ever suffers, but wrong production is a fertile source of discomfort and even disease in that region. It should be clearly understood that public speaking, in addition to its intellectual aspects, is a physical performance which requires "wind" and "muscle" and the perfect management of one's bodily resources, like any other athletic feat. To attempt to speak in public without previous training is like trying to climb the Matterhorn without preparation, and is just as certain to end in failure if not disaster.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the training of the voice should begin almost in the cradle. I do not, of course, mean that a baby should be taught to squall according to rule, or that the prattle of children should be made a laborious task. But I wish to insist on the importance of surrounding the child, as soon as it begins to lisp, with persons who speak well. "All languages," as old Roger Ascham says, "both learned and mother tongues, are begotten and gotten solely by imitation. For as ye use to hear so ye learn to speak; if you hear no other ye speak not yourself; and whom ye only hear of them ye only learn." Quintilian says: "Before all . . . let the nurses speak properly. The boy will hear them first, and will try to shape his words by imitating them." This applies chiefly to pronunciation and the correct use of words; but much might also be done for the right management of the voice if every child could grow up among people who speak well. I should be disposed to make it an essential

point in the selection of a nurse or governess that she should have a good voice as well as a refined accent.

In antiquity the training of an orator was almost as elaborate an affair as the training of a racehorse is with us. Not only the voice, but the whole man, physical, intellectual, and moral, was carefully prepared, with conscientious minuteness of detail, for the great business of life, the making of speeches. In this system of education the development of the voice naturally held a large place, and the *phonascus*, or voice driller, was an indispensable accessory, not only of every school of oratory, but of many formed orators. Of the methods of the *phonascus* we know little, but we find hints in some of the classical writers that, like certain of his professional brethren in more recent days, he was not disinclined to magnify his office. Seneca, in one of his letters, warns his friend against living, vocally speaking, in subjection to his *phonascus*, and implies that he might as well keep another artist to superintend his walking. In our own day the *phonascus* still survives in public life, though perhaps more as a luxury than an acknowledged necessity. A celebrated novelist, dramatic author, and orator, who passed over to the great majority many years ago, used always to put himself under the guidance of a vocal mentor before delivering a speech. Every tone, every pose, and every gesture was carefully prepared and industriously practised, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Webster, brother of the celebrated comedian, Benjamin Webster. That the elaborate training of the ancients was eminently successful is shown by the powers of endurance which it is clear they must have possessed. "They habitually spoke for five or six hours, and even longer, and, in order to appreciate their staying power, it must be remembered that they spoke in the open air, amidst all the tumult of the forum, which was capable of holding 80,000 people, and with an amount and vigour of action of which the gesticulations of an Italian preacher are but a pale reflex. Long-windedness was at one time cultivated as a fine art by Roman orators, when they had to plead before a judge whom they supposed to be in favour of the other side. These prototypes of our modern obstructionists were aptly termed *moratores*, or delayers, because they postponed as far as possible the passing of the sentence. The abuse finally reached such a height that a law had to be passed limiting the length of pleadings in public cases to the running out of one clepsydra. It is impossible to say exactly what period of time this was equivalent to, as the water-clocks of the Romans were of different sizes, and the rapidity of flow must have varied under different circumstances; from twenty minutes to half an hour may, however, be taken as roughly representing the average length of a speech under this strict system of "closure." Much as I admire the eloquence of our own House of

Commons, I do not think the business of the country would suffer if a similar "statute of limitations" were introduced into its debates.

If the Romans carried the culture of the speaking voice to a pedantic extreme, we, on the other hand, undoubtedly neglect it too much. It is not that we speak less, but that we have less appreciation than the ancients had of oratory as a fine art, and we are therefore more tolerant of mumbling utterance and slovenly delivery. Many an inarticulate speaker who, in these days, hums and haws through an hour or two of dreary platitudes, would have been hooted down in five minutes by a Greek or Roman audience. The comparative decay of orators in modern times is due to the diffusion of cheap literature; the function of the public speaker has been to a great extent made obsolete by the daily newspapers. Information and arguments on political matters, which had formerly to be supplied by word of mouth from the rostrums, are now served up, spiced to each reader's taste, by innumerable "able editors." But though the necessity for what I may call professional orators no longer exists, a large part of the business of the State in a free country must still be carried on or controlled by talk, and the living voice must always have a power of stirring and swaying popular sentiment—the collective feeling of large masses of men, which is something more than the sum of their individual feelings—far beyond the reach of the pen. John Bright's exquisite purity of style would have made him a most effective writer, but would his great speeches, if cut up into leading articles, have stirred the national heart as did his burning words, thrown red-hot among a living mass of enthusiastic hearers? Again, newspapers have not yet taken the place of the highly fed orators of the Bar, nor of the edifying eloquence of the pulpit, to say nothing of Mansion House and Exeter Hall meetings, and the inevitable post-prandial speechifying without which the British Constitution could not, I suppose, hold together long. On the whole I think we use the voice in public even more than the ancients, and there is, therefore, all the more reason for its being properly trained. Good speaking is nowadays important, not only from the artistic, but from the business point of view; and, even for "practical men," it cannot be a waste of time to acquire so valuable a faculty. These arguments may perhaps seem superfluous, as the proposition they are intended to support is self-evident. I lay stress on them, however, because I am convinced that the necessity of training the speaking voice is very imperfectly appreciated by most people.

It is not within my province to discuss the technical details of voice training. I will only say that every system of vocal instruction should aim at strengthening the power of the voice, increasing its compass, and purifying its tone, and, above all, at giving the speaker perfect

control over it, even in the very whirlwind of oratorical passion. It would be well if every school in the land had a master of elocution attached to it, and if the art of delivery were taught to every boy as part of the regular course of education. As long as it is only an "accomplishment," a luxury, there will always be a certain contempt for it among English schoolboys. In the excellent system of education which Rabelais sketched out, the development of the voice is expressly mentioned as part of Gargantua's athletic training. In the middle of a detailed description of his swimming and climbing exercises and practice in the use of weapons of all kinds, we are told that "pour s'exercer le thorax et poulmons croit comme tous les diables. Je l'ouy une fois appellant Eudemon depuis la porte Sainct Victor jusques à Montmartre. Stentor n'eut onques telle voix à la bataille de Troye." There is a hint for schoolmasters of the present day. The "young barbarians" under their charge might by degrees be made to look on strength and beauty of voice, and skill in using it, as an *athletic* distinction; this would at once ennoble the subject in their eyes, and make elocution a matter of keen competition. "Throwing the voice" might become a recognized "event" in their sports, like throwing the cricket ball, and Brown major of Harrow might win deathless fame by "beating the record" of Smith minor of Eton.

As part of the general vocal training which I think desirable, I should be disposed to urge that *all* children and young people should learn to sing as far as their natural capacity will allow. Even those with little or no musical endowment will thus learn to use their voices better in speaking. I may say here, though it is rather anticipating, that, if I think it desirable for speakers to learn to sing, I consider it still more necessary that singers should learn to speak. Too many of those who soar aloft on the wings of song despise the *nuda pedestris* of speech, and take no trouble to acquire what they look upon as an inferior and possibly superfluous accomplishment—with what result is known to cultivated listeners whose ears have been tortured by the uncouth distortions and mutilations to which singers often subject the words they have to utter.

Of the management of the voice I cannot say much here. The chief thing is that the speaker should make himself distinctly heard by the whole of the audience, and to this end art serves better than loudness. A weak voice, properly managed, will carry farther than a powerful organ worked by sheer brute force. Mr. Bright's use of his voice always gave one the impression of a large reserve of power. There seemed to be no effort in his delivery, even when speaking to a mighty concourse of people, and yet his voice was

"To the last verge of the vast audience sent,
And played with each wild passion as it went."

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One element of success in this matter is no doubt the art of compelling an audience to listen. As Montaigne, in his quaint old French, says: "La parole est moitié à celui qui parle, moitié à celui qui l'escoute; celui cy se doit préparer à la recevoir, selon le bransle qu'elle prend: comme entre ceulx qui joutent à la paulme, celui qui substient so desmarche et s'appreste, selon qu'il veoid remuer celui qui luy jecte le coup et selon la forme du coup." Every speaker should know the exact limits of his own vocal powers, and he must be careful never to go beyond them, for the sake of his hearers no less than his own. He must learn to judge instinctively of distance, so as to throw his voice to the farthest part of his audience. A speaker, and, I may say, a singer also, should not hear his own voice too loudly. Artists and orators are often very much disappointed, and think their voice is not travelling well when they themselves do not hear it very distinctly. The fact is that when the speaker does not hear his voice this proves that it reaches to a distant part of the room, and that there is very little rebound. Here I may remark that we never hear our voices as other people hear them. Our own voices are conveyed to the auditory nerve, not only through the outside air, but more directly from the inside, through the Eustachian tube, as well as through the muscles and bones of the mouth and head; the singer not only hears his own voice from a different quarter, as we may say, but he hears besides the contraction of his own muscles. The fact is well illustrated by the phonograph: a listener can recognize other people's voices, but if he speaks into the phonograph, and afterwards reproduces his own voice, it does not sound at all like itself to him, because he does not hear it in the manner he is accustomed to, and because he hears it stripped of the various accompanying sounds which are usually associated with it to his ear.

The acoustic peculiarities of the place in which he has to speak must, if possible, be carefully studied beforehand by the orator. Public buildings, however, vary so greatly in their size and construction, that it is impossible to lay down any general rules for the guidance of speakers in this matter. Each hall, church, court, and theatre has its own acoustic character, which can be learned only by experience; the voice must be, as it were, *tuned* to it. It is well if this experience can be gained by the orator before he faces his audience, but he must remember that trying his voice in an empty room is an altogether different thing from actually using it in the same place packed with a solid mass of wheezing, coughing, and perspiring humanity. Handel is said to have comforted himself when one of his oratorios had been performed to empty benches, by the reflection that "it made ze moosic shound all ze better," but this consolation is denied to the orator. There are some buildings which are so utterly bad from the acoustic point of view that even

experienced speakers are little better off than novices. The House of Lords has, or used to have, an unenviable reputation in this respect. A story is told of the late Lord Lyttelton, that, after exhausting his voice in vain efforts to make his brother peers hear a motion which he wished to propose, he in despair wrote it down and asked the clerk at the table to read it out. That functionary, however, was quite unable to decipher the writing, and Lord Lyttelton complained that he was cut off from communication with his fellows. Science has not always been successful in coping with the acoustic difficulty. In 1848 it was so difficult for speakers to make themselves heard in the French Chamber, that a committee, consisting of the leading scientific luminaries of the day—such as Arago, Babinet, Dumas (the chemist, not the author of “The Three Musketeers”), Becquerel, Chevreul (the centenarian who died the other day), Pouillet, Regnault, and Duhamel—was appointed to study the case and suggest a remedy. After numerous experiments they hit on a contrivance, designed on the most scientific principles, which was to make the orator’s voice ring like a clarion to the farthest benches. The last state of the speaker, however, was worse than the first; he felt as if his voice was stifled under a huge nightcap, and the highly scientific sound-reflector had to be discarded as a failure. Indeed, modern public buildings are so often defective in this respect that I am not surprised to find M. Ch. Garnier, who designed the Grand Opéra in Paris, exclaiming dolefully: “The science of theatrical acoustics is still in its infancy, and the result in any given case is uncertain.” So impressed is he with the shortcomings of modern architecture as regards the conveyance of sound, that he frankly confesses that, in the construction of the Opera House, he “had no guide, adopted no principle, based his design on no theory;” he simply left the acoustic properties of the building to *chance*. The result has not been altogether satisfactory, though it has been no worse than in many other buildings where the architect did his best to make the acoustic conditions perfect. One of the most remarkable buildings from the acoustic point of view that I have ever seen is the beehive-shaped Temple in Salt Lake City. It holds from 12,000 to 14,000 people, and one can literally hear a pin fall. When I was in the Temple, with some other travellers, in 1882, the functionary corresponding to the vergor of ordinary churches stood at the farthest end and dropped a pin into his hat. The sound of its fall was most distinctly audible to all present. The scratching of the pin against the side of the hat was also plainly heard across the whole breadth of the building. The Temple was designed by Brigham Young, who professed to have been directly inspired by the Almighty in the matter, as he knew nothing of acoustics. The resonance of the building is so loud that branches of trees have to be suspended from the ceiling in several places in order to diminish it.

It is likely enough that Brigham Young's inspiration had a not very recondite and purely terrestrial source, for his Beehive is only a slight modification of the whispering gallery in St. Paul's. The bad acoustic properties of buildings may be remedied by what doctors call "palliative treatment." Charles Dickens's experience as a public reader made him a man of ready resource in meeting such difficulties. On one occasion, when he was going to lecture at Leeds, Mr. Edmund Yates, who had spoken in the same hall the evening before, sent him word, that the acoustic conditions of the place were very bad. Dickens at once telegraphed instructions that curtains should be hung round the walls at the back of the gallery; by this means he was able to make himself more easily heard.

The speaker should take the greatest care of his voice, which is the instrument both of his usefulness and of his fame, but of course it is not always easy for him to do so. Still he should, if possible, make it a rule not to speak when his voice is hoarse or fatigued, and, when he has a great oratorical effort to make, he should reserve himself for it. Tobacco, alcohol, and fiery condiments of all kinds are best avoided by those who have to speak much, or at least they should be used in strict moderation. I feel bound to warn speakers addicted to the "herb nicotian" against cigarettes. Like tippling, the effect of cigarette smoking is cumulative, and the slight but constant absorption of tobacco juice and smoke makes the practice far more noxious in the long run than any other form of smoking. Our forefathers, who used regularly to end their evenings under the table, seem to have suffered little of the well-known effects of alcohol on the nerves, while the modern tippler, who is never intoxicated, is a being whose whole nervous system may be said to be in a state of chronic inflammation. In like manner cigarette smokers (those at least who inhale the smoke, and do not merely puff it "from the lips outwards," as Carlyle would say) are often in a state of chronic narcotic poisoning. The old jest about the slowness of the poison may seem applicable here, but though the process may be slow there can be little doubt that it is sure. Even if it does not kill the body, it too often kills or greatly impairs the victim's working efficiency and usefulness in life. The local effects of cigarettes in the mouth must also be taken into account by those whose work lies in the direction of public speech. The white spots on the tongue and inside of the cheeks, known as "smoker's patches," are believed by some doctors with special experience to be more common in devotees of the cigarette than in other smokers; this unhealthy condition of the mouth may not only make speaking troublesome, or even painful, but it is now proved to be a predisposing cause of cancer. All fiery or pungent foods, condiments, or drinks tend to cause congestion of the throat, and if this condition becomes chronic it may lead to impair-

ment, if not complete loss, of voice. The supposed miraculous virtues of the mysterious possets and draughts on which some orators pin their faith exist mainly in the imagination of those who use them; at best they do nothing more than lubricate the joints of the vocal machine so as to make it work more smoothly. This is just as well done by means of a glass of plain water. In France water sweetened with sugar is the grand vocal elixir of political orators. As Madame de Girardin said, somewhat unkindly: "Many things can be dispensed with in the Tribune. Talent, wit, conviction, ideas, even memory, can be dispensed with, but not *can sucrée*." Stimulants may give a sort of "Dutch courage" to the orator, and may carry him successfully through a vocal effort in which indisposition or nervousness might otherwise have caused him to fail, but the immediate good which they do is dearly purchased by the thickening and roughening of the mucous surface of the throat to which they ultimately give rise.

Before leaving the subject of the speaking voice, a word or two may be said on what is more a matter of curious speculation than of practical interest. Is the human voice growing in power and beauty or is it tending to decay? Certain physiologists assure us that the retina has acquired the power of distinguishing colours by degrees, and that the process will probably continue, so that our descendants will by-and-by evolve the power of seeing colours now quite unknown to us. On the other hand, it is undeniable that civilization, so far from increasing the keenness of our sight, threatens to make spectacles universally necessary. There can be no doubt that the voice has developed greatly since our "half-human ancestors" wooed each other in the primeval forests, and it is conceivable that it may in time to come acquire the power of producing musical effects at present undreamt of. It is also probable enough that as the voice gains in sweetness it may lose in power, the latter quality being more required in barbarous than in highly civilized conditions. On the other hand, we are taller and of larger chest-girth than our predecessors even of a not very remote date; it is reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the average lungs and larynx are bigger nowadays, and the air blast from the lungs stronger. This would appear to justify us in believing that the voice is stronger than it was even two or three centuries ago. There are, however, no facts that I know of to prove it.

Of the *ethnology* of the voice little or nothing is certainly known. Almost the only facts I know of coming under this head are—(1) the superior sonorousness of the Italian voice, and (2) the want of resonance in the voices of some Australian aborigines, which is supposed to be due to the extreme smallness of the hollow spaces in the skull which serve as resonance chambers. Yet there is an infinite

diversity in the voices of different nations, arising from difference of physical conformation, habit of speech, climate, &c. It is to our climate that Milton attributed the fact, which strikes all foreigners, that English people speak with the mouth half shut. "For we Englishmen," he says, "being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue, but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward; so that to smatter Latin with an English mouth is as ill a hearing as law French." Then look at our American cousins, in whom it is not the mouth but the nose that is the "peccant part"—is it climate or variation of structure that has wrought the change in their original English speech? or is it simply a twang inherited from their Puritan ancestors, who took their "cant" with them to the New World? Americans, including even so refined a scholar as Mr. Lowell, boast that they alone keep the true tradition of English speech, but I cannot believe that our forefathers, "in the spacious times of great Elizabeth," spoke in the accents of Hosca Biglow. The difficulty, or rather impossibility, of studying the variations of the voice under culture has been due to the want of any means of permanently recording its tones. Now, however, that the phonograph has emerged from the condition of a scientific toy, comparative *phonology* may, perhaps, take its place among the sciences. Besides this and other results, Mr. Edison's wonderful instrument will preserve the fame of orators, actors, and singers—hitherto the most evanescent kind of glory, as it had to be taken altogether on trust—in a form as concrete as a picture or a poem. The little revolving cylinders will reproduce "the sound of a voice that is still," and will enable us to have "the little voice set lisping once again" years after our darling has been laid in an untimely grave. There seems to be something almost uncanny in the power of thus permanently enshrining the most fleeting part of man, and re-awakening at will the living accents of one who, being dead, yet speaketh to the bodily ear.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

FROM METAPHYSICS TO HISTORY.

THE contribution which any age makes to the sum of knowledge must be looked for in the line of its greatest intellectual activity. The greatest activity of our age is unquestionably in the domain of physical science. It has two great features. The one is the extent of the area which it covers; the other is the sense of certainty which we feel about a large proportion of its results. The latter is the more special feature. Every age has been differentiated from its predecessors by knowing more: our age is also differentiated by the tenacity with which we hold what we know. We feel certain about it, not as the disciples of Epicurus felt more certain than the disciples of Zeno, but with a confidence which is different in kind. Our knowledge of the physical world is no longer a piling of speculation upon speculation, each of them plausible and each of them appealing to a certain type of mind. We have passed into a new atmosphere. We have around us, not the glamour of a splendid mist, but the light of day. There are large areas in which the battle of rival schools has ceased. The laws of motion, of polarization, of chemical combination are such as no man disputes: they are capable of ocular demonstration. The laws of undulation, of vegetable growth by the multiplication of cellular tissue, of the formation of the crust of the earth by aqueous deposits and igneous action, are such as all intelligent men accept, though they cannot be ocularly demonstrated. We assert them with confidence. We should ridicule any one who seriously compared the cosmogony to which they point with that of the *Timæus* of Plato. The physical theories of a thousand years ago are absolutely gone. We move about the records of them as we should move about a city of the dead. They were at the time inevitable. They were a necessary prelude to the knowledge which we have now. The human mind had to learn by experience the measure of its powers.

When it first awoke to self-consciousness there seemed to be no limit to these powers. It was the mind that gave a unity to external objects of sense: it was the mind that detected the species in the individual, that linked together the motions of the planets, and that traced the curve of the zodiac. It seemed as though the mind could gather at a glance the contents of the book of knowledge, and construct for itself by the architecture of its imagination the whole vast temple of the universe. Outside the more obvious facts of sense it had but little check. Imagination had free play. The result of that free play was that every man of genius created his own world. Theory followed theory, as cloud after cloud rises from the sea. But there was no certainty: for there was no test. The history of the application of tests, of the checking of imagination by sensible facts, is the history of the growth of modern science. It came only by the slow process of centuries. The mind still built its theories, great and small, but at every step it put its theories to the proof. The use of imagination was found to lie in its being the basis of experiment and verifiable hypothesis. Science passed from metaphysics to fact, and passed thereby from doubt to certainty. Its disciples stood on firm ground. The method by which they worked, wherever it could be tested, was demonstrably true: and it is by the large application of this method, and by the sense of certainty which it has brought, even more than by the splendid results which have been achieved, that our age is distinguished from all the ages that have gone before.

But when we turn from the domain of the physical sciences to that of theology, we find that the majority of men are in the same state of mind in regard to it in which their ancestors were five hundred years ago in regard to biology or astronomy. There are many theories, each of them with its plausibilities, and each of them with its partisans. The partisans of each theory feel the same kind of confidence that was felt by a Scotist as against a Thomist, and by a Thomist as against a Scotist. But controversy is a conflict of speculations. There is no recognized test, and no court of appeal. The communities which guarantee truth to their members themselves rest upon unverifiable hypotheses. The scenery of the theological world is that of a mountain-range seen from a distance in the early sunlight, in which the eye of the spectator fails to distinguish the clouds that pass from the solid rocks that endure.

The question which is suggested to a student of theology by the change which has come over the whole character of the physical sciences is this. Is there anything in the sphere of thought corresponding to that which serves as a check upon free imagination in the sphere of sensible experience? Is there anything which promises to give mankind the same sense of certainty in regard to the one which they are beginning to feel in regard to the other?

A physical science begins by ascertaining, in the case of the group of phenomena with which it deals, the conditions of their existence and the law of their succession. The ancient hypotheses, for example, as to the formation of the earth, have yielded to the science of geology. Hypothesis still goes on; but it is checked at every step by an examination of the record that lies beneath our feet. The earth itself, when rightly questioned, tells the story of its birth. But as the physical forces that act upon our planet, and within it, have left their products and the evidence of their action in the strata of its crust, so the spiritual forces that act upon human nature have left their products, and the evidence of their action, in literature, in usages, and in institutions. Literature, usages, institutions are the fossil world of thought. They are around us in an almost infinite mass. To the majority of men they are what the phenomena with which geology deals were before that science began. They are apparent enough, but they teach no lesson. They are mere curiosities. The thoughts of past generations are labelled and described like the objects in a museum. "This is the opinion of Plato." "This is the belief of the ancient Greeks." "This is a practice of the early Christians." Where they are studied more seriously, they are commonly studied in an attitude of criticism. Men take as a standard the state of mind at which they have themselves arrived, and by it they measure the thoughts of their predecessors. They range them into classes. They analyse them into the elements which they regard as true, and those which they regard as false. They sometimes look with a complacent pity upon this or that great thinker of the past who failed to see what they themselves seem to see. The assumption which underlies such criticism is that they themselves have reached a final state of knowledge. The difficulty in the way of such an assumption is that the criticism with which they thus measure the thoughts of their predecessors is itself variable. It varies from generation to generation. It varies also in any particular generation with different groups of thinkers. This mere measuring of the past by the present teaches no more, and brings us no nearer to certainty, than a mere description side by side of the mammals of the tertiary epoch and the mammals of our own. This fossil world of thought admits of being treated by precisely analogous methods to those by which we interrogate the fossil world of matter; and when interrogated it will tell us precisely similar truths: and the truths, when we have found them, will be held with the same sense of certainty. The thoughts of a generation of men, form, so to speak, a stratum. In each stratum there are different groups, distributed over different areas. In the successive strata there are thoughts which survive from the strata beneath, and thoughts which reappear in the strata above. It is the task of the theologian, as in the material science it

is the task of the geologist, to find out in the first place the conditions under which each group of thoughts exists in a particular stratum, in the second place its relations to the groups that precede and follow it.

1. The fauna and flora of each area of the earth's surface at a given epoch are necessary results of that epoch. They are part of a single plan. They imply ascertainable conditions. They vary with the varying conditions. If in a given area which is now cold there are found the fossil remains of plants and animals which are only known to live, and whose structure only enables them to live, in an atmosphere of constant heat, it is an inference which can hardly be disputed that the climate of that area was once warmer than it is now. The science of constructive paleontology is built upon this view, and it has again and again vindicated its position by the fulfilment of its prophecies. It can reproduce for us, with an approximation to certainty, the whole scenery of given areas innumerable years ago—the thick jungles of the coal forests, the lagoons, with their muddy shores, where the great saurians found a congenial home.

It is not less so with any given stratum of thought. The opinions of masses of men do not exist in isolation. The thoughts of a genius may in some respects transcend his time, though even they are necessarily conditioned by it. But all thoughts which have any hold upon a large group of men are part of a whole coherent mass. They are strictly relative to their time, resulting from similar antecedents, swayed by analogous influences. The problem to be determined in the case of any given opinion, or of a usage or institution which indicates an opinion, is the nature of its environment. That environment has to be constructed in the same way as a geologist reconstructs the environment of the coal plants. Without it the knowledge that a certain opinion was held at a certain time is a merely useless fact. With it the conditions of the existence of the opinion become apparent, and form the first element in the consideration of its value. There was, for example, during many ages an opinion in the Christian Church that the death of Christ was a price paid to the devil. It was part of a large group of ideas. The Christian world had not fully realized the conception of the sole monarchy of God. His power was conceived to be limited by the existence of a rival. The alternation of light and darkness, the swing of the awful pendulum of life and death, death and life, the contrast of spirit and matter, of the breath which vivified and the dead rock that never blossomed into flower, suggested that the universe was the scene of an infinite and eternal conflict, and that the victory of light and life over darkness and death, though certain, was remote, and, though destined to be complete, rose and fell in the tide of a conflict that swept through all the worlds. It is to these conceptions that this theory of the death

of Christ was relative. They make it intelligible. It was part of a phase of thought through which the human mind must needs pass before making good its footing on the firmer ground of a higher conception.

But for one circumstance this investigation of the totality of beliefs at a given period of history, to which any given belief must be relative, would be as easy in the domain of thought as it is in the domain of matter. The disturbing element is that, under the influence of literature and of societies, opinions tend to have an artificial existence in generations long subsequent to that of which they are the natural growth. It is not given to civilized ages in which books are read, and in which also societies take for their basis the conservation of past phases of opinion, to think out their own problems freely. There are, in our own time, as there have been in the times that have gone by, innumerable opinions and fragments of opinions which belong to states of mind that have long vanished from the scene. They are not living thoughts that move among us with a reasoning soul and an articulate utterance. They are but mummies, barely stripped of their swathing bands, that are made to move by an internal machinery, and that speak with the artificial tones of an automaton.

2. It is consequently even more necessary in theology than in geology to view facts, not only in relation to those that coexist with them, but also in relation to those that have preceded them. If, on the one hand, opinions are the result of the co-operation of the forces of the present, so, on the other hand, are they the outcome of the forces of the past. They must be traced in their sequence and succession. We must ascertain the curve of which they are *loci*. We must find out their law. In the physical world all things seem to go back in an almost infinite procession. There has been no apparent break in its continuity. The world of which we are part is linked by the chain of perceptible succession to the world of it may be a million years ago. The truth of this is confirmed every day. There are no longer, as there were even when some current handbooks were written, two sciences, the one botany, the other palaeontology, as though between the flora of the present and the flora of the far past there were a difference of kind which compelled a difference of treatment. There is but one science, which comprehends in its view all vegetable growths, from the fucoids of your Silurian rocks to the splendid blooms of your Botanic Gardens. The fossils of primeval time explain the plants of to-day, and the plants of to-day help us to understand the nature and the law of the fossils of primeval time.

The inference of analogy which the physical sciences offer to the mental sciences is that there is a similar continuity between the strata of human thought. They suggest that instead of discussing on abstract grounds the probable truth or falsehood of an opinion, we

should trace its history. They bid us ascertain through what preceding forms it has come to be what it is, and by so tracing the law of its development in the past to estimate the relative value of the forms which survive in the present. The point will, perhaps, be made clearer by an example. There is none more instructive than that of the Lord's Supper. Of metaphysical reasonings about it there is no end. All disputants appeal to the same texts, and every disputant is equally convinced that his interpretation of those texts is alone correct. There is absolutely nothing but a man's own idiosyncrasy to determine which of all the inconsistent theories is the more probable. If we look to the history of the idea in the Western Churches, we shall be able to trace a clear succession of conceptions. The average opinions of the majority of Christian men are clearly recorded in the service books. Individual writers are of far less value for any such purpose than those books which, like our modern hymn-books, were changed and enlarged from time to time as those who used them required a new expression of their devotion. They reflect with singular faithfulness the changing thoughts of successive generations. Of the many points which can be clearly established from them I will select only a few. In the first place there was a clearly defined distinction between the offering, or Eucharist, and the subsequent Communion. The two were never fused together. The Eucharist was a real sacrifice. But it was a sacrifice of the fruits of the earth. The Old Testament idea remained. Men gave back to God part of what His bounty had bestowed. They did so—what is remarkable but incontestable—in the hope of propitiating Him. The names of those who offered were publicly mentioned. The dead were associated with the living. "Receive, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus, Almighty God," was one of the prayers for Christmas Day, "the sacrifice of praise which we offer for Thy incarnation to-day, and propitiated by it so be present to us as to give life to the living and repose to the dead. Bid those whose names have been recited to be enrolled in eternity" (Mabillon, *Missale Gothicum*, iv. in die nativ. J. C.). After the sacrifice of the fruits of the earth had been offered the Holy Spirit was invoked, that the materials of the sacrifice might become to those who partook of them the body and blood of Christ. Then followed the Lord's Prayer and the Communion. It is natural to find that as time went on this change of the materials which had been offered in sacrifice was conceived to be an integral part of the sacrifice itself. The Old Testament idea receded. Blended with the idea of the change was the idea that the true sacrifice was Christ himself. The transition can be traced in detail. The offering was no longer of the fruits of the earth but of the body and blood of Christ into which the bread and wine were changed, not by invocation of the Holy Spirit, but by recitation of the words of institution. It was an enormous advance

on the primitive idea. It yielded, in its turn, in many parts of the Christian world, to an idea which seems to mark a still further advance, that the Christian sacrifice is one not of material things but of the will, and that the essence even of Christ's offering was the same.

It is by thus reading the record of the history of thought that we must expect the theological knowledge of the future to be distinguished from the knowledge of the present, as the physical knowledge of the present is distinguished from the knowledge of the past. The reading of that record must be the work of many men working through many generations. It must be the work of many men, both because it must be spelt out letter by letter, and because the writing is of many kinds and requires more than one type of mind to interpret it. It must be the work also of many generations, because the judgments of masses of men upon large questions settle down but slowly, and each succeeding generation revises unconsciously and in silence the judgment of that which has gone before. But when we remember that the science of geology, including all those large parts of its domain which belong to chemistry, to botany, and to zoology, is not yet a hundred years old; when we consider the exactitude and minuteness of it, even though it has not yet perfected its methods or achieved its final results; when we see large numbers of able men patiently toiling at small fragments of it, and thinking it almost a life-work to have found a new fossil; when we take into account the far keener enthusiasm with which, when once that enthusiasm is roused, men may be expected to work at the strata of religious history, we may look forward with the delight of a hope that is already half-realized to what our son's sons will know.

But what, after all, you will ask, will they know that we do not know? When theology has followed in the track of geology, when it has ascertained the conditions under which past strata of thought have existed, and the law of their sequence, how much nearer will men be to theological truth and to the sense of certainty?

In the first place, the area of controversy will be diminished by the recognition of the fact that phases of opinion are relative to states of mind, and by the gradual elimination from the domain of present discussion of the opinions which, by the operation of artificial causes, have outlived their proper environment.

In the second place, there will be a growing recognition of the limitations of our knowledge. When we have learned the conditions and the sequences of material things, we have learned the greater part of what it is possible for us to know about them. Metaphysics promised more than this: it framed complete cosmologies, it professed to define the essence of things. But the growth of scientific knowledge has revealed to us that, whatever may be the possibility of our

ultimately knowing more about them, we must be at present content to know their conditions and their law, and to gather together one by one whatever indications may be afforded by such knowledge as to their inner nature. In the same way when we have come to know how little it is given to us to know of the spiritual world of which we are part, and what are the conditions of our knowing it, we shall have made the first step towards building up, stone by stone, the firm fabric of the positive knowledge of it.

Such positive knowledge comes slowly, nor can it be anticipated. The chief of the results which can be affirmed with a sense of certainty now, if one of the simplest, is also one of the sublimest. It is the revelation of the nature both of God and of the human soul which is implied in the fact of sequence and growth. The sublimest result of all the physical sciences is the knowledge, which is as certain as any inferential knowledge can be, that the whole vast universe, and this earth as part of it, have progressed from lower to higher forms, from a less to a more complex state of existence. The metaphysical conception of it tended to be that of a world made all at once by a single *fiat*. It was argued that creation must have been instantaneous, because a thought of God could not rest, even for an infinitesimal moment, inoperative and unachieved. The interval which in human action must elapse between conception and execution vanished in the action of God. It was a sublime thought. And yet, for all its sublimity, it was but a reflection of our finiteness and our impatience. We learn not from metaphysics, but from the record of the world's history which is written in its structure, that the result of the action of God has been gradual and progressive. This knowledge is independent of any particular theory as to the mode of that action. It is equally true whether the progression was by "natural selection" or by successive creations. The world, however created, was not created all at once in the perfection which it was destined to attain. But that which, from the point of view of the scientist, is a progress of creation, is, from the point of view of the theologian, a revelation of God. He unfolds himself in creation step by step. The innumerable years roll on, and the generations of men succeed each other like the uncounted seconds that pass in the busy hours of time. There is no fast nor slow. There is but the awful rhythm of an everlasting life. *Patiens quia æternus.*

This sublimest truth of physical science is also the sublimest truth of historical theology. The world of spiritual, no less than the world of material, phenomena is the result of progressive movement. We learn not from metaphysics but from history that the action of God in the human soul, no less than His action in the material world, has been gradual and progressive. But that which, from the point of view of the historian, is the slow evolution of thought, is, from the

point of view of the theologian, the gradual revelation of God. He has manifested Himself in the human soul "in many portions and in many ways." Every new thought has been a new revelation. Like a vast roll that slowly unfolds itself, the knowledge of God manifests itself from more to more. The fact of the gradualness of the manifestation is the sublimest as it is also the most certain of truths; for it suggests that in these surging tides of human thought, in the ideals which men frame, in their large abstractions, in the slow elaboration of their settled convictions, God may be not only revealing Himself to His creatures, but also realizing Himself to Himself.

This is the contribution which our age promises to make to theology. It alters its character. It transfers its basis from metaphysics to history. It abandons the search for essences, and looks only to the operation of forces. It recognizes in the operation of spiritual forces a revelation of the nature of spirit, in the same way as the operation of physical forces reveals all that we know of the nature of the physical world. In doing this it gives to theology a basis of certainty. It builds it upon the fact of the manifestation of God in Jesus Christ rather than upon speculations as to His nature. It puts that fact before us as one which was meant to be understood not all at once but progressively, as in the physical world succeeding generations have better understood the phenomena of light and heat. It thereby raises theology again to its lost place in the world of human thought, making it sit once more where the Angelic Doctor sits in the great fresco of the Spanish Chapel; but in place of that incarnation of the metaphysics of the Middle Ages is a divine figure robed in a modern dress, all other forms of knowledge sitting, as they sat of old, at her feet, and all the energies of the noblest of mankind again busy in her service.

EDWIN HATCH.

THE SAVAGE CLUB.

LITERARY and artistic society in England has, within the last thirty or forty years, undergone a notable change—a change which has been concurrent with a corresponding movement among other classes of the community. During this space of time those persons, especially, who are engaged in the professional and superior commercial pursuits, have shown an ever-advancing tendency in the direction of greater luxury and refinement—a constantly increasing desire to surround themselves with the elegancies of life, and, as the phrase goes, to “live up to them.” Their houses are more handsomely and tastefully furnished and decorated than in the past; walls once disfigured with pictorial monstrosities are now hung with works pleasing to the æsthetic sense; the hand of art has touched and beautified every article of domestic use; antique fashions have been revived to give new grace to modern ornament. Simultaneously we have to note a growing disposition among the upper middle-classes to cultivate the fine arts. There is, in these days, more art-work—more painting, singing, and playing—executed in our homes than there was a generation ago; while persons well-to-do, and even of moderate means, in larger numbers than ever, buy pictures, engravings, books, periodical publications, and so forth; throng the art galleries and frequent the theatres and concert-rooms. At the same time our upper middle-classes have come more and more to affect the ways of the orders immediately above them in the social scale. They aspire to be “in the fashion”; and have migrated from the West Central and Northern districts to the West-end, in the endeavour to creep nearer to the outer ring of that magic circle known as the *beau monde*. That love of “appearances” which so provoked the scorn of Michael Angelo Titmarsh has shown no sign of diminution

since his time. Indeed, it has become so common and so general, that it has almost ceased to be an object of ridicule to the censors of the age. And for good reason. The censors themselves have adopted the same mode of life—the satirist of “gentility” has himself become “genteel.”

These social developments have had a marked influence upon the conditions under which the fine arts are professionally pursued. They have rendered the artist at once more prosperous and more fastidious. The sphere of employment opened to him—that is, to the author, the painter, the musician, and the actor—has been immensely widened of late years. The circulating library system has been largely extended; illustrated books and periodicals have been multiplied almost beyond computation; journalism has grown to gigantic dimensions, and has thrown out new offshoots in many different directions; while there are more than twice as many art exhibitions, theatres, and other places of entertainment open to the public as existed a generation since. The consequence is that not a few of the professions which minister to the popular love of culture, amusement, and recreation, now offer prizes that might tempt the most ambitious aspirant to fame and fortune.

The gains of successful dramatists and novelists in our days would indeed have been thought impossible some years ago. Larger prices are paid for pictures than were ever known before, while for those artists who prefer to work in “black and white,” and who excel in that branch of graphics, there is an abundance of well-remunerated employment. Again, the salaries now earned by actors and actresses, not by any means of the first rank, would have been beyond the reach of the most eminent performers in the earlier part of the present reign. No doubt the ranks of the army of art are greatly overcrowded, and the number of desperately struggling competitors is larger than ever. Yet never before was there such a chance for superior ability as is offered now. Even industrious mediocrity has fair ground for hope, while a starving genius—except in extraordinary cases of individual perversity—ought in these days to be regarded as an anomaly of the age.

This remarkable change in the conditions under which the artistic professions are practised has worked a corresponding change in the circumstances of that strange, fascinating microcosm known as Bohemia. Of its gay, careless, picturesque life, which shines so brightly in the pages of Henri Murger and Edward Whitty, there is now little left. The old Bohemian, as he used to be—not to go so far back as the days of Goldsmith and Grub Street, but only to a period when men still living were young—has almost ceased to exist. The poor man of genius—often drunken, dirty, and disreputable—is well-nigh as extinct as the dodo. He is a reformed character nowadays, and dictates terms to publishers, managers, and dealers,

from his villa residence in a fashionable suburb, or his mansion in South Kensington. He is clothed no longer in rags, but in "purple and fine linen;" he lives not upon chop-house fare and gin-and-water, but on dainty dishes and champagne, while between his lips cigars of the choicest brands take the place once occupied by the humble cutty pipe. Even if he still wears some of the insignia of the old order of Bohemians, it is "with a difference." If he is careless in his attire, it is with the consciousness that he could dress better if he liked; if he is simple in his habits, it is under a sense that he can amply afford luxuries. The genius in art or letters who is still Bohemian is so from choice, not from necessity.

Those who have had experience of the "seamy side" of Bohemianism—its mire and meanness, both moral and physical—may rejoice that the old days are no more. But, while we have lost much that we are glad to have got rid of, there was still something in the simple, picturesque, bygone life which those who knew it once must miss with regret. Gone are the pleasant symposia in humble taverns, where wit and whisky gaily commingled; gone are the merry supper-parties of the old Newmarket-street days immortalized by Thackeray. Our successful authors, actors, and painters have lost touch of such unpretending conviviality, and have deserted their old haunts for those gilded salons and sumptuous dinner-tables of the great where they are now welcome and habitual guests.

Under these circumstances it is interesting to know that there is still left among us a small strip of that charming land of Bohemia, even though it may not be so wild and weed-grown as of yore; that there is still one little nook remaining where the gay, careless artist may foregather with his brethren in the good old-fashioned style, and keep up the traditions of his race.

The Savage Club claims to be the one coterie of men cultivating the fine arts that has preserved, as nearly as possible in its integrity, the last vestige of the old Bohemia. Many other clubs which began by being Bohemian have ended by becoming fashionable—in Douglas Jerrold's phrase, "They have gone westward and caught coronets." Others, again, have been started in a spirit of somewhat ostentatious defiance of the conventionalities of society, but these artificial attempts to revive the Bohemianism of the past have usually resulted in failure. It may at least be said of the Savage Club that its growth has been spontaneous and natural, and that it has from first to last clung faithfully to the ancient ways. As such it should supply an interesting study, since its progress corresponds with, and illustrates in a marked manner, those changes in the social condition of the artist to which we have adverted. The history of the Savage Club from the date of its foundation to the present period is, in fact, the history of the literary and artistic society of its time.

When the club first came into existence, that simple old Bohemian

life was at its best and gayest. Then men of talent and genius were content to smoke their pipes and refresh themselves and engage in pleasant friendly intercourse in dingy little taverns or chop-houses in Fleet Street and the Strand and their neighbourhood, in unadorned rooms with sanded floors and wooden "boxes," and with only "John," the old-fashioned cockney waiter, greasy but civil, to minister to their needs. Famous novelists, successful dramatists, popular actors, and Royal Academicians might be seen any day or night taking their glass of beer or of grog together in hostelrys now almost wholly abandoned to the sporting reporter and the barrister's clerk. It was the last scene of the old tavern days of Johnson and Goldsmith, of Boswell and Topham Beauclerk, and the curtain has fallen upon it, never to rise again.

It was at this period that the Savage Club became established. Its earliest history is characteristically nebulous. Of the very few surviving original members, no two exactly agree as to the circumstances of its genesis. Indeed, the Savages, like the true Bohemians that they are, may actually be said not to know when they were born or who was their father! There is a record extant that the club was founded in October 1857, but there are those who assert that it was formed at least some months prior to that date. Still greater uncertainty envelops the origin of the title of the club itself. Here is the account given by Andrew Halliday, its first and only president:—

"The Savage Club was founded to supply the want which Dr. Samuel Johnson and his friends experienced when they founded the Literary Club. A little band of authors, journalists, and artists felt the need of a place of recreation where, in their hours of leisure, they might gather together and enjoy each other's society, apart from the publicity of that which was known in Johnson's time as the 'coffee-house,' and equally apart from the chilling splendour of the modern club. When about a dozen of the original members were assembled in the place selected for their meetings, it became a question what the club should be called. Every one in the room suggested a title. One said the 'Addison,' another the 'Johnson,' a third the 'Goldsmith,' and so forth; and at last, after we had run the whole gamut of famous literary names of the modern period, a modest member in the corner suggested the 'Shakespeare.' This was too much for the gravity of one of the company (the late Robert Brough), whose keen sense of humour enabled him, in the midst of our enthusiasm, to perceive that we were bent on making ourselves ridiculous. 'Who are we,' he said, 'that we should take these great names in vain? Don't let us be pretentious. If we must have a name, let it be a modest one—one that signifies as little as possible.' Hereupon a member called out, in a pure spirit of wantonness, 'The Savage!' That keen sense of humour was again tickled. 'The very thing!' he exclaimed, 'no one can say there is anything pretentious in assuming that name. If we accept Richard Savage as our godfather, it shows that there is no pride about us; if we mean that we are *savi*, why then it will be a pleasant surprise for those who may join us to find the wigwam a *lucus a non lucendo*.' And so, in a frolicsome humour, our little Society was christened the 'Savage Club.'"

On the other hand, another original member, Mr. George Augustus

Sala—a high authority on any question of literary history—differs widely from Mr. Halliday. He says:—

- “The name originally given to that pleasant and now prosperous symposium had nothing whatever to do with the pseudo-son of the Countess of Macclesfield. . . . We dubbed ourselves Savages for mere fun; just as the convivial club, which is an offshoot from one of the learned societies, calls itself the ‘Roaring Lions.’ Somebody who had travelled in savage regions made us a present of some old tomahawks and moccasins, spear-heads and wampum-belts, and something resembling a circular disc cut from a horsehair-bottomed chair, but which was understood to be a human scalp; and these trophies were duly displayed on the walls of our wigwam—that is to say, a room on the first-floor of the Crown Tavern, Vinegar Yard, over against the gallery entrance of Drury Lane Theatre, on the occasion of our first anniversary dinner. More than this, to keep up our character of ‘Savages,’ we sedulously practised a shrill shriek or war-whoop, which was given in unison at stated intervals.”

Yet another version of the story is supplied by a third original member, Dr. Strauss, “The Old Bohemian.” He writes:—

“I remember distinctly that in one of my heart effusions in the midst of the small knot of authors, journalists, and artists who used to meet some twenty-six or twenty-seven years since at the White Hart Tavern, I said, looking around me: ‘I see Otways before me who have not yet felt the want of a penny loaf, Chattertons guiltless of literary forgeries and suicidal thoughts—Savages, a great many Savages, who have never yet seen the inside of a gaol.’ . . . It was Robert Brough who, at a later period, when we contemplated forming ourselves into a club, suggested (not, as Halliday states, adopted) Richard Savage as our godfather. And it was John Doffett Francis who suggested the alternative meaning of the name. . . . Francis also presented the new ‘reunion’ incontinently with a choice assortment of tomahawks, boomerangs, assagais, and other weapons of savage warfare.”

Who shall decide when such “doctors” disagree? Certain it is that the origin of the club’s name is a point of dispute among the members to this day, and it will probably remain a mystery to the end of time. However, it is not less certain that the Savages have always adhered to their barbaric emblems. Savage weapons and implements still adorn their walls; some of their members assumed the garb of North American Indians at the famous fancy ball at the Albert Hall in 1883, and even the stranger within their gates is allowed, without rebuke, to make playful jests with reference to their uncivilized designation.

Everything relating to the early history of the Savage Club is quaint and curious, and characteristic of the Bohemian life of the times. The first records of the club contain entries which now sound as odd and old-fashioned as anything in the domestic annals of the reign of Henry VIII. or Elizabeth. Thus, in May 1858, we find the committee resolving: “That the sum of fifteen shillings, in respect of the annual supper and a frame for the purposes of the club, be paid to the landlord.” A very significant motion was passed on the same occasion—one too often renewed even in subsequent years: “That the secretary be ordered to request those members who have

not paid their subscriptions to do so." That question of subscriptions was long a sore point with the primitive Savages. At first, so tradition says, there was no subscription at all; then the privilege of being a Savage involved the tax of five shillings per annum, and afterwards of ten. The secretary, it is said, used in "those early days to collect as many subscriptions as would pay expenses, and let the rest—in American parlance—"slide." Indeed, for some years it was a humorous suggestion that the member who paid his subscription regularly was liable to disqualification and expulsion. One esteemed secretary, happily still living, was actually presented with a testimonial on the ground that he had successfully "embezzled the funds of the club," a delicate way of recognizing the fact that the kindly official in question, having found the subscriptions he had collected insufficient to meet the club's current expenses, had supplied the deficit out of his own pocket!

Later in 1858, the committee endeavoured to give more distinct definition to the fundamental qualification of the club—that its members should be "working men in literature and art." It seems odd that this definition should have been worded in extraordinarily clumsy terms, and by so accomplished a literary man as Robert Brough himself. The Queen's Speech is notoriously never written in what may properly be regarded as the Queen's English, but Savages need not necessarily express themselves in barbarous language. The exact terms of the definition were as follows: "That the description, working men in literature and art, is intended to mean men who as a profession produce works in literature and art, and who, although even if not being habitually and professionally engaged therein, have produced such works of acknowledged merit."

Other entries in the early, and somewhat fitful, records of the club are strikingly significant of the simplicity of the old Bohemian life. Thus it was resolved, also in May 1858: "That every member of the committee who shall not be in his place, not having twelve hours previously excused himself to the secretary in writing, shall be fined one shilling, to go to the funds of the club." In November of the same year it was agreed, "That a lock be put on the club door, and each member be furnished with a key, and that another key be given to the waiter with instructions to admit none but members, and further"—mark the touching pathos of this proviso!—"that each member be requested to pay for his key." In the following year a curious regulation was made. It was enacted, "That after any stranger has been introduced three times into the club, any member shall be at liberty privately to require the committee to call upon his introducer to propose the said stranger as a member, and that the committee shall be bound to act on this requisition." This rule, if ever enforced, did not long remain in operation. In view of the sumptuous annual banquets given by the club in after years, the next entry, so suggestive of the

primitive habits of the aboriginal Savages, offers a striking contrast. It was resolved in 1860, "That the anniversary supper of the club be held on Friday, January 13, and that the tickets be 2s. 6d., including draught beer; that Robert Brough be invited to take the chair, and no one be entitled to bring a friend until he has received the approval of either the chairman or the secretary."

It was in that same year 1860, however, that in spite of its quiet, homely character, the Savage Club first exposed itself to the full glare of publicity, and even to the gaze of Royalty itself. Two members of the club had died, leaving their families in distress, and the happy thought occurred to their brother Savages to get up a public performance for the benefit of their widows and children. The use of the Lyceum Theatre was granted for the occasion, and the pieces selected were "The School for Scandal" and a new burlesque, called "The Forty Thieves," written specially by no fewer than nine dramatic authors, a feat of collaboration quite unexampled. The names of these associated dramatists were—J. R. Planché, Frank Talfourd, Henry J. Byron, Leicester Buckingham, Edward Draper, Andrew Halliday, F. Lawrance, and Robert and William Brough. The male characters in both plays were represented by many of the most distinguished members of the club, assisted by professional actresses; and Albert Smith, although not a member, also lent his aid, by giving a little entertainment between the pieces. Needless to say, a performance so novel drew all London. The Lyceum, at extra prices, was crowded to the ceiling, and, to crown all, the Savage Club enjoyed its first association with Royalty in the presence of the Queen and the Prince Consort, who, with Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and Princess Alice, occupied the Royal box on this memorable occasion.

The success of the Lyceum performance proved so great that the members of the club became tempted shortly afterwards to enter upon another undertaking of the same description. In 1860 their gifted and beloved fellow-member, Robert Brough, died, also leaving a family unprovided for. It is, by the way, a suggestive illustration of the remarks with which we set out, that only so short a time ago as the year named above, a man so talented and so successful as Robert Brough should have died poor. He, the author of scores of popular plays, might in these days have been a rich man. It was different then. Dramatists generally sold their works for fixed sums, and knew nothing of those "per centage" arrangements which often make fortunes in our times. So Robert Brough's brother Savages gave a brilliant performance at Drury Lane, in which they were assisted by many of the most popular actors and actresses of the day, and the outcome of the undertaking was a substantial sum for the widow and orphans.

Two years later the Savages had another opportunity of exhibiting

their abilities and rendering service to a worthy cause. It may be thought that in this instance they went somewhat out of their way in the direction of charitable effort. It was not for the purpose of helping any of their brethren in distress that they got up their next performances, but to succour the starving cotton operatives of Lancashire. Yet the step they took needs no apology. All England, just then, was putting its hands into its pockets to assist the unfortunate factory people, and almost every public body and society did something for their relief. The Bohemians of Covent Garden, where the club was now situated—in the Gordon Hotel—had not much money in their pockets, but what they had to give, they gave. They had brains and talents, and these, at least, they could lend for the benefit of the distressed. So, in 1862, they played at Manchester, and again at Liverpool, and it is understood that the performances—of which the burlesque of “Valentine and Orson” was the principal feature—realized the very handsome sum, extraordinary in those days, of between £800 and £900.

A few years after their mission to Lancashire—in 1867—the Savages lost another of their brethren, a young artist, under very sad circumstances. It was the old story—talent recognized but unrewarded, an early grave, and a destitute family. This time they got up a novel kind of “benefit” for the widow and orphans of their deceased fellow-member. It was no longer dramatic, but literary and artistic. In other words, they composed and issued the first series of “Savage Club Papers,” now unfortunately out of print, but doubtless not forgotten by those who took an interest in the literary work of the time. It was a remarkable publication from any point of view, and perhaps contained more brilliant matter than any dozen *Annals* or *Christmas Numbers* of our day put together. An extraordinarily large number of eminent literary men contributed to its pages; most of them members of the club, others kind friends not connected with it. Among those who supplied stories, essays, poems, and sketches to this attractive volume, were J. R. Planché, James Hannay, Walter Thornbury, T. W. Robertson, Henry J. Byron, “Jeff” Prowse, E. Draper, E. L. Blanchard, Godfrey Turner, Tom Hood, Artemus Ward, Clement Scott, T. H. S. Escott, Andrew Halliday, W. S. Gilbert, Henry S. Leigh, Arthur Sketchley, John Oxenford, Arthur à Becket, John Brough, W. B. Tegetmeier, Arthur Locker, Tom Archer, Charles Millward, and others; while the list of artists who illustrated the text comprised such names as those of William Brunton, G. Du Maurier, E. C. Barnes, F. Barnard, W. S. Gilbert, Gordon Thomson, E. Weedon, Paul Gray, Alfred Thompson, M. Morgan, Ernest Griset, C. H. Bennett, Harrison Weir, A. B. Houghton, J. D. Watson, George Cruikshank, and Gustave Doré. A similar work brought out now, with as many names of corresponding reputation, would no doubt achieve an extraordinary success. It is characteristic of the widely

different state of literature and art in those days, that the financial returns of this undertaking, though substantial, were by no means magnificent. The result, however, was so far satisfactory as to encourage the Savages to issue a second volume of "Papers" in the following year, 1868. To this many of the eminent literary men and artists named above contributed, with the addition of the following:—W. Sawyer, John Hollingshead, Westland Marston, Hain Friswell, George Manville Fenn, George Grossmith (the elder), German Reed, Sutherland Edwards, Dion Boucicault, Mortimer Collins, Howard Paul, James Greenwood, and G. A. Sala. This volume was published, not for the benefit of any person in particular, but with the object of founding a charitable fund to meet any case of necessity that might arise.

We have hitherto been dealing with what may be termed the ancient history of the Savage Club. Indeed, so rapid and so radical have been the changes which have come over Bohemian life, that even a period no more remote than twenty years ago, seems now to wear something like an air of antiquity. The year of the so-called "coming of age" of the club marks what may be termed its transition epoch, and that of the society which it has always represented. Those old simple habits, of which we have spoken, were fast dying out. The arts were growing more prosperous and the artists more luxurious. Literary men, painters and actors, and their like, were no longer content with taverns and sanded floors. A certain element of Bohemianism had become—and very properly become—distasteful and even repugnant to them. A sense of the humour that surrounded it had, at one time, rendered that tolerable which could be no longer tolerated when the light of genius was withdrawn from it to be shed on other objects, and it was felt that there was much dust of the past which the Savages would do well to shake off their feet. The eccentricities of men of shining abilities were one thing, the same eccentricities practised by persons of a lower intellectual grade were another, and when these were abandoned by the former they became unendurable in the latter. So the club moved with the times, and was the better for the change. It passed more definite and more stringent rules for its own conduct and management; it became more methodical and business-like; made its members pay their subscriptions regularly, and provided more carefully for their comfort and convenience. Yet all the while the club remained, as it still remains, what it originally was—Bohemian to the core; but it was the new Bohemianism taking the place of the old, as gay and joyous as ever, if more decorous and respectable.

The "coming of age" dinner in 1878, under the presidency of Mr. Sala—now, unfortunately, no longer a member of the club—was the first of its kind that attained any conspicuous publicity, and it was rendered remarkable, not only by the brilliant oratory of its gifted

chairman, but by the presence of Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley and the late gallant Colonel Burnaby. In the following year the club gave a banquet still more memorable. It was presided over by Lord Dunraven, who had been elected a member, in the days when he acted as a special correspondent in the Franco-German war, and included among its guests several highly distinguished men. Foremost of these was Mr. Gladstone, and there were also present M. Got and other members of the *Comédie Française*, then acting at the Gaiety Theatre, the illustrious French journalist and man of letters, M. Edmond About, besides Sir Theodore Martin, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Frith, R.A., Mr. Horsley, R.A., Mr. William Black, Mr. Frederick Locker, and other eminent professors of the fine arts. Mr. Gladstone had a splendid reception on personal and intellectual grounds, and never did the veteran orator appear in better "form" than on this occasion. Those who know Mr. Gladstone only in his political capacity are little aware how keenly he appreciates the lighter side of life. He can in his leisure moments, throw himself heartily into the enjoyment of the most trivial pleasures, and has been seen to be as excited with wonder and delight at an exhibition of conjuring as any schoolboy. Thus, the great statesman appeared to make himself thoroughly at home among the Savages, and no one laughed more merrily than he at the humorous contributions to the entertainment of that evening. The late Mr. George Cross-Smith's droll mock-scientific lecture on "The Dark Races of Mankind" seemed particularly to take Mr. Gladstone's fancy, and, indeed, the "performing" Savages could not have had a more sympathetic listener. His speech in response for the toast of "Literature" was one of his happiest non-political harangues. It abounded in graceful and humorous points, one of which made an especial impression on those who heard it. The chairman had incidentally referred to the wandering habits of the Savages, who had so often changed their place of abode. "It seems to me," said Mr. Gladstone, "that nothing could be in more perfect harmony than those frequent movements with the title which you bear, and of which you are justly proud, because it shows that your society, in accordance with its appellation, is at the stage which is commonly called nomad, and has not yet reached that of an agricultural community."

These observations happened to be singularly well-timed, for the Savages were just then on the very eve of abandoning those nomadic habits to which the eloquent orator referred. Hitherto they had migrated from tavern to tavern—dignified now by the name of hotel—and a growing discontent with this state of things had long been manifested. So, shortly afterwards, they achieved the object of their ambition, to have "a house of their own," and, in the spring of 1881, they found themselves settled in commodious premises, the first that the club had rented, in the Savoy.

The Savage Club had now obtained for itself a local habitation

as well as a name, and its position as a public body, as well as a private society, had, only a year before, been recognized in a marked manner. The Savages were invited to dine at the Mansion House. Here was a recognition of Bohemia indeed! Who among that little coterie of men which used to foregather in Vinegar Yard barely a quarter of a century before, could have dreamt that the modest club which they had founded would so soon be deemed worthy of being entertained by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London? But so it was. In March 1880, a banquet was given to the Savage Club by Sir Francis Wyatt Truscott. Nor did the Savages by any means leave their Bohemianism outside the doors of the Egyptian Hall. The Lord Mayor's plain and pleasant bargain with them had been conveyed literally in these words: "I will give you a dinner, but you must bring your 'entertainment' with you." This arrangement was carried out to the letter, and for the first time in the annals of the City the walls of the Mansion House rang with the joyous melody of Savage songs and choruses, in which aldermen and common councillors joined with true Bohemian spirit. It was a novel scene, indeed, but it so little shocked the propinities of civic society, that it was repeated last year, when Sir Polydore de Keyser occupied the throne of the City.

Bohemianism thus recognized and associated with by an ex-Prime Minister and a Chief Magistrate, naturally soon became ripe for intercourse with Royalty. The attendance of the Queen at the performance in 1860 could hardly be regarded as anything but an act of gracious and charitable patronage. The visit of the Prince of Wales, in 1882, meant something more. For the Heir Apparent on that occasion became himself a Savage, being elected an honorary life member of the club. It was at the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner, presided over by Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, then hon. treasurer of the club, that this interesting event took place, and the Prince in acknowledging the compliment paid him made an exceptionally happy speech, in the course of which he returned that compliment in singularly graceful language.

"In becoming a member of your club," he said, "I feel that I am not among strangers, for at this moment I can see around me and before me many gentlemen whom I have had the advantage of knowing, some in distant parts of the Empire, while there are others who have made me both laugh and cry. I am well aware that your club consists of gentlemen connected with literature, with journalism, with art, and with the drama, and I can easily understand how you must enjoy these convivial meetings after the long and arduous duties of your respective callings. I am given to understand that your qualifications are that you must belong to literature and art, and also that you must be good fellows. I feel that I can hardly aspire to the first qualification in order to be a competent member; but, if you will allow me, I will be the second. Before knowing anything personally about your club I was asked of what it consisted, and one of my nephews asked me what was meant by my going to dine with Savages. After partaking of

your kind hospitality to-night, and after your reception of me this evening, I shall be able to inform my nephew that you are by no means the savages he might have imagined, but are as civilized as any gentlemen he may meet with."

It is not to be wondered at that, after so very pretty a speech as this, the popularity of the Prince of Wales in Bohemia waxed greater than ever. A year later the Prince visited the club again, and further exhibited his sympathy with the Savages by presiding at a *soirée* in the club rooms, at which Mr. Melton Prior, the accomplished special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, gave a lecture, with illustrations of scenes in the Egyptian war. On that occasion the Prince was presented with a sumptuous album containing the photographs and autographs of all the members, then about 250 in number, prepared for him at his special request, and in acknowledging the presentation he threw out a suggestion which brought about one of the most remarkable events in the history of the club. The Prince, it is well known, takes a warm interest in the Royal College of Music, and he seized the opportunity of his visit to the club to suggest, remembering what the Savages had done in former times, that they should get up an entertainment for the benefit of the institution in question. To speak more precisely, he proposed that the funds derived from such an entertainment should be devoted to the foundation of a musical scholarship in the name of the Savage Club, and for the education of the children of persons belonging to those professions which qualified for membership under its first rule. The proposal was accepted with acclamation, and eventually resulted in that magnificent costume ball at the Albert Hall in 1883, which was attended by about a dozen members of the Royal Family, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, and realized, if not enough money to found a scholarship, sufficient at any rate to establish an exhibition, which has already turned out one promising pupil, a son of the eminent violinist, Mr. Carrodus, a member of the club.

It may, indeed, fairly be said of the Savage Club festivities that, apart from their merely convivial character, they have usually had some purpose or *raison d'être*. If they have not been got up to promote any charitable work or public object, they have at least been designed as special acts of hospitality. The annual dinner, as we have seen, has often been made the occasion of doing honour to distinguished public men, and the more private entertainments have frequently been arranged for the congratulation of fellow-members on some notable success in their respective pursuits. At various times the club has feasted such eminent persons, besides those already mentioned, as Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the present Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Justice, the President of the Royal Academy, the United States Minister (Mr. James Russell Lowell), Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. H. M. Stanley, Ismail Pasha, and several representative colonists at the time of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. Dinners

have also been given to many members who had achieved the distinction of election as Royal Academicians or Associates; to one member, Mr. Woodall, M.P., on the occasion of his appointment as Surveyor-General of Ordnance in her Majesty's Government; to Mr. Toole, to celebrate the commencement of his first undertaking in theatrical management; and more than once to members of the club who had acted as special correspondents or special artists in the Egyptian campaigns. An interesting memento of these festivities has usually been left in the shape of an illustrated *menu*, generally of a quaint, fantastic character, designed for the occasion by one of the many talented artists of the club, such as Mr. Harry Furniss, Mr. Herbert Johnson, Mr. Walter Wilson, and others. A collection of these curious sketches is carefully preserved, with other records, in the club's scrap-book.

But conviviality is a plant of perennial growth in the Savage Club. All the year round, except in August and September, there is a House Dinner every Saturday night—simple enough, no doubt, as a feast, but supplemented by an entertainment or smoking concert of a very peculiar character. The chairman of the evening usually nominates his successor for the following week, and is otherwise invested with an absolute authority, symbolized by the quaint club—one of the many savage weapons or implements presented by travellers from distant lands—which he wields as his presidential hammer. He alone is allowed to address the company, and, as a rule, his functions are limited to the duties of calling upon members or visitors to take part in the entertainment and of making the one speech of the evening, which consists simply of the words, after the cloth has been removed: "Gentlemen, you may smoke." Indeed, the standing law of the club at its ordinary House Dinners is, "No speeches;" but, now and again, when any particularly eminent guest, known to be a good speaker, chances to be present, this rule is relaxed, and the health of the distinguished person in question is toasted. As for the entertainment, it is of a curiously haphazard character. No preparation whatever is made for it. The chairman of the evening depends for the amusement of the company simply upon anybody or anything that may chance to "turn up." This impromptu performance is usually a success, as the club includes so many public performers of various kinds and also so many clever amateurs, that there is rarely any lack of "talent." Thus, from six or seven o'clock—the Savages have always dined early to suit the convenience of their theatrical members—until about midnight, there is an uninterrupted flow of musical and dramatic recital, besides other performances of the most miscellaneous kind. For the Savages are not at all particular as to the class of entertainment offered to them, so long as it is good of its sort, and the catholicity of their tastes leads to occasional surprises which give additional piquancy to the evening's pleasures. Not only music, vocal and instrumental, and recitations,

serious and humorous, but story-telling, conjuring, thought-reading, mesmerism, and every kind of eccentric exhibition, from that of the "lightning calculator" to that of the gentleman who gives a lecture with charcoal illustrations drawn upon the spot, have from time to time been included in the very comprehensive programme of the "Savage" Saturday night. As might be expected, the lighter side of the entertainer's art is, as a rule, the most prominent feature of these reunions, and it must in justice be admitted that no one ever complains of the liveliness of the proceedings. Indeed, many who have been present as visitors have been good enough to declare a really first-rate night at the Savage Club to be the brightest and most varied evening's amusement to be had in the world.

In business as in pleasure the Savages have ways of their own. Thus the process of electing members which prevails in this club differs in many respects from that in force elsewhere. The qualification for membership is that the candidate must be "professionally connected with literature, art, the drama, or science;" though now and again certain gentlemen who are proved to have done good work in one or other of these branches of intellectual industry, while engaged in other professions, are deemed eligible. This, it will be seen, is thoroughly in accordance with the original rule laid down at the foundation of the club. Some modifications have had to be made of late years in the method of election, but at present it stands thus: The name of every candidate, together with a statement of his qualification, has first to be submitted to the committee. If they pass the qualification as sufficient, the name is entered in the candidates' book, and it is open to members of the club to support him by their signatures. On the book the candidate's name remains until there is a vacancy, and of late these much-coveted opportunities have been so scarce that many of those seeking election have been kept waiting for two or three years. When, however, there is a prospect that the candidate will shortly go to the ballot, he is notified of the fact and invited, and indeed required, to visit the club, and avail himself of nearly all its privileges on the same footing as members. It is a somewhat trying ordeal that is thus proposed, the object of this invitation being to test the eligibility of the candidate on personal grounds. Not only must he be professionally qualified, but, as the Prince of Wales reminded his hearers on the occasion referred to above, he must show himself to be "a good fellow." Naturally the candidate is, during his term of probation, "on his best behaviour," but, as might be expected, in a society like the Savage Club, the measure of a man is soon taken. The ballot, as in other clubs, thins out the candidates' list both in the way of election and rejection; but, thanks to a process which, we believe, is quite peculiar to this body, the fatal box does not deal so hardly with the ineligible as is the case elsewhere. There is very little actual "black-balling" at the Savage Club. The committee

vote, in the first instance, on the question, "That the candidate be *now* elected." If the vote be adverse, a second ballot takes place on the motion, "That the candidate be referred to his proposer"—that is to say, that the committee recommend his withdrawal. It is still open to the proposer to come forward and plead for his nominee, and sometimes he does so, with satisfactory results. Of course, if, on the second ballot, the vote is against "referring" the candidate, or if he is persistently pressed upon the committee after they have finally suggested his withdrawal, the extreme fate befalls him. It rarely happens, however, that such a step is found necessary. As a rule, the recommendation of the committee is adopted, and the candidate retires without the painful stigma of having been "black-balled." Other clubs—especially those of an essentially social character—might copy this merciful procedure with advantage.

Once a member of the Savage Club, the elected one ought to feel himself thoroughly "at home." In this little society—for its present limit of numbers, though lately extended, is still only 500—everybody is supposed to know, and be the friend of, everybody else. It is not, as in some other clubs, regarded as a "liberty" when one member addresses another without being introduced. Perfect freedom of personal association prevails there, and doubtless it was this fact which led that intelligent foreigner, M. Max O'Rell, to remark, in his "John Bull and His Island," that, "the only club which does not strike me with a respect akin to awe is the Savage Club." It is in this way that the Savages endeavour to keep up the best spirit of the old Bohemianism. The pretensions of the club are not great; it only professes to be what its original founders intended it to be—a society of "working men in literature and art." It is a sort of family party, and has its family quarrels, of which, of course, it would not be becoming to speak. It has, besides, superficial defects, which doubtless will be amended in the future, as such blemishes have been corrected in the past. But, with all its shortcomings, and all its occasional troubles, the Savage Club has shown itself to have a wonderful power of vitality, and to possess a firm hold on the affection of its members. The Savages, in short, are a tribe which has for its sole birthright the twin qualifications of good work and good-fellowship, and for its most imperative law the duty of proving to the world, by its own example, that, amidst all the rivalries of active life, and all the friction of social intercourse, there is no more powerful bond of union among men than the brotherhood of art.

E. J. GOODMAN.

DR. JOHNSON AS A RADICAL.

I HAPPENED to mention to a politician the other day my intention to write something on the Radical side of Dr. Johnson's character. "The Radical side!" he exclaimed; "you would require a microscope to discover it." As my friend belongs to that numerous class of men who talk confidently of Johnson without having first given themselves the trouble to read Boswell, I was not much moved by his opinion. I knew very well that from Johnson's writings and sayings it would be easy for me to gather more passages that have the true Radical ring than most people would find patience to read. I must admit that the very founder of modern Radicalism, Jeremy Bentham, failed to recognize in him a forerunner, though the two men, as I have but lately discovered, belonged to the same club—that City Club which met at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. "Johnson," Boswell records, "told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a City Club, and asked him to collect one; but said he, 'Don't let them be patriots.'"
Patriot, it will be remembered, he defined in a late edition of his Dictionary, as "a factious disturber of the Government." Among the non-patriots who were thus gathered together was the founder of the Utilitarian philosophy, at that time about three-and-thirty years old, and still in politics a Tory. In his boyhood he had been so fortunate as to be present at the coronation of George III., and had described him as "a most beautiful person." Nay even, at an earlier time, by standing on tip-toe he had once to his ineffable delight caught sight of the top of the wig of his gracious Majesty George II. It is some satisfaction to me to reflect that as one of my uncles, who died but a few years ago, knew Bentham, I am separated but by two steps from that august vision. All the Radical philosopher's loyal feelings had long passed away when in his old age he came to describe the City Club.

The poet who collected it he spoke of as "Tasso Hoole, one of Dr. Johnson's lickspittles." Johnson himself he called "the miserable and misery-propagating ascetic and instrument of despotism," "the pompous preacher of melancholy moralities." Yet the conversation might easily have taken such a turn as would have called forth a sentence, uttered "in the loud voice and with the slow, deliberate utterance" that would have scared the City Tories, and roused strange feelings in the future Radical leader. The talk might have fallen on slavery; a toast might have been called for, and Johnson might have startled "the very grave men" of London, as he had once startled "the very grave men" of Oxford, by drinking "to the next insurrection of the negroes in the West Indies." The talk might have fallen on Ireland, and Johnson might have exclaimed—"Let the authority of the English Government perish rather than be maintained by iniquity." The talk might have fallen on the miserable state of the crofters in the Hebrides, and Johnson might have lamented that "the chiefs were gradually degenerating from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords;" and he might have gone on to repeat his suggestion that "the general good requires that the landlords be for a time restrained in their demands, and kept quiet by pensions proportionate to their loss." Had emigration been suggested as a measure of relief, he might have remarked that "to hinder insurrection by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politics. . . . It affords a legislator little self-applause to consider that where there was formerly an insurrection there is now a wilderness." The talk might have turned on the savage cruelty of the criminal law, in the reform of which Bentham was to gain one of his noblest triumphs, and Johnson might have lifted up his voice once more, as he had lifted it up thirty years earlier, against "the legal massacre" which takes place "on the days when the prisons of this city are emptied into the grave." He might once more have pointed out "that all but murderers have at their last hour the common sensations of mankind pleading in their favour. . . . They who would rejoice at the correction of a thief are yet shocked at the thought of destroying him. His crime shrinks to nothing compared with his misery, and severity defeats itself by exciting pity." Bentham might have heard him take the part of the unhappy inmates of the debtors' prisons, and have felt the fire kindle within him as the old man said: "Let those whose writings form the opinions and the practices of their contemporaries endeavour to transfer the reproach of imprisonment from the debtor to the creditor, till universal infamy shall pursue the wretch whose wantonness of power, or revenge of disappointment, condemns another to torture and ruin; till he shall be hunted through the world as an enemy to man, and

find in riches no shelter from contempt." Bentham might have been still further roused as he heard him maintain that "no scheme of policy has in any country yet brought the rich and poor on equal terms into courts of judicature."

In truth, there is no knowing what startling sentiments "the sensible, well-behaved company" which Boswell met at the Queen's Arms, under the shadow of the great Cathedral, might have heard fall from Johnson's lips, had fortune only proved favourable. It was well observed of him by one who had known him long: "In general you may tell what the man to whom you are speaking will say next. This you can never do of Johnson." How astonished, for instance, must the foolish Yorkshire baronet have looked—Long Sir Thomas Robinson—when, on his observing that certain laws, which were for the benefit of Ireland, might be prejudicial to the corn-trade of England, Johnson cried out—"Sir Thomas, you talk the language of a savage: what, sir, would you prevent any people from feeding themselves, if by any honest means they can do it?" It was this unexpectedness in his talk which gave it no small part of its interest. It was due not only to the great variety of ways in which he could regard and handle almost all questions, but also to the striking dissimilarities in his own character. Tory though he was, he was a man sprung from the people—not for one moment ashamed of his origin—to whom the people were ever dear; who made their happiness, and not the happiness of any one class, his sole standard of good government. "Where a great proportion of the people," he said, "are suffered to languish in helpless misery, that country must be ill-policed and wretchedly governed: a decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization." "The true state of every nation," he maintained at another time, "is the state of common life. . . . As the great mass of the people approach to delicacy a nation is refined; as their conveniences are multiplied, a nation, at least a commercial nation, must be denominated wealthy." "An English king," he wrote, "has no great right to quiet, when his people are in misery."

He admitted the lawfulness of rebellion. "In no Government," he maintained, "can power be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a Sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise up and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny that will keep us safe under every form of Government." "If the abuse be enormous," he said on another occasion, "Nature will rise up, and claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system." When he uttered these words he was not so very far removed from "the sacred right of insurrection" of the French Republicans; nor did he need Boswell's father to teach him that the good which Cromwell did was that "he gart kings ken that they had a lith in their neck." To the danger of irresponsible power he was

fully alive. "There are few minds," he wrote, "to which tyranny is not delightful; power is nothing but as it is felt, and the delight of superiority is proportionate to the resistance overcome." He judged much more indulgently of peoples than of rulers. "Governors," he said, "being accustomed to hear of more crimes than they can punish, and more wrongs than they can redress, set themselves at ease by indiscriminate negligence, and presently forget the request when they lose sight of the petitioner." So patient are the common people, that "the general story of mankind will evince that lawful and settled authority is very seldom resisted when it is well employed. . . . Though men are drawn by their passions into forgetfulness of invisible rewards and punishments, yet they are easily kept obedient to those who have temporal dominion in their hands, till their veneration is dissipated by such wickedness and folly as can neither be defended nor concealed." He attacked the system under which the governors of our colonies were appointed, and compared it with that of the French. "To be a bankrupt at home, or to be so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected in his own country, seldom recommends any man to the government of a French colony."

For kings he often shows no great respect. He laughs at "the attendant on a Court, whose business is to watch the looks of a being weak and foolish as himself, and whose vanity is to recount the names of men who might drop into nothing and leave no vacuity." "Princes," he wrote, "are commonly the last by whom merit is distinguished." Speaking of Queen Mary, the wife of William III., he said: "Her character has hitherto had this great advantage that it has only been compared with that of kings." He defends monarchs against the reproach which had been cast on them that they show little care for posterity. "Are not pretenders, mock patriots, masquerades, operas, birthnights, treaties, conventions, reviews, drawing-rooms, the births of heirs and the deaths of queens, sufficient to overwhelm any capacity but that of a king?" "The acquisitions of kings," he says, "are always magnified." He accounts Frederick the Great fortunate in "the difficulties of his youth. . . . Kings, without this help from temporary infelicity, see the world in a mist, which magnifies everything near them, and bounds their view to a narrow compass, which few are able to extend by the mere force of curiosity."

When Voltaire "censured Shakespeare's kings as not completely royal—thinking, perhaps, that decency was violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard," Johnson replied that "Shakespeare knew that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings." In a note on "The Winter's Tale," on a speech of Leontes, king of Sicilia, in which he suggests that instead of "fact" we should read "pack," he says: "Puck is a low,

coarse word, well suited to the rest of this royal invective." When Theobald, in a note on another passage in the same play, says that, "it is certainly too gross and blunt in Paulina to call the king downright a fool," Johnson writes: "Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deserve much notice." When some one spoke to him of George the Third's neglect of Reynolds, he said he thought it a matter of little consequence. "His Majesty's neglect could never do Sir Joshua any prejudice; but it would reflect eternal disgrace on the king not to have employed Sir Joshua Reynolds."

Some of his political definitions might have excited the envy even of Cobbett or of O'Connell—"Pension. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." "Excise. A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid." "Favourite. A mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please."

He scoffs at "the little tyrants of the fields" as much as at the great tyrants of nations. He describes how "the pride which under the check of public observation would have been only vented among servants and domestics becomes in a country baronet the torment of a province, and instead of terminating in the destruction of china-ware and glasses, ruins tenants, dispossesses cottagers, and harasses villages with actions of trespass and bills of indictment." He has a hope, though but a faint hope, that he may excite men of rank "to prefer books and manuscripts to equipage and luxury, and to forsake noise and diversion for the conversation of the learned and the satisfaction of extensive knowledge." Very curious is the account which Mme. D'Arblay gives of his treatment of Fulk Greville, the "superb Greville," a man "who was," she says, "generally looked up to as the finest gentleman about town." This glorious being had wished to meet Johnson; and Dr. Burney accordingly had invited the two men to his house. Greville, to use Mme. D'Arblay's words—

"took the field with the aristocratic armour of pedigree and distinction. Aloof, therefore, he kept from all; and assuming his most supercilious air of distant superiority, planted himself immovable as a noble statue upon the hearth, as if a stranger to the whole set. . . . Johnson remained silent, composedly at first and afterwards abstractedly . . . completely absorbed in silent rumination; sustaining nevertheless a grave and composed demeanour, with an air by no means wanting in dignity any more than in urbanity. Very unexpectedly, however, ere the evening closed, he showed himself alive to what surrounded him by one of those singular starts of vision that made him seem at times—though purblind to things in common, and to things inanimate—gifted with an eye of instinct for espying any action or position that he thought merited reprehension; for all at once, looking fixedly on Mr. Greville, who, without much self-denial, the night being very cold, pertinaciously kept his station before the chimney-piece, he exclaimed: 'If it were not for depriving the ladies of the fire, I should like

to stand upon the hearth myself !' A smile gleamed upon every face at this pointed speech. Mr. Greville tried to smile himself, though faintly and scoffingly. He tried also to hold to his post . . . for two or three minutes he disdained to move, but the awkwardness of a general pause impelled him ere long to glide back to his chair, but he rang the bell with force as he passed it, to order his carriage. It is probable that Dr. Johnson had observed the high air and mien of Mr. Greville, and had purposely brought forth that remark to disenchant him from his self-consequence."

Wars and conquests Johnson hated with a hatred worthy of John Bright. "I would wish," he writes, "Cæsar and Catiline, Xerxes and Alexander, Charles and Peter, huddled together in obscurity or detestation." Clive he described as a man who, "loaded" as he was "with wealth and honours, had acquired his fortune by such crimes, that his consciousness of them impelled him to cut his own throat." Lord Macaulay places Clive's name "in the list of those who have done and suffered much for the happiness of mankind." Mr. Bright, speaking in 1862 of our government in India, said: "I have always described it as a piratical joint-stock company, beginning with Lord Clive and ending, as I now hope it has ended, with Lord Dalhousie." How much nearer to Johnson is the Radical orator than the Whig historian? How the grand old Quaker would have applauded him when he maintained "that the martial character cannot prevail in a whole people but by the diminution of all other virtues." No less would he have praised his assertion that "among the calamities of war may be justly numbered the diminution of the love of truth by the falsehoods which interest dictates and credulity encourages. A peace will equally leave the warrior and relater of wars destitute of employment; and I know not whether more is to be dreaded from streets filled with soldiers accustomed to plunder, or from garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie." Johnson describes in a fable a mother vulture telling her little one, who had been watching a battle, that "man is the only beast who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species." He scoffs at "the feudal gabble" of the great Earl of Chatham, who wished to plunge the nation into war for the possession of Falkland's Island—"a bleak and gloomy solitude, an island thrown aside from human use; stormy in winter and barren in summer; an island which not the southern savages have dignified with habitation. . . . This is the country," he continues, "of which we have now possession, and of which a numerous party pretends to wish that we had murdered thousands for the titular sovereignty"—"murdered," that is to say, in a war with Spain.

Had I space, I would quote the splendid passage in his "Falkland's Islands," in which he attacks "the coolness and indifference with which the greater part of mankind see war commenced," and teaches us that "the life of a modern soldier is ill-represented by heroic fiction."

What a contrast to his hatred of war do we find in the pages of an early number of the great Whig Review—the Review of Jeffrey and Brougham, of Sydney Smith, and Francis Horner.

"The evils of increasing capital [writes the reviewer], like the evils of increasing population, are felt long before the case has become extreme, and a nation, it may be observed, is much more likely (at least in the present state of commercial policy) to suffer from increasing wealth than from increasing numbers of people. Are there no checks provided by the constitution of human nature and the construction of civil society for the one as well as for the other of these evils? Mr. Malthus has pointed out the manner in which the principle of population is counteracted, and, we apprehend that causes nearly analogous will be found to check the progressive increase of capital. Luxurious living and other kinds of unnecessary expenditure—above all, political expenses, and chiefly the expenses of war—appear to us to furnish those necessary checks to the indefinite augmentation of wealth, which there was reason *a priori* to suppose would be somewhere provided by the wise regulations of Nature."

This passage was written at a time when from bad harvests, war taxes, and corn laws, the people were on the brink of starvation. Johnson would have upbraided it as even more the language of a savage than the talk of Long Sir Thomas Robinson.

Should prolonged wars and extravagance have piled up the national debt, he was not troubled by Hume's fears that "inevitable ruin" must follow. "It was," he said, "an idle dream to suppose that the country could sink under the debt. Let the public creditors be ever so clamorous, the interest of millions must ever prevail over that of thousands." In other words, if the debt threatened to overwhelm the State, repudiation, partial or complete, must follow.

Writing about the approaching coronation of George III., he expresses the hope "that the number of foot-soldiers will be diminished, since it cannot but offend every Englishman to see troops of soldiers placed between him and his Sovereign, as if they were the most honourable of the people, or the king required guards to secure his person from his subjects. As their station makes them think themselves important, their insolence is always such as may be expected from servile authority; and the impatience of the people under such immediate oppression always produces quarrels, tumults, and mischief." In one of his *Idlers* he introduces "the second son of a gentleman whose estate was barely sufficient to support himself and his heir in the dignity of killing game;" the young man had, therefore, gone into the army. "I passed," he writes, "some years in the most contemptible of all human stations—that of a soldier in time of peace."

Cobden, in his pamphlets on our wars with Burmah, has not spoken more strongly against the annexation of that part of the Eastern peninsula than Johnson always spoke against conquest in every part

of the globe. "I do not much wish well to discoveries," he said; "for I am always afraid they will end in conquest and robbery. To find a new country and to invade it has always been the same." Of Christopher Columbus he said that "no part of the world has yet had reason to rejoice that he found at last reception [at the Court of Spain] and employment. In the same year, in a year hitherto disastrous to mankind, by the Portuguese was discovered the passage of the Indies, and by the Spaniards the coast of America." It "was with great emotion," Boswell tells us, that he exclaimed, "I love the University of Salamanca; for when the Spaniards were in doubt as to the lawfulness of their conquering America, the University of Salamanca gave it as their opinion that it was not lawful." The war between the English and the French in America he looked upon as a contest in which "no honest man can heartily wish success to either party. . . . It is only the quarrel of two robbers for the spoils of a passenger." He introduces in a tale an Indian chief bidding his countrymen "remember that the death of every European delivers the country from a tyrant and a robber," and this he published when the story of Wolfe's conquest of Quebec was but a fortnight old, and the church-bells, to use Horace Walpole's striking words, "were worn threadbare with ringing for victories." Of the colonies, such as Pennsylvania, that were established "on the fairest terms," he says that "they have no other merit than that of a scrivener who ruins in silence over a plunderer that seizes by force." Of the cessions that were said to have been made by the princes of the North American nations he writes: "There is no great malignity in suspecting that those who have robbed have also lied." How far he would have been from reproaching any one of his fellow-subjects, even "a black man," for his colour, he shows by his assertion that "it is ridiculous to imagine that the friendship of nations, whether civil or barbarous, can be gained and kept but by kind treatment; and surely they who intrude uncalled upon the country of a distant people ought to consider the natives as worthy of common kindness, and content themselves to rob without insulting them."

He was hopeful of better times to come. "There is reason to expect that, as the world is more enlightened, policy and morality will at last be reconciled, and that nations will learn not to do what they would not suffer." He seems almost to anticipate "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," of the poet; for in his writings we come across such expressions as "the universal league of social beings," "the great republic of human nature," "the great republic of humanity," against which "it is not easy to commit more atrocious treason than by falsifying its records, and misguiding its decrees." Against wreckers, on whatever coast they may be found, he proposes "a general insurrection of all social beings."

For Ireland he always had a strong feeling of pity. "The Irish," he said, "are in a most unnatural state, for we see there the minority prevailing over the majority." He praises Swift in that "he delivered Ireland from plunder and oppression, and showed that wit, confederated with truth, had such force as authority was unable to resist. . . . Swift," he continues, "taught the Irish first to know their own interest, their weight, and their strength, and gave them spirit to assert that equality with their fellow-subjects to which they have ever since been making vigorous advances, and to claim those rights which they have at last established." When the Irish patriot, Dr. Lucas, had to flee from his country to escape the imprisonment with which he was threatened, "in the common hall of the prisons among the felons," Johnson wrote: "Let the man thus driven into exile for having been the friend of his country be received in every other place as a confessor of liberty, and let the tools of power be taught in time that they may rob but cannot impoverish." He points out that "no oppression is so heavy or lasting as that which is inflicted by the perversion and exorbitance of legal authority. . . . When plunder bears the name of impost, and murder is perpetrated by a judicial sentence, fortitude is intimidated, and wisdom confounded: resistance shrinks from an alliance with rebellion, and the villain remains secure in the robes of the magistrate." The sight of the wretched hovels in the Hebrides—"a heap of loose stones and turf in a cavity between rocks, where a being, born with all those powers which education expands, and all those sensations which culture refines, is condemned to shelter itself from the wind and rain"—the sight of such abodes of squalor moved Johnson to write—

"That gloomy tranquillity, which some may call fortitude and others wisdom, was, I believe, for a long time to be very frequently found in these dens of poverty: every man was content to live like his neighbours, and never wandering from home saw no mode of life preferable to his own, except at the house of the laird, or the laird's nearest relations, whom he considered as a superior order of beings, to whose luxuries or honours he had no pretensions. But the end of this reverence and submission seems now approaching; the Highlanders have learned that there are countries less bleak and barren than their own, where, instead of working for the laird, every man may till his own ground, and eat the produce of his own labour."

Slavery at all times roused his deepest indignation—"the most calamitous estate in human life," he called it—"a state which has always been found so destructive to virtue that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word." In our war with our American colonies he proposed that "the slaves should be set free and furnished with firearms for defence, . . . settled in some simple form of government within the country, they may be more grateful

and honest than their masters." This scheme shocked the caution of Edmund Burke. "Slaves," Burke said, "are often much attached to their masters. A general wild offer of liberty would not always be accepted. History furnishes few instances of it. It is sometimes as hard to persuade slaves to be free as it is to compel freemen to be slaves; and in this auspicious scheme we should have both these pleasing tasks on our hands at once." Of fugitive negroes Johnson wrote that "they asserted their natural right to liberty and independence." Jamaica he described as "a place of great wealth and dreadful wickedness, a den of tyrants and a dungeon of slaves."

No man was more eager for general education. "He that voluntarily continues ignorance is guilty," he asserts, "of all the crimes which ignorance produces. . . . The efficacy of ignorance," he continues, "has been long tried, and has not produced the consequence expected. Let knowledge, therefore, take its turn." He shows why it is that education is dreaded by a ruling race. "It is found that ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure." There were men who maintained "that those who are born to poverty and drudgery should not be deprived by an improper education of the opiate of ignorance." But he replied, even if this be granted, we have first to determine "who are those that are born to poverty. To entail irreversible poverty upon generation after generation only because the ancestor happened to be poor is in itself cruel, if not unjust."

To him might justly be applied the words which he used of Savage: "He has asserted the natural equality of mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that pride which inclines men to imagine that right is the consequence of power." One who knew him well described him as a man who "supported his philosophical character with dignity, was extremely jealous of his personal liberty and independence, and could not brook the smallest appearance of neglect or insult even from the highest personages."

Few men held more strongly to the faith that,

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

Few men more steadily maintained that, however high the dignities may be, nevertheless

"The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that."

From him may be learnt the danger which the Radical runs when he mixes with the great. He warns his readers against "that cowardice which always encroaches fast upon such as spend their lives in the

company of persons higher than themselves." "Such," he says, "is the state of the world, that the most obsequious of the slaves of pride, the most rapturous of the gazers upon wealth, the most officious of the whisperers of greatness, are collected from seminaries appropriated to the study of wisdom and of virtue, where it was intended that appetite should learn to be content with little, and that hope should aspire only to honours which no human power can give or take away." "Such," writes Boswell, "was his inflexible dignity of character, that he could not stoop to court the great." "No man," he adds, "had a higher notion of the dignity of literature, or was more determined in maintaining the respect which he justly considered as due to it." This Boswell exemplifies by the following anecdote: "Goldsmith, in his diverting simplicity, complained one day, in a mixed company, of Lord Camden. 'I met him,' said he, 'at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man.' The company having laughed heartily, Johnson stood forth in defence of his friend. 'Nay, gentlemen,' said he, 'Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him.'" His letter to Lord Chesterfield—to Chesterfield, the great nobleman, the statesman, "the most distinguished orator in the Upper House, and the undisputed sovereign of wit and fashion"—has surely the true Radical ring. He carried his Radicalism to the family hearth. "A father," he maintained, "had no right to control the inclinations of his daughters in marriage." Writing of those who were despotic in their disposal of the hands of their daughters, he says: "It may be urged, in extenuation of this crime, which parents, not in any other respect to be numbered with robbers and assassins, frequently commit, that in their estimation riches and happiness are equivalent terms."

It may be objected that in applying the term *Radicalism* to the age of Johnson, I am as much the father of an anachronism as ever Mr. Caxton was when his son was christened Peisistratus. I am supported, however, by the reflection that Johnson himself, in contempt of all recognized systems of chronology, applied the term *Whig* to a very early period indeed in the world's history. "The first Whig," he said, "was the devil." Whiggism, therefore, is of far greater antiquity than its name, and so is Radicalism. At all events, for want of a better word, I must use it to describe that strongly marked vein which, as the passages that I have thus brought together show, under-ran "his high Church of England and monarchical principles." It is shown, moreover, in the whole conduct of his life; in his steady and bold assertion of the high merits and claim to respect of the awkward son of the bankrupt country bookseller, even in the midst of his greatest poverty and surrounded by the highest society. It is shown in the indignation with which

in his college days he threw away the pair of new shoes which some unknown friend had set at his door. It is shown in his letter to Lord Chesterfield; in the pride with which he brought out his great Dictionary—"I deliver it to the world," he said in his Preface, "with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well;" in his assertion that "the chief glory of every nation arises," not from its kings, its nobles, its statesmen, its warriors, but from the class to which he himself belonged—"its authors." It is shown from the beginning to the end of his interview with the king, in his never failing for one moment even before Majesty in the respect which he owed to himself. It is shown in that "blunt dignity which there was about him on every occasion;" in that fact which was found so remarkable by one who had seen no small variety of men, that however meagre might be his surroundings in his home, "no external circumstances ever prompted him to make any apology, or to seem even sensible of their existence." It is shown in the timid care with which his society was shunned by "great lords and great ladies"—a class which does not "love to have their mouths stopped." It is shown in the proud way in which he always acted up to his own noble words: "He that lives well cannot be despised."

GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL.

GENESIS AND SOME OF ITS CRITICS.

IT has been remarked that if any of the modern adepts in the destructive criticism of the Pentateuch should happen, after shuffling off this mortal coil, to find themselves in that region, not to be named in the presence of advanced theologians, in which the rich man of the parable is reported to have lifted up his eyes in torment, and if they should have the grace to ask father Abraham to send a missionary to the upper world to remedy the evil they had done, the patriarch would not be able to reply, "They have Moses and the prophets, let them hear them." He would have to say,— "They had Moses and the prophets, but you have discredited them, and with them have discredited Christ." Perhaps in these circumstances he might think it well to send back some of the petitioners to report their experiences.

In default of such an apparition from the other world, my reviewer, Dr. Driver,* and I may be pardoned for arriving at different conclusions respecting the labours of those advanced critics whom he so vehemently defends. More especially is this likely when we approach the consideration of the subject from two points so diverse as those of literary criticism and the observation of nature. Here I may frankly admit that, if the editor or writer of *Genesis* was a mere literary forger of comparatively recent date, the reviewer is much more likely than I to understand his ways. On the other hand, if he was as ancient as he professes to be, and more familiar with nature than with books, it is likely that his statements in regard to the world around him or its origin may be better comprehended by a naturalist than by a theologian. I honestly believe that a knowledge of

nature and scientific habits of thought may in many cases avail more in the interpretation of the Old Testament than mere literary and linguistic skill, though there is no necessity to despise the latter. In any case I am quite prepared to accept the questions raised by my reviewer as grounds of discussion of the antiquity, unity, and genuineness of the early chapters of Genesis, though these questions are after all much less important than many others which are open to inquiry in connection with this ancient book, and which relate to the truths which it teaches. I had much rather regard the subject as affecting our ideas of creation as revealed to early man, than as a mere battle over the character of the sacred books themselves.

I would first disclaim with the greatest sincerity the charge of "superciliousness and contempt" brought against me. A reference to my book might have shown that the expression "reduced to waste paper" had reference to theories of the route of the Exodus based on the reports of unscientific travellers and deductions therefrom, and that the "bookworms and pedants" referred to were not the learned men whom the reviewer names, but those who are weak enough to trust implicitly to their authority and to blazon abroad their dicta as incontrovertible. At the same time I think it right to express with the utmost decision my strong conviction, arrived at by original work, that such processes as those to which the reviewer refers, as establishing "the composite structure of the Pentateuch," in the sense in which he uses the expression, and the conclusion that the second chapter of Genesis is "contradictory" to the first, are unscientific and unreliable.

It is true I am called by my reviewer an "outsider," a term which may be of good or of bad import according to the company in which one is found (1st Psalm i. 1, 2). The accusation, however, is unfair. Even geologists have souls to be saved, and are interested in the integrity of the only revelation on which they can rely; and this applies to Genesis as well as to the New Testament, since it is patent to all men that the Jesus of the Gospels commits himself to the genuineness and divine authority of Moses and the prophets. Farther, any man who for fifty years has daily studied the Bible with the aid of its original languages, and has during all this time read with care every new treatise which seemed worthy of attention, need not be sneered at by the advocates of a criticism which is of yesterday, and, if it shares the fate of its predecessors, may perish to-morrow, while the word of the Lord endureth for ever. I do not complain of the scanty courtesy of my reviewer. It is precisely what I would expect from the advocate of the men he defends, and what I have experienced too often to be surprised at it. The fact that a Sadducean School may be careful not to identify itself too closely, either with the doctrine of Moses or of Christ, does not render it any

the less contemptuous in its dealing with those "outsiders" who claim the protestant right of judging for themselves, or the scientific right of applying the results of the study of God's works to the explanation of His revealed word.

My present purpose will, however, be best served by taking up, with all due deference to the eminent authorities relied on, some of the illustrations which the reviewer has given me; and first his allusion to that simple and pleasant word "grass," as it appears in the statement as to the creation of plants in our English version of Genesis i. 11. In this I may say he is only a follower of a less cautious critic in the *Academy*,* who makes my treatment of this verse the occasion of a jest rather more clever than that of my present reviewer. In the Authorized Version of the verse above referred to, we read the divine command:—"Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth." This is the fiat; the following verse gives the result in very similar terms, though with a few slight variations which are not without interest.

Before treating of these words, I would first postulate that the author or editor of the noble compositions contained in Genesis i. and ii., whatever his means of information, whether by direct revelation, vision or otherwise, and still more if with some we regard him as enlightened only by his own genius and penetration, must be credited at least with reason and common sense, and with that ordinary knowledge of nature which comes to men by observation, and which primitive men, judging from the discoveries they made and the works they have left, must have possessed in an eminent degree. It is necessary to insist on this, because my reviewer and those he defends sometimes attribute nothing short of absolute mental imbecility to the, to them, unknown writer of these venerable records.

It is further to be observed that the writer is describing the first introduction of vegetation, and this at a time when, according to his own showing in the following verses, the climatic and even astronomical conditions of the earth were different from what they now are; but that though this vegetation must have been quite different in detail from that of the modern world, and probably did not include any species now extant, he has to describe it, whatever its aspect as appearing to him, in the terms furnished by the common speech of his time. Even to modern science the vegetation which he indicates in a few plain words is as yet known almost exclusively by the beds of structureless carbon which resulted from its interment in the earth's crust, and by inference from the forms and structures of a somewhat later flora growing under somewhat different conditions. The task set before our ancient writer was thus probably much more difficult

* September 1, 1888.

than he could himself comprehend—certainly much more so than is imagined by the reviewer.

He uses three Hebrew words, the first of which, *deshé*, translated grass, is the one in question. That this term cannot in this place mean grass in our ordinary sense of that word appears from the context, since, of the two classes of plants mentioned immediately after it, one, viz., herbs producing seed, includes the grasses, and we can scarcely imagine that the knowledge of grass possessed by this old writer was limited to what he could learn from an Oxford lawn mowed so often that it can never go to seed. It is to be observed, moreover, that the verb used along with *deshé* is derived from the same root, so that if we translate the noun by grass we might read, as some have done, "grass itself with grass;" or, if we prefer to regard the noun as more general, we might read the words with others, "vegetate vegetation." The latter of these extreme views would import that there are only two kinds of vegetation referred to, herbs and woody plants, and that *deshé* is a general and preliminary term covering both. In this case, however, the impropriety of translating it grass would be still more apparent. The first of these views is probably to be preferred, and was that adopted by Rosenmuller, one of my earliest teachers in biblical matters.* He explains the passage as including three classes of plants:—"(1) *Tenera herba sine semine sattem conspicio*; (2) *Quæ semen profert majorque est*; (3) *Arbores, sub quibus arbusta continentur*." His view may seem antiquated to my reviewer, but it still commends itself to my judgment, though we now know more than was known in Rosenmuller's time as to the nature of the event portrayed.

But let us inquire as to the biblical use of the word; and, in the first place, some light is thrown upon this by the expression "*Yadshe deshé*," where, as already stated, the verb to produce, or bring forth, is allied to the noun. This would seem to indicate that the general sense of springing or sprouting implied in the verb should also be extended to the noun. *Yasha* is an uncommon verb, occurring, so far as I have noticed, only in one other place, in the Book of Joel, which is remarkable for its vivid and simple delineations of nature, and where, from the connection in which the prophet uses the word, he would almost seem to refer to the verse in Genesis:—

* For the pastures of the wilderness do *spring*,
For the tree beareth her fruit."

His prediction is certainly much intensified in force if we suppose such a reference. In Gen. i. 12, the verb *yatzu* is used, its significance being to go out, or produce. In the Revised Version the first

* "Scholia in Gen.," where also the alternative view of regarding *deshé* and *esché* as pleonastic is stated.

verb is translated "put forth," and the other "brought forth." I do not know what difference the translators meant to indicate by these phrases, but it seems certain that the original writer intended a nice distinction between the "brairding," as we may call it (to use a good Saxon word still employed by farmers), of the first vegetation and its subsequent development, as if he had himself been a witness of it, and as he may have seen the early vegetation spring up in the desert after the rains. A beautiful example of this process, almost like a new creation, has been recently observed in the clothing of the waste of cinders left by the great eruption of Krakatoa, first with delicate microscopic algaïd plants, and then with other forms of vegetation.

As to the word *Deshé* itself, it occurs only once in the Pentateuch beyond Genesis i., and then in the Song of Moses, Deut. xxxii. 2, in the beautiful passage:—

"My doctrine shall drop as the rain,
My speech shall distil as the dew,
As the small rain upon the *tender grass*,
And as the showers upon the herb."*

Here the necessity of using the phrase "tender grass" shows that the word implies more than mere grass, and the word for herb is the same used presumably by the same writer in Gen. i. 11. Another passage in the Book of Job,† which is equally remarkable with the Pentateuch for the accuracy and variety of its references to nature, deserves notice.

"To satisfy the waste and desolate ground,
To cause the *tender grass* to spring forth."

Here the margin of the Revised Version gives "green sward," and the Authorized Version has "bud of the tender herb." In both passages the reference is evidently to the bulbous-rooted vegetation of the desert, and these periphrases and variations show that the English language, as represented by the translators, ancient and modern, must be at a loss for any one word to express the meaning, which is evidently related rather to the act of springing up than, to grass as such. In point of fact it is plain that in these places the word does not mean grass, but immature or non-seeding herbage in general. There are eleven other passages in which it occurs, in the majority of which it can be much better rendered by tender or young herbage than by grass.‡ It is further to be observed that the Hebrew has other words to express ordinary grass, more especially *chatsir* and *eseb*, which are more frequently used than *deshé*, though neither is absolutely restricted to plants of the order *Gramineæ*, and the latter is the word rendered herb in Genesis i.

* Revised Version. In the Authorized Version, "tender herb" and "grass."

† xxxviii. 27. The original here has "*motza deshé*"—the former word referring either to the act of springing up or to the locality of it.

‡ The usual renderings in the Septuagint are *botané* and *chloé*.

Returning now to Genesis i., we find that the writer, in picturing the introduction of plants, has before his mind either the ideas of time of introduction or of rank, or both. He may mean to inform us that in the introduction of plants the lower or humbler came first, and the herbs bearing seed and trees bearing fruit in order of rank, or that those seedless plants designated by *deshé* constituted the whole of the first vegetation, to be afterward expanded into higher forms.* The difference between these views is only a question of how much of the process was before his mind, and in either case *deshé* must indicate the simpler and humbler types of plants, whether we call them cryptogams or by any other name. But we must bear in mind that there were and are many cryptogams that are trees, so that we should have to say humbler cryptogams in order to be as accurate as our ancient authority. I cannot refrain from noticing here the little touches of pictorial effect given by the trees being over the earth rather than merely upon it, by the emphatic mention of the highest form of vegetation in the seed enclosed in its perfect fruit, and also by the parallelism between the idea of springing up in the indication of the earlier and humbler plants of the land, and that of multiplying abundantly in the lower animals of the waters (verse 20).

The above are a few of the principal points involved in the study of this remarkable verse of Genesis, which, from the standpoint of natural science, has still other bearings, and they are surely sufficient to show how crude is the conclusion of my reviewer—"The common rendering grass is clearly the only one which the word will bear"—in contrast with the profound and accurate conception of our ancient authority.

The reviewer's conviction of the "composite structure" of the Pentateuch seems to have induced him to attribute a composite character to my book, which is really the record of a journey undertaken with a definite object—namely, to study the large collections of prehistoric and Eastern remains accumulated in recent years in Europe, and to employ these in aid of such researches as I could make in Bible lands. I find myself in good company, however, when the idea of composite structure in the Pentateuch is pushed so far as to blame me for supposing that "Genesis i. is not contradictory to Genesis ii." Is not the supposition of such contradiction, at the very first sight of the record, scarcely credible? Whoever the writer or editor, at whatever time, can we imagine him as giving a deliberate and connected statement of the order of creation at the beginning of his book, and immediately following this statement by a contradiction in which the facts are stated in the opposite order of their previously alleged occurrence. This difficulty is not mitigated, but rather increased, by the hypothesis of different documents pieced together; because the compiler could not on this hypothesis have placed the supposed contradictory docu-

ments in such immediate succession without seeing that they were mutually destructive. Is it not in every way more probable that he intended, and supposed that his readers would understand him to intend, to relate in the one chapter events different from those recorded in the other: that, in short, it was his design to place man in his proper place, and without undue details, in the general account in chapter i., and then to begin his special human history by a more particular account of the condition of the earth and its inhabitants when man appeared on it. Thus the magnificent cosmological symmetry of the history of creation in chapter i. is preserved intact, and we are introduced in detail to the earth of the later part of the sixth creative day when man took possession of it. Even if this were more doubtful, any presumably honest writer should have the benefit of the doubt, especially when it can be shown that he has truthfully sketched the condition of the world at the close of the Pleistocene age, when, so far as we at present know, man made his appearance. The objections urged to this view are, for the most part, too puerile to merit serious treatment. One of them, however, deserves a word of notice. It is perhaps not quite certain, notwithstanding the subsequent usage, that in those early records "beast of the field" is precisely identical with the cognate phrase, "beast of the earth;" but, waiving this, I do not know any reason to deny that carnivorous animals existed in Eden. The contrary seems to be stated, and the serpent certainly was there. But that there were animals in Eden similar to those with which Moses threatens the Israelites in Leviticus xxvi. 22, and able to rend Adam—that is to say, large and dangerous carnivora—is entirely at variance with the whole tenor of the record, and with scientific probability as well. It is, however, characteristic of many of the critics whom my reviewer defends, that they are willing to sacrifice consistency and general probability in deference to any merely verbal nicety, more likely to occur to them than to an ancient and concise writer.

A more important question is the site of Eden, a question which I have pretty fully treated of in such light as recent geographical researches have cast on the subject, and which, to my mind, is very satisfactory. The one objection to this urged by your reviewer is that the four heads of the rivers of Eden are really their outlets. No doubt it is possible to find authorities who affirm this, and almost anything else, however fanciful, that can be imagined respecting the rivers of Eden. But the term head, as applied figuratively to any natural object, in Hebrew, as in all other languages, is usually the upper part of it, or the beginning of it, and there is no conceivable reason for understanding it otherwise here, except to favour certain theories as to the site of Eden. Above all, such an idea, or such a use of words, is not likely to have occurred to primitive or early men, familiar with nature

more than with the notions of scholars, whose ideas of the simplest natural facts are often very crude. It is of course impossible to conceive of a river whose outlet is its beginning, or is higher than its head. Besides this, one of the rivers—namely, *Pison*—must, from the description, have flowed from a mountainous country. There is no warrant for the assertion that the description follows the “downward” course of the stream. The writer merely tells us that the river was in the garden, that it went out or ascended (possibly overflowed) from Eden to irrigate the garden, and that from thence (the garden, not Eden) it divided into four heads. Further, one of these heads, or rivers, was *Euphrates*, another *Tigris*, whose junction in the *Shat-el Arab* must have been known to the writer, which at once reduces to a physical absurdity the idea that the heads of these rivers are outlets, and proves that the garden was at or near their confluence. One learned commentator has endeavoured to reconcile the two ideas by making the *Tigris* and *Euphrates* meet in Eden and then divide below; but only a few have been so bold as to imagine a single origin or source dividing into four streams, though some have endeavoured to represent the heads as separate canals or streams in a delta. I have not endeavoured to settle the matter by a majority of votes, but if it is the “almost universally accepted” interpretation of any school of critics or commentators that we should understand the heads of rivers to be their outlets, then all I can say is, so much the worse for the critics. Seriously, I think any one who will carefully consider the topographical and geological facts as I have presented them in the work criticized, can scarcely fail to understand distinctly the geographical features described in *Genesis*, and to see that they accord well with the present structure of the country and with its probable condition in the early modern period.

Finally, I am quite guiltless of the belief that any important share of the discovery of the Egyptian element in the *Pentateuch* belongs to me. On the contrary, I remember when it was customary with a certain school of objectors to say that Egyptian discoveries had proved that the whole *Pentateuch*, including its religious rites and its laws, was nothing but an adaptation and abridgment of the Egyptian learning and theology. It now suits such persons to take the opposite side. When we consider the unmistakable early Chaldean affinities of *Genesis*—the evidence of which discovery is daily strengthening,—the equally decided Egyptian colouring of the other books of the *Pentateuch*, and the sudden descent to purely Palestinian affairs in *Joshua* and *Judges*, we find facts which no theory of composite and late origin can overthrow. That any writer in the times of the Hebrew monarchy or later could have worked out of his own consciousness, or of any fragments and traditions, a whole so coherent and harmonious, and so full of minute touches relating to facts, places,

and customs of which he must have been personally ignorant, would be a miracle of which we have certainly no example in modern times. It is to be observed, however, that while, on the one hand, an inconceivable amount of knowledge and skill must be assumed on the part of the literary forgers to whom we are supposed to owe the Books of Moses, these men are, on the other hand, represented with singular inconsistency to have been careless and silly to the last degree, in admitting palpable contradictions and anachronisms into their work.

If, however, we look at the other side of the question, from an historical point of view, the facts of the exodus are all consistent with the necessity of a leader, lawgiver, and historian like Moses; a collector of his nation's history up to his own time in Genesis; a chronicler of events during the march to Canaan (Exodus xvii. 14, xxiv. 4, 7), probably with the aid of trained Egyptian scribes, of whom there must have been many in the camp of Israel; a legislator whose laws were framed from time to time as exigency required, were incorporated in the narrative of his work, and were finally summed up in that wonderful and most archaic compound of history, law, and poetry which we call the Book of Deuteronomy. No minute and laboured criticisms can ever avail to shake this fabric, any more than paper pellets can sink an ironclad.

One word in conclusion respecting the moral complexion of this matter. A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" thus extenuates the moral obliquity of the compilers of the supposed composite and recent Pentateuch as evidenced by Deuteronomy. The work of the compiler or forger was done, he says, "not in pious fraud, but simply because his object was, not to give a new law, but to expound and develop Mosaic principles in relation to new needs; and, as ancient writers are not accustomed to distinguish historical data from historical deductions, he naturally presents his views in dramatic form in the name of Moses."* This defence, let it be observed, refers to a book which explicitly says it was written by Moses at a definite time and in a specified place (Deut. i. 1-5 and xxxi. 9).

There was an ingenious workman in England some time ago, who manufactured palæolithic flint implements for sale to collectors. "Flint Jack's" implements were exactly on the model of the old, only adapted to the "new needs" of modern antiquarians, and were disposed of by a "dramatic form, in the name of" palæolithic men; who no doubt made and used precisely similar tools. Flint Jack was of course not inclined to "distinguish historical data" from "the historical deduction" which he imposed upon his customers. But Flint Jack's was a very harmless imposture compared with the forgery of documents intended to influence men with regard to their highest interests, and to subject them to the domination of a priestly caste.

* Article, "Bible."

Ingenious manufacturers prepare an excellent substitute for butter out of the vilest refuse, and my grocer may not be clearly alive to the difference between the wholesome product of a country dairy and the oleomargarine whose origin and history are different, but which may serve "present needs" as a substitute, although the "historical deduction" as to its origin implied in selling it as dairy butter may be false. I consume my oleomargarine, flattering myself that it is butter and am none the worse, though perhaps it may be a trifle less digestible. The morality of the transaction is not good, but still not quite so bad as that of the imagined falsification of Deuteronomy.

How can men, professing to be servants of Him who came "to bear witness to the truth," have any respect for documents whose authors must have been morally on a level with Flint Jack and dishonest grocers? How can they expect us to go to church and listen to them when reading or preaching from these old forgeries, which we cannot believe if we believe the doctrine of their modern expositors? It is surely time for even "outsiders" to protest against such inconsistency, and especially for Christian naturalists, who find the sacred name of Science prostituted by this pseudo-gnosis, to make their voices heard in favour of fair and honest exposition of the Bible, a book to which they owe so much, and which, in its treatment of nature, is so greatly superior to most other literature. I am not done with this subject, and trust that I may have an opportunity to pursue it further on a future occasion, when I propose to refer to the Antediluvian Age and the Deluge, which may bring up another question in which Science is interested, namely, that of Miracle as related to facts in physical science and to the laws of nature.

J. WILLIAM DAWSON.

MADAME FRANCE AND HER *BRAV' GÉNÉRAL.*

THE political problem in France is one of deep interest beyond the borders of the Republic. For it raises anew in the Centennial of the Revolution the great question whether there is or whether there can be in a democratic State any interdict imposed or maintained upon the absolute authority of universal suffrage. In England, politicians have accustomed themselves to regard the clearly expressed will of a majority of the electors as decisive. With us the phrases popular sovereignty, the will of the people, self-government, have come to mean in practice this: that there is no appeal either in the law or the constitution from the will of a majority of the electors as shown at a general election. The British householder is as absolute as the Tzar. As long as he is in doubt, other powers exist. When he has made up his mind, they simply disappear. The utmost that the most fervent partisans of the House of Lords now venture to maintain is that the Second Chamber may interpose for a season in order to place beyond all doubt the fact that the electorate has really made up its mind. But when that mind is made up beyond all doubt its decisions are obeyed.

General elections have come to be more and more of plebiscites, and the voice of the people, as audible at such elections, has come to be regarded as the only English equivalent of the voice of God. The people are a law unto themselves. No law is superior to their will. Their votes are the source of law. When they vote it is in order to declare what laws shall be abrogated or what laws shall be passed. It is becoming more and more impossible, therefore, for Englishmen even to imagine that the will of the voting majority for a time being can be or ought to be subjected to any limitation.

In France, however, the home of the Revolution, where men deal

much more than they do in England in the magniloquent phrases which assert the uncontrolled sovereignty of the nation, the plebiscitary doctrine is still regarded by many politicians as a damnable heresy. This was bluntly expressed by M. Reinach in the *République Française*, after General Boulanger's election for Paris, when he wrote :

"The will of the people, if it presumes to go against the law, is that of a drunken pasha; the duty of a Republican magistrate is to crush it."

The conception of the existence of a magistrate upon whom was imposed the duty of crushing the will of the people is so novel to the average British elector that he will probably be revolted at it. Yet we have only to turn to the United States to find in full force and practical operation a number of effective checks and limitations upon the national will—checks and limitations which impose upon the Republican magistracy in certain contingencies the duty which M. Reinach declares is imposed on the French Presidency. The will of the people, no matter how clearly expressed in plebiscitary elections, cannot effect any alteration in the American Constitution until certain rigorously imposed conditions, entailing the delay of years and the patient and prolonged verification of the force and persistency of the national will, have been scrupulously complied with. No majority, no matter how decisive, of the American people can place a law on the Statute-book which conflicts with the written constitution as interpreted by the Supreme Court; whereas, in England, there is no law and no institution which cannot be thrown into the melting-pot as soon as the British householder has had an opportunity of clearly making known his will. The only check upon the impatient will of the democracy is the Septennial Act. Once in seven years the householder becomes an autocrat, and those who are curious about such things will find in the agitation for shorter Parliaments the most significant and possibly the most dangerous symptom of the growth of what may be termed plebiscitary absolutism in Great Britain.

Lord Salisbury has frequently made known his anxiety for the adoption of American safeguards against the uncontrolled caprice of the voting majority. Democracies are, however, impatient of restrictions which impede the making of their will immediately executive; in England the natural forces of the national sluggishness have hitherto been potent enough to conceal and to minimize the dangers against which every constitution builder seeks to guard. We can afford to take the risk. But because we can do so, it does not necessarily follow that other nations can follow our example. In England we can afford, or at least we have hitherto been able to afford, to allow the voting majority to become periodically autocratic. If we make a mistake at one election we can rectify it at the next. That is, because in England there is no power superior to the electorate, and

it is only in countries where the electorate represents the supreme force that it can safely be invested with supreme power that is immediately executive. If that is necessary to the full exercise of national sovereignty, then it is well to recognize that France has not the conditions under which alone national sovereignty can be exercised. English people do not realize, and fortunately for themselves are never likely to realize, the enormous difference which the existence of an immense army makes in the conditions of government. We can do as we please, because whatever blunders we make nothing is irreparable. It is impossible for a free community, in which the soldier is an insignificant unit among the mass of citizens, to part with its freedom. We cannot, even if we wished it, vote ourselves into slavery. The French have that privilege. If for a moment we were to be seized with the caprice of servitude, we should no sooner experience its evils than we should resume our liberty. But in countries where there is a huge army, popular liberty, in the English sense, is impossible.

That is the fundamental distinction between England and France, and that is the difference which must never be lost sight of in attempting to form a just judgment upon the policy of our neighbours. The citizen cannot abdicate in England. In France, if for a single moment he were to lay down his prerogatives, he could never regain them except at the price of a revolution. We may make Mr. Gladstone dictator, or Lord Salisbury, under the veil of Constitutionalism. But as a breath has made them so a breath can unmake them. In France it is otherwise. In the Republic there exists, side by side with citizenship, the armed nation. As long as the citizen retains firm grasp of the Executive power, the army will do his bidding. But, if in a moment of lassitude or impatience, he hands over the Executive power, the army can be used to prevent any further exercise of his sovereignty. If once, by any fluke, any individual, be he wise or foolish, has succeeded in scrambling into the place from which commands can be issued to the men with muskets, all constitutional safeguards disappear. Power passes from the men who vote to the men who shoot, and although the latter are the former in uniform, the dire enchantment of military discipline renders them the obedient instrument for the destruction of their own liberties. The man who wields the Executive power in France can order 2,500,000 adult Frenchmen to shoot whom he pleases, and they are bound to obey. An army is of necessity an unreasoning machine. It is a tremendous engine created, from first to last detail of its organization, in order to be the facile and obedient instrument of the will of the Executive authority. Hence the enormous peril to which free institutions are exposed in the French Republic; hence the need for placing the most rigorous restrictions upon all ambitions that seem to tend towards the estab-

lishment of what the Americans call the One Man Power. For the one man who sits in the chair of the Executive is no longer a mere man. He is a being who can will with the force of 2,500,000 rifles, and can speak with the voice of all the artillery of France. Until Europe disarms, liberty in the English sense, popular government in the English sense, national sovereignty in the English sense, are impossible in France. The shadow of the sword obscures the light of freedom, and all that can be hoped for is a more or less wretched *pis aller* which will do duty as a substitute for liberty. A man who drives along a turnpike road can indulge in vagaries one-thousandth part of which would be fatal on the unfenced edge of an abyss. France is always on the edge of the abyss. Hence the peril of Boulangism. France is the last country in the world where men can afford to play tricks with the securities which the mature wisdom of the framers of the Constitution has enacted for the preservation of the liberties of the people.

II.

The Centenary of the Revolution, which has just been celebrated by the opening of the Exhibition in Paris, curiously coincides with the culmination of Boulangism. For a hundred years France has been experimenting with political systems, with the result that she has not to this day developed in the minds of the majority of the people the elementary principle of popular representative government. The evil spirit of absolute power is not exorcised even by the charm of a revolution. The demoralizing influence of despotism cannot be cut out like a tumour even with the knife of the guillotine. Rather is it like a cancer which, when the surgeon has removed it from one place, forms again in another. France has never purged herself of the virus of absolutism. Self-government in the English sense is still foreign to the traditions, the instincts, and the deepest convictions of the French. The proof of this is that France is at this moment divided into three camps. There are the Boulangists of all shades, whose one idea of saving France is to put a soldier into the saddle, in the view that they will be able to induce him to ride in the direction of their hopes; there are the anti-Boulangists, who are ready to resort to almost any expedient in order to prevent the majority of Frenchmen, if they are Boulangists, imposing their will upon the minority; and there are the Revolutionary Socialists, to whom both Boulangist and anti-Boulangist are but fit to be used as fuel for the burning, who hold aloof from politics, and whose whole expectation is fixed upon the general overturn that is to inaugurate the millennium.

The very idea of bowing to the will of the majority of the adult persons in the community is alien to the whole political genius of the

French people. They understand authority, and they understand anarchy. They do not understand the government of the people by the people and for the people. They distrust the wisdom, the sanity of the popular decision to such an extent that they are continually occupied with considering how to set it at naught. One of the most eminent Republicans in France, a man conspicuous for his devotion to democratic principles, said the other day: "What you do not understand in England is this. For the sake of freedom it is necessary sometimes to disregard freedom." The Republic is the pledge and the security of our liberties. We mean to maintain the Republic by the aid of the majority of the people if we can get that majority on our side, but against that majority if that majority goes over to the other side. What would you have us do? Bow to the majority? Even if the majority were, in spite of our warnings, to vote for a candidate whose pretensions are fatal to the Republic? Never! never! That we will never do, notwithstanding all your protests. We will save the Republic, be its supporters minority or majority, come what may. Of course, in the end, if the nation will have Boulanger or any other person, we shall be compelled to submit. If I am the only Republican in France I cannot establish the Republic, that is quite sure. But so long as we have the power in our hands we must use it without hesitation to save the Republic." "So the outcome of one hundred years of the Revolution has been to leave the Republicans as despotic at heart as the Grand Monarque?" "The Revolution," he replied quickly, "was it, then, indifferent to the responsibilities of power? Did it not use that little instrument in the Place de la Concorde without stint to impose its will upon the country?"—which is, no doubt, true, and that little instrument, or something similar, is always the *ultima ratio* of French logic.

This habit of mind, which is confined to no section, is a monstrous inversion of the claims of the Catholic Church established in the political sphere. Every government, every system, regards itself as infallible, with a sacred mission to crush the heretic, by fair means if possible, but, if not, then by foul. That your principles ought not to be allowed to prevail until you have converted a majority of the adult population to your way of thinking, that the true sceptre of power in a democratic State is argument rather than authority, and that because you happen to be in power you have no more right to administer the law to prejudice your political opponents than you have to burn a man to death for disbelieving in the Trinity, these theories of politics are at a discount upon the other side of the Channel. In France all political factions are practically so many religious or irreligious sects, each almost as intolerant as the Roman Church, and as fanatically convinced that the shortest cut to the Kingdom of Heaven is to give them supreme power to harry their adversaries.

The very efforts which the more reasonable and truly Liberal statesmen make, in order to place some check upon the uncontrolled caprice of the voting majority for the time being, bring them perilously near the edge of the same pernicious doctrine. Nor are they as careful as they might be to avoid the appearance of evil. To talk, as M. Reinach writes, about crushing the will of the people, when that will has been declared at the polling booth, is to invoke, in phrase at least, the weapons of despotism in the cause of liberty. It is, indeed, an unfortunate position in which one faction wishes to assert popular sovereignty in order to consummate political suicide, and the other, to save the liberties of the people, is driven to deny the duty of rendering obedience to the national will.

In such an atmosphere Boulangism grows as naturally as mushrooms on a dunghill. For the moment that, however unavoidable such a departure may be, you depart from the democratic principle of counting noses and allowing the average man, even if he be wrong, to govern in his own way until he finds out by his own wit that he is mistaken, it is difficult to stop short of a despotism which logically ends in dictatorship. As the Catholic Church gravitated to the decree of infallibility, all authoritative political systems gravitate towards the sovereignty of the one man—it may be a Monarch, an Emperor, or a Doge, it may only be a masterful Prime Minister, or an omnipotent Mayor of the Palace. The craving to take short cuts to the millennium, the belief in the possibility of using authority to save men from themselves, opens the door to the Saviour of Society, and it is through that door that General Boulanger has entered to disquiet the Republic. His is a familiar rôle in French history, and, like all his tribe, he puts in the forefront of his mission the salvation of the Republic—by its annihilation—a kind of salvation not usually appreciated by the victim of the experiment. There has always been some one round whom the floating mass of discontent in solution tends to crystallize, but seldom has the process of precipitation been brought about by so insignificant a grain of sand. It is a product characteristic of our time. For Boulangism, whatever it may have of solidity and force, owes its existence to conditions which are among the distinctive creations of this century. General Boulanger may be a charlatan or he may be a hero. But whether charlatan or hero his present position is the triumph of *réclame*.

"Grateful and comforting," said Mr. Goschen, in explaining the substantial increase to the revenue from the growth of the national consumption of cocoa, "have not been without their effect. Cocoa is taking the place of coffee in the national breakfast cup, by virtue of the immense expenditure of rival cocoa manufacturers in advertising their wares, and the description of Epps' cocoa as 'grateful and comforting,' which meets the eye in every railway station, is largely responsible for the change." As it is in England with cocoa so it is

in France with General Boulanger. 'He is the hero of ingenious *réclame*. Boulangism has worked the miracle of Aaron's rod in swallowing up all the other isms by virtue of the great modern art—the art of advertisement. The first Napoleon climbed to the Imperial throne by a ladder every round in which was a brilliant victory over the enemies of France. The Third Napoleon leapt into the vacant throne from the vantage-ground of his uncle's name. General Boulanger has neither victories to boast nor a name to be proud of. Yet by universal consent he is now the only man whose personality is visible throughout France: the only man to be feared as a foe or to be counted on as a friend. And all this is the work of the accomplished practitioner in the art of *blague*, the achievement of the professor of *réclame*, the crowning glory of the *claque* which has devoted its energies to the science of political advertisement. Great is puffery, numerous are the resources of a master in the difficult art of self-advertisement; but who could have imagined that on the Centenary of the great Revolution, men would be gravely discussing whether a comparatively obscure soldier has or has not been advertised into a position from which he may establish himself upon the ruins of the Republic in the supreme seat of power occupied in turn by Charlemagne, St. Louis, Henry Quatre, Louis XIV., and Napoleon. The fact that he owes his position to *réclame*—it must be admitted—does not necessarily prove that he is unworthy of it. There is a prejudice of old standing against those who thrive by the arts of the advertiser. The man of insight is superior to prejudices. The prejudice of the mail-clad knights against villanous saltpetre was as natural as the prejudice against the advertiser; but as gunpowder triumphed, so may the advertisement, and if so, the part of the man of foresight is not to disdain but promptly to utilize the weapon which will enable him to achieve his end.

Lord Randolph Churchill is the most distinguished example in our country of the position which may be won in a comparatively brief space of time by the adroitness which keeps a man constantly *en evidence* before the public. To make the elector think of you, keep yourself *en evidence*, never bore your public, but always keep up the interest in your performances, and you will soon distance much more sober and serious statesmen. The popular memory is terribly short-lived. The mind of the democracy must constantly be refreshed, otherwise it forgets. Politics have become the theatre of the masses, and the Merry-andrew is often more welcome to the pit and gallery than the most respectable of heavy fathers or the most imposing of heroes. That the destinies of nations should be entrusted to the least capable of governing because they are the more adroit in tickling the ears of the groundlings is undoubtedly a grave drawback to the new system; but, after all, it does not compare altogether unfavourably with the old methods of insur-

rection, of cabal and of intrigue, by which ambitious men have in other ages fought their way up to supreme power. Democracy, no doubt, is often very vulgar, and the necessity for advertisement is one of the phases of this defect.

But while in free countries not under the yoke of militarism the advertiser may be allowed to find his own level, the increased opportunities which the extreme publicity of our time gives to the dexterous organizer of a political *claque* should not be lost sight of as an additional peril, where the army supplies an automatic machinery for suspending liberty, if once an adventurer has advertised himself into power.

III.

General Boulanger has brought his black horse, Tunis, to London, and Londoners have now an opportunity of inspecting the chief theatrical property of the new Pretender. But it would be a mistake to imagine that his horse is his only claim to popular favour. Caligula made his horse a consul, but we have not yet arrived at a time when a horse can make its rider master of France. As the vine, deprived of its natural prop, will cast its tendrils round any thistle or hemlock that grows near, so the French craving for a saviour is prepared to cling to any individual, no matter whom, if only he happens to be near and conspicuous. In the wilderness of commonplace mediocrity General Boulanger was just visible above his fellows. He had pleasant manners, he was a man of some decisiveness of character; his eye for effect was not trammelled by too much scruple; he was a soldier who had the advertising instinct of a circus manager. These four qualities may not have been of the first-class, but there were four of them, and no other candidate for popular favour had so many. The death of Gambetta left the field clear for a patriotic candidate. Gambettism was the direct descendant in the Republican line of Bonapartism, and Boulangism is the heir of Gambettism. Had M. Gambetta lived, General Boulanger would have been a French general and nothing more. When Gambetta fell, General Boulanger's opportunity arrived. He is now the first Pretender to supreme power in France, and those who dislike him most admit that, after all, no one knows what may happen.

It is all the result of the French character, habituated to Monarchy and personal authority, and it only seems strange to us, because we have never fully mastered the fact that the French Revolution was never directed against the principle of the exercise of absolute authority by a minority over a majority. Whatever was the triumph of the Revolution, it did not legitimize the sovereignty of the majority. The result is that the spiritual successors of the men of St. Antoine are in more or less open revolt against all Government.

whatsoever. The conflict between these wildly anarchic discontents below, and the authoritative infallibilist Republicans above, may attain sufficient development to lead the masses of the French peasants to subordinate every other consideration to the supreme necessity of placing in power a man who, like Captain Plunkett, would not hesitate to shoot. General Boulanger, being a soldier, is presumably such a man. There are many curious things about General Boulanger, but one of the most curious is the conviction with which he inspires all those who meet him that they can use him as their tool. No small part of his success has been due to this faculty. He has exercised it upon every party in turn, and often upon several parties at once. They have all either exploited him or hope to exploit him. The Republicans led the way. It was they who first conceived the possibility of getting a rise out of his popularity. How that popularity came about no one can accurately explain. All that is known is that about seven or eight years ago, when the Republic was still living in more or less dread of the Orleanists, who crowded the War Office and controlled the army, the leading Republicans discovered that General Boulanger was popular, not very popular, but a little more popular than any other General who was of a Republican way of thinking. Thereupon, as is the fashion among political men, they cast about in their own minds how they could best exploit him in their own interest. Republican Generals, with a dower of popularity, were not so plentiful that they could be disregarded by Republicans more or less alarmed at the strength of the Monarchists in the army. Hence M. Clémenceau entered into relations with General Boulanger, and it was this intimacy which gave General Boulanger his first stepping-stone to power. M. Clémenceau is now no doubt undeceived in the character of his *protégé*. He knew that General Boulanger had been one of the officers supporting the Duc d'Aumale, to whom he owed the grade of General. But he relied upon him to rid the War Office of the Orleanists, and so far as that particular task was concerned, his confidence was not misplaced. M. Clémenceau thought he could use him, and he persisted in that belief until long after every one else saw that it was the General who was using M. Clémenceau as a cloak to cover his own designs. But at last even the patience of M. Clémenceau gave way. He broke with General Boulanger, and he has ever since continued to be his uncompromising opponent.

Deprived of his first political ally, thrown out of office, and despatched to the semi-retirement of the command of a district army corps, General Boulanger soon set an example of indiscipline by organizing an agitation, and making boasts which he first denied and then admitted. After serving a period under arrest of three days for indiscipline, he visited Paris in disguise to organize his political campaign. He was detected, ridiculed, and placed on half-pay. But

ridicule has ceased to kill in France. General Boulanger stood as candidate in two Departments, and, being tried by a Council of Generals, was declared guilty of serious breaches against discipline, and dismissed. He at once plunged openly into politics. His qualifications, whatever they were in other respects, were balanced by certain very glaring defects. He had up to this time betrayed both the Monarchists and the Royalists. He had been overwhelmed with ridicule for his disguised breach of military discipline, and he had been disclassed and deprived of his military status by a Military Court. He was effaced, he was crushed for ever, so exulted his enemies; and for a time Europe believed that the Republic had demolished General Boulanger, as completely as the Tzar had disposed of General Ignatieff—a much abler man than General Boulanger, and with far more substantial achievements to justify his position in the State.

The fixed idea that General Boulanger was a useful tool for any one to handle was far from being disposed of. He was no sooner dropped by one party than he found others eager to renew the experiment. This time he was taken up by two parties, representing the extremes of French politics. M. Henri Rochefort, the Labouchère of the Republic, and M. Naquet, the Republican senator who is notable as the author of the Divorce Law in France, hastened to attach themselves to the discarded Minister. He welcomed his allies with the same good humour that he had received the advances first of the Orleanists and afterwards of the Republicans. Together with these advanced men, came a still more questionable contingent of political adventurers, headed by M. Laguerre, a man not unfitted to play the rôle of Morny to a new Napoleon. Less disreputable allies were found in the Conservative rank and file; but so far as leaders went, General Boulanger has conspicuously failed to attach to his banner a single politician of standing and repute. The Republican deputies stood firm. There was no visible trace of sympathy in the army with the disclassed General. No respectable Monarchists or Imperialists joined his committee. His personal adherents in the Chamber and the Senate could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Nevertheless, the very aimlessness and apparent stupidity of the man stood him in better stead than much more commanding qualities. All the groups that were discontented with the Republican administration of the last ten years saw in him a rallying point. Had he been a stronger or an abler man they might have feared. They all thought they could use him for their own purposes and then fling him on one side. When they had sucked the orange, they could throw away the skin. But what if the orange itself were not an orange, but the sucker of an octopus? That was a possibility which they would not contemplate. So the combined malcontents elected him as the representative of the Nord,

one of the most solidly respectable and industrious Departments in France. Then followed his election for other departments, which encouraged him to attempt in January the crowning achievement of his electoral ambition. A vacancy occurred for Paris, and General Boulanger was nominated for the city of the Revolution. The Republicans were so confident of success that they nominated a political nonentity as his opponent, and bade all the world witness the crushing defeat that they were about to inflict upon General Boulanger. The world waited, and lo! instead of a crushing defeat of General Boulanger, the General came out at the head of the poll for the most Republican city in the Republic by a majority of 80,000 votes.

From that moment it was evident that the confidence of the Republicans in the devotion of their rank and file to the Republican cause was misplaced. General Boulanger, of course, has never wavered in his protestations of devotion to the Republic. But a Republic *minus* Parliamentarism, and *plus* a plebiscitary President like General Boulanger, would be so like the Roman Republic under Augustus, that it is hardly worth wasting time with such juggling of phrases. General Boulanger's success would mean General Boulanger master of France, and to save France from such a master seems to the Republicans the first duty which they owe to the Republic.

IV.

What, then, is the secret of the strength of General Boulanger? How comes it that on this Centennial of the Revolution the Republic should be endangered by the pretensions of a disclassed soldier, without ideas, without political character, and without as many respectable men in his *entourage* as would fill the seats in a first-class railway carriage? To answer that question, difficult though it may seem, is, after all, no greater task than to account for the appearance of many a married couple in the Divorce Court. France has been living with the Republic for eighteen years. Now she is dissatisfied, and in the Nord, in Paris, and in nearly a dozen other elections, she has given the Republic notice that she prefers the attentions of General Boulanger. Whether this coquetry on her part will develop into a regular separation, after which she will be subjected to her present military gallant instead of her previous Republican spouse, remains to be seen. It will not be the fault of the other party to the intrigue if it does not so develop, and there is no doubt that the husband is seriously alarmed. For the moment he sleeps more peacefully, as he has driven the Don Juan across the Channel out of the reach of the telephone, and is amusing his inconstant wife with a round of festivities at the Exhibition. But he sleeps uneasily, and the pistol-shot that was aimed at President Carnot caused him to meditate with

some alarm and horror upon what might have been if Perrin had been a better shot:

France, in short, is the Madame Bovary of the Continent. Boulangism is not a serious affair so much as a distraction. She is bored to death with her Republic. *Ennui* is the cause of more marital infidelity than *la grande passion* itself. Boulangism is the outcome of *ennui*. The Republic, like Gustave Flaubert's unfortunate hero, is most respectable. Its position is incontrovertibly legal, and in its own way it endeavours to do its duty. But it bores France beyond all description. It has brought neither beauty, nor glory, nor the ideal into her life. All this is brought the more vividly before her by the recollection of the tragic splendours of the revolutionary era. The mean sordid life of the provincial *ménage* of Flaubert's apothecary appears on a larger scale in the annals of the third Republic. So Madame France diverts herself with General Boulanger. *Voilà tout !*

There is a difference between the Bovary household and that of Republican France. Madame Bovary was childless. The Republic has had many children, and none of them are particularly beautiful. Some are homely and well behaved, but others are little monsters. None are the ideal children that the romantic mother dreamed of, when she contemplated the joys of family life. Dropping the metaphor, which, however, explains better than anything else the existing situation in France, the Republic has been too humdrum to excite the enthusiasm, while it has not been virtuous enough to command the admiration of the French people. It would be an injustice to ignore the many good deeds of the Republic. It has, at least, managed to survive for eighteen years—no small achievement for a French Constitution. It has kept France out of any European war. It has fortified the frontier, renewed the arms and refashioned the army of France. It has established a *régime* which, if not heroic, has at least secured for France the solid blessings of a greater measure of liberty of speech, liberty of meeting, and liberty of the press than Frenchmen have ever enjoyed before under Republic, Empire, or Monarchy. In addition to these excellent achievements, the Republic has dowered France with a system of public education far superior to anything that has existed before. These are the good deeds of the Republic.

But, while a thousand bees may gather honey unnoticed, the presence of a single hornet attracts universal attention. So the solid but unobtrusive virtues of the Republic are forgotten in the irritation that has been produced by certain great and glaring faults which have been committed under the Republican *régime*. First among these was the adoption by M. Ferry of what may be called a predatory policy of Colonial Extension. Englishmen will

remember the passionate execration which Lord Beaconsfield's Jingoism excited in the minds of the Gladstonians in 1878-80. That passion was pale and colourless compared with the frenzy of hate which the Tonkin policy of the French Jingo excited in the minds of the French people. There is hardly a considerable village in France which has not had to mourn the loss of some of its sons in the malarial delta of the Red River. To shoot down the Black Caps whom China sent to harass the invader on the borders of Tonkin, M. Ferry sacrificed the lives of hundreds and thousands of French youths. In England the ties of family are loose and slight compared with those which unite parents and children in France. The loss of a son, especially of the only son, is often to them the annihilation of all that the world has to give of hope and joy. The scenes at the curious funeral ceremonies, which are performed by proxy in the provincial village for every son of France who was beheaded or impaled by the Black Caps on the Chinese frontier, were most touching. The whole village turned out, habited in black, to accompany the bereaved parents to the church, where the curé said mass for the repose of the soul of him who had been delivered over to death to serve the policy of M. Ferry. In some villages this sombre ceremony was repeated two and three and four times, and the rude but tragic pathos of the scene where the wailing mother had not even the consolation of a grave for her dead boy, was of the kind that sinks deep into the hearts of an intensely domestic people. Hence there grew up in the French nation a deep and passionate detestation of M. Ferry, which, notwithstanding the opposition offered to his policy by the Republicans of the school of M. Clémenceau, attached itself to some extent to the Republic under which such a policy was possible. The peasant hated it because it slew his son, the patriot because it played the game of Germany, by directing French energy and French resources to the hopeless task of draining the Serbonian bog of Tonkin anarchy, the bourgeois because it cost money, and every one else because it cost many sacrifices and gave no return either material or moral. The extent to which this detestation pervaded all classes may best be imagined by the fact that when by dint of assiduous canvassing, and corruption wholesale and retail, there seemed a probability that M. Ferry would be elected President in place of M. Grévy, it was quite on the cards that the populace of Paris would have sacked the Elysée and compelled the election of another President. The story of the part played by Louise Michel and M. Paul Deroulède in that eventful moment, when angry Belleville waited but for the telegram that the Tonkinois had been elected to march on the Elysée, is more like the annals of 1793 than anything which has occurred in our time since the suppression of the Commune. It is an open question whether if the people had broken out

rection against the Tonkinois, the troops could have been upon to shoot. The mere menace, however, sufficed. But the incident casts a gleam of light searching and unpleasant as to the relations which exist between France and her Republic.

Another evil of the Republic has been the extent to which the reputation of the Administration has been tainted by corruption. This cannot be more accurately and succinctly put than by saying that to France the Republic has become very much what the Metropolitan Board of Works was to London. The Board of Works was a much maligned body. It did a very great deal of good, solid work with great efficiency and praiseworthy public spirit. The worst that can be alleged against it leaves unscathed the reputation of the majority of its members, and detracts little from the great sum of solid benefits which it had conferred upon the metropolis. But all these things were forgotten when London felt that the Board of Works was corrupt. France feels towards her Republic as London felt towards the Board of Works. The corruption is not even alleged to be universal. None pretend that it is worse than the corruption that prevailed under the Monarchy, or that it can for a moment be compared to the corruption that reigned rampant under the Empire. The democratic custom of washing dirty linen in public creates an altogether false impression of the dirtiness of the *ménage*. Nor can it be said that when the evil was brought to light the Republic hesitated in taking the most drastic measures in punishing the guilty. The Republicans did not whitewash their Mr. Robertson, they got rid of him, and a President fell because his son-in-law was corrupt. But all this avails nothing in the estimation of Madame France. She feels that her Government has lost caste, and she does not like it. Hence for the moment her mood is to be for any one who is against the Government, and, as General Boulanger is against the Government, there is no knowing but that she may be for General Boulanger.

Another grudge which France owes to the Republic is the extent to which the Jews and their Gentile rivals of *la haute finance* have been allowed to engulf the country in their octopus embrace. The kings of the Bourse have become more and more the real monarchs of France, and they "have not brought prosperity in their train." The crash of the Comptoir d'Escompte, the failure of the Panama Canal, and similar misadventures could not possibly have been averted either by Monarchy or by Empire, but they have occurred under the Republic; and angry investors, smarting under the loss of their capital, complain not so much that the Republic should have sold itself to the Jews, but that the purchasers forget to pay the dividend. To serve Mammon is not inspiring, but to serve Mammon for naught is intolerable.

The days have long since gone by when France was the eldest son of the Church, but many of her sons and still more of her daughters are

still profoundly attached to the ancient faith. To-day, among symbolic imagery that has been employed to adorn the Exhibition, all the wealth of imaginative sculpture employed by the architects to set forth the secret of the glory and the riches and the grandeur of France, the Cross alone is absent. Heathen mythology and the occult lore of the world have been ransacked to supply suggestions as to the source and origin of the material display which has been collected to dazzle the eye in the shade of the Eiffel Tower. But neither in the central dome, nor in any humble niche, is there to be discovered a single memorial of the fact that you are in the land whose sons built Notre Dame and followed St. Louis to the Holy Sepulchre.

The Republic is fanatically anti-Clerical. It has no religion but that of irreligion, no real creed but Gambetta's watchword, that Clericalism is the enemy of the Republic. There is much excuse for this. When the priests had power they abused it. They are paying for it to-day, as all intolerance must be paid for sooner or later. The same measure they meted out to Freethinkers is being meted out to them, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over. That is probably almost the only text in the Sermon on the Mount which the Republic heartily accepts. But the Republican intolerance is in its turn creating its Nemesis. France is not devout. But when a woman is bored by her husband, she need not be very devout to find her religious susceptibilities shocked by his aggressive unbelief, especially if she suffers material inconvenience from his want of faith.

Without attempting even to touch upon the great dispute which rages between the Republic and the Church, attention should be drawn to one phase of that controversy which has had a direct influence upon the success of Boulangism. The expulsion of the Sisters of Mercy from the service of the hospitals, which was one of the crowning strokes of anti-Clerical fanaticism, is said to have given General Boulanger the 80,000 votes by which he defeated M. Jacques in the Paris election. Not even in the midst of the revolutionary frenzy of a century ago was it believed to be possible to dispense with the Sisters. Only in this latter day, the Republic, having no more important enemies to deal with, banished them, for the avowed reason that *religieuses*, to whom time was but the ante-chamber of eternity, could not be entrusted with the care of the dying without abusing their position for purposes of proselytism. Those who regarded the patient as a being whose existence terminated at death could not tolerate the presence in the hospital of those who regarded the deathbed as the threshold of another world. Therefore the decree went forth that the nursing of the sick poor must be entrusted to lay nurses. The nuns were driven out, and Sairey Gamp was installed in their place. The result has been unfortunate, to say the least. To begin with, the lay nurses cost 80 per cent. more than the Sisters whom they super-

That is universally admitted even by the fiercest anti-Clericals. This is by no means the least evil connected with the change. The Sisters, before being entrusted with responsible hospital duties, passed through a novitiate of several years' training. The change practically substituted untrained for skilled labour, and paid for the untrained service nearly double the price. At the same time the contributions of the charitable to the cost of the hospitals dwindled by nearly 50 per cent. In 1876 they stood in Paris at 1,589,000 francs. In 1885 they had fallen to 800,000 francs. The professional staff of the hospitals took alarm. Ninety-five doctors, including Jews, Protestants, and Free Thinkers, protested against the change, in the interests of the poor. Only eight remained silent. They looked at the matter solely from the point of view of their profession. But their protests were unheeded, and the cruel change was accomplished. Ten years' experience enables Frenchmen now to see the justice of these protests. There is, in place of economy, extravagance; in place of efficiency, incapacity; in place of the devoted service of those to whom nursing is at once a passion and a duty, there is, in too many instances, the mere perfunctory discharge of irksome responsibilities. Worse than all else, the whole *morale* of the service has been transformed. A great profession—in France there are 150,000 Sisters whose lives are devoted to "the service of God's poor"—has been practically transferred from women of good life to women who regarded purity of life as an exploded superstition. It would, of course, be as obviously unjust to say that all lay nurses were open to this accusation, as it would be to claim that all the *religieuses* were vestal virgins. Womanhood in both asserts itself for good and evil whatever the nature of the service. The horrible thing that was done by the removal of the Sisters was that a great profession, by which the women of France had earned an honourable livelihood, was transferred *en bloc*, by a single stroke, from the region of the morality of the cloister to that of the *coulisses* of the opera. Whatever might be said against the career of a Sister of Mercy, it was at least not regarded as a normal incident of her calling as hospital nurse that she should "meet the wishes" of a doctor or a patron, if she did not expect endless difficulties to be thrown in her way in her profession. To have effected that change in any country is a crime against civilization, compared with which even such enormities as the Tonkin war fade into insignificance. But to have done it in France, where the career of the woman without fortune, who is neither married nor *religieuse*, is practically assumed to be that of the courtesan, is indeed to establish the abomination that maketh desolate in the very Holy of Holies. The natural results have followed. Frenchmen have not entirely lost the reverence for womanhood which gave Joan of Arc to the Calendar, and has contributed an imperishable ideal to the imagina-

tion of mankind. The substitution of the lay nurse for the Mercy, with the long train of disorder and licence that has followed, has disgusted many, and filled not a few with a readiness to vote for any and every opponent of the Republic which disgraces its escutcheon with such achievements as this.

All these causes combine to predispose the French people to support General Boulanger, not because they believe in his ideas, if he has any, or trust in his "secret," which he so jealously preserves, but because to support him is the most effective mode of expressing their discontent with the Republic. The sailor in Byron's verse, who swore simply from not knowing how else to vent his feelings, exactly resembled the Frenchmen who are voting for General Boulanger. Boulangism is simply a popular mode of saying "Damn."

v.

The problem before the Republic is whether it can win back the affections of France. Judging from the policy upon which they have embarked, the Ministry have not much confidence in anything but striking down their hated rival. It is an open secret that if General Boulanger had not escaped to Brussels he would have been lodged in Mazas. As it is, he is being tried before the Senate for various high crimes and misdemeanours. There is a general idea in England that the Senate has been constituted as an exceptional tribunal to try General Boulanger by an *ex post facto* law. That is not the case. The Senate is the constitutional tribunal before which all persons accused of General Boulanger's alleged offences must be sent for trial. Most of the Boulangists voted some years ago for sending M. Ferry for trial before the same tribunal. It is just now the opinion in Paris that the tactics of prosecution have been successful. General Boulanger, they say, has been discredited by his flight. His funds, which have hitherto never failed him, are beginning to dry up. It is doubtful, however, whether the fact of his enforced absence from France would not be more than compensated for by the advantage which it gives him of posing as a martyr. The policy of changing the rules of the game as soon as you feel that you are losing never commands devotion or inspires respect. The Republicans can no more destroy Boulangism by gerrymandering the constituencies, substituting one form of electoral district for another, than Charles Bovary won back the affections of Madame by throwing obstacles in the way of her visits to her lover. The real evil lies deeper. The Republic is not popular. It is tolerated as an inevitable evil rather than regarded with passionate devotion. The German Empire shows itself more mindful of the welfare of the common people than the Third Republic. It is staid, humdrum, commonplace, and slightly stupid. A drab Republic may be a very

thing, but it is not exactly the ideal of France, not even when its even tenour of its way is variegated by Tonkin fooleries and the sport of nun hunting. Nor must it be disguised that General Boulanger is in many respects a formidable antagonist. Louise Michel, whose instincts are as sound as her judgment is unfortunately untrustworthy, persists that he was an honest fellow before he took to politics. M. Paul Deroulède, a noble-hearted idealist, if any such exist in France, believes in him implicitly. And in his speeches it must be admitted that General Boulanger has shown a gift for sounding the chord which vibrates most intensely in the popular heart. He stands, he is always telling his countrymen, for the greatness and majesty of France. But he is not less mindful to declare that he is the champion of the poor and the oppressed and of those who have no helper. All this, of course, may be but the stock-in-trade of the professional Lovelace, bent upon completing the conquest and the ruin of his victims. But even if General Boulanger be, as M. Blowitz says, the re-incarnation of Catiline, a Catiline who can make such a speech as this, which General Boulanger addressed to the Trades Unions of France, is not to be despised:—

"You ask me, my friends, whether I will be with you. Yes, within the limits of my power; for you would be the first to smile if I, who am nothing, were to promise you that, single-handed, I would undertake to see that your just claims were satisfied. What I can promise is, that I shall support them to the utmost of my ability, that I shall never cease to demand the cessation of the crying abuses committed by the shameless intermediaries who pilfer, or, to use the real word, who rob you. My life, moreover—not my political life, for that has been but a short one, but my military life—is a guarantee for the future. I have ever upheld the small against the great, the weak against the powerful. A General, an officer who has a grievance, nearly always succeeds in obtaining redress. A non-commissioned officer, a private, is hardly ever listened to. Against such doings I have always set my face; and let me tell you I am convinced that in this, and in this only, lies the whole secret of what is called my popularity, a popularity which drives the Parliamentary party mad. The privates and non-commissioned officers whose time of service expired some years back have understood that I always exerted myself to improve their condition. When they returned to their homes, doubtless they said, 'Ah! in Boulanger's time things went on better than before: the private soldier was more comfortable; he was better treated.' What I did for the poor and humble of the Army I shall never cease to do for the poor and humble of every category. I don't use the words 'poor and humble' to hurt your feelings, for it is no fault of yours that you are among the weak who struggle against the strong. It is rather the fault of bad laws, which do not permit you even to manage your own affairs. You may, therefore, count upon me. But, in my turn, I must be able to count upon you. The strength which is ascribed to me is derived from you, and my own interest, even if my sympathy were wanting, would be a sufficient inducement to me to keep my engagements."

The result of the election proved that the poor and humble in Paris did count upon him. Whether they will transfer their affections.

to M. Tirard and M. Rôuvier because General Boulanger tried before a tribunal packed by his political enemies remains seen.

The situation is full of peril. That General Boulanger's success at the approaching elections would be fatal to the Republic need not be discussed. It is obvious, but is made all the more palpable by his protestations to the contrary. The electoral combination that would place him in office would dissolve into its elements on the day after his election. He would, therefore, be compelled to look out for some firmer ground on which to stand than the passing fragments of his Boulangist majority. He would not have far to seek to discover the only basis of even temporary security: Once installed in the Elysée he would have ready to his hand an army of a million men. He would be less than human if he did not endeavour to use that army to consolidate his power. Thus France would find as the result of Boulangism that she had exchanged the Parliamentary Republic for a Military Despotism—tempered by assassination. She will do well to beware lest, having taken up the rôle of Madame Bovary in mere *ennui*, she may have to persist in it to its ghastly close.

W. T. STEAD.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

I.

A REAL VOLUNTEER ARMY.

THE remarkable body of armed citizens specially known by the name of the Volunteers—though all the military forces are Volunteers—is either a very cheap or a very dear defence of the Empire according to the point from which it is regarded. Either thesis might be sustained with almost equal ease and wealth of argument. On the side of cheapness, it may be urged that no soldiers can be less costly than those who feed themselves and give their services for the small monetary fee expressed by the capitation grant. They not only feed but house, and in every respect clothe themselves, and, what is perhaps of most importance, their services are not withdrawn from the wealth-producing community. If we take a higher view of national wealth and admit that it consists not only in the store of comforts piled up by a people, but in the health and strength both in mind and body of the community of producers and consumers, the Volunteers may claim with justice a very high position indeed as educators of the nation. The advantages presented by their wholesome labour under arms, and their example of patriotism and self-denial, are simply inestimable in the improvement which these actions and qualities cause to the material and moral well-being of the country.

On the other hand, the Volunteers do at the present time actually figure on the Estimates for the sum of nearly a million, about half of which is due to the capitation grant; and if we take into account the money disbursed by private individuals in the way of subscriptions, the million would be very largely exceeded. No doubt it would be easy for a controversialist to confuse the issue by saying that a large portion of the expense shown on the Estimates is caused by the permanent staff and by stores, but these must be reckoned until it is

shown that the Volunteers could do without them. As a matter of fact, the pay of the regular army shows an even smaller proportion of the whole military expense than does the capitation grant of the Volunteers to the sum for which they appear on the Estimates; and it is not quite easy to see why the expenditure on fortifications and other items of that sort should be set down as part of the cost of the British soldier and not of the Volunteer, in view of the fact that such works are chiefly for home defence, and would in emergency be largely manned by Volunteers. The controversialist who should defend the thesis that the citizen army is very expensive, would take a great deal more than has been hinted here off the back of the regular army and put it upon the Volunteers, and would certainly not rest satisfied with adding up and distributing the money voted by Parliament, but would endeavour to calculate the amount of private subscriptions and the cost of prizes, of private ammunition fired away, and many other items which have not been touched upon. And then would come his great *coup*. He would ask what place do the Volunteers really occupy in the great business of Imperial defence, and what probability is there that any considerable body of them will in the whole course of future history ever fire a shot in anger? We may imagine him saying, "The regular army I know, with its universal range of duties. There is hardly ever a time when some portion of it may not be heard of as fighting for the Empire. I know also the militia, and how it not only acts as an admirable recruiting-ground for the Line, but is itself always ready, under the hands of the Government, to take the place of the regular army at home, and to offer its services, which have often been accepted, for foreign service in organized bodies during war. I know that the militia may be called out when there is not the faintest chance of invasion, and that as a general servant, in case of war, it may become almost as useful as the Line. But it seems that the Volunteers are only prepared to undertake home service, and that not unless there is a probability of invasion; a condition of affairs which Admiral Colomb and his school tell us can never possibly arise; for either the fleet will be strong enough to make invasion absurd, or, if it is weak, no Power would take the trouble to invade, but would starve us into capitulation. The Volunteer force, then, is of no practical use whatever, and every sixpence spent upon it is thrown away to the tune of at least one million a year, probably two. What could not be done with these two millions?" &c. &c., according to the formula which we all know so well. And he would wind up by asking triumphantly whether anything can be more expensive than a force which is of no use at all.

The present writer hopes that it is not necessary to disconnect himself from those extreme opinions. He neither agrees with Admiral Colomb's school, nor believes that the Volunteers will for ever withdraw

themselves from being of service except in case of invasion, though possibly some of their assumed representatives in the House of Commons administered a painful shock to the admirers of the force causing the Minister of War to withdraw, last year, his proposal that the Volunteers should be rendered available for service whenever the militia is embodied. It is to be hoped and believed that the opposition to the clause was not at all to the taste of Volunteers in general. It arose late in the Session, when there was no time to discuss it adequately, and the Government dropped the clause, which might have delayed the passing of a very sensible and necessary Bill. Let us hope that the proposal may be again brought forward and fully discussed. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the status of the Volunteers and the reply to those who think them useless depend very much on the passing of some such clause.

The case stands thus: The regular army is admittedly too weak for the work which it would have to undertake in any great war, and if we argue that there never will be a great war, what is the use of the Volunteers? The regular army with its reserves would not even be strong enough, if its whole force could be certainly available to go anywhere and do anything. It falls back, then, on the militia to help it in the creation of a field army, and feels confident that as the militia would be embodied at once in any time of crisis, its battalions and batteries would soon receive those final touches which are required to fit any body of men for the field, if it is not always under arms. But the militia will only be free on condition that the Volunteers step in to take their places in what may be called the home garrison. Some years ago, before there was any proper military organization at all, men might be forgiven for saying, "It will be all right when the time comes." But every nation now takes thought beforehand, and no Government organizing home defence can possibly count on anything to which they have no right. Matters are even worse now than they were before members of Parliament, speaking, as they said, for the Volunteers, rejected the idea that an arrangement could be made for bringing them under arms when the militia are embodied. In short, an opportunity has occurred for the Volunteers to be of real service, and their professed representatives will have none of it. It is very unfortunate, and has undoubtedly lowered the estimation in which the force was held. We do not value very highly as a hunter the horse that refuses at the first fence. Once over that obstacle, the Volunteers would have settled the question of their value as set against the price paid for their services, and might fairly claim to be a useful and economical military organization. And there is every reason to believe that the men themselves would have accepted the proposal almost by acclamation. If this be so, it will not be the first time that they have been misrepresented against their own interests.

There is another curious problem which bears on the question of the value of their services. No force is fit to take the field unless it is properly equipped for the purpose. But the question is, for what purpose? If the Volunteers are not to turn out till the enemy is at their doors, it is perfectly clear that they would not be fit to manœuvre in the open field; and why, then, equip them for that distinguished position? Here again our friend the devil's advocate may take up his parable and say, as the Government practically do say, "However small the amount of money required might be it would be thrown away, and therefore be an extravagance, while there are so many very pressing matters which require attention and expenditure, that we can hardly afford to be just, much less to be generous." Everywhere the same story will come in and influence the opening and closing of the purse-strings, and the amount of honour and even seriousness with which the force is regarded. Formerly most people, even soldiers, were content to take for granted, without investigation, the usefulness of each portion of the military forces; but when great questions of organization come to be regarded, in view of the dangers that threaten the peace of Europe and the existence of the present order of things, when even we English, Athelstanes that we always are, find ourselves forced to take stock of our military and naval means, and discover, as might be expected, that there is a vast amount of neglect to be atoned for, these questions of comparative value must arise, and the force of the proverb will be felt—"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

How is it that, just now, we hear advocacy of conscription under the fashionable form of universal service? Simply because the Volunteers do not promise the particular kind of help that is desired—namely, to be ready to take charge of home defence, not at the moment of invasion—no organization can be based on that—but in the event of one of those great convulsions of Europe which sweep over the Continent periodically, and have never yet failed to affect the British Empire. We do not wish to be drawn into the vortex; but have we ever so wished? Formerly only a portion of the globe was seriously involved. Now the whole world has been so brought under European influence that a new international struggle must in all probability drag into the arena the bulk of mankind. It is impossible to contemplate so huge a calamity without feeling that in such an awful case England will expect every man to do his duty. And while personally I do not think that conscription is the solution of the problem, I am ashamed to hear it publicly stated that our substitute for that grinding blood-tax—namely, the Volunteer organization—is to be rendered practically useless, because forsooth employers of labour do not choose their men to prepare for even such a dread occasion. I should like to see treble the number of Volunteers which

exists, and at least one-third of them bound to do loyal service whenever the crisis has reached a point where the Government decides to call out the militia. This, and the introduction of military drill and discipline into all schools, would appear to be the manliest and most English answer to the huge conscription of the Continent. Universal service has a good and a bad side, either of which may be made the most of by an advocate. The same may be said of trial by jury. It would be about as easy to introduce the former under present circumstances as to abolish the latter.

One reason why men of thought and responsibility turn over in their minds the possibility of universal service, is that the time which the Volunteers are able to give to drill and military exercises is not sufficient to enable them to learn the more professional work of the soldier's duties. They fit themselves with comparative ease for the simpler work of infantry, and become efficient gunners so far as the ordinary drill and practice is concerned. But they have not yet produced cavalry, nor qualified themselves to take charge of an artillery district in a fortress, keep the books, and attend to the manifold details which skilled garrison gunners have to master by long and painful study and practice. Still less have the Volunteers yet attained the elaborate knowledge required for the duties of field artillery, and, lacking both the time and the opportunity for these purposes, they can never form a complete army. A large number of guns of position have been served out to them, and there are conceivable occasions in which such ordnance might possibly be of use in case of invasion; but it would be absurd to call a body of men so equipped, armed and organized, field artillery. For the essence of field artillery is its mobility, and to attach these new Volunteer batteries to a mobile field force would be as sensible as to build new ironclads which could only move four knots an hour. Proposals have been made for the formation of a composite field artillery, first by Sir Charles Dilke and since then by Volunteers themselves, who differ with the author of "Greater Britain" only in comparatively minor details.

Lieut.-Colonel Birley, of the Manchester Artillery, wrote in 1887 a short treatise on Volunteer Artillery, in which he deprecated the attempt to form mobile field batteries, and considered that the study of garrison work was quite interesting and attractive enough, though slow moving guns of position might be managed and be of some use. Since then he has advanced a long step, and in a new pamphlet on "Field Artillery for Home Service," proposes a system by which field batteries might be formed by utilizing Volunteer artillery now in existence, and adding to them as instructors a staff both of officers and men from the Royal Artillery, together with a certain proportion of horses permanently attached to the batteries, so that the Volunteers

might be instructed in the care and management of the animals, and in riding and driving. He estimates the cost at about £2600 per year per battery, including one regular officer, three sergeants, twenty-nine drivers, and fifty-eight horses, spread over four batteries; but he does not include wear and tear of harness and saddlery, rent of stables, and riding-school, interest and outlay on guns, waggons, and stores. Perhaps Colonel Birley is a little sanguine, but at least his proposal is practical; and if he thinks that Volunteers could be found who would submit themselves to the training required, why not give him the opportunity of making the experiment? It is quite time for everybody to understand that the Volunteers will make extraordinary exertions and perform marvellous feats in the way of training. The want of field artillery is so dangerous, and the present makeshift of position guns drawn by carters' horses at a walk so obviously inefficient and misleading, that we may all welcome heartily any scheme for creating field batteries which would be able to move. It has become quite fashionable for ladies to learn cookery, including the washing of pots and pans. Who knows but that a rage may set in for grooming horses and cleaning stables? There is a sort of permanence about the idea which is exceedingly attractive, and perhaps the purses of rich men might open even to the amount of providing stables, riding schools, and so on. It is just a little disheartening to find an officer of Colonel Birley's knowledge and progressive spirit roundly asserting that "no compound body of Volunteers and regular troops could in time of peace be made to work as a harmonious whole, and therefore Sir Charles Dilke's field battery would not be successful." What! Not even if the regular drivers were, as Sir Charles proposed, enlisted from among that numerous body of educated young men who would gladly serve but for the companionship they would have to undergo in the barracks? There is a little difficulty about Colonel Birley's scheme, which he does not quite seem to have recognized. He says with truth that "we shall obtain a greater average of efficiency the more we adapt the times of instruction to the leisure hours of the Volunteers." But he will find when he comes to deal with horses that they must have their leisure hours too, and must be groomed either by the regular drivers or by the Volunteers, but will hardly enjoy the process of being brushed and wiped at odd hours, whenever a few Volunteers are enjoying their leisure in the energetic fashion which Englishmen love. Still, here is a sort of offer from Colonel Birley. Manchester is not a fortress, and might well turn its corps into field artillery as an experiment. After all, the fidgeting of a few horses would not be a terrible cruelty. Besides, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals can have an agent on the spot. Will not Colonel Birley make application to the authorities for leave to try his scheme as an experiment? It is all the more pro-

because it starts on the sensible principle that field artillery is of no value at all unless it can march well, and it cannot march unless it is told off as drivers can ride sufficiently—that is to say, without giving the horses sore backs. And further, the men must all know how to harness and saddle horses exactly as it ought to be done; otherwise there will soon be galls and sore backs, and the battery will be able to march no longer. Harness and saddlery require constant repair and readjustment for the same reason.

If a really efficient Volunteer field artillery could by any means be created, a very difficult problem would be a long way towards solution—namely, how to get the Volunteers formed into an army. There should be plenty of good material for engineers in the force. If they can create field artillery, they can quite as easily produce cavalry, and infantry is already formed in sufficient numbers for a large field-army. Let Colonel Birley get to work, and he may become the greatest benefactor to the force and the country. It is of no use to bring up the question of expense, for the advocates of universal service can hardly suppose that their scheme could be managed as cheaply as the Volunteers. The conscripts must have some pay and quarters, and we can hardly suppose that they would all be infantry, considering that we have already an enormous preponderance of that arm. We want the proportions adjusted, and there is absolutely no field artillery for the Volunteers. The guns of position cannot march or manœuvre except in a manner ridiculously insufficient. The worst of them is that they make very good parliamentary ordnance. It is a fine thing to say that a large number of guns have been issued to the Volunteers, and probably Ministers themselves do not know that these weapons, admirable in a debate, are, as field artillery, practically Quakers.

Then, as to equipment. Austria for a while left her newly created Landsturm without uniform from sheer financial necessity, and there are a few cases in which the equipment of the very last reserves is left unprovided till time of war, solely because they are not likely to be called upon for service. In no country except England would it be possible to leave troops occupying the supposed position of the Volunteers without equipment for the field. But, again, there is probably no other country which would set on foot such a scheme as that now proposed by the Lord Mayor, and which I understand he is himself to explain in this number. It would be absurd to argue about this land of a hundred religions and one sauce on the same principles which would apply to Continental nations. The impulses which urge Englishmen to do by voluntary effort what anywhere else in the world would be the work of the Government, are quite inscrutable. They appear to arise from a sort of instinct, perhaps developed during a long period of freedom and of governments for the most part inattentive to everything but the daily task. Elizabeth was no more ready for

the Armada than the Volunteers are to take the field; and our national survival is certainly due rather to the instinct and patriotism of individuals forming the public than to any special wisdom which has ever been displayed by Ministers or diplomatists. As Professor Seeley says, we won our colonial empire in a fit of absence of mind, which seems to mean absence of calculation but abundant presence of instinct. And in the same way we shall continue to survive, as we did in the Indian Mutiny, as an example to all the ages, and the only example of instinct developed in the struggle for existence, every man for hundreds of years being possessed of one and the same idea—detestation of bureaucracy and worship of personal freedom, often to the extent of blundering and folly. So it is not unlikely that, as the Budget will not bear the weight of Volunteer equipment, the people will tax themselves voluntarily and instinctively. Let us honestly admire them if they do.

But there is no great reason why this money, to produce which John Bull will unbutton his pockets, should be spent otherwise than in the most economical way. What equipment do the Volunteers want? It is pretty clear that corps which are intended to serve only as garrisons in fortresses do not need a full campaign kit, and it would be wasteful to give them what is unnecessary. I am not going to lay down here what they should or should not have. All such questions are better decided by committees after careful deliberation. It may, however, be said that the first element in the calculation must be the actual place in war assigned to any particular corps or battalion. But how can this or anything else be arrived at with certainty till it is known how soon the Volunteers will turn out for duty in case of a great war? Every road leads to Rome, and every calculation about the Volunteers has to come back to this one point, when and in what numbers are they to become available?

The chief weakness of the Volunteer force is that its officers are insufficient in number, and some of them are insufficiently trained. They might fairly enough reply that their average training is probably as good as that of the bulk of regular officers who went to the Crimea and fought so well. Yes, the fighting instinct was there, being one of those just referred to as the heritage of freemen. But since then the standard has risen in every army, and while the Crimean heart for the fight and fortitude under privations are for ever to be revered, Crimean tactics and the mismanagement which led to those privations are not exactly quoted as examples for imitation. Why is it that officers do not come forward in sufficient numbers for the Volunteers? There are no doubt plenty of small reasons, such as cost of outfit, subscriptions, and the annual military outing. Yet all these put together would hardly equal the keep of a horse or any other pleasure of the fairly well-to-do young

Englishman. I have always believed that the main difficulty is the status, and therefore unsatisfactory, standing of the Volunteer. Give what titles you will, they are discounted by society, and society does not believe in invasion. Nor will that arbiter of a man's position recognize the validity of military rank, which seems incommensurate with duties and sacrifices. You may put gold lace for silver, and call men by any titles you please, society will always want to know what prospect there is of the captain or colonel ever being of real service to the country; and surely the idea that the Volunteers by their mere existence serve to scare away the possible enemy, is neither very true, nor very brilliant if it were true. Would-be invaders take stock of things as they exist, and are not at all frightened, as birds are, by appearances. The standing of Volunteer officers in society is at present exactly what it would be for each of them if he were not an officer at all, and there is on this score no attraction to the service.

It may be permitted to suppose that the social standing would change vastly and become a real attraction, exactly in proportion as the title came nearer to representing a great fact, which was thus referred to by a great English writer: "Our estimate of him is based on this ultimate fact, of which we are well assured, that put him in a fortress breach, with all the pleasures of the world behind him, and only death and his duty in front of him, he will keep his face to the front." And we may go a step further, and say that honour will be instinctively rendered according as there is more or less probability that such a case may occur to him and such a trial be put before him. It is in short the readiness for self-sacrifice which ennobles the profession of arms, and which, in spite of all philosophy and civilization, will for ever cast a halo round the names of those who die in the field. The nearer the Volunteer officer comes to this ideal, the more he and his men too will be honoured. I know perfectly well that the true feeling will so stir in the minds of all ranks that, when a time of great crisis comes, all will desire to be useful, and many to go where fighting is most certain and likely to be hottest. This instinct is in the blood of the nation. But it might then be too late, and services to be of real value should be promised beforehand. On this point many of us feel very strongly, and were astonished last year to see the Volunteers submitting without protest to what was little less than their effacement from the serious calculations of those who must estimate value according to assured usefulness. After hearing the expressed opinions of a great number of Volunteers, it is impossible to believe that they were not misrepresented. It is not too late to set the matter right this Session, and, as a question of interest to everybody, might not a list be given of the employers, if there really are any, who would discharge a work-

man for the difference between giving his services in case of in- or of such a national crisis that the militia had to be called. Such a list would be a curiosity worthy of preservation. It would show among other things, that there are yet men who imagine that in the monstrous war which threatens the nations, and which a strong England helps to stave off, trade and commerce will go on just as before and private interests remain unaffected.

The position of the Volunteers may be shortly summed up. They have outlived, on the one hand, the natural scepticism of those who at first thought the movement evanescent; and, on the other hand, the rather wild ideas which were abroad in its early stages— notions that such a force could ever take the place of a regular army. On the contrary, the Volunteers have worked heartily with the army, and largely contributed towards making it popular. There is little doubt that we owe to them indirectly many of the liberal measures which have substituted moral influence for hard-handed punishments, and so lightened the life of the soldier. Their action on the service has been entirely good, and it may be hoped that the reaction of the service on them has raised the tone, physical and moral, of many a young man in the country. The public is fast losing that prejudice against the uniform which was begotten in the far-off days when it was not only possible but common to think and speak of “the brutal soldiery.” And the germ has been introduced of the true and noble idea that every citizen should contribute to the safety and honour of his country, something more than is extracted from him by the tax-gatherer. All these things are benefits which the Volunteers have laid upon the nation. In return the public has given them ample recognition, and the public purse has been opened for them to an extent quite unforeseen at first. They ask for more recognition and more supplies, in the shape of equipment, which is certainly their due, provided that they on their part respond to the invitation which the Government addressed to them in the clause which was withdrawn last year. Never was a clearer opportunity for grasping honour and advantage offered to a body of public servants. The chance is still within reach. What will they do with it?

C. B. BRACKENBURY.

II.

A PATRIOTIC VOLUNTEER FUND.

THERE is a view of the Volunteer question which is not only military but national. It recognizes the sentiments of the people, and deals with their wishes and antipathies, as well as with the stern necessities of the Empire. In my proposal for a Patriotic Volunteer Fund there is, I think, an acknowledgment of both elements; and while my scheme may, perhaps, be local in form, it sounds a clear note on a great public question, in which London may reasonably expect her usual influence in arousing interest, and then imitation, throughout the provinces. But while the movement may probably have widespread influences, it is with the Metropolitan Volunteers alone that in this article I propose to deal, since it is only with regard to them that I have, by personal inquiry, and by the courtesy of commanding officers, been able to make myself conversant with the details of their present position.

The broad principle of justification for the movement which I have initiated can be expressed in the very simple phrase, that "Everything worth doing is worth doing well." Perhaps to no department of modern life has this truism become so applicable as to military organization and equipment. Future wars, there is no doubt, will develop swiftly, and preparations will be too late when war has been declared. That being so, we ought to settle without delay whether the Volunteers are to be taken seriously as a practical branch of the national defence, or whether they afford merely an agreeable pastime for our young men. Either they may be of use, or they may not. If not, let the farce end, and public time be saved. But if they are likely to be of genuine worth, then let them be made ready at all points, and in the highest degree, to perform the work that may be demanded of them.

Equipment becomes the pressing question of to-day, for two reasons. As each year passes, the efficiency of the Volunteers in

tactics, drill, and with the rifle, becomes more and more complete and thereby the disparity between them and our regular force grows less marked. This improvement, however, being but partial throws into stronger relief those points (equipment being the most vital) in which they still lag behind. Secondly, the inadequacy of the present arrangements, and the want of preparation for real work, which we now hope to remedy, is—in London at all events, and at this present juncture—accentuated by a steady change in the class of society from which the rank and file are drawn.

At the beginning of the Volunteer movement, well-n enthusiasm ran high, and war appeared at least more imminent, young men of the wealthier classes, who were both able and willing to defray the expenses of personal equipment, cheerfully enlisted in the ranks. To-day this is not so; and to the large majority of the privates in our Metropolitan Volunteers, and in some regiments almost to every one of them, the cost of their equipment would be not merely a matter for careful consideration, but absolutely beyond their means. The commanders of Volunteer regiments can therefore no longer expect the rank and file to bear the burden of expense in addition to personal service, which was at an earlier stage ungrudgingly given. This alteration in financial standing, which is primarily responsible for the present need, is beyond recall and beyond remedy, and all that therefore remains for us to do is to mitigate the results and adapt ourselves to the change. Yet in any case, and even in the more favourable circumstances to which I have referred, it is more than open to doubt whether a double service ought to be required; and whether those who hold aloof from the work ought not in strict justice, or in generous recognition of public duty, to relieve the Volunteers from pecuniary burden. Certainly this sentiment has grown in volume and force during the past few months; and I, for my part, have had no hesitation in becoming the official mouthpiece of the popular feeling.

The facts calling for remedy are these. Within the Metropolitan area there are forty-three Volunteer regiments, numbering about 31,000 men. Out of these 31,000 there are, according to the returns furnished me:

- 26,000 who have no great-coats,
- 6,000 without water-bottles,
- 6,000 without haversacks,
- 25,000 without mess tins,
- 29,600 without undress tunics,
- 31,000 (the whole number) without extra trousers,
- 23,600 without either kit bags or valises,
- 31,000 (the whole number) without a pair of strong military boots,
- and
- 31,000 (the whole number again) without knife and lanyard.

Most of these articles are considered essential by competent authorities, if the Volunteers are to take the field at a moment's notice, and should it prove necessary to actually utilize those forces in offensive war (for which possibility they exist), I am informed that with their present equipment, they could not in inclement weather keep the field for forty-eight hours. Besides all this, the pouches of our Volunteers contain only twenty to thirty cartridges, whereas those in use by foreign armies carry seventy.

This is a momentous matter. The next war is, on all hands, expected to be a war of surprise and of sudden moves; and that after forty-eight hours—not of fighting, but merely of watching and waiting in the field—our defensive troops might be useless, deserves the most serious consideration. Taking even a cursory glance at the nature of their needs, the absolute necessity is obvious. The mere mention of men without haversacks, without water-bottles, without mess tins, as actually engaged in military work, will at once provoke a smile. The lack of great-coats, at the first blush, and in these summer months, may seem less absurd; and yet needless exposure to damp, to cold winds, and to night frosts might as effectually ruin the troops as want of food and drink. The other items mentioned in the above list may not be required in the first forty-eight hours. But in a campaign, however speedy it might prove, it is quite certain that the men must have good military boots, extra clothes, kit bags or valises, and the rest. There is little need to enlarge upon this point. The facts when mentioned speak eloquently enough for themselves, and the unanimous opinion of Volunteer officers, expressed with some frequency in recent months, is sufficient corroboration to place the facts, and the necessity for dealing with them, beyond dispute. I will, therefore, pass on to the question of the method by which we can put an end to such a state of things.

Two practical questions have from time to time been raised, which it will be desirable to deal with in this article. In the first place, the remark is often made: "What guarantee have we that this will not become a recurring cry every few years?" And secondly, "Why do not the Government pay the expenses out of national funds?"

(1) The first difficulty can be met with ease. The very essence of my appeal is that it *will be made once and for all*. It is the immediate expenditure of a large sum which is the stumbling-block. Once fully equipped the men, and the capitation grant will be amply sufficient, as I am informed on unquestionable authority, to meet all the current expenses, to repair all the equipment provided, and to renew it gradually as circumstances require. The commanding officers are willing to accept such a responsibility, and will undertake that the personal equipment purchased by the fund and transferred to them shall be preserved in a fit condition and be ready for use at a moment's notice. A reasonable caution in believing promises of this nature

should, no doubt, be observed. But the difference between annual repairs or renewal, and the immediate raising amongst the men of so large a capital sum as £85,000 is so palpable, that the undertaking may be accepted without any credulity by the public. Any alarm about future appeals is, I am convinced, quite groundless, provided, of course, that the London public now show themselves as patriotic and as generous as we hope. On examining the figures and the probable cost, I, for my part, am convinced that, with the capitation grant, which they earn from Government, and out of their other resources, the Metropolitan regiments will be fully capable of performing the promise which has been given. I will therefore proceed at once to the second complaint.

(2) Why do not the Government meet the expense from national funds? Why should a Lord Mayor step forward to do national work? Now this objection is that of the ungenerous mind. It does not touch the kernel of the matter; it disputes neither the necessity nor the remedy proposed, and it is often a merely obstructive criticism thrown out to justify a niggardly intention. The work, the need, and the occasion lie open to view. It is, of course, within the power of Government to do this—and several other things. But it is not yet a maxim of public life in England that everything should be effected by the Government on our behalf. Undue reliance upon the Government is destructive of national energy and robustness; and if that tendency of the present day is needlessly fostered the spirit of individual enterprise will be deadened, and the capacity of national recuperation and expansion destroyed. In any case successive Ministers have, as a matter of fact, found themselves unable to perform this particular duty; and if spontaneous movements for the execution of minor national purposes are to be checked because there is in existence an agency for performing the higher and more urgent duties of government, contemporary public life will be robbed of its greatest charm.

But I will take my footing on firmer ground than this. It would, in my opinion, be a matter of positive regret that the Government should in their collective capacity deal with this work at all. To-day our Volunteers are an entirely unpaid force. Their labour is a labour of love, freely offered without reward in the public service; and, although as a prize for efficiency they do receive a capitation grant, this in no way detracts from the purely gratuitous nature of their service. This attractive characteristic we should be very jealous to preserve—indeed, do our utmost to foster, especially as the majority of the Volunteers themselves are opposed to a further Government grant, owing to their conviction that the War Office would exact increased service, and that this additional demand upon their time would certainly have a restricting influence on their numbers. Moreover, equipment doled out from official stores, and lent for occasional manœuvres,

would neither be ready to hand in a moment of invasion, nor afford in the meantime the pleasant sense of individual or regimental proprietorship. Besides, it is most desirable to decentralize this part of our military organization, in order to protect the permanent staff at the War Office from excessive strain at a time of imperative need. Again, it is the voluntary character of the force which testifies to the spirit and temper of our people, and exerts a subtle but potent influence on the estimation in which our forces are held in foreign lands. The voluntary element must be preserved intact. At the present time it is variously estimated that our Volunteer troops save this country from a further expense on regular forces of between five and ten millions sterling every year. A large number of men obtain, during the few years of their service in the Volunteers, the rudiments of military training and aptitude; and afterwards, by looming in the background as a possible reserve, even by their numbers alone they should exert some influence at critical moments of international dispute. Yet incidentally, it may be well to point out here that the moral influence of such a reserve (which annually receives an increase of about 40,000 men) cannot be fully until the names and addresses of retiring Volunteers, who serve in the event of a probable invasion, are which shall be periodically renewed. entirely lost by destroying my judgment, few of the former motive ments should be re-

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heavier than can legitimately be demanded of them; and the consequent number of vacant commissions is causing great perplexity to the authorities. Certainly, too, it would be most unjust that a single generation of Volunteers should be called upon to provide what for them personally will have but a passing interest, what will concern future members of their corps equally with themselves, and what is to be used, not for their individual decoration or gratification, but in the service of their country, and possibly the defence of all our homes. The second has already been dismissed. The third alone remains—not merely by the exhaustive process, but on its own merits. It equalizes the burden of supporting this national institution, it quickens public interest in a patriotic movement, and it is more complete, effectual, and speedy, and involves less friction than the other modes; whilst at the same time it evokes more thoroughly the spirit of the people.

The amount required for the purchase of the articles enumerated is, in round figures, £85,000—the estimate being based upon the prices at present charged at the official stores. It is unfair to expect the officers and men to contribute so large a sum as this, either by a single collection or otherwise, and it has, therefore, in my opinion, become necessary to appeal to every Londoner to contribute towards the purchase of the articles required for the use of the Metropolitan Police. I have no doubt that the good will of the public will be found to be more than adequate to meet the requirements of the Metropolitan Police.

